

Can You Speak the Language of Invention?

YOLANDE VILLEMAIRE

TRANSLATED BY GAIL SCOTT

CAN ASTEDRLIT SCHEENAHN roujji cels khare. If you can hear me, you'll know what this means. Where I come from we have no dictionaries. We invent words as we need them. And they disappear as quickly as they have appeared. Hurt jyu iuhr.

I am head over heels in love with a man called Will. I speak to him in invented language in order to express what I really feel. He doesn't understand. Oh, he understands. I see it in his eyes. But he tells me he doesn't understand. So I say do you feel that I love you? But he doesn't understand that I just want to know if it burns in his solar plexus when I beam towards him. Gtfvi l;p½h awase.

I burn in my solar plexus when he beams towards me and I just wonder if his body hears mine. I doubt it because his body doesn't reply. I say it doesn't reply but really I don't know. It's only that I don't feel him respond. I become dead in the stomach with the consuming effort of loving him as if he had the power to teach me his language. But he does have the power to teach me his language. And he doesn't use it.

So I try to teach him mine. I speak of Uranus trapped in the navy blue sky of November, 1982. I talk about William Herschel and his

sister Caroline, of the fire in their astronomy laboratory near Bremen around 1782. I talk about the grey horse, about my red dress, and about snow. I speak of love and double stars and incest. Can bsd oil pkju p¹/₂h.

Where I come from, all that has not been forgotten. Where I come from we know that words are real beings that get sacrificed to the fire god. I don't say this with impunity. It costs me to talk every word of the way. I feel the burning as I go along. It's a green serpent rolled up in my solar plexus. He raises his heavy masked cobra's head. Can stru iu wsdeea moooooo. It opens into two, becomes two slippery *najas* who throw themselves into the fire. A green woman magician jumps out of the flames, one of the serpents wrapped around each wrist. I speak the language of desire, the red tongue of fire, and yet Will doesn't understand.

No. He understands. Completely. He pretends not to. He doesn't respond when I talk. He doesn't even pretend not to. It is I who am imagining things. He looks in my eyes, smiling. I feel fire, light and love and I wait. Like a woman, I wait. I wait for him to be a man. Just like a child I wait for him to be a man. But he's a child. He is no man. We are two children. I want him to be my lover. Ytrhh oore dsabctiii.

Ian Dwight Lovehope loved him. Francis Jasper. On the SS *Arizona* December 7, 1941, at Pearl Harbour. During the bombing. Will says only that it was me who let him die in the machine room. I don't believe that is what happened. But he obviously still holds it against me. Ian Dwight Lovehope leans over to kiss him. Will says to me: "In effect you have a kind of homosexual desire for me, don't you?" Ian Dwight Lovehope says no, what he likes about him is his anima. Hrw uyuioa lkiihr poe. Snn m, é ik, omnek?aaar.

I am fighting over him with a chimera. Her name is Rose Sélavey and she gallops madly in a spiral, her hair in the wind like a herd of wild horses. She flashes in Will's eyes and I look for her tongue in Will's cold trembling mouth. I will have to transform myself into Miguel Ramon to get to her. But Miguel Ramon, the handsome Argentine, escapes into the silver of the mirror and I am left clinging in vain to the lips of Will H. Dalst, my long-term love in the labyrinth of time. He shows me how to find the integral of a function while I

imagine the perpetual motion of power in the sick eyes of my father. I listen as he sings while I heal the red in his eyes.

Llllrtwy kkkoooghyn aazeumi za. Where I come from, the astral bodies of love's faithful are ever forging new channels. We follow the courses of our heart without any hope of return. Love love always love opens wide for us its arms of a light-angel who faints as soon as we lay our head on its chest in order to hear its heartbeat. Only the memory of its fiery breath on our forehead remains. And we talk. We talk about him as of a marvel. We talk about him as about Rose Sélavey as she sleeps in herself in him. We talk about her. I am head over heels in love with a man called Will and I know it's only because his name means: to will. There is no other reason. I am in love with a word. With a name. With four letters: a Violet "W," an "I" that is capital and red, two pink "L"s. His fantastical phallus overwhelms me with voluptuousness while I abandon myself to my strange obstacle-ridden destiny, constellated with stars and devoured by the black flame of Venus.

Where I come from we also speak Venutian. As a second language.