

Jacques Ibert: Deux stèles orientées

Poetry by Victor Segalen

I. My love has the virtues of water...
a bright smile, flowing gestures,
A pure voice singing, drop by drop.
And when occasionally, in spite of myself
fire appears in my glance
he knows how to appease it, quivering:
Water thrown on red coals.
My lively water, here spread out o'er all the earth!

IV. When you are seated alone,
preoccupied with your thoughts,
your head bowed,
happy in your isolation,
sometimes I long to invade your privacy
and to speak – but my voice
would tremble too much,
so I keep silent.

I cannot bear the brightness of your gaze.
I shake with fear,
unable to express my feelings.

Only my sighs, only my sorrowful
countenance,
can affirm the extent of my passion.