



ATLANTA REVIEW

FRANCE

International Section Edited by

Kate Deimling

Spring / Summer 2025

\$ 11.00

from *The Silence of Words*

8

in the blurriness of twilight
you pierced my heart with an arrow
the way others tear a stocking
somewhat by negligence

43

in the valley of the vanquished
you abandon the abandoned ones
lair
of black flying foxes
washed up on the strand
of true terrors
no need to dress up
the masks were made of flesh

44

in the midst of this jumble
full of unpursued words
and incomplete projects
it's always in the middle of a sentence
that we separate from someone

in the lost sharing out
 of the geography
 of solitude
 indecent agonies
 in these days of panic
 the marks of time
 facing baleful screens
 impassive
 resigned to your sad lot
 the crows have
 entered Paris

if we're ill
 we'll be ill together
 die of solitude
 within solitude
 with no possible reconciliation
 and if we must die
 etc. & co., etc.

Gérard Berréby
Translated by Cory Stockwell

Note

These poems are taken from the collection *Le Silence des mots*, © Éditions Allia, Paris, 2021.