

*for Anne and Guy,
faithfully,
because the bird with the fiery feathers
trills during your nights too*

Tune to whistle alone in the dark

This song is born from nothing, unless
from a distant thunder.....

The day when the goldfinch sings in us
no one will know *where* I'll be:

perhaps in a meadow,
or even a forest,

in open country
or on a mountainside –

Yonder, caught as in a dream,
suddenly I vanish!

“And no one will know *who* I'll be”,
whistles the lovely goldfinch overhead.



- 215 -

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At midnight

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peut être

- 216 -





Cerises et chardonneret à Chalfert. Photographies de Guy Braun.