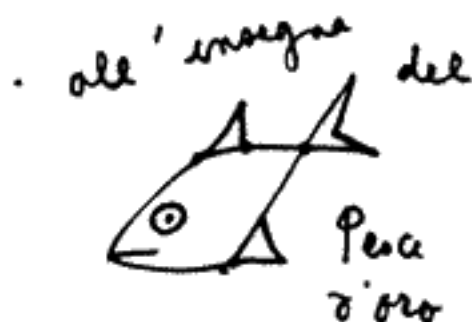
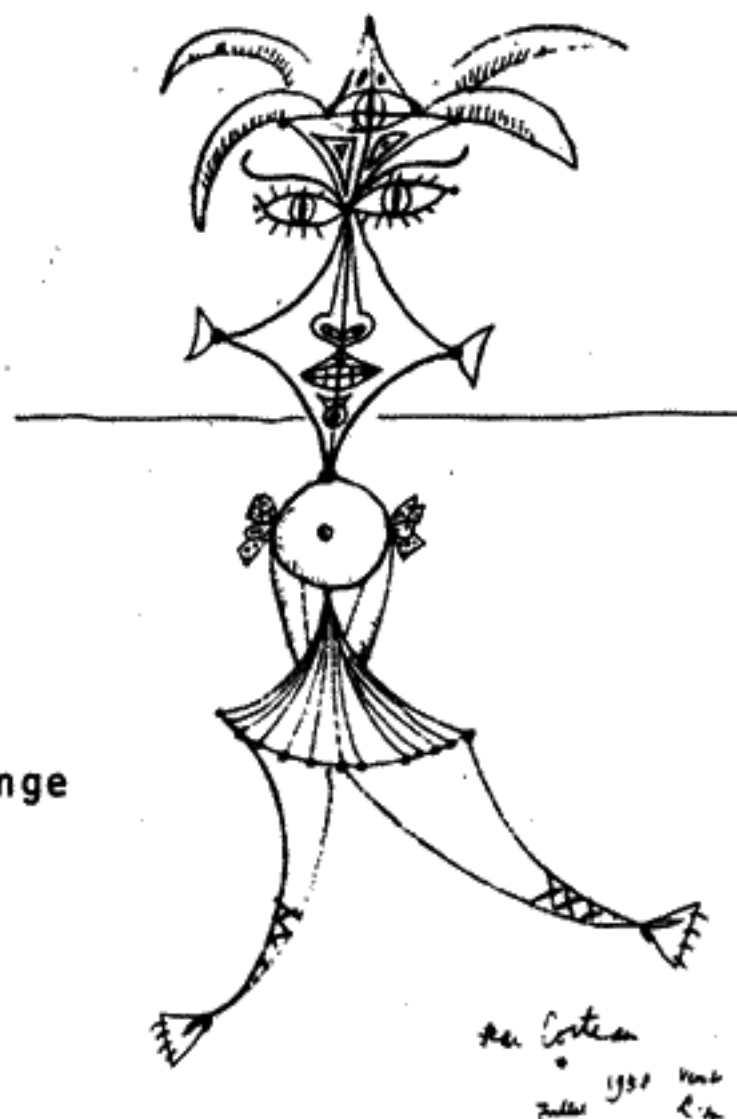


THE BRONZE HORSEMAN

August 1958

for Fabrizio Cleriu

Like your eyebrow  
above the eye another  
funeral arch or gondola in mourning  
gloriously rears itself  
borne by some black Narcissus  
deftly  
we saw some  
with legs of Carpaccio  
of petunias on the tip  
of a velvet wolf with empty eyes  
women dip their dreamy hand  
between stems of dead flowers  
in a vase of stagnant water  
long scarlet carpets  
gold of the fringes towards that strange  
marble water with angel's feet  
all day long it was pigeon flight  
but at night the illustrious statue  
\* leaves its horse and kills  
the singing woman gone silent.



translated by  
Tony Montague

\* Translator's Note:

N.B. The effect of the final lines relies on a verbal pun between 'tue' (third person singular of 'tuer' - to kill) and 'tue' (past participle of 'taire' - to be silent) rhyming with 'statue'. This is impossible to render in English but should be acknowledged nevertheless.