

TRANSLAM  
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Invité(e)s  
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## MAXIANNE BERGER

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### Texte de Maxianne Berger

1

la pergola tramée de clématites  
s'est remplie de ton absence

des araignées ont déployé leur gazes  
sous les aisselles des fauteuils Adirondack

mais si le jardin s'est transformé  
les jacinthes ont su dégager leur bouquet

les buddleias ont bien reçu leurs papillons  
les Lucifers et les azalées leurs colibris

2

la lavande ou la rose noisette  
peut évoquer le passé

que serait la mort  
si ce n'est  
un jardin de l'imaginaire ?

l'imaginaire  
collabore avec la vérité

maculant de boue  
un labyrinthe de sentiers  
déjà assombris

voilà un cumulo-nimbus  
alourdi par sa promesse

la fragrance dans la pierre  
imprégnée de pluie  
peut ramener un être cher

la pluie  
tombant au cours des années

devient  
    elle  
        le cimetière

3

j'avance à pas prudents  
par peur de courir

le risque de choir  
sur mes regrets nouvellement délacés

seul le clair de lune me guide  
dans ce labyrinthe de plates-bandes

devant le noir de cette toile de fond  
suspendue par la nuit

les dernières roses rose pâle  
surnagent l'arche de leur treillis

## **Text of Maxianne Berger**

**— translated by Brian Campbell**

I

The pergola woven with clematis  
is filled with your absence

spiders have spread their gauzes  
beneath the arms of Adirondack chairs

but if the garden is transformed  
the hyacinths have known how to release their scents

the buddleias have attracted their butterflies  
the Lucifers and azaleas their hummingbirds

2

the lavender or the rose noisette  
can evoke the past

what would death be  
if not  
a garden of the imaginary?

The imaginary  
collaborates with truth

spattering with mud  
a labyrinth of paths  
already shadowed

here a cumulonimbus  
weighted with promise

the fragrance in the stone  
soaked with rain

can bring back a beloved

the rain  
falling through the years

becomes  
the cemetery

3

I advance with prudent steps  
out of fear of running

the risk of tripping  
over my newly unlaced regrets

only the moonlight guides me  
through this labyrinth of flowerbeds

before the blackness of this backdrop  
suspended by the night

the last pale pink roses  
linger on the arch of their trellis

## Tradução do poema de Maxianne Berger

— por Claire Varin

1

a pérgula entrelaçada com clematites  
encheu-se de tua ausência

aranhas estenderam seus véus  
sob as axilas da espreguiçadeira

mas se o jardim se alterou  
os jacintos souberam soltar seu buquê

a buddleja recebeu bem sua borboleta  
a íris Lúcifer e a azalea seus beija-flores

2

a alfazema ou a rosa Noisette  
pode evocar o passado

o que seria a morte  
senão  
um jardim do imaginário

o imaginário  
colabora com a verdade

manchando com lama  
um labirinto de trilhas  
já sombrias

eis um cúmulo-nimbo  
carregado pela sua promessa  
o perfume da pedra  
molhada pela chuva  
pode trazer de volta um ente querido

a chuva  
caindo ao longo dos anos  
torna-se

ela

o cemitério

3

Ando com passos cautelosos  
receando correr

o risco de tropeçar  
nos meus remorsos novamente desatados

somente o luar me guia  
nesse labirinto de canteiros

frente ao escuro deste pano de fundo  
suspenso pela noite

as últimas rosas rosa pálida  
boiam sobre  
o arco da treliça

**BRIAN CAMPBELL**

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**Texte de Brian Campbell**

VASE

I held them aloft  
as I walked the street  
let breezes breathe  
through their petals and stems  
they breathe through them still  
here in this vase  
I brought them for you  
and for me  
mew  
yes even she  
who nuzzles them now  
strands them with fur  
beglitters them  
with sapphire eyes



**Texte de Brian Campbell**

**— Traduction de Claire Varin**

VASE

je les tenais en l'air  
et marchais dans la rue  
laissant la brise respirer  
parmi les tiges et les pétales  
où elle respire encore  
même ici dans ce vase  
elles sont pour toi  
et pour moi  
miaou  
oui pour elle aussi  
qui y pousse à présent son museau  
leur abandonne un peu de son pelage  
et les paillette  
de ses yeux de saphir

