

Nicole Brossard, "The Throat
of Lee Miller." Museum of Bone
and Water Trans. Erin Moure and
Robert Majzels. Toronto: Anansi,
2003.

/each time *une phrase*
opens with an I
she must be really young

and as we translate her
we must avoid saying never or in my view

I remember the throat of Lee Miller
one June day in Paris

/often in the same phrase I return
knowing to repeat just there
where worry still craves vows entwined

and as we translate
to explain my *genre* I watch

the throat of Lee Miller that year
it was worth every abstraction

/I often move to the same spot
a woman in love
to capture shade at the same hour

and as we translate
I breathe

the throat of Lee Miller perfection
of the image as I draw near

/often in the midst of the phrase I am
breathless I observe
I can stay that way a long time without memory

and as we translate
I touch certain places I exhaust myself

the throat of Lee Miller
no trace of a kiss

/above the city and the museum
huge intelligent lips signal
in a red that calls everything into question

and as we translate
I restrict myself to the top part of the work

the throat of Lee Miller around four in the afternoon
a silver-print day

/I often said every day
art stretches out in our lives as two-
edged dialogue

and as we translate
I cross the Rue de l'Observatoire

the throat of Lee Miller in mind
lips or bodies entangled I observe

/now in the thick of winter raging red
Geneviève Cadieux's *Milky Way*
I don't think I suffered from the comparison

and as we translate
bien sûr il n'y a pas de rapport

the bared throat of Lee Miller
open to speculation