

Original Sin

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Quand tombent les tombeaux

Quelques poèmes pour se défaire de la mort, de toutes les sortes de mort (celle des images, des inscriptions tombales etc.) qui masquent la plus importante: sa propre mort, l'inceste. Changer de peau, prendre puis rejeter celle de la mère. L'enjeu est toujours le même: se créer une peau et une image à sa ressemblance. Être une femme peut se vivre comme une performance.

I say,
"I will clean it."
I strip the incestuous bed.
I pile the linen in the hall,
I gather the dirty laundry
and throw it on top of the linen.
I look at the heap.
I pull open the closet doors,
gather old clothes for the Salvation Army.
I take the paintings and prints from the walls.
I gather photographs and mementos
tie them together in a plastic bag.
I wonder about the ozone layer
and take the bag to the curb.
Friends and acquaintances come by,
they pick through the prints and the paintings,
they finger my belongings,
"Can I have ..." they ask me.
They take away plants,
books, a soft, colored vase with hearts on it.
They gather magazines, old purses
and sweat shirts.
They leave bundled down and smiling.

I do the laundry,
a man comes by answering the advertisement
and takes with him the bed, the particle-board end tables,
and the antique oak dresser.
I fold the linens and the clothes.
My mother comes by for the bedding,
and I pack a few sweats and t-shirts into a duffel bag.
My brother brings me an apple,
we cut it so the pentacle shines
and we eat.
He checks my tires and my mother weeps.
I have begun my journey,
I have begun.