## **Texte de Brian Campbell**

**– Traduction en portuguais de Claire Varin**

### JARRA

As carreguei no ar  
quando ia pela rua  
e a brisa respira  
por entre seus talos e pétalas  
respira mesmo  
ainda aqui nesta jarra  
as trouxe para ti  
e para mim  
miau  
sim até para ela  
que as acaricia com o focinho  
deixando fios de pelo no seu rastro  
e o brilho  
do seu olhar de safira

**Texte de Brian Campbell**

**— traduction de Maxianne Berger**

Vase

Je les hissais haut  
m'avançant dans la rue  
que les brises puissent respirer  
parmi leurs pétales et leurs tiges  
elles y respirent toujours  
ici dans ce vase  
je les ai apportées pour toi  
et pour moi  
miaou  
oui même elle  
qui les minouche maintenant  
les enfile de fourrure  
leur prête les chatoiements  
d'yeux de saphir

## CLAIRE VARIN

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### Texte de Claire Varin

Des milliers de cercueils ont roulé entre les murs de ma maison. Des milliers de corps couchés sur du satin dans cet ancien salon funéraire acquis peu avant que ne se réalise ta prédiction. Ma demeure abrite sa cohorte d'esprits que je ne vois pas, Dieu merci, mais à qui, parfois, je rêve. Ils circulent dans les deux vastes pièces où s'agrippent au plafond, comme des chauves-souris dans leur grotte, les luminaires ayant éclairé la grande mue des trépassés !

Un de plus ou de moins... bienvenue chez nous, Malcolm. Mais s'il te plaît, ne me fais pas le coup de te manifester grandeur nature. Il suffit que tu surgisses sur ma toile mentale, en tout petit, dans mon sommeil ou quand, les yeux fermés, je médite. Mon système nerveux fragile supporterait mal ton apparition. Si tu ne m'as pas encore joué le tour, je risque peu, bien que mon projet ravive une crainte atténuée avec les années. J'exploite ma peur, sécrétant de l'adrénaline pour enfourcher le cheval sauvage et noir, et cavalier vers ton histoire, puis déposer ta vie devant toi, t'offrir ses reflets dans mon miroir tendu. Sur la Terre, tu n'existes plus : les fers que je retournerai dans tes plaies ne devraient plus t'émouvoir. Je vais te raconter et tu resteras de marbre comme la plaquette qui me dérobe ton urne au funéraire.

(Extrait de *La Mort de Peter Pan*, roman, Montréal, Québec Amérique, 2009)

**Text: Claire Varin**

**— translated by Brian Campbell**

Thousands of coffins have rolled between the walls of my house. Thousands of bodies lying on satin in this former funeral parlour acquired shortly before your prediction would not be realized. My home is shelter to his cohort of spirits, which I do not see, thank God, but of whom, at times, I dream. They move around through the two vast rooms or cling to the ceiling, like bats in their cave, the lamps illuminating the great moulting of the dead.

One more, or less, you are... welcome home, Malcolm. But please, don't shock me by showing up life-size. It's enough that you spring forth on the sketchpad of my mind, in miniature, in my sleep or when, eyes closed, I meditate. My fragile nervous system couldn't take your sudden appearance. If you have not yet played your trick on me, I'm risking little, although my plan revives a fear that has abated through the years. I exploit my fear, releasing adrenalin to mount the wild, black horse and ride headlong into your story, lay down your life before you, to present you its reflections in my fraught mirror. On Earth, you don't exist any more: the iron filings that I put back into your wounds should not any more affect you. I will tell you and you will remain like marble, like the plaque that conceals your urn at the funeral home.

## Texte de Claire Varin

— traduit par Maxianne Berger

Thousands of coffins have rolled past the walls of my house. Thousands of bodies laid upon satin in this former funeral home acquired shortly before your prediction was borne out. My home shelters a host of souls I don't see, thank God. But occasionally I dream of them. They wander about the two huge rooms where clasped to the ceiling like bats in a cave, those light fixtures had illuminated the great passing of the dead.

One more, one less . . . welcome to our home, Malcolm. But please, don't hit us with your full size. It's enough that you show up in my mindscape, in miniature, when I'm asleep or when I shut my eyes and meditate. My fragile nerves wouldn't withstand your appearance. If you haven't yet tricked me, I don't risk much, although my project does rekindle a fear that had lessened over time—a fear I exploit to generate adrenalin so I can mount that wild, black horse and hie towards your story, then set your life before you, present you with its shimmers in my proffered mirror. On this Earth you no longer exist. The knife I'll twist in your wounds should no longer affect you. I shall tell your tale, and you'll still be marble like the marker that keeps me from your urn at the funeral parlour.

