



ATLANTA REVIEW

FRANCE

International Section Edited by

Kate Deimling

Spring / Summer 2025

\$ 11.00

from *The Last Season of the World*

Sorrows interrupted by the sound of a landscape dating from the
beginning of the world.
Yesterday's hands were trembling, perhaps I didn't choose the
right moment to tell myself.
Lost between a flower and seven veils, I fear I'll burn everything
that lies toward the sea.
But what liquid on that tongue rolling beneath the bed.
The soft clacking of ankle boots trotting upon the rocks makes my
grottos echo once more, and I carry within myself each one
of her steps that I heard along the way.
I freed my body while awaiting the deluge of responses.
A truce offered up even to courage.
Sometimes I think the fate of one of those great yellow rocks
would suit me better than my own.

Simon Johannin

Translated by Cory Stockwell

Money slips
So quickly
Between my fingers
I write for less money
Than I need to drink

I made love
Twice
In two nights
Love so strong
That it could spit out a sky

I'd give my life
For a bit of hers
For all the madness of spring
To arrive in her belly

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Surprised are the cats
Who, coming upon your breathless night
And your gait,
Set out to follow you
In single cat file
Their paws in the hollows
Of your paws' absence

Simon Johannin

Translated by Cory Stockwell

Note

These poems are taken from the collection *La Dernière saison du monde*, © Éditions Allia, Paris, 2022.