

Marion Collé

**Through
the opaque
walls**

Poems from the book «**Traverser les murs opaques**»

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THROUGH THE OPAQUE WALLS

IN THE ASHES
IN THE SHATTERING

SHRED THE DENIAL
SOFTEN THE WIND

IN THE CRATER
RIGHT NOW

LOVE AGAIN
LOVE MORE

GO THROUGH THE OPAQUE WALLS
PIERCE THE FETTERS OF TIME IN A BANG

LOVE IS LAVA
IN A REVOLT
AGAINST DEATH AND NOTHINGNESS

The gestures of this condition. To hold on. In time. Not holding back all the time. Not collapsing. To look for the tiny, the inaudible, the almost nothing. What beats inside me is not an unknown heart. It's my heart. It is my heart that beats. It's my heart that is fighting. You have to resist when you feel

have to forget	LOGORRHEA	INADEQUATE	powerless. You
Weakness. Any-	BEING STUBBORN	LIFE	powerlessness.
my heart in a	LIKE	A VALUE	thing that hurts
that feels a bit	YODELLING	GARMENT	way. Anything
rediscover jubi-	ASPERSION	ENCLOSURE	like a leash. To
voice dies out,	AFFUSION	HATCHING	lation. Before the
empties com-	HATCHED	OBSCURE	before the page
immobility, there	OPAQUE	OPACITY	pletely, before
the vibration, the	HERMETIC	DARKNESS	is the shivering,
silence, the desire	NIGHT LIGHTNESS	BLACKNESS	echo, the still-full
the imagination	DARKNESS	PIERCED	and the power of
is a body. Pe-	HE PIERCES	SHE PIERCES	to come. Thought
it means to walk	DREAMER	IN MEDIA RES	rhaps that's what
walls. Flying into			through opaque
light, with your			the darkness of
reflection. In the shadow of the cloud, with your body. Above the cloud, in the shadow of the reflection. Or in the reflection. With your body. Not with the reflection of your body. With your body. Not with the reflection of your body. With your body. To get into the cracks, with your body.			body, above the

I'M NOT AFRAID TO
SAY THAT I NEED LOVE
I'M NOT AFRAID TO BE THAT
BOTTOMLESS WELL NEVER
SATISFIED IN DISARRAY
IN PREY TO EMPTINESS
LOVE IS AN INFINITE QUEST
I NEED WATER STREAMS OF
EMBRACES ALIVE NOTHING
WILL TEAR OFF THIS BALL
OF FIRE MY WOMB MY
DESIRE TO BE ALIVE TO FILL
ME TO THE END TO BE TORN
ACROSS PIERCED DAZZLED
LAID NAKED A JEWEL BOX
I WANT TO BE A JEWEL BOX
A THIN HAIR THE DROP OF
WATER AT THE BOTTOM
OF THE WELL THE WELL
AN OPEN WELL OF LIGHT
OPEN OPEN

THE HORIZON

I INHABIT
THE SPACE
WHERE THE MIRROR ABSORBS THE DARKNESS

I INHABIT
THE SPACE BETWEEN THE REAL AND THE EVENING

I INHABIT
THE SPACE OFF THE PAGE

I INHABIT WALLS
I INHABIT LANDS
FOLDINGS, MYSTERIES

WHEN EVERYTHING SPEEDS UP

I WRAP MYSELF INTO THE HORIZON
A HEALING SPACE
THAT CAN NEVER WEAR OUT.

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I LIVE

I EXTRACT
I fold I PIERCE
I fold I REVERSE
I reverse I CUT

I reverse I EXTRACT
I reverse I PIERCE
I pierce I CUT
I cut I REVERSE

I reverse I PIERCE
I reverse I FOLD
I fold I PIERCE
I fold I REVERSE

I reverse I AIM
I AIM I PIERCE
I reverse I EXTRACT
I extract I PIERCE

I fold I PIERCE
I fold I REVERSE
I reverse I AIM
I aim I PIERCE

I aim I CUT
I aim I REVERSE
I reverse I REVERSE
I cut I CUT

I reverse I EXTRACT
I reverse I PIERCE
I pierce I EXTRACT
I extract I CUT

I reverse I BEND
I cut I PIERCE
I pierce I CUT
I reverse I CUT

I reverse I AIM
I reverse I EXTRACT
I reverse I CUT
I aim I REVERSE

I aim I PIERCE
I aim I EXTRACT
I extract I AIM
I aim I SEE
I live I LIVE
I live I LIVE
I live I LIVE
I live I LIVE

I AM A VOLCANO

I AM A VOLCANO
READY TO DISSOLVE
LIKE SODA
BURNING FEVERISH
FULL OF WISPY VAPOURS
BUBBLINGS
STRUGGLES, JUICES
BONES, WATER
OCHRE AND BLOOD

I AM A VOLCANO
A RAW BLOCK
A POWER
EVERYTHING TRICKLES DOWN
TOUGH, AQUEOUS
INCANDESCENT
THE DEBRIS FLIES
MY SADNESS IS HUGE
I DO NOT SOB
I GUSH OUT
I BLEND
I DANCE