(Excerpt from the novel *La Mort de Peter Pan* [The Death of Peter Pan].  
Montréal: Québec Amérique, 2009)

## AUTRES TRADUCTIONS

### MAXIANNE BERGER

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**Maxianne Berger**  
— translated by Karin Montin

1

your absence has filled  
the clematis-covered pergola

spiders have spread their gauze  
under the Adirondack chairs' arms

but though the garden has changed  
the hyacinths still perfumed the air

the buddleja attracted its butterflies  
the Lucifers and azaleas their hummingbirds

2

lavender or Noisette roses  
may conjure up the past

what is death  
if not  
an imaginary garden?

imagination  
works with truth

spattering a maze  
of enshadowed pathways  
with mud

there's a cumulonimbus  
heavy with promise

the fragrance of  
a rain-soaked stone  
can bring back a loved one

over the years  
the falling rain

itself  
becomes  
the graveyard

3

I take careful steps  
for fear of running

and tripping  
on my newly loosened regrets

only the moonlight guides me



through this maze of flower beds

against the dark backdrop  
suspended by the night

the last pale pink roses  
tumble over their trellis arch

## **Text of Maxianne Berger**

**— translated by Nancy R Lange**

1

the pergola laced with clematis  
filled in with your absence

spiders unfolded their gauze  
in the armpits of Adirondack chairs

but if the garden transformed  
the hyacinths still released their aroma

the buddleias hosted their butterflies  
the Lucifers and azalea their hummingbirds

2

the lavender and the rosa noisettiana  
can evoke the past

what would death be  
if not  
a garden of the imaginary?

staining with mud  
a labyrinth of paths  
already darkened

here comes a cumulo-nimbus  
heavy with its promise

the fragrance in the stone  
soaked with rain  
can bring back a loved one

the rain  
falling for years

does it  
    become  
        the cemetery

3

I progress with cautious steps  
afraid to run

the risk of tumbling  
among my newly untied regrets

only the moonlight guides me  
in this labyrinth of flowerbeds

in front of this backdrop's darkness  
suspended by the night

the last light pink roses  
float over the arch of their trellis

## Texto de Maxianne Berger

— Tradução de Liliane Mendonça

1

a pérgula entrelaçada de clematites

se encheu da tua ausência

aranhas teceram suas rendas  
nos ângulos dos canapés do jardim

mas se o jardim se transformou  
os jacintos souberam exalar seu olor

os lilases receberam panapanás crócus e azaleias, os colibris

2

a lavanda ou a rosa Noissete pode evocar o passado

o que seria a morte salvo  
um jardim imaginário?

o imaginário  
coopera com a verdade

maculando de lama  
um labirinto de veredas já sombrio

eis um cúmulo nimbo pesado por sua promessa

a fragrância da pedra impregnada de chuva  
pode trazer um ser querido

a chuva  
caindo ao longo dos anos

torna-se ela

o cemitério

avanço a passos lentos por medo de correr

o risco de cair

sobre meus pesares de novo desatados

só o luar me guia

nesse labirinto de canteiros

diante do escuro dessa tela de fundo suspensa pela noite

as últimas rosas rosa-pálida flutuam no arco de suas treliças.

## **Texte de Maxianne Berger**

**– Traduction de Marie Yanick Dutelly en créole haïtien**

1

Galri a kouvri ak très flè klematit

Absans ou nan chak très, chak boujon, chak espas

Twal arenyen deplwaye tankou dantèl anba bra fotèy Adirondack yo

Menm si jaden a chanje figi

Flé Jasent yo chaje ak bèl flè, kap simayen bon lodè

Yon dal papiyon ap repoze sou flè buddeleias yo pandan ke brahch flè lisifè  
ak flè azale yo ap souke anba dans yon pakèt kolibri

2

Lavand ak roz nwasèt

Te mèt fè nou sonje tan lontan

Kisa ki lanmò

Si se pa

Yon jaden nou imajine ?

