1996

Uncollected Poems, 1982-1996

René Galand
Wellesley College

Follow this and additional works at: http://repository.wellesley.edu/frenchfaculty

Recommended Citation
http://repository.wellesley.edu/frenchfaculty/24

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the French at Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. It has been accepted for inclusion in French Faculty Scholarship by an authorized administrator of Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. For more information, please contact ir@wellesley.edu.
Uncollected poems by Reun ar C’halan [René Galand]

Twilight in the desert
Pure body of a woman in the darkness
Fresh and clean under the linen
The fires go out one by one
The moon hangs low, above the tents
A pebble shines at the bottom of the stream
The night unleashes its caravans
They go, leaving no trace on the sand
The warriors meet around the
A tree of smoke rises and opens
Its dark flowers for their desire

Translated from “Serr-noz er gouelec’h” [Twilight in the desert], Al Liamm, niv. 215 (1982), p. 33

Black Star
Secrets of weeping women
X
Love is a black star

THANATOS
So handsome, with its shining javelin
On the bank of the forgetting river
Mad, now….. Euridyke?
Or, perhaps, moaning, Phaidra?
The doors open. A woman’s cry;
Doomed do die, but obedient
Weak as a shade, far away
Lost in the suburban maze
Behind the bronze doors
Laments under a dark vault
Her breasts darker than black grapes
Heavy and bare in the night
Drop by drop the blood oozes
Beyond the bridge, across the Styx
Snakes hiss among the deathly grass
Where the final dreams are rotting
So slowly

There are souls…
There are souls which are
Too small for their bodies
As small as cherry stone
And they bump about within the skull
Here and there and up and down
Like dried up peas in a pig’s bladder
And there are others which are
So huge they could make the whole world burst
Like a soap bubble, souls which leave behind
The shimmering dust of stars

Translated from “Eneou ‘zo…” [There are souls…], *Al Liamm*, niv. 258 (1990, p. 3)

Legend
On the ramparts of Elsinore
Young Hamlet met with the ghosts
Of his father and ancestors
Mocking they said
What a food that boy must be
Who comes to seek among the dead
Guidance for the living.

Translated from “Mojenn” [Legend], *Al Liamm*, niv. 295 (1996), p. 10