

Traduction libre par l'auteure de pp 78-81 du *Grand feu* publié aux Éditions Perce-Neige 2016. Texte inédit lu au festival littéraire international Calabash 2018 à Treasure Beach, Jamaïque

water
that leap

we are with her as she is herself
opening, finding a path in her mind's
eye, to water
she has shifted her legs from
under her feet, feeling her hands
for release, the book
she leaves, closed on the chair's bank
or this room she feels she is leaving
her body, intent, then rises, muscle
tendon, bone
awake

you are seeing her
now, you are with her
now, and you are getting closer
with her, to water and
this time you can reach it
this body, that you have seen
may not remember
recognize, it's yours
in your mind's eye, the one
you are with, this gorge
you will reach
you are opening the door with her
leaving this place, that has kept you
where you have been, and you will not
turn to say goodbye, you are looking
forward, to water, tasting your own saliva
your own story, its beginning, middle, passage
as you enter into
your - self this time, hearing
your – self, in time, you are walking
your-self, outside of time
as you are running with her
and now, reaching

to plunge
to find, slice matter
that word

the sound of your own
water, the reeds of
your throat, her throat,
you the reader, with her
in her, there, before her
as she runs to it, the shoreline she sees
smells, do you feel her?
breath, hear, inhale
exhale, the palms of her hands
pressed against each of her finger
prints, she runs
steps, kicks, push and flight
her body in mid-air, a second
suspense
this is writing, a myriad
of seconds
slow-motion no more
no less to enter, water
she is
transformed
dives into this
cool elixir, new
movement
belief
is real again

and above ground
fire

as night
falls, as she is swimming
here, with you, in this poem
you who *are* here, with her

well-wishers have appeared
they have always been there, here
in this is beginning
in this flow, this is a River
this lake, this fire, you know
they have brought kindling, past, presents

you hear color, finger
pigment, and somehow
this is all true

something of this
gold mine
this tongue

this loot