

Sea

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Ce poème en prose présente l'horizon de la mer – liquide, écumeux et primordial. Ses lèvres miroitantes s'appuient contre la mémoire tumultueuse et mettent au défi le mystère d'un autre monde.

The sea. Nothing else. The sea. Its oil. The sea. Flat. Fields of liquid expanding, largely green. Gathering of colors on the horizon, of colors. Then, they come back. The sea is green, going north. Sideways. Waters pour against rocks. Ferociously coming to the edge. Going on the attack. The sea swells between one's fingers, ultra-nationalist trees rise, expand, shed shadows. One wave is a mouth, multiplying, what does multiply? White horses come, submit and drown. The horizon is a liquid sword, stilled, perfectly stretched under a wounded sky. Last night, or was it night already? The evening ended rejoining, ended phenomena. Orange peaks pierced through the clouds. Pearls rolling in the sky circled some other clouds visited by glaring light. I will sit and describe what I see as an act of last resort. A wave is advancing in emerald water. Water on water. Lines of melted ultramarine compete with the shimmering of the minerals melted within the water. Something is hiding in this depth which reverberates the mechanisms of my memory. But memory is a surface whose mobility is commanded by the waves. Oh the explosion of white fire from the woman's belly! Dark shades organize themselves in ominous battalions. The soldiers have flowers in their eyes because of the season. Patches drift like continents. We measure them. We lose them to the sea.

The fabulous voyage each element of water accomplishes within other similar elements imprints its sinuous lines on the mind. In less than the time used by an eyelid to protect its eye from invading light the sea sheds its skin. Subdued moments follow the waves' brilliance. Metal descends on the heart. The sky in its jealousy hurriedly pushes clouds eastward. Great deserts are dying of thirst. Is color autonomus? Is it a being unbearable to itself and therefore impermanent? In such swift changes something is being felt – is being said. Pale greens tear their way through other greens,

always beneath a shimmering surface. And then, there's a mouthful of white foam which surges above the quiddity of water and other mouths open their lips in a disquieting silence. Is horizontality made of sorrow? What is lying? Desire or fear? Is matter's womanly essence manifesting itself under the sea's guise, with the latter's own manifestations? Is the sea a mirror image of invisible reality or is ultimate reality given by her, to us, as if she the sea were indeed the primordial goddess? Is the universe the verticality which brings fecondation to both the world and the spirit? Such preoccupations bring down a veil on the sea's brightness. The sea has an affinity with rain. Rains come from high up in the skies and from far away. They send forerunners. In their midst strange deities take up residence. Suddenly they dissolve and some elemental theatre is put into action. Waters call for each other. Sounds mingle. There's clamor over the sea, and thirst. Can water be thirsty? The sea *is* thirsty. She begs for water. Then it rains on her surface; she's pacified. The meeting-point between these watery systems is mobile and agitated. They drink each other. They melt within each other's space, they create some lovely advancing mist. And lines over lines of waves like a changing musical score start their march toward the shore. All over again. Over again thunder mobilizes its energies for a cosmic gathering of more clouds, more storms. As the process of thinking makes noise, waves capture that noise and mix it with the thunder's. Tumultuous events ensue: some among nations, some among gods. Then a thin veil of pink color descends over that portion of the sky which is protecting the sea. It feels reassured. It changes the course of its currents. Now, they all move frontways. They slide forward and that's not a tide. It's a movement which suggests no advance and no pullback. How strange! No fish comes to surface. The belly of this expanse of sea is invisible, although all kinds of aches can tear it apart. What's memory's role in all that?! This thing is weighty. It's measurable by Achille's standards. But Achilles took the measures away, with him, in his voyage's secret, in the realm of his own disappearance. The sea doesn't know if he died or not. And we cannot ask her. Therefore the pink veil is growing and spreading itself over all surfaces: those of the sea, those of the sky. Things narrow down to a slit; the laser beams that the sea emits reach the brain; there's a slight burn of the neurones, a trepidation. Then in its slide towards a deep sleep, the brain erases all the blue information which hurries towards it and cancels itself by the same operation.

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Should the horizon look like a death sentence? Once in a while it indeed becomes, for our perceptions, an implacable judge. There's no respite for the world's division. The sentence is definitive even if its application remains forever ambiguous. Slowly mountains appear. We're in danger of leaving behind all this liquid element, all of water's mystery. Beyond lie the multitude of traps that the gods and goddesses have put in place for us. Do we still have these divine beings among us? We do. We lost the power to recognize them, lost the language. We cannot investigate the misdeeds we call History because they have been covered with blankets of lies, neither can we blame the sea. The contemplation of the sea will lead to oblivion, will quiet the senses, obliterate the will. And we are the great cowards of our times, the delegated conterefters of poetry. But some eyes will remain fastened to the sea; many words will be evacuated. The desert is behind, trying to imitate the sea; the attempt is hopeless. What would happen to the various scorpions swarming creatures which live among stones and wretched bushes? The sea doesn't want to absorb more sand, swallow more animals, clutter its throat with the monsoon. She's the great descriptor of infinity. Now there's a lot of the wind over the imagination fields. It whistles and moans, dries up the spirit. Like drifting sand small memories drift away, released by the mind. Like a soft bag the brain collapses onto itself. Speech patterns remain, but lose their words. One can't even blame the heat, the temperature being reasonable for the season. Sleep overcomes one's limbs and the body falls, somewhere between sleep and awareness in the soul's deep canyon. On the planetary realm death doesn't exist. Everything is action. Exasperated energy pushes – blindly, it appears – whatever is or yearns to be. In the desert everything feels victim to an unconquerable gravity and, in the meantime, is irrevocably carried along an unstoppable becoming. Within the sea there are pools enticing us to drown as into a cool paradise.