1984

In the Thickness

Phillipe Denis

Susanna Lang

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Phillipe Denis · France

IN THE THICKNESS

What divides me from the unknown—not having the thickness of a page, nor the opacity of a name—today has the thickness of all I have forgotten. . .

. . .

what am I
between the word “earth”
and the word “sky”
but a hinge of illusion

. . .

the flowers are to me corolla of the gulf where my voice dwells

. . .

Each day
replacing the one from the day before
—a morning glory.

. . .

from one day to the next
able to pass from one to the next
only through the needle’s eye of dream

. . .

water like an endless phrase—from wave to wave
as far as my mouth

. . .
the privilege of the mouth which has not proffered
the perenniality of the phrase which has not been proffered—

In the stone’s hearing
or in the conch—
the terraced seas,
as in yourself
    the blood
which finds no issue,
spills
into sorrow...

Through the eye of the grass
I enter
pouring in myself

( thread
which will
compose

the murmuring weave of the water

If I continued along this road, turning my back
to the sun, I’d rejoin the sun...

If I wanted to speak of myself
I would have to speak
of stone and earth,
of that which does not cease
to isolate me—
and to betray me...

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as if I were nothing
but host to that terrible intimacy
of earth and blood.

. . .

. . . beneath the thickness—the encounter
and what will come of it—a question of time
which destroys

. . .

( the sound of a beginning

. . .

In the double sorrow
like dying
I find you—deprived of a name—

. . .

sign
in the mystery of the air

. . .

other half
and other face—of a reality
which has no reality
but the trustful magic
of the dust.

. . .

The closer I come the more
I must lean to leave reality
and meet in the pool
my face
already displaced in time.

translated by Susanna Lang

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