KATELL LE BOURDONNEC

La Fille, 2014 mixed media on canvas, 15 x 24 in



PIERRE CHAPPUIS

Pierre Chappuis was born in 1930 in Tavannes (Canton Bern), Switzerland. His many published works include poetry, collections of critical essays, and poetic prose. These pieces come from a collection called Distance aveugle (Blind Distance) published in 2000 by Éditions José Corti, one of two collections of his poetic prose. He has won two prestigious Swiss literary prizes: the Schiller Prize in 1997 and the Grand Prix C.F. Ramuz in 2005. He lives in Neuchâtel.

John Taylor has recently translated books by Jacques Dupin (Of Flies and Monkeys, Bitter Oleander Press), Philippe Jaccottet (And, Nonetheless, Chelsea Editions), Pierre-Albert Jourdan (The Straw Sandals, Chelsea), and Louis Calaferte (The Violet Blood of the Amethyst, Chelsea). His most recent collection of personal writings is If Night is Falling, published by the Bitter Oleander Press in 2012.

Daytime, Daily Life

Bigger after crossing the forest, the sun still at my height in the trees. Fog, narrower field: lacunae in the manuscript (the frost of the dream) straining the eyes deciphering them again. The straw of the first heat is flaring on the heights. Held out above the silence (all the land and more than the *land*), a sporadic song is shining.

Clearing

Like water between ill-joined staves (but it's daylight), it seeps-broken off, split up, scarred-between the tree trunks, bursts, joyously lacerating the shadow, gashes, nicks, beams forth, here and there shines up some birdsong at the heart and on the edge of the clustered trees, expands like a window towards which, from the back of the room, I could walk, now spreads out like the luminous spine of the sky, like an unhemmed sheet, like a bare roof. By no means breaking off the pace, it makes one single sparkle, a future clearing (my sentence), sparkling, all minced up (my impossible sentence), at the heart, on the edge, not dividing, delighted, not deciding between whatsoever, but, as I approach, it becomes snow, a brimming over, an awakening.

—Translated from the French by John Taylor