



«THE MATERNAL DRAPE»
OR THE RESTITUTION

Claude Royet-Journoud

Translated by
CHARLES BERNSTEIN



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A W E D E
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the first lines of day

he searches for his language

before the «fire»
nearly nothing
this is their language

an unbridlement
the mass enfolds into the landscape
retaining hardly
they lend only their shade

behind them
when the voice imparts further
tongue cut-out

he was following the day with obstinateness

a head
of the force which hangs

the site of the hunger
he who does not talk

these are gestures
the site of the hunger

that which arrests
a period of frost

in the piece

the beast is cut-up on-the-spot

from the other side
«the man pursues black on blank»

the point blank which designates him
for quotidian commerce

the objects pass from hand to hand
there should be some silence
to hold account of the usury

he parts of very little

«some thing like storm and sleep»

to enclose the noise
of an other tongue
to add to what tumbles

«some thing like to sharpen a knife»

in its outside
any lightness

the image
held up the loss

«it was there»
eaten by his question

the noises do not depart of themselves
they are part

so little is necessary
to rejoin the color

the ciphers invert themselves

in the language which returns
he sees born his back

a phrase of air

animals
immobile in the site

which employs itself to batter history

the fear
nothing other

heating in the noise of the repetition
a body weighs itself down

work of a hand counting
work vertical and blank

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