

Rocaille d'octobre

Robert Paquin and Raymond Chamberlain

Number 16, March 1987

D.G. Jones : d'un texte, d'autres

URI: <https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/025401ar>

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.7202/025401ar>

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Publisher(s)

Urgences

ISSN

0226-9554 (print)

1927-3924 (digital)

[Explore this journal](#)

Cite this document

Paquin, R. & Chamberlain, R. (1987). Rocaille d'octobre. *Urgences*, (16), 76–77.
<https://doi.org/10.7202/025401ar>

Robert Paquin
ROCAILLE D'OCTOBRE

Sous la bruine, ces ruines
d'ombres sont
un tombeau de fleurs

Sont un bouquet aux couleurs
de feuilles mortes où
les cailloux fleurissent

comme un bouquet de tomes
que les trépassés
se repassent

Ma bouche déborde
de cailloux colorés
et les carcasses de mes collègues

ressemblent à des fleurs
Est-ce la jungle, le paradis
d'Angkor Wat

ou le centre-ville
la nuit? Il n'y a là
ni vie ni mort.

ni rien d'humain. Ce que je longes
sombre, sous la bruine, c'est
une excroissance de runes

ROCK GARDEN: OCTOBER is a deceptively simple poem requiring - like all real poetry - close reading. Not the solemn attentiveness of scalpel-wielding critics seeking scalps but the celebratory reading of one who enjoys a poem enough to memorize it or to translate it, to try to make it mean in another language. Robert Paquin has succeeded in celebrating Doug Jones's poem in a related but nonetheless distant language. There is some loss - Jones's brilliant use of «runes» defies full translation into French. But his almost casual stroll past his stones, with its unexpected observations and reflections that lead to poetry, are beautifully conveyed by Paquin in a poetic transposition that honours the poet. This should be evident to anyone who can sing or, at the very least, hum in the two languages.

Raymond Chamberlain