

Double Voice

Claude Vigée, translated by Anthony Rudolf

The End on the Horizon

On the threshold
of the unspeakable
what has your life
amounted to?

As the sun sets
a blazing cloud
carried by a cold wind

fading slowly
plunges into night.

19 July, 2008

Tomorrow Summer Ends

i.m. Adrien Finck

Evening's light
in the dark forest
slips tender as a breath
through the rusty leaves
and all of a sudden
night falls.
The final sleep,
sole contractor, dumb,
already meanders
over remaining life.

Vallée de Chevreuse, 20 July 2009

In the Winter Dunes

Alone this evening on the deserted beach,
I remember a summer dawn before the war
when we walked barefoot through green heather:
so soft, for your eyes, was our light, when you
caught sight of young foals running towards the sea!

30 January, 2009

Without Her, in the Flowers

For the third time since she went away,
Evy's sloe tree flowered again this evening
in the overgrown footpath at the end of Ranelagh park.
Again night falls early, in March, through the haze,
and time dumbs down in the large deserted park.

When I inhale in secret the scent of her absence,
she suddenly rises from the intimacy of my darkness
beautiful as daybreaks in our early years,
disturbing like a cry of anticipation in the night.
And me, what am I doing alone here? I still wait a little
without her, in the flowers, one March evening, here.

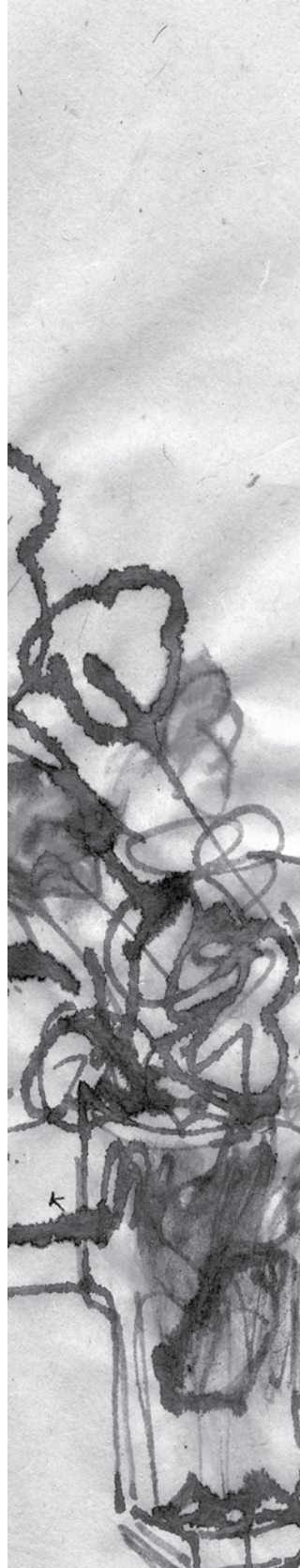
30-31 March 2009

Over There, Somewhere

Beneath the far and frozen wasteland
of birches and beeches

day's stony road
footpaths draped in night's softness
meet you again perhaps
already lost, in the void:

i.m. Evy



somewhere at the far end of the Ried,
in your infinite darkness

evening, 19 April, Hasensprung, Alsace

Double Voice

In turn, I borrow from fate
day's muddy roads,
footpaths velvet in the night,
to approach the intimate source
which lights the heart of the rock
where a low murmur
of silent light whispers.

7 May 2009

Walking by an Empty Bench

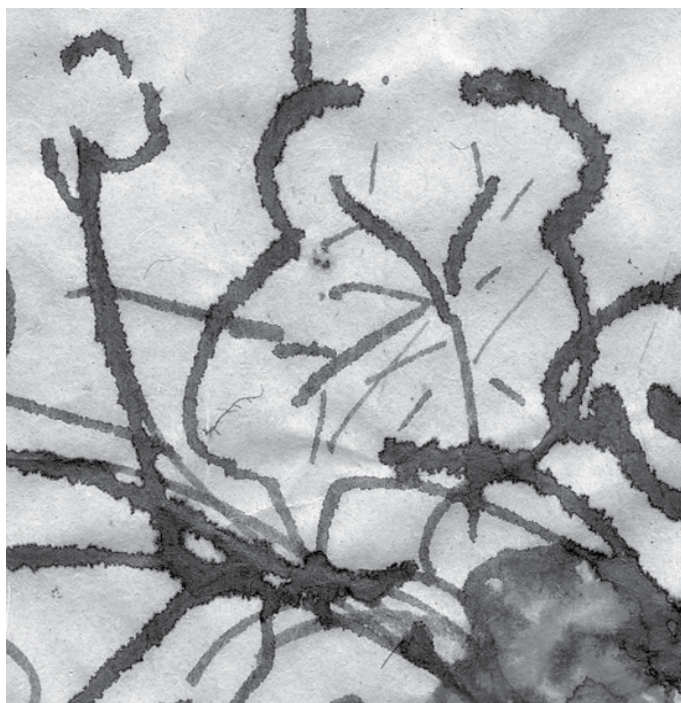
Goodnight, my little Evy, goodnight as of old,
you who, for so many long days now,
remain far from me.

Goodnight when I walk past your bench
in the alien park where no-one sits any more,
where nobody eavesdrops in the dark
when silence encloses us in the bushes,
and, very slowly, as night falls,
the murmuring of my words
is lost on the edge of shadows.

between pleasure and pain,
mourning and joy,

goodnight, my little Evy, goodnight,
it won't be long before we meet again,
as of old, my Evy, huddled together,
you and me on this ancient bench.

Ranelagh, 12 May 2009



Capucines, par Liliane Klapisch. Détail.