

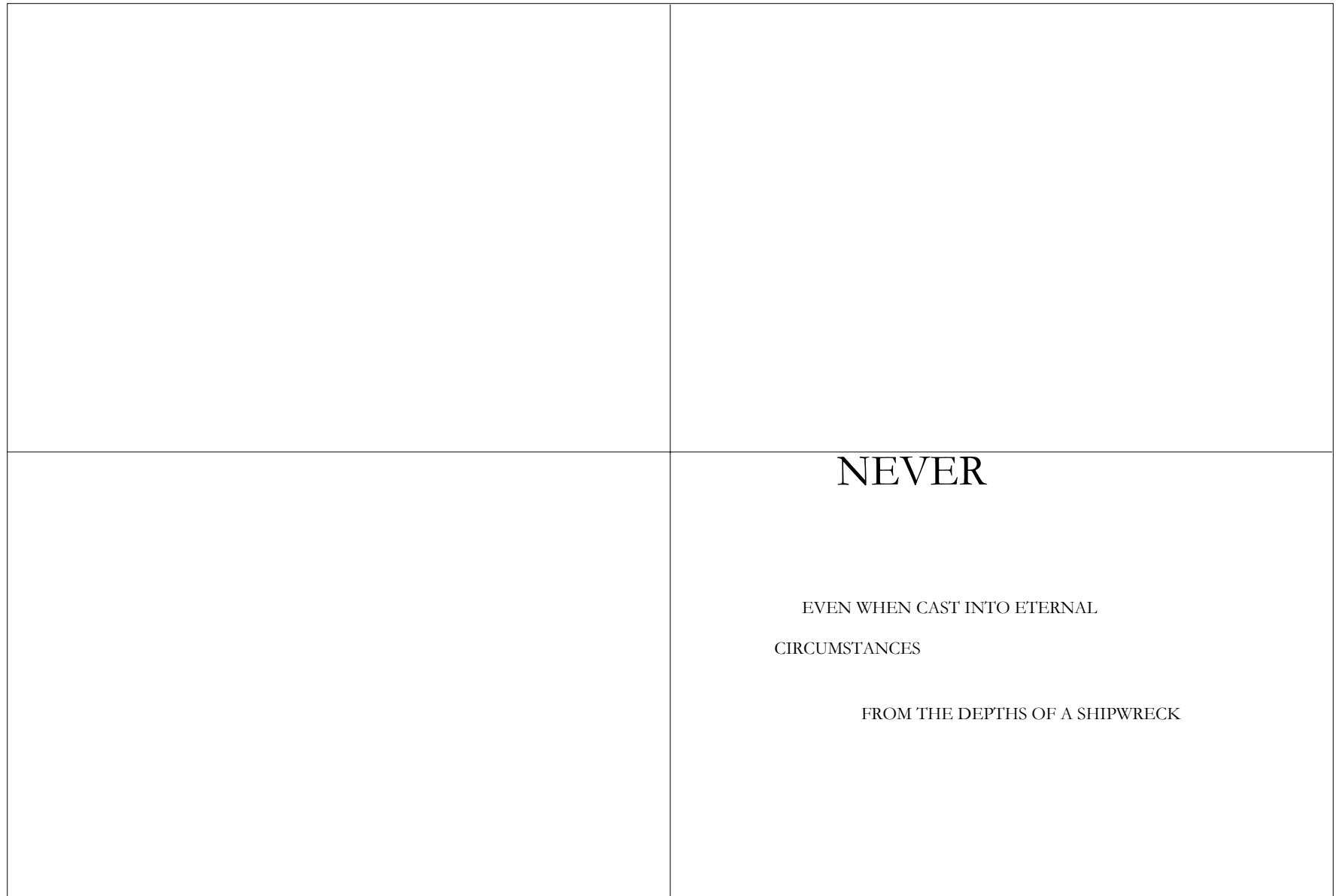
POEM

A Throw of the Dice Never Will Abolish Chance

by

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

	<p>A THROW OF THE DICE</p>



BE IT
that

the Abyss

blanched

unbound

furious

under an incline

desperately hangs

on wing

its own

in

advance of an ill-staged flight fallen back
and covering the eruptions
cutting short the surges

