

Julie Schroeder

Les poèmes de Julie Schroeder évoquent des cas puissants, singuliers et très ténus de phénomènes perceptifs : des visions sous-marines recueillies dans un brouillard éthylique, les gestes affectés d'un soi-disant prétendant, l'étrange simultanéité du sexe et de l'annonce que fait une maman pour avertir que le déjeuner est prêt. Des images discordantes, des fragments de discours cités, des traces de mémoire et des impulsions corporelles sont combinés dans cette mise en scène que Schroeder fait et où l'on découvre des qualités non rationnelles, non linéaires des expériences. La figuration n'est pas une propriété secondaire de la représentation dans ces poèmes, mais fait plutôt partie de la perception des sens même.

The spirit is willing, but this is Puerto Rico

At 5 in the morning, Helena excuses herself:
"Good night hon, come back soon and have a drink."
I am talking about fish again;
calligraphic group mind.
Snorkeling through monkey grass.
The peppered backs of squid.
How barracuda grin like lanterns, arrows.
How brain coral mushroom in deep water
past these chickens on bleached grass,
the sad concrete and tropical storms.
I don't want anything served by the ounce. I want a cup of tea.
Tiene tea? Tea. Tea. TEA?
O.K. Cointreau on the rocks. Citrus raincloud blah.

Firecrackers Fireworks

He sets off firecrackers to catch my attention.
Stays behind the fence
dog
waiting for approval.
Attempts to jingle authority through his keys.
Peering over German glasses
janitor
jailer
he says, "I can't help but think that you would like to play a cartoon
villain.
At least your voice would."

I'm thinking of another time when I saw but didn't hear fireworks:
smoke bloomed in tentacles
ecstatic neon anemones
blindness
spin
(oh!)
A solar system
How I loved you!

All the room

All the room
inside me
Plush milking pushes
heat up my spine
have want mine
We stir our hips together
olive fishy
give-grab
Blood on the sheets and under me
I move to him
wrists

His mother calls us to come for breakfast

still his weight stretches over me.
I smell croissants and coffee
know eggs perch in cups
thrust
the children are awake
teaspoons
thighs
thick luxe crush
orange juice