

20
SHORT POEMS

from
CAPITAL OF PAIN
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individually available for anyone who wants to any of read them

SEQUENCE

For brilliant days of topsy-turvy joy
Easy living on the tastes of colors
Feasting on love for the fun of it
For opening her eyes at the last instant
She has a real soft spot.

INVENTION

The right hand lets sand slip through.
All transformations are possible.

Far off, the sun sharpens on the stones its haste to finish.
Describing the landscape matters little,
Just the pleasing length of a harvest.

For my two eyes a brightness
Like water and fire.

What is the role of the root?
Despair has severed all its links
Raising his hands to its head.
Seven, four, two, one,
In the street a hundred women
I won't see again.

The art of love, liberal art,
the art of dying well,
the art of thinking,
incoherent art, the art of smoking
the art of pleasure, medieval art,
decorative art, the art of reasoning,
the art of reasoning well,
the art of poetry, mechanical art,
erotic art, the art of being a grandfather,
the art of dancing, the art of seeing,
the art of charm, the art of the caress,
Japanese art, the art of playing,
the art of eating, the art of torturing.

But I've never found what I write in what I love.

SEQUENCE

To sleep, with the moon in one eye
and the sun in the other,
Love in your mouth,
a lovely bird in your hair,
Adorned like the fields,
the woods, the routes, the sea,
around the whole world so lovely and adorned.

Flee across the landscape
Through branches of smoke and all the fruits of the wind,
Stone legs with sand stockings,
Held by the waist, all the river's muscles,
And the last concern on a face transformed.

THE WORD

I am fortunate: mine is an easy beauty.
I slide over the roof of the winds,
I slide over the roof of the seas
I'm sentimental these days
I no longer know who's in charge
I no longer move silk over ice
I am ill, laughter and pebbles
I nakedly love whatever is most Chinese
I love what's most naked the darting of birds
I am old but here I'm beautiful
And the shadow coming down from the depths of the windows
Every evening spares the dark heart of my eyes.

THE RIVER

The river that flows under my tongue,
The water no one imagines, my little boat,
And, with the curtains drawn, let's talk.

THE ONLY ONE

She had in the tranquility of her body
A little snowball the color of an eye
She had on her shoulders
A spot of silence a spot of rose
A lid on her breast
Her hands and supple singing arches
shattered the light

She sang the moments without falling asleep.

LIFE

A smile for the visitors
Who come out of their hiding places
When she goes out she sleeps.

Each day she gets up earlier
Each season more naked
Fresher.

To follow her gaze
She stands on one foot.

NOTHING

He places a bird on the table and closes the shutters.
He combs his hair, softer than feathers in his hands.

She tells the future.
And it's up to me to verify it.

Bruised heart, soul in pain,
hands shattered, hair gone white,
prisoners,
the water weighs on me like an open wound.

THE BIG UNINHABITABLE HOUSE

In the middle of an astonishing island
That her limbs travel
She is nourished by a dazzled world.

The flesh one shows off to the curious
Waits there like harvests
To fall on the riverbanks.

Knowing she'll see further
Her eyes wider in the wind of her hands
She imagines the horizon has unbuckled its belt for her.

ROUND

Under a sun sprung from the landscape
A woman bolts
Her legs skim past her shadow
In herself alone she places the most mysterious of hopes

I find her credulous doubtless in love
At the locus of assembled paths
Of light attenuated to a point
And of impossible gestures
The great door of the face
With its plans discussed adopted
Emotions born of thought
The journey disguised and the coming of reconciliation.

The great door of the face
The vision of precious gems
The shift of weakest into strongest.

TO BE CAUGHT IN THE TRAP

It's a restaurant like any other.
Does that mean that I don't look like anyone else?

A tall woman beside me is beating eggs with her fingers.
A traveler places his clothes on a table and accosts me.

He's wrong.
I don't know any mystery.
I don't even know the meaning of the word: mystery.

I have never looked for anything,
never found anything,
he's wrong to insist.

The storm which now and then comes out of the mist
turns my eyes and shoulders.

Then space has doors and windows.

The traveler declares to me that I'm no longer the same.
No longer the same!

I gather up the debris from all my marvels,
this debris.

I throw them in the streams so lively,
so full of birds.

The sea, the calm sea is between them
like the sky in the light.

The colors too, if you speak to me about colors,
I am not looking any more.
Speak to me of shapes, I have a real need of disquiet.

Tall woman, speak to me of shapes,
or else I fall asleep and lead a remarkable life,
my hands caught in my head and my head in my mouth,
in my mouth well closed, an interior language.

A WOMAN IN LOVE

She is standing on my eyelids
And her hair mingles with mine,
She has the shape of my hands,
She has the color of my eyes,
She dissolves into my shadow
Like a stone against the sky.

