

8.

An illuminated memory, a gallery haunted by  
the shadow of what I wait for.  
It's not true that it will come. It's not true that it won't.

9.

These fossils gleaming in the night,  
these words like precious stones  
in the living throat of an ossified bird,  
this gorgeous green,  
this searing lilac,  
this heart that is nothing but mystery.

10.

a faint wind  
filled with the folded faces  
that I cut out into shapes of things to love

11.

now  
at this innocent hour  
the one I used to be sits with me  
along my peripheral vision

12.

no more these sweet metamorphoses of the  
silken girl  
who is sleepwalking along the border where  
shore meets fog,

waking up like a breathing hand,  
like a flower opening to the wind.

13.

to explain with words of this world  
that a ship set sail from me and took me with her.

14.

The poem I don't say,  
the one I don't deserve.  
The fear of being two  
the way a mirror is:  
someone asleep in me  
eats and drinks from me.

15.

I miss forgetting  
the hour of my birth.  
I miss no longer playing  
the role of recent arrival.

16.

you have built your house  
you have feathered your birds  
you have beaten against the wind  
with your own bones

you have finished on your own  
what no one ever started

17.

Days when a distant word takes hold of me. I go  
through those days, sleepwalking and transparent.  
The beautiful wind-up doll sings to herself, charms  
herself, tells herself stuff and stories: a nest made  
of stiff thread where I dance and lament myself  
at my countless funerals. (She is her own blazing  
mirror, her spare for the cold bonfires, her mystical  
element, her adultery with the names that crop up  
alone on pallid evenings.)

18.

like a poem that's aware  
of the silence of things  
you speak so as not to see me

19.

when you see the eyes  
I've had tattooed on my own

20.

*For Laure Bataillon*

she says she doesn't know the fear of death of love  
she says she fears the death of love  
she says love is death is fear  
she says death is fear is love  
she says she doesn't know

21.

I've been born so much  
and suffered twice as much  
in memories of the here and there

22.

in the night

a mirror for the dead little girl

a mirror made of ashes

23.

a view from the gutters

could be a vision of the world

rebellion means looking at a rose

until your eyes are turned to dust