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If there is any language capable of approaching what is inexpressible, wouldn't it be poetry, when perceiving it in its own reality and in tune with it, it sings in us the fundamental hope that no individual hope can fill nor no hopelessness destroy? Here is a poem soaring high, completely inspired by this fundamental hope. It is one with the author, for, by creating this poem, she has made a beautiful confession of this hope.

Almighty love,
if I were to die
without having known why I possessed you,
in what sun did you abide,
in what past, your time,
in what moment did I love you,

Almighty love, exceeding all memory,
unhearthed fire where my days go by,
in what destiny did you write my story,
in what dream was seen all your glory,
Oh my repose.

When I am finally lost to myself,
and am infinitely divided in the infinite abyss,
when I am finally defeated,
when the present with which I am clad
finally betrays me,

Throughout the universe, in a thousand bodies shattered,
of a thousand instants not yet gathered,
from ashes to the skies, sifted until nothing,
You will redo, for a strange harvest,
one sole treasure,

You will redo my name and my figure
from a thousand bodies brought by the day,
oh live unity with neither name nor face,
oh heart of the spirit, oh center of the mirage,
Almighty love.

T.N. This prayer is from the poem "Overture for the poetics of the body" by Catherine Pozzi (Poèmes, Paris 1959). Légaut came to know it in 1987.