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Villanelle

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villanelle

Villanelle

by Julia Grawemeyer

Je me suis posée devant une tasse vide
stylo bleu a la main, les volets clos.
Sur ma manche de belles rides
grimpaient le long de ma chemise.
Le coucher du soleil m'a fait voûter les épaules :
au bout d'une nuit elles se connaissaient mieux.
Les lignes se sont croisé les bras, surprises
de ne voir personne, ni ami, ni faux
sur ma manche. De belles rides
autour des yeux, les fleurs flétries
comme dans les marges, oubliées, des mots
mieux connus au bout d'une nuit.
J'ai avalé le sucre, rejeté le pire
aucune rime où il le faut, mais
sur ma manche de belles rides :
au bout d'une nuit elles se connaissaient mieux.

*I sat down in front of an empty glass
blue pen in hand, shutters closed.
On my sleeve, stunning creases
climbed the length of my shirt.
The sunset made my shoulders vault:
they knew each other well at the end of the night.
The pleats crossed their arms, surprised
that there was no one, neither friend, nor fraud
on my sleeve. Stunning creases
around the eyes, flaccid flowers
as if left in margins, forgotten, words
better understood by the end of the night.
I swallowed the saccharine and rejected the rest,
not a single rhyme where one should be, but
on my sleeve, stunning creases:
they knew each other well at the end of the night.*