Imajinasyon ak reyalite

Ap danse kole

Y ap pentire ak labou

Yon dividal chimen

Ki deja ap benyen nan fènwa

Men yon plant cumulo-nimbus

Ki lou tankou yon fanm gwòs

Lodè ki soti nan ròch

Ki bwè dlo lapli a

Ka fè yon byen eme ki te ale tounen

Lapli a

Kap tonbe depi dig dantan an

Tounen

limenm

Yon simityè

3

Map mache sou piga m

M pè, m pa vle pran nan pèlen

Tonbe sou regrè m yo ki fèk

Ap sòti kon prizonye k lage

Limyè lalinn lan sèl klere

Wout mwen nan chimen jaden an

Douvan fènwè sa a ki pandye

tankou yon gwo vwal dèy sou nanwit la

Dènyè roz ròzpal

Ap taye banda sou branch yo



## BRIAN CAMPBELL

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Texte de Brian Campbell

— Traduction de Jean-Pierre Pelletier

Vase

Je les maintenais haut à bout de bras  
alors que je me promenais dans la rue  
laissant souffler les vents légers  
à travers pétales et tiges  
ils soufflent encore en elles  
ici même dans ce vase  
pour toi à qui je les ai apportées  
et pour moi aussi  
miaou  
et même pour elle  
qui maintenant les caresse du museau  
les enveloppe de fourrure  
les fait scintiller  
de ses yeux de saphir

(Extrait du livre *Shimmer Report*, Ekstasis Editions, p.86, 2015)

**Texte de Brian Campbell**

**— Traduction de Nancy R Lange**

VASE

Je les portais haut  
tandis que je parcourais la rue  
laissais les brises bruissier  
à travers pétales et tiges  
elles y bruissent encore  
ici en ce vase  
je les ai achetées pour toi  
et pour moi  
miaou  
oui même elle  
qui les taquine à présent du museau  
les parsème de fourrure  
les fait étinceler  
de ses yeux de saphir

**POÈME de Brian Campbell**

**— traduction par Marie-Soeurette Matthieu**

Le pot de fleurs

Je le portais sur ma tête

Tout en marchant sur la route

Laissant ces fleurs respirer l'air frais

Qui faisait bouger leurs pétales et tiges

Dans cet élégant pot

Je les ai apportées pour toi mon beau chaton

Un miaulement

Puis se blottit contre elles

les étouffant de ses poils touffus

Enfin les fixant avec ses grands yeux bleutés

**POÈME de Brian Campbell**

**— traduction par Hélène Poiré**

Le Vase

Lorsque je déambule sur le trottoir

Ma main les retient... hautes

Au-dessus de ma tête

Afin que leurs pétales et leurs tiges

Puissent respirer à l'aise

Ici même, dans ce vase

Je les ai achetées pour toi

Mais aussi... pour moi

" MIAOU "

Tu peux fort bien tenter de les séduire

Avec ton pelage étincelant

Et tes yeux bleu-saphir

Tout contre moi... blottie

Sache... que tu échoueras

À vouloir t'en emparer

## CLAIRE VARIN

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**Texto: Claire Varin**

**— Tradução: Liliane Mendonça**

Milhares de esquifes circularam entre as paredes de minha casa. Milhares de corpos deitaram sobre o cetim nesta antiga sala funerária adquirida um pouco antes de sua previsão realizar-se. Minha morada abriga uma corte de espíritos que não vejo, graças a Deus! mas com os quais sonho às vezes. Eles transitam nas duas salas enormes nas quais aderem ao teto, como morcegos em grutas, as luminárias clareando a grande transformação dos falecidos.

Um a mais ou a menos... bem-vindo à nossa casa, Malcom. Mas, por favor, não me faça a desfeita de manifestar-se em tamanho real. Seria suficiente que você surgisse em minha mente, pequenininho enquanto durmo ou quando, de olhos fechados, medito. Meu sistema nervoso frágil mal suportaria sua aparição. Se você ainda não o fez, me arrisco pouco, embora meu projeto reacenda um medo atenuado com o passar dos anos. Exploro meu medo, destilando adrenalina para montar no cavalo selvagem e negro, e cavalgar em direção à sua história e depois, pôr sua vida diante de você, oferecer-lhe seus reflexos em meu espelho estendido. Sobre a Terra, você não existe mais: os ferros que entornarei em suas feridas não o comoverão mais. Narrarei para você que continuará de mármore, como a placa que furta seu féretro do velório.

(Trecho de A Morte de Peter Pan, romance, Montreal, Quebec América, 2009)

## **Texto de Claire Varin**

**— Tradução : Gabriella Scheer**

Milhares de caixões rolaram entre as paredes da minha casa. Milhares de corpos deitados em cetim nesta antiga sala de funeral, comprada pouco antes que tua predição se cumprisse. Minha casa abriga sua coorte de espíritos que não vejo, graças à Deus, mas com quais as vezes sonho. Eles circulam nas duas espaçosas salas onde se agarram ao teto, tal vampiros em suas grotas, os candeeiros que iluminaram a grande metamorfose dos mortos !

Um a mais ou a menos ... bemvindo à nossa casa, Malcolm. Mas, por favor, não me faça a brincadeira de se manifestar em tamanho natural. Basta-me que você apareça na minha tela mental, bem pequenininho, enquanto durmo ou quando, de olhos fechados, eu medito. Meu frágil sistema nervoso suportaria mal tua aparição. Já que você ainda não aprontou, não corro muito risco, bem que meu projeto reacenda um certo medo atenuado com os anos. Exploro minha dor, secretando adrenalina para montar o cavalo selvagem e preto e cavalgar rumo à tua historia, em seguida depositar tua vida à tua frente, te oferecer seus reflexos no meu espelho estendido. Na Terra você não existe mais : os ferros que vou revirar em tuas chagas não deveriam mais te tocar. Eu vou te contar e você ficará de mármore como a placa que me furta tua urna na funerária.

(Extratos de La Mort de Peter Pan (A Morte de Peter Pan), romance, Montréal, Québec Amérique, 2009)

## **Text von Claire Varin**

**– Übersetzung : Gabriella Scheer**

Millionen von Särgen sind zwischen meinen Hauswänden gerollt. Millionen von Körper auf Seide gebettet in diesem alten Bestattungsunternehmen, erworben kurz vor der Erfüllung Deiner Vorhersage. Mein Haus beherbergt seine Kohorte von Geistern, die ich, Gott sei Dank, nicht sehe, aber von denen ich manchmal träume. Sie spucken in den zwei grossräumigen Sälen, wo, wie Fledermäuse in ihren Grotten, die Leuchter sich an die Decke klammern, dieselben, die die grosse Umwandlung der Toten erleuchteten !

Einer mehr oder weniger ...Willkommen bei uns Zuhause, Malcolm. Aber bitte, spiel mir nicht den Streich in Lebensgrösse zu erscheinen. Es genügt, dass du auf meiner geistigen Leinwand erscheinst, in Kleinformat, während ich schlafe oder wenn ich, mit geschlossenen Augen, meditiere. Mein empfindliches Nervensystem würde nicht gut dein Erscheinungsbild ertragen. Da du mir noch nicht diesen Scherz gespielt hast, riskiere ich wenig, obwohl mein Vorhaben eine durch die Jahre abgedämpfte Angst wieder erweckt hat. Ich nutze meine Angst und sondere Adrenalin ab, um den wilden Rappen zu besteigen und deiner Geschichte hinzugalopieren, anschliessend dein Leben vor dir abzulegen, dir seine Strahlen mit meinem vorgehaltenen Spiegel schenken. Auf Erden bist du nicht mehr : die Eisen, die ich in deinen Wunden umdrehen werde dürften Dich nicht mehr berühren. Ich werde dich dir erzählen und du wirst kalt bleiben wie ein Stein, wie die Plakette, die mir deine Urne in der Leichenhalle verbirgt.

(Auszug aus La Mort de Peter Pan (Peter Pan's Tod), Roman, Québec Amérique, 2009)

## **Texte de Claire Varin**

### **— Traduction de Marie Yanick Dutelly en créole haïtien**

Yon kolonn sèkèy ap vireron nan kay mwen. Yon kolon mò, kouche sou twal saten nan ansyen salon finerè sa a ke m te achte yon titan avan ke w te fè prediksyon w lan. Yon dividal lespri abite ak mwen nan kay la, menm si mpa janm ka wè yo, gras a Dye, men tanzantan yo danse nan rèv mwen. Yap sikile nan de gwo pyès kay la, oubyen yo pandye nan plafon an tankou chòvsouri nan gwòt yo, paske limyè sa a te kon klere pasaj lòt bò, nanm ki trepase nan kay la ! Yon deplis yon demwens... bienvini lakay ou Malcolm. Men, tanpri, pa fèm kou saa vin parèt tankou lè w te vivan. Li sifi ke w antre nan tèt mwen, tankou yon ti pope, nan dòmi m oubyen lè m ap panse, ge fèmen. Lòlòj mwen frajil, li pa ta ka sipote ou vinn parèt an vre. Tank ou pa fè sa, mwen pa gen risk, kwake pwojè mwen an fè laperèz ki te finn vole gagè ak tan ki te pase, retounen. M ap danse kole ak laperèz sa-a, li banm yon fòs pou m monte chwal sauvaj nwè a epi galope nan istwa w, epi vinn depoze lavi w douvan w pou m ofri w imaj li nan glas mwen. Sou tè a, ou pa egziste ankò : Moso fè ke map fouye nan maleng ou an paka fè w anyen ankò. Mpwal rakonte vi w epi w ap rete rèd kon yon roch tankou ti-plak ki fèmen bwat ki sere sann ou nan finerariòm la.



