

Reasons of State Torrid

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Raisons d'État Torride

À première vue, les poèmes «Reasons of State» et «Torrid» de Erin Mouré semblent imperméables à toute explication. Des phrases incomplètes, des jeux sur les catégories grammaticales et des intermédiaires conceptuels situent ces poèmes à la limite du sens, au centre d'une double contrainte : «I can't think so» / «I can't think otherwise» (Je ne peux penser cela / Je ne peux penser autrement). Et c'est précisément cette situation limite qu'occupent ces poèmes qui permet à la narratrice désabusée d'explorer l'espace entre ce qui est culturellement intelligible et ce qui ne l'est pas : «I mean» / «What she said is incomprehensible» / «Outside» (Je veux dire / Ce qu'elle a dit est incompréhensible / À l'extérieur). Bien que l'on puisse retracer dans ces poèmes l'influence du procédé d'avant-garde pratiqué par Gertrude Stein, ils ne nient cependant pas l'existence d'un référent, pas plus qu'ils ne prennent ce référent pour acquis ; ils font des références indirectes à des réalités diverses et, dans un même temps, ils sont l'affirmation que ces réalités sont des effets du texte, qu'elles sont générées par les possibilités fantasmatiques ouvertes par des séries de mots : «The ecology of the text is such that» (L'écologie du texte est telle).

Reasons of State

They voted for an increase in social order
they voted for an increase in social order
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The fabric of it rent
in two
Now you have damaged the cloak, said the accuser

A bird we raise An internal action

Uncoupled now in the head
& abolished
I can't think so
I can't think otherwise

A version of the polemic
resists speaking

Impertinence denies fuel for mental being
The fuel tanks are heating

A version of the polemic
calls out

A version of the polemic

Stop this poison
Stop this poison
" " "

Torrid

A douleur is exciting but what is it near
The ecology of a text is such that

The blades or platters of the leaves
A serious start at life's tomorrow
An arpeggio, drastic as it may seem
I slept, dreaming of the Japanese mother & crossing borders
Physically it was hotter, torrid
Perception is acute on first awakening
Sympathetic response is a nervous behaviour
Clocking the coffee
A hotter
Waking
If it wasn't a wound it would be funny
Flying
Said was

The sign an arbitrary wave, as is the cigarette
held in the mouth by a boy
Interesting is a caveat here
Punctilious a word that applies to you, your honour
Or noded in gold leaf paint beneath the arches
Why not swims a better day
Realizable

Every thing has its habit or
douleur

It is ever a usual way to live
We are waiting it
Heat or *canicule*
Obus

Awaiting the onset of summer heat 7am
A heady feeling
Thinking of cunnilingus performed by a girl
Shiver

The mortar shells elsewhere landing on the bisected ville
Interpretation, as if the cigarette
A small car landing is not a belief
Drudgery, she said, describing housework

The wind comes in through the holes of trees
Into the house, I mean
What she said is incomprehensible
Outside

An ever is usually what we do seek
Our every move wanders it
Few achieve or culminate

Accomplishment is a fake disorder

Appreciative
Preying or harps

A government saying it makes it usual
At the same time unacceptable

A sight of the tidal bore in memory

At the same time not acceptable

At the same time not acceptable

At the same time not acceptable

At the " " " "
" " " " " "
" " " " " "