Nouveau mercure de France: Three Poems

Pamela Gesualdi

Puis commence la vraie montée, à Hospital, je crois.
-- Arthur Rimbaud
Roussillon

Mais le roi n’avait pris aucune part à cette defense.

Sometimes it got unimportant
In the internment camp I was asked to justify it
I preferred to talk when I needed to talk
Some water some gruel
(I anticipate you as you water it)
They were rolling around on me everywhere then
Caen

Obligés pour entrer au port de changer brusquement leur direction, plusieurs navires ont éprouvé des avaries graves en se jetant contre la jetée de l’Est....

In the country behind the country (so-called)
I was getting high with the country boys
This was what the photographs did to service it

The Lententide it was coming in
I put the money out just to take the money in
What I said was dead to you

I made some approach turning
In the country it was warm and bearable
Some sort of landing craft
Envoi: Granada

Le Roi logeait à l’Évêché, dont le Jardin étoit de plain pied à l’appartement de la Reine.

La chingona they called me
In the bathroom in the back
The fascination the object exerted
It grew in proportion
The enthusiasm that accompanied
The recognition that others
Just like us
They loved it too
About the author:
Pamela Gesualdi grew up in Scottsdale, Arizona, and studied art at Arizona State University. An artist and writer, she currently lives in Montpellier, France.