



Le
Printemps
de la
TRADUCTION

Les traducteurs parlent aux lecteurs

Tournoi de poèmes oulipchiens

Samedi 28 mai 2016 | 14h30 › 16h15

Ces poèmes sont tirés de *Nom d'un chien*, d'André Alexis, éditions Denoël, février 2016.

Le jeu consiste à repérer dans un premier temps les noms des douze chiens de la liste suivante cachés homophoniquement dans les poèmes ci-dessous, puis à traduire ces derniers.

Un exemple valant mieux qu'un long discours, je vous donne celui de PRINCE :

Longing to be sprayed (the green snake
writhing in his master's hand),
back and forth into that stream –
jump, **rinse**: coat slick with soap.

Espérant être vaporisé (le serpent vert
se débat dans la main de son maître),
Il entre et sort de ce jet d'eau –
Hop ! **Rince** ce pelage glissant de savon.

Les douze noms de chiens à repérer dans les poèmes :

AGATHA

ATHENA

ATTICUS

BELLA

BENJY

BOBBIE

DOUGIE

FRACK

FRICK

LYDIA

MAJNOUN

MAX

PRINCE

RONALDINHO

ROSIE

I

How the sky moves above the world!
How the ground's fur is changed.
All to distract the dog with bones,
buried or dug. He will wander unsatisfied.

II

We bound into the prairie
through ages of Winter grass,
taking the path Ina took.
Her name long gone,
though her roads linger.
The ground will not forget.

III

Longing to be sprayed (the green snake
writhing in his master's hand),
back and forth into that stream –
jump, rinse: coat slick with soap.

IV

With one paw, trying
the edges of the winter pond,
finding its waters solid, he advances, nails sliding,
still far from home.

V

Summer is full of smoke,
and endless lawns. Quietly,
whether across moss or on algae,
knee over the railing of the little porch,
fate comes.

VI

Running through the grey-eyed dawn
with last night's trash in mind,
the brown dog scuttles
through fluted gates
while birds sing on above the world
about a bit of fallen cheese,
the shish kebob he ate
and all the vagaries of plates
that wait for him at home.

VII

The grass is wet on the hill.
The sky has no end.
For the dog who waits for his mistress,
Madge, noon comes again.

VIII

Beyond the hills, a master is
who knows our secret names.
With bell and bones, he'll call us home,
winter, fall or spring.

IX

The light that moves is not the light.
The light that stays is not the light.
The true light rose countless sleeps ago.
It rose, even in the mouth of birds.

X

In the sunny world, with its small
things moving too fast,
I shy away from light
and in the attic cuss the dark.

XI

The leaves, they run like mice,
while birds peck at the ground.
The wood has rotted in its bin.
The grim axe has come round

XII

In China, where wild dogs are eaten,
I am dismayed to be in season.
I curse men who think of me as food
and dream of rickshaws, and lacquered wood.

XIII

If rackabones eat up the sky,
if words spring out of rock,
my soul will wind down
and life run out the clock.

XIV

The lake comes to the fringe
while lights go up around the bay.
Somewhere near, cow flesh is singed.
Smoke floats above the walkway.
I've eaten green that comes up black,
risen cold from torrid mud.
I've licked my paws and tasted blood.
What is this world of busy lies?
Some urban genie feeding food to flies!

XV

What is the name of he who comes
with eyes closed and fingers black,
the one who draws the curtains back
when dawn has come?
'Agha Thanatos' or just plain 'Death'?
When will I know which is right?

Bonne trad ! Santiago Artozqui