

Patrick Durantou

News and Poems

OF EVEN AUTHOR

Of day pay of things, Ed. doxa, 1999 Toulouse. The masks of mist,
Ed. doxa, 1999 Toulouse. memoirs future, Ed. doxa, 2000 Toulouse.

In other publishers :

Dawn approached, Ed. Dawn boreal, 1996 Sete.

The paths of dawn, Ed. signs of World, 1997, Toulouse.

A VOICE OF AURORA

A rain delicate covers the plain. he rains since the morning. Today I am going to at the meet of my

editor, more far towards the city. I have completed my latest novel, a artwork who m has occupied a part of Winter. I have deposit previously my companion at his institute pedagogic. The fires tricolor in this small corner of Tarn do end more. he rains slowly as a embrace. Emeline me smiles tardily the a detour property woody. I am in effect writer. Perhaps since always. who know these things ? Since very long time in all case. I born knew not Emeline this great wife Brown the eyes clear, this sphinge discreet the seasons écarquillées of beads of fires the days holidays, the night secrets. I wait this meet with Paul by than I born am not certain of some passages remained blurry or evasive.

Finally the city, Toulouse whose the name resounds in me of the memories childhood, the sounds singing as my midday than I recall often.

- You seem nervous Yves ...
- He do East nothing just press..., this time...,
- However he me seemed ...
- No nothing, at soon !

Yves Barrere rang this day at two occasions the door of Paul Obster it opened.

- How go ! said Paul.
- Also good than possible...
- Enter !

The interview lasted two hours during which Yves presented and defended his manuscript specifying the Alterations likely at to bring the readjustments if thought good.

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The book entitled *A voice dawn* was in many hundreds of pages Yves had drafted for the essential during the three month winter in her remains. Yves leave Paul.

- We is called, fit Paul.
- As usual, defended Yves.

This evening he waited Emeline at the exit of the institute so than of the drops water is ticked by slowly sure his windshield. he thought back at these climates changing the distant of his age man already Wall, these rains thin of spring splashed to rainbows. When he played child in his garden, sure her lawn under the willow at drag, at " to tackle " of the players imaginary the ball.

This garden, that of his childhood or his parents resident again preserve the charm outdated of the province French. With his hedges, his charcoals, his comings of flowers the two fir trees, he takes a calm a stately serenity it love contemplate. the more fort of her creation the imaginary himself joint the memory and the present as a source inspiration or more exactly a crucible than becomes so " the " garden. Because in all reflection all meditation or in dreaming we have necessarily a place, we keep a picture power plant as landmark at our dawdling creative. So, so " the "Garden, this garden which Yves draws of the resources, his breath writer and it recalls often at of the guests without there look in the conversation in his geometric shapes or of his recesses at as for instil more of life in this it appointed " her " Earth. For him and Emeline already reached at a age who imposed the respect, he should better of speak of Earth, this Earth loves shared or the life seat.

The tomorrow are always these secret attentions than is watchtower the beings and things ; a step bitterly conquered or a duty accomplished at insinuate. sometimes, however we agree a pause girded of beauty when is took the time of see mature at ourselves this wealth of without dry up of love in a unit of places, of times and very whose the destiny features. Also difficult it is of see take place this very Dear

habit of the wonders a certainty unshakeable of self and of his entourage we ask of the contours the distant of the aspects stealth the to become, a surrounding at most close. It is this dream unappeased of the pink in garden qu'exclama Yves the long time of the days at Emeline, this ocean return. Her companion, Emeline, Professor of French had this wisdom of see spill the Creator seasoned without disturbing never this presence split mid-ideational Half nostalgic yet than real. The parents know this powerful stay of the hearts for born more divert this feeling who befits at their children ; Emeline respected by what shared this addiction.

