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## LEILA YOUNG

Mains apeurées  
visages assoiffés

À Toi qui cadre les vents  
caressant toute unité

Donner son existence  
comme un jeton à la vérité

Apaiser les cris de l'enfant  
qui alarment l'univers

Voir le mal rompre avec la parole  
et l'action abriter la question

Petit tout petit tu es  
L'infini dans l'immuable

Un microscope et une caméra  
au torse du mouvement

*Lélia Young is the author of d'Entre l'outil et la matière (1993) and Si loin des cyprès (1999).*

## BERNADETTE RAFFOUL

### Life Left Behind

*Lord I will go with you  
walking by your side  
learning eagerly  
Only let me hear you say those words again:  
"Come and follow me"  
—excerpt from the Catholic Book of Worship*

Like a fool I followed you  
into that room our first night  
and fell on a table  
cold hard and bare  
lips quaking in time with Shakespearean rain  
murmured fallacies against my ear  
and the spontaneous drop of one black shoe  
I made you hear

Good shepherd think of me  
I thought  
love me  
move inside of me  
save me  
because I'm oh so cold  
with this skin as drifted snow  
that I toil to warm  
positioned in birth before your form

In a dream I always made sure to moan

I made belief that only I held the sword  
to draw water and blood from your side  
to dice that purple cloak  
to shreds I made believe you so good  
I forgot the royal lie  
I made you believe so hard  
I rose you on high  
do not think of yourself just any Jesus Christ

I defaced the dream in links  
your arm in mine  
two thorns strained  
on a single forehead entwined  
and soon  
no blood running

It does not serve me well  
to remember  
the fishing net  
still drying on the shore  
in Galilee  
beside ten thousand wooden boats  
where I girded my loins at twenty-four  
to become a fisher of you  
man