

Collage

Volume 1 | Number 1

Article 42

2004

Absence

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Recommended Citation

Plowgian, Curtis (2004) "Absence," *Collage*: Vol. 1 : No. 1 , Article 42.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/collage/vol1/iss1/42>

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Absence

Absence

by Curtis Plowgian

Une femme sans visage me regarde
Sa face se cache
Et ses traits se perdent dans l'ombre.

À la place des yeux, une ligne
Et je ne sais deviner
Les secrets séduisants de son âme.

Qui regarde-t-elle ?
Qui aime-t-elle ?
Elle a un visage de marbre noir
Froid comme son regard.

Regarde-moi, femme mystérieuse,
Aide-moi à comprendre.
Ton cœur est-il de pierre
Comme ton visage ?

Elle reste rigide
Sans mots pour me répondre.
Nous n'avons pas besoin de mots
Quand nous nous trouvons face à face.
Nous nous voyons sans nous regarder.

*A faceless woman is staring at me;
Her countenance flees before me
Concealing her identity in shadow.*

*In place of her eyes, there is only a line
And I cannot fully glimpse
Her seductive inner secrets.*

*Who does she see?
Who does she love?
Her face, unyielding, answers me
With the emotion of cold, black marble.*

*Look at me, mysterious woman,
And help me to understand.
Is your heart made of the same stone
As your cold, unfeeling gaze?*

*She sits before me, still.
She has no words to answer me,
But we are beyond what words can say.
We sit together, face to face
And we see each other without looking.*