

# En attendant le jour

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Freiburg | Los Angeles

*En attendant le jour*

— An Imprint of —



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## *En attendant le jour*

*Nevertheless, we know not its name, we guess...  
And memory crosses over to it,  
that which we in desperate hours implored.  
—Rainer Maria Rilke, Sonnets to Orpheus II.vi.*

*Water is best of all,  
while gold gleams like blazing fire in the night...  
but if it is of games you wish to sing,  
look no further than the sun.  
—Pindar, Olympian I*

*Now I have a portrait of Dr Gachet with the  
deeply sad expression of our time.  
—Vincent van Gogh to Paul Gauguin,  
Unsent letter, June 1890*



*En attendant le jour*

The sun shone brighter than gold in the night,  
but water was best in a dry land.  
The prized sky,  
so blue it made you thirsty.  
You clung to the tree,  
waiting for darkness,  
clouds behind the hills.  
But had we spoken,  
had we more time,  
of trees, of golds, of blues,  
of what was done before the hours.  
I thought you were gone,  
but nothing to be done.

You left your boots by the tree  
and fell asleep.

I watched the land, the sky,  
the land, the land like the sea,  
in the great cold and earth abode,  
the stones, the dry grass,  
the wheat, the rye,  
under the sun's untiring eye.  
Was it waiting for me,  
waiting for you,  
waiting endlessly on that road?

Would it never rain?

Let's repeat again to ease the strain.  
The time we picked grapes,  
our hands red stained—  
and the taste,—  
but you remember nothing,  
knew nothing,  
and took no notice of the darkening land  
or the mound  
on which you slept.

Night came  
expanding its emptiness,  
our darkening view—  
Can you still pull on your boot?

