

Wraith The spaces between things

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Le spectre sert d'intermédiaire dans la relation entre l'absence et la mention, la langue et le futur, l'histoire et la mort. L'« espace d'un futur » et la durée d'un passé spectral portent sur cette façon de penser la féminité, bien qu'une telle spéculation doive être négociée « ici, à un niveau plus terre-à-terre », là où « l'on passe le sel, frit les œufs » et où « je tente de m'emparer de ton nom ».

Wraith

1.

you come to me and
unspoken, beyond
but sexed, after all
a girl with language, if anything
or the space of a future name
staring at your face
i say *long, birdlike, angel*
and there it goes disappearing

2.

eve, confused desperately naming
into a wound which swallows
takes a body for bodiless
maybe i'm that other one
they slapped my body, name, on top of that
confusing demoness baby-stealer.
eve, facing wound, insists
pear iguana she gestures
the void closes a moment
there she is late autumn
pre dusk glow
your face/fields of wheat
language clear now

3.

who am i to
appear to you after a death
your wraith? or you mine.

your face, fields
figure, ground you remind me.
i forget.
your face,
sharp birds diving, swallowed by the
open planes again the glow, lit
from within
becoming open

4.

the first edge of a voice
the shimmer
of what it will call
soft that warms and chills
and then falling back through death
slip through sexes stories time
your light lilt
the seeds of
a violent full grown birth
born of bone
cut by the god of all smiths
carved out prettygirl with the perfect skin
ready to emerge
swallowing origins
not swallowing
you change names, run through history
mythologies

5.

back here in the mundane
eve reassured
we
pass the *salt*, fry the *eggs*
over breakfast
i grasp for your name
but your name feels wrong
i am jarred to
another place to call you
find only the absence
only the space where a name
will be

Les espaces entre les choses

Passer « à la prose après la poésie » implique « la connaissance des espaces entre les choses » entre les mots, entre les femmes. La narratrice essaie de s'ajuster aux « rythmes épiques » de son amante, ce qui lui donne envie de « réciter de longs contes », et finalement, toutes deux « semblent s'ouvrir / même maintenant / à de nouvelles possibilités » .

The spaces between things

1.

You tell me you came to prose later than poetry
I
measure myself against your histories
Find myself
a "she" in your poem
knowing the violence of that
for the first time again

2.

We walk as far into winter as possible
grey wool
nervous at your side
Here is
my inability to start a new poem
in the face of your aesthetic
Bright light of December across you
I want to see every pore
praise this season for exposing you
your longness asymmetry
and thin

3.

This is a cautious approach
your hand on mine at the reading
noticing your teeth
you
know about the spaces between things
I can tell.
It's in your writing.

4.

My poems
want to be short
but that's not my universal statement on poetics
I tell you
lying
I know how easily you're offended
Your epic rhythms make me
want to tell long tales
maybe I can fight
this winter politic
of scarcity

5.

Here
the sun pulls away
towards solstice
the earth may fly out of orbit
I may freeze in the distance
there is never enough
You
buy me fresh fish and wine
take up many pages
seem open
even now
to possibilities