I AM A VOLCANO
A FLOW OUT OF CONTROL

A MOVEMENT IN THE VISIBLE
A STREAM, A FLUID, A LAVA

A FATAL FLOW, A FLAME
IMPERVIOUS, UNSTABLE
IN MY SWIRLING EDDIES
I FEEL THE BEATINGS
AND THE SHIVERINGS OF JOY

I AM ON FIRE IN THE REALITY
THROUGH THE STONES
I SCULPT THE ETHER
I INSCRIBE IN THE HEREAFTER
THE INSTANT
WHETHER IT BE
FIXED, IMMUTABLE, IMMORTAL

WHAT RESISTS IS STARK
IT IS A CARESS, A SONG
A FLUTTERING WING
THE HAIL ON THE SONG
ON MY FLUTTERING WING

I BURST
WATER AND TIME
WEDDED, HILARIOUS
DILUTED, DECEIVED

TIME DROWNED
WATER SHUDDERED

I AM A VOLCANO
I BLOW UP
UPSTREAM
EMPTIED I EMBRACE
EXTINCT I SHUDDER
I STILL WANT TO BE EVERYTHING
TO LOVE EVERYTHING
TO SET EVERYTHING ON FIRE
TOTALLY FREE

IF NOTHINGNESS EXISTS SOMEWHERE
IT SHOULD SHIVER IN ITS BLACK JUICE

I AM FULL OF MY FLAWS
OF MY SCATTERED CONSISTENCIES
IN LOVE TO THE CORE
HARSH IN MY REFUSAL TO FORGET

I AM AN ATMOSPHERE
THE WAVE OF LOVE IN A SINGLE BODY
I AM BODIES IN MY BODY
LIQUORS, WHIFFS
BREATHS, MELISMAS
SCENTS, EARTHQUAKES
JETS, REJECTS

PROJECTS, PROJECTIONS
THE LIVING AND THE DEAD
WHO LIVE BEYOND ROTTING BODIES

I TAKE ALL THE HARSHNESS
I DISSOLVE THEM ON EARTH
SO THAT THEY HOLD ME
IN TOTAL OTHERNESS
TODAY AS YESTERDAY

LATER
IN THE FILTER OF THE DAY
I WILL BE A FAMILIAR LAND
FOR NOW
I AM UNYIELDING
BLED DEEP IN MY BLOOD
RED BLOOD
LIVING BLOOD
SALVATION OF LIFE
LIFE NEVER QUENCHED
NEVER CRUSHED
GUSHING OUT WITH STONES AND SILK.

AD HOMINEM

TO BE THE BLOOD IN MY BODY
THE SAP THAT SAVES A GOLDEN BRANCH
TO BE FRAIL HERBACEOUS PERENNIAL EVERLASTING
TO BLOSSOM AGAIN AND AGAIN
IN SITU IN VIVO IN FINE
TO BE WHAT KEEPS US STANDING
LIKE A BUILDING
A SIMPLE RIVET A POOR NAIL A HIDDEN BONDSTONE
TO BE SHARP EVEN FAR AWAY LONELY
IN SITU IN VIVO IN FINE

TO BE INNATE INHERENT UNHOPED
ON THE THRESHOLD TO ENLARGE IN FEAR
TO BE A SHELTER FOR MYSELF IN THE DARK
TO BE A FRAGMENT A SNIPPET A VOICE
TO SEE AND LIVE IN MY MOUTH
TO LOVE ONE ANOTHER TO BIND
TO BECOME THIRSTY TO BECOME BREATHLESS
TO BE A BREEZE TO BREAK
IN SITU IN VIVO IN FINE

TO BE THE BODY IN THE WATER
THE THICK LAYERS ON THE PAINTING
IN TURMOIL AND CONCRETION
TO SPEAK OUT MY VERNACULAR LANGUAGE

LIKE FIBREGLASS
TO DISCONTINUE NOT TO BE QUIET
ALL THESE EVILS THESE CURSES
THESE ALLOTTED PLOTS
THESE ATRABILIOUS HABITS
THESE ORCHESTRATED CHORUS OF DELIRIUM
THESE HIDDEN DISGUSTING FEARS
THESE RICTUS OF DELETERIOUS HATRED

TO NAME THEM
TO REDUCE THEM TO DUST
TO DESTROY THEM
TO MAKE THEM DISAPPEAR
TO DISSOLVE THEM TO BURN THEM
TO SMASH THEM TO STRIKE THEM
TO HEEL THEM TO BRUISE THEM
TO BUTCHER THEM TO CRUMBLE THEM
TO ANNIHILATE THEM TO BREAK THEM
TO WRECK THEM TO KNOCK THEM DOWN
TO UPROOT THEM THEIR FACES FLATTENED TO THE GROUND
TO EXTRACT THEM FROM THE LIVING
TO MAKE THEM DISAPPEAR UTTERLY

TO LEAVE
NO REMAINDER
NO MARK
NO BONE
NO ZESTE

NO FILAMENT OF DARKNESS
NO SHADE OF WOE
NO COAL FOR THE HEART
IN SITU IN VIVO IN FINE

THEN
WE'LL HAVE TO THINK ABOUT PUTTING SALT BACK INTO THE SEA
SUNSHINE IN OUR EYES
WE'LL HAVE TO CRY A LITTLE OVER OUR STARS
AND ALL WE'LL HAVE LEFT IS THE MEANING OF WORDS
TO SAY I LOVE YOU
EX NIHILO

Translation **Florentine Rey and Franck Loiseau**

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