

BlazeVOX 11

Winter 2011

Marthe Reed

After Swann

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so irresistible
that lady
such a very great pleasure

anywhere
as good as
his own way

memory
come to a standsill
take any

not this glass
a little bigger
man of the world

flung at her
some excuse
the unconscious silence

emptied
her face
her half-opened lips

so common
she was now
a retractation

the least
ridiculous
a rejuvenation

lost in thought
the brilliant tournament
so little to be desired

indubitably
and exquisitely funny
she's a woman

a little woman
specimen of the female form—
a mouthful of smoke

against the seeming
form of a woman
too late

such eloquence
she dared not refuse
trying to run with the hare

like the other
the most rosy light
an ornament

taken at once
he had
his influence

could rely on advantages
sight of the sea
an iridescent

passage
his collections, his room, his old-
money

offering her
that gratitude
implied by

'keeping' a woman
a familiar and domestic object
intermittent and providential

a switch
in the darkness
to give her pleasure

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the same peculiar charm
he might take
if he had tasted

a momentary sense of
that calm
supremacy which he wielded

the distinctly inferior
attraction
her body

glimmering
like a wine-press over
his heart

the stranger
almost an agreeable
pain

the delicate attraction
her activities, her environment, her projects
nobler than his desire

that translucent page
so beautiful
too late

the excess of his own
wandering course
not to think

the gravity of her head
tendered
like the schemes of

regret
every new caress
a sudden expression

unnoticed
any time
no one came to the door

the other little street
knocking at the window
those fragments

the whole
secret place
obliged to lie

paralysed
she wished to conceal
the gaps which she had forgotten

illegible and divine traces
other men
countless other women

unreasonable
to separate
habits and passions

a margin
among the crowd of gestures
we stop to examine

a matter of
water into a trough
a lie

at once humble and culpable
seemed to falter
she was forcing

a suspicion
the last letter
the paper

he could not
decipher
the sound of a carriage

so little ceremony
precisely
your heart also

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there had been nothing
at that moment
and yet happy

an incident
gluttonous of
the whole

those moments
inventing his
memory

a few days to the south
the happy, passionate
month

two-fold desire
overlaid by
despair, as though

a little corner
hung open
and he could not

think of
such manners
the same obscure need

to walk
a fanciful picture
sublime

amused him
a creature made
incapable of understanding

his body
has its limits
the paths and avenues of

intoxication
exhilarated
the false intonation

their failings
better than
perfect

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in her a fundamental
felony
a vast gulf

and an old hag
an artificial and rhetorical
anger

a way
across the face
of insincerity

to reproach
pleasure
a fish

against a wall of glass
her familiarity
enabled her

a fond smile
any universal system
and contingent order

voluntarily endured
the most brutally
intoxicating

object
the exact spot
her suddenly appearing

would fail
he was not
afraid

everything in feeling
a map of the forest
opened

her departure
rang
out the window

the incessant rumble
bearing away
sleep

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that state of painful agitation
case filled with jewels
escaped the grasp of

the external world
his absent mistress
quite simply

arrived by the morning train
the contradictory
thing

no opposition
anticipatory suspicion
pleasures which

seemed to hint at
her appearance
a disguise

any mysterious pleasure-
these tender words of predilection
bestowed

an artificial hour, invented
precisely that
real universe

permitted, now, to taste
a walk
her cloak

in the evening
indifferent to him
solitary

the same glance
the terms of
her letter