Her eyes are always open
And she doesn't let me sleep.
Her dreams in daylight
Cause the suns to drift away,
Make me laugh, weep and laugh,
Speak when I have nothing to say.

HABITS

All my girlfriends are hunchbacks:
They love their mothers.

All my animals are obligatory,
They have furniture feet
And window hands.

The wind is bent out of shape,
It needs a suit made to measure,
Measureless.

That's why
I tell the truth without telling it.

IN THE CYLINDER OF TRIBULATIONS

Sweep me away, world, and I'll have memories.

Thirty girls with opaque bodies,
thirty girls who in the imagination are goddesses,
draw near the man at rest in the little valley of lunacy.

The man in question is gambling fervently.
He plays against himself and wins.
The thirty girls quickly tire of this.
Gambling's caresses are not those of love,
and the sight isn't nearly as charming, seductive, and agreeable.

I'm talking about thirty girls with opaque bodies
and one happy gambler.

There is also, in a city of wool and feathers,
a bird on the back of a sheep.
In fables, the sheep leads the bird to paradise.

There are also personified centuries,
the grandeur of present centuries,
the dizziness of forbidden years and lost fruits.

Sweep me away, memories,
and I'll have eyes as round as the world.

GOSPEL SILENCE

We are sleeping with red angels
who show us the desert without small letters
and those sweet desolate awakenings.

We are sleeping.

A single wing destroys us, evasion,
we have wheels older than the feathers flown away and lost,
with which to explore the graveyards of slowness,
the only lust.

The bottle we surround with the bandages of our wounds
resists no longing.

Let's take the hearts, the brains,
the muscles of rage,
let's take the invisible flowers of the pale girls
and children joined together,
let's take the hand of memory,
let's close the eyes of recollection,
a theory of trees delivered by the thieves
strikes us and divides us, all the pieces are good.

Which will gather them up: terror, suffering, or disgust?

Let us sleep, my brothers.
The inexplicable chapter has become incomprehensible.

Giants go by exhaling terrible laments, gigantic laments,
laments of the kind the dawn wants to utter,
the dawn now no longer able to complain,
since then, my brothers, since then.

PERSPECTIVE

A thousand savages
Are fixing for a fight.
They carry weapons,
They have mighty courage
As they slowly form a line
To face a thousand green trees
Which, despite appearances,
Still value all their leaves.

[UNDER THE RED THREAT]

Under the red threat of a sword,
undoing her hair,
which guides kisses and shows the spot where kisses rest,
she is laughing.

On her shoulder,
ennui has dozed off.

Ennui can only be itself with her,
the rash one,
who laughs madly as day's end
dispersing red suns beneath bridges, blue moons,
faded flowers of a blasé bouquet.

She is like a great wagon of wheat
and her hands germinate and stick out their tongues.

The roads that she tows in her wake are her pets
and she closes their eyes with her sovereign steps.

AMONG THE HAPPY FEW

A sky of tears in his eyes.
Neither his eyelids nor his hands
Make it dark enough
for his pain to hide there.

He will go to ask
The Council of Visages
If he's still capable
Of running after his youth

And of being the pilot of the wind
In the plains
It's a matter of experience:
He takes hold of his life by its middle.

Only the two sides of the scales ...

[IN THE MIST]

In the mist where glasses of water clatter against each other,
where snakes come looking for milk,
a monument of wool and silk disappears.

It is there that,
on the last night,
bringing their weakness,
all the women came in.

The world wasn't made for their ceaseless walking around,
their langorous gait,
their search for love.

Great country of bronze of the Belle Epoque,
along your paths in their gentle slope, disquiet has deserted.

We'll have to do without gestures sweeter than smell,
eyes brighter than power,
there will be cries, tears, swearing,
and the gnashing of teeth.

The men who lie down will no longer be any more
than the fathers of forgetting.

At their feet despair will have the lovely aspect
of victories with no tomorrow,
haloes we put on under the beautiful blue sky.

One day, they will be tired of it,
one day they will be angry, needles of fire,
masks of pitch and of mustard and women will rise,
with dangerous hands, with eyes of perdition,
with a devastated body, radiant in every movement.

And, the sun will flower once more,
like the mimosa.

[YOUR MOUTH WITH LIPS OF GOLD]

Your mouth with lips of gold is not for laughs
And the meaning of your haloed words is so perfect
That in my nights of years, and youth and death
In all the sounds of the world I hear your voice.

In this silken dawn where the cold lingers
Imperiled lust wants to go back to sleep,
In the hands of the sun all the bodies walking
Shiver at the idea of finding their hearts again.

Memories of green wood, fog into which I plunge
I've closed my eyes on myself, I am yours.

My whole life listens to you and I cannot refuse
The terrible leisure your love creates for me.