## **SUSAN MOORE**

Viola Verde, 2019 Mixed media, 19 x 19 in



## WHITNEY **DEVOS**

## Faire Le Beau

Months after, I dreamt of you standing in the still-morning light. Sidewalk steaming, taxi not yet radiant. It did not arrive

in the dream. You passed the time explaining the word beau to me. I knew what the word meant; you were discussing nuances.

Perhaps, you said, for example: un beau jour d'hiver. A beautiful winter day. Say the sky breaks into the color of mourning doves. Yet un beau rhume,

it means an awful cold. A terrible sickness. Temporary nonetheless.

Like love. As much seeping from the body. This is the irony. Un beau geste. A gracious gesture. Or one artful, meaningless, futile.

"The first time I kissed you, your neck twisted slightly toward the door."

Se démener comme un beau diable. To struggle like a madman. Man, here, is a beautiful devil. Maybe you've noticed, then, what beau does

to faire, to do, make. Like the watercolor I painted. The sky not quite like mourning doves. Even more cutting, you

said. Yes, I said. Paint dries how it will; paper hardens like any wound. Avoir beau faire quelque chose. To have put significant effort

into doing something. As in, J'ai beau essayer, je n'y arrive pas. No matter how hard I try, I just can't do it. Leave, say.

This last one, then, is for a dog: faire le beau. To sit up & beg.

Whitney DeVos is a writer, translator, and scholar. A PhD candidate at the University of California, Santa Cruz, she is currently completing a doctoral dissertation on documentary poetics in the Americas after 1945. Her poems have been published in journals including Entropy, Southeast Review, elimae, and The Destroyer, among others, while her translations have appeared or are forthcoming in Chicago Review, Copper Nickel, Latin American Literature Today, and the Acentos Review. She is the author of a chapbook On Being Blonde (Slug Docs, 2017), and translator of a prose pamphlet by Sergio Chejfec, forthcoming from Ugly Duckling Presse.