This garden I the keep in me as my memories mixed constant and frayed at the time, this light childhood who born will shut more. I watchtower his detours I observe her cadence present. one born can again qu'agréger thereof until latest without feel the music of the days happy the firmament. Live these moments meet again her youth, rebirth each time of an immeasurable happiness without to cease of y believe. A melody who continues all man the for of her life as a lament secret and inalienable. This chant of blade, me Yves Barrere, I associates at my job, at my love, at my memory because if was of discern the creation, his resonances are always for a wife, of the relatives and a country. The spring of my actions writers I the appointed country childhood and they creep today in this garden or I have past my youth than I resituates of my garden age Wall. Yesterday, Paul Obster my recalled for me mean than my book was accepted. A Ray of Sun flushed covers my remains. The half season East increasing and beautiful. Tomorrow, I think I return at my garden, the or Angels sing if good...

When the weather is nice

I remember that old song
At the first dawn of years when we bordonions
A light wind children huddled under snow
Falling by wonderful flakes in the palm of a hearth
The mountains always go for a walk
The mysterious mountain bathed silence there
Our names keep quiet if they were not my qu'encor '
Sinuous and charming we outline, oh oh poetry lives
Melodious care after unison lyrics
Mingle our eyes taped splinters ? P araboles
Days, years feasting the height of the peaks, finally see
The ardor rhymes ourselves irradiated morning
In that distant ages and endless enlisting to infinity
This same song in the distance of our love of life

How we ignore the gold time
What EGR è to do during the season
As a long prayer to the years
Or once already fades then comes the summer
Because the spring gives way to another
Often forgotten and it is better so that we have
I sometimes see those distant names I think
I recognize to be the bay that offers here and there
And that looks like the same as I saw
Formerly in other distant lands or
Is it not the one that made me feel the
But this woman I loved and I see
Or see him in that other wise i v fortuitously offered
But it's not you but it's always you
That resemble landscapes and sights that time
From the back and even in his race
How much more time will EGR è not in season
As a long prayer to friends
Where once fades because the spring gives way to summer

Play a serenade to the time that lasts its
 love and richness of life is to say the
 poem accomplished at the speed of a past period
 who claims in a new successor as
 roses are changing from day to live together. Often
 to iridescent splendor writers and creators draw a new
 sesame on the edge of the heart when nothing has even as a short, lentem ent and fervently trimesgist es
 an unsuspected art they call the imagination without
 nothing means. Suffice it to this wealth
 without the two will become accustomed to pursue this
 systole of the ages to come, for a listed eternity
 bluntly of our memories of my mind for it
 not finally reaches the other region that would be intelligence.
 Undoubtedly these and like Alcyon flying over
 immensity we ons ir i meet

With the turning of the pages

Shadows of days according to dodge a halt, a quiet, obscure an hour, a r e pos we virevoltons in its stars siding. I do not know how often tell those moments when we ourselves silent silence for better invite a dizzy enhance those moments of tenderness vested in the quiet summer in her blue fragility ... I guess surprise you with these few words may say -you they do anything or alert signs that infinite intersections. Perhaps they are the watchmen of a new living room, swoons happiness. The one does not see too much in the season it instills a time, a break when our tunes so different not mean the change s the spl e ndide you out there have only met as a sovereign response, the momentum year, a dispute at random. I can not express to preserve it now before you this thrill that I have to see you again after this common end trip on the dock where indolent I asked you to help you with your luggage too heavy.

Yes today day and will evade new shadows that only you would know stress as pearl dotted, promised a return to the shelter itself sometimes without intemp e stivité beings and things. For indeed I would like to see and endless review your face which is anchored me now in my memory even detect it the focus of your actions, that look, nagging pleading unarmed stretched to the unique business card that we we tend î my, when we parted distraught.

When I see you still I would like as much as you would cross the Acheron us both a tender map postponed but desiring to make iridescent the season, evening hours this recognition, this song stars as you fi t me are noticing. These common landscapes that we share now owned by us, they will be our mystery departing this love chapter initiated this round share. So, so far as this word that I intended you to become itself the moment of stars in which I can tell you " I love you "That blue sky shine for us innocence gardens ...