most inwardly resumes

the shadow buried in the deep by this alternate sail

even adapting
to the wingspan

its yawning depth as great as the hull

of a vessel

listed to one or the other side

<p>THE MASTER</p> <p>arisen inferring</p> <p>from this conflagration</p> <p>that pre-</p> <p>as one menaces</p> <p>the unique number which cannot</p>	<p>beyond the ancient calculus that maneuver with the age forgotten</p> <p>times past he would grasp the helm</p> <p>at his feet from the unanimous horizon</p> <p>pared itself tossed itself and mixed with the fist that would clasp it a destiny and the winds</p> <p>be another</p> <p>Spirit to hurl it into the storm to refold division and pass on proud</p>
<p>rather</p> <p>hesitates a corpse by the arm</p> <p>than play as a hoary maniac the game in the name of the waves one</p> <p>that shipwreck</p>	<p>separated from the secret it holds</p> <p>invades the head flows in the submissive beard of the man directly</p> <p>without a ship no matter where vain</p>

ancestrally not to open the hand
 clenched
 beyond the useless head

 legacy in the disappearance

 to someone
 ambiguous

 the ulterior immemorial demon

having
 from null lands
 induced
the old man towards this supreme conjunction with probability

 this one
 his puerile shade
caressed and polished and rendered and washed
 made supple by waves and subtracted
 from the hard bones lost amid the planks

 born
 of play
the sea luring the forebear or the forebear against the sea
 an idle chance

Engagements
from which
 the veil of illusion splashes back their hauntedness
 how the phantom of a gesture

 will pitch
 will fall

 madness

WILL ABOLISH

<p><i>AS IF</i></p> <p><i>An insinuation</i> <i>in the silence</i></p> <p><i>in some close by</i> <i>flits</i></p>	<p><i>simple</i> <i>enrolled with irony</i> <i>or</i> <i>the mystery</i> <i>hurled</i> <i>roared</i></p> <p><i>vortex of bilarity and horror</i> <i>about the abyss</i></p>
	<p><i>without scattering it</i> <i>nor fleeing</i> <i>and thereof cradles the virgin sign</i></p> <p><i>AS IF</i></p>

<p><i>solitary distraught feather</i></p> <p><i>save</i></p>	<p><i>that a midnight toque encounters or grazes it and immobilizes in velvet crumpled by a fit of dark laughter</i></p>
	<p><i>this rigid whiteness</i></p> <p><i>pathetic</i></p> <p><i>too much</i></p> <p><i>in opposition to the sky</i></p> <p><i>not to mark</i></p> <p><i>exiguously</i></p> <p><i>whosoever</i></p> <p><i>bitter prince of the reef</i></p> <p><i>makes a beaddress of it in heroic style</i></p> <p><i>irresistible but contained</i></p> <p><i>by his small reason virile</i></p> <p><i>as a flash</i></p>

<p><i>anxious</i> <i>expiatory and pubescent</i></p> <p><i>mute</i></p> <p><i>The lucid and seigniorial aigrette invisible on the brow scintillates then shadows a delicate tenebrous stature in its siren-twist</i></p>	<p><i>laughter</i> <i>that</i></p> <p>IF</p> <p><i>of vertigo</i></p> <p><i>erect</i></p>
<p><i>with impatient outermost barbs</i></p>	<p><i>time enough to slap bifurcated</i></p> <p><i>a rock</i></p> <p><i>false manor all at once evaporated in mists</i></p> <p><i>which imposed a bound on the infinite</i></p>

<p><i>IT WAS</i> <i>born of stars</i></p> <p><i>IT WOULD BE</i></p>	<p><i>THE NUMBER</i></p> <p><i>WERE IT TO EXIST</i> other than as a scattered hallucination of dying</p> <p><i>WERE IT TO BEGIN AND END</i> rising only to be denied and closed off when revealed at last by some thinly spread profusion</p> <p><i>WERE IT TO BE COUNTED</i> evidence of the sum however small</p> <p><i>WERE IT TO ILLUMINATE</i></p>
<p><i>worse</i> <i>no</i> <i>more nor less</i> <i>indifferently but as much</i></p>	<p><i>CHANCE</i></p> <p><i>Falls</i> <i>the feather</i> <i>rhythmic foreboding suspense</i> <i>to bury itself</i> <i>in the original spume</i> <i>whence lately its delirium surged to a peak</i> <i>wilted</i> <i>by the self-same neutrality of the abyss</i></p>

<p>NOTHING</p> <p>of the memorable crisis or might</p>	
<p>the event</p>	<p>have been fulfilled in view of all results null human</p> <p>WILL HAