

Des rivières dans le papier peint

There are rivers in the wallpaper;  
Cases even.

And as a figure stands  
At the foot of my bed  
Singing of far-away  
Familiar lands

Tears of fascination sting my eyes,  
my breath grows short  
And I find my body locked,  
Staring at the dazzling dancers!

Life shows us that  
In the official version, all is proper;  
In usage, things meld and soften.

Two articles wear away  
their defining edges  
To introduce the theme jointly

“de” turns to “d’”  
Gentle apostrophic curve

“le” turns to “l’”  
Leaning into love

Drawn together to dance me to the end,  
Pour me danser vers la fin d'Amour.