Childhood snow

This was the time when the snow in December was gathering his golden crystals in the firmament of heaven. We were going to my brother and me by e r s i feel humble flush out surprised sparrows. Christmas framed these festoons of mingled joy and impatience with placid and relatives. The frosts of winter swirled around in the Garonne valley to prepare a white virgin procession former as the noisy street youth to leave school. Our escape away from home by the immaculate fields were taking bravura arias when other larger birds and stronger étamaient bare trees. These childhood memories from the parental home or on our walks I remember the light reflections games. White glow of the rising day, light lunch, slow agonizing last rays of sun light in our eyes wide open ... We also apprehend time in its duration or in its flow with these imperceptible moments of brightness which surrounds it. Our past harmonizes even in our heart of hearts of these milestones and strengthened in our memory.

We keep these remote ages sweetness dating back to ourselves and sometimes to return back from the depths. So while expensive regions moments resolved resurface one bound for empanacher this nostalgia and conducive to presumed innocence mood.

For our memory I would say conforms to two different pins. Often indeed situations stain the first city index. Feelings often combine with another of our senses, hearing for which speech and music are the second. How many times a given period is exhumed at the hearing of a musical piece !

When we returned to the snowy countryside, the pallor of the day and the cold outside crowned our palaver of the strongest, the m eilleur and ... What about this metamorphosis, this set of lights between daytime whiteness and colorful shivering household around the glittering tree, silence outside, the noisy warmth of home ? As far as I remember to sign our winter childhood this aspect hypermnesia when I type a toy handed me my brother, occurrent phenomenon perhaps to capture diverse realities in their sensory oppositions.

These short transient escapes the " outside "The approach of the holiday season, I pursued a sweet child r é rebellion in the winter. It can not come as much patience, frantic race to the landscape or inventiveness that to complete a dream, always draw a new adventure. Then the new spring and danced along an inalienable and imperturbable order to the next foaming walls.

How to combine all those memories thought the heart of childhood coloring otherwise green and an ocean Britain, heights and expensive Pyrenees resources, sounds, noises, the various elements that entrench a season ?

This was the time when snow covered the crystals countries Garonne to bury the height of heaven imagined their height. This was the time when the snow in December was gathering its crystals in the firmament of heaven when we were going to my brother and me flush birds surprised ...

I have a friend. I know I can count on him and that matters to me. I also know that he has for some time been much need me. He did not tell me, did not say never because always discreet and modest about his problems and rather introverted. I have trouble believing it ignores its value but it is directed by others. This is why it is dear to me. Me and him we know since adolescence. We have not always shown sympathy towards each other. We became friends after rancor or about various lengths. At the entrance to the high school he proclaimed punk. Over the years I see him more as a rebel, bittersweet as the nihilist provocation. He told me too legalistic, conformist to diverse views. I resented him a little because I admired him for his early originality.

That night the firmament joutait with the convex sea and one forgot the steel gray clouds of the day. My companion and I, under the sky flared, discussing our past escapades. We cotoyions alone with the infinite. Sometimes shells hurt our feet and we walked towards the distant city guided by the bottom of the still warm sand and neither cold wind coming from the sea, nor the fatigue affect our momentum. We rivaled memory to exhume the name of such a class that was with it, playing soccer with the other. We often stopped looking for a name or a place, an evanescent thought to leave immediately after a mutual brilliance in each of our memories in the maze of the past. My friend sometimes interspersed our common memories of the name of a girl I had later found the name. He said it to me that night with all his poetic verve and narrator she was miraculous purity, proud, affable at once, the link with his adolescent emotions and those of its interwar ages. I listened fascinated and irritated both by his digressions, moved by the search for love of my friend under these myriads of stars.

That morning Jeremiah did not get up right away. He walked around the bed alone lost an instant he was outside by the cries of birds. When he decided he prepared for the day that came very quickly. He took his car and went to the center of the city. The day was calm. This quiet summer oozing walls, in the streets. He was going to join her friend Claire with whom he had an ongoing relationship for nearly two years. When he saw she was drinking a cappuccino at Cafe de Paris. They had to decide a vacation.