## **Texte de Claire Varin**

### **— Traduction en roumain de Ginestra Morar**

Mi de sicriuri s-au răsturnat între peretii casei mele. Mi de corpuri alungite pe satin în acest bătrîn salon funerar dobîndit cu puțin timp înainte ca prémonitia ta să se împlinească. Casa mea adăposteste cohorta de spirite pe care, Doamne îți mulțumesc, nu le văd, dar pe care uneori le visez. Ele se plimabă între cele două camere vaste sau se suspendă de tavan, ca liliecii în grota lor, candelabre luminînd metamorfoza decedaților. Unul în plus sau în minus ...fi binevenit în casa noastră Malcom. Dar te rog, fă-mi plăcerea de a nu te arăta ca și cînd ai fi real. Mi-e deajuns cînd apari în mintea mea, în somn ca o imagine misorată sau cînd meditez cu ochii închiși. Sistemul meu nervos fragil nu ar putea suporta apariția ta. Dacă nu mi-ai făcut încă această glumă, sunt la adăpost, cu toate că proiectul meu reaprînde o frică înăbusită cu trecerea anilor. Îmi exploatez frica secretînd adrenalină ca să încălesc calul sălbatic și negru, și să galopez spre povestea ta, pentru a-ți așterne înainte viața pe care ai pierdut-o ca să-ți vezi reflectia în oglinda pe care ți-o întind. Tu nu mai există pe Pămînt : fierul pe care îl răsucesc în rănile tale nu ar trebui să te mai rănească. Eu o să povestesc iar tu vei rămîne de marmură ca și placa care ascunde urna ta funerară.

## **Texte de Claire Varin**

**— traduit par Karin Montin**

Thousands of coffins have rolled between the walls of my house. Thousands of bodies have been laid out on satin in this old funeral parlour I bought just before your prediction came true. My house is home to a band of spirits I can't see, thank God, although I sometimes dream of them. They move through the two huge rooms where chandeliers that lit the way for the great shuffling off hang like bats in a cave. What's another one, more or less? Welcome to our home, Malcolm. But please don't manifest yourself life-size. Just project yourself onto my mental screen, very small, while I'm asleep or meditating, eyes closed. My fragile nervous system would have a hard time dealing with your apparition. If you haven't already done it, you're not likely to, although my plan is reviving a certain dread that had faded over the years. I use my fear, secreting adrenaline to ride the wild dark horse and gallop towards your story, then drop your life at your feet, reflect it back in my tendered mirror. You no longer exist here on Earth: it shouldn't bother you when I rub salt in your wounds. I'll tell your tale and you'll remain stony, like the little marble plaque hiding your urn from me at the columbarium.

## **Texte de Claire Varin**

**— traduit par Nancy R Lange**

Thousands of coffins have rolled through the doors of my house. Thousands of bodies laid on the satin of this former funeral home acquired shortly before your prediction. My home houses its hord of spirits which I don't see - thank God- but of whom I sometimes dream. They move around in the two vast rooms where, as bats in their cavern, the lamps having lit the great moulding of the deceased cling to the ceiling!

One more or one less... welcome in my home, Malcom. But please, don't startle me with a full size spectre manifestation. It is enough that you appear on my mental screen, in miniature, when I am asleep or as, with closed eyes, I meditate. My fragile nervous system would not stand well your apparition. If you haven't played the trick on me yet, I don't risk much, although my project awakens an uneasiness that the years had diminished. I use my fear, secreting the adrenaline necessary to get on the black wild horse and ride to your story and then deposit your life in front of you, offer you its reflection in my extended mirror. On this Earth, you don't exist anymore: so the knife I will turn in your wounds shouldn't move you anymore. I will tell your tale and you will remain of marble as the plaque that hides your urn at the funerarium.