

Aimer, le dire—2^e partie

Aimer, c'est l'incise
Où s'invente
En nos corps, une vie.

Aimer c'est la peur
Que d'un mot l'on décale

Pour ne pas
Laisser

L'indifférence ôter
Briser tous nos rêves.

Aimer c'est entrer

De plain-pied
Dans un fait de lenteurs

De silences
Et de choix

Solitaire.

Aimer
C'est debout

Réclamer plus de temps

Formuler des espaces

Et trembler
Sans savoir.

Loving, aloud—2nd part

(Translated by Jean-François Sené)

(Translated by Laura Balladur)

To love is this incidental clause
Where in our bodies,
A life is being invented.

To love is the fear
That, with a word, we displace

Not to let
Indifference take away
Break all our dreams.

To love is to plunge
Straight
Into a reality of slowness

Of silence
And choice
Lonely.

To love is
Standing upright

To clamor for more time

To forge spaces

And shiver
Without knowing.

Loving is the incidental clause
Where, in our bodies,
Life invents itself.

Loving is fear
That at a mere word we shift away

Preventing
Indifference from taking away
Breaking all our dreams.

Loving is stepping
Straight into
A fact of slowness

Of silence
And choice
Alone.

Loving is
Standing upright

Claiming more time

Formulating spaces

Trembling
Without knowing.

Et c'est là dans un corps

Enfouir un silence

Y voir
Un secret

À portée la douleur.

C'est l'éveil aux touchers

Aux goûters
Aux senteurs.

C'est brûler
Des deux mains

Et brûler
D'espérance

C'est se faire un chemin

Ivre vif
Et présent.

C'est céder à ses sens

Regarder
Devenir

Le corps alors

Incandescent.

And it is there in a body

To bury a silent moment

To see
A secret

A pain within reach.

It is the awakening of touching

Of tasting
Of smelling.

It is to burn
With both hands

To burn
With hope

It is to make one's way

Drunken alive
And present.

It is to surrender to one's senses

To see

The body then
Become incandescent.

It is there also in a body

Burying a silence

There
Seeing a secret

Pain within reach

Awakening to touches

To tastes
To scents

Burning
With both hands

Burning
With hope

Making one's way

Drunk
Alive and present.

Surrendering to one's senses

Looking at

The body then
Becoming
Incandescent.

C'est être et se perdre

Et n'attendre
En secours

Qu'une main.

Une main
Seule.

Et rien d'autre.

C'est ouvrir
Elargir

C'est se taire

Et surtout

Ne pas dire.

Une grâce.

It is to be and to lose oneself
And to expect only
The help
Of a hand.

A hand
Only.

Nothing else.

It is to open
And broaden

To keep silent

And above all
Not to say anything.

A blessing.

Being and losing oneself
And expecting
As help
A hand

A hand
Only.

Nothing else.

It is opening
And broadening

Keeping quiet

And above all
Not saying.

A blessing.