Questions of the poem, poem in question

Seriality forced the poem opens with two semiotic sense the scope of the work itself. Will we " towards " or " this "In the statement of the only poetic tradition-typology (by itself the renewed tradition) and the lyrical optical machadienne as Unamuno double littérai e and / or the language does it fit in concealment (the trace) and she is a body sui - generis defend to discern that no other considerations ? In order synonymous ideas, can we classify the genre in a one to-axial-lexical approach as ownership which combines the imagination in what to name the manner of Heidegger ar r aisonnement text to the detriment of the intercession of the writing subject ? We can not cross the boundaries of these two modes of questioning (not operating) to continue to question the economics of contemporary philosophical or literary text and poetic text to meet with these two movements we say art (within the meaning of p o ï in Greek), useful to our research congruence. We began our statement cited by A. Machado and M. de Unamuno. We bet that their peninsular aspects, do ent Chent nor cross their fame or their posthumous fame. One more poet than philosopher but also playwright loved yet further excel in philosophy that what made him known, the other polygraph exercised his gifts as a writer in several registers.

That day he took one last book shelves of his library, opened it and then put away. His day finished writing his last novel had sold. He just put an end to this work which took him much to heart that in recent weeks he devoted all his energy to this task. He wrote from out of the thirties and beginning to reap the fruit of his tireless work ten years later. His melee ardor of an atavistic passion browse books, to draw an imaginary world, sprinkle until late the race indefinitely brought him to see only the substance of the content of things the expense of action. This existential duality saw the sovereign in its decisions why it favored an exaggerated reflection.

Mathieu Louvin was his name, already possessed and already some fame in the golden world of Letters. His many awards, his already substantial work, the procession of its media interventions augured a brilliant career that was not disputed. His growing readership parachuted among the notable authors of the country, until evening when the urge took him out into the city and breathe the atmosphere of a summer night.

The city fanned by its electrical fumes. Streets, high buildings ministered their golds as far as he could cross the rebellious people to immobility, wild movement. In this world march in its luxury and fragility so full Mathieu went to a cafe downtown that formerly frequented. The hotel was half empty and adorned with the essential parts of the ancient city. The server was chatting with a couple of regulars when he commanded an e draft beer. Through the crystal windows of Central Café troops of young men roamed the sidewalks heckling thoughtlessly. Mathieu took stock of these last days to finish his latest book, his chance encounters between two chapters to flirt with life without ever really marry. He certainly thought about Emeline he had left the day before returning home after a common meal and drunk Bordeaux old périgourdines sauces. Emeline knew and appreciated at the height not im m iscer beyond reason in its work without adding the moments of relaxation and recreation together ; it would review the ap probably tomorrow lmost a passage in the editor ...

I**The only votes [\[1\]](#)**

I do not consider that the rays of a landscape
These ephemeral flicker to believe
Beauty, speed and size
You know my starting points, from my
My sole desire to own

The immanence as a sudden candor the days that
A First View of confusing the absolute height
The deciphering of lines that appear rays
Darted here and there to the corners of the time, even your face,
When it comes to distance itself, the world call

To his final meeting with our childhood reveries
In their loving hearts of poetry and infinite.

II

Impromptu February

Revois you these waters blades fogged tears
Sources paid to our slowness to be
As a rricière nou speech today, our slopes
night also ? Or do you simply acknowledge the bitterness
circles agreed as an unfinished epigraph ?

Aucamville on 01.02.2002 (Thursday)

III

How would people say these blooms winds, fog
a winter evening when we often creeps in spring ?
I know your patience as latent shared sum.

IV

From around when we meet to sudden encounters
a friend lost the breeze and excitement of space devoted and
breaks the passenger anxiety. So if I ask the time
in a way, it will meet the time it has undulates
move his watch devers itself. How then make a quantum
sufficiently defined between the actual distance that imagined or
forgotten and stated volume ? I think that answer yet
little known in the gap of availability with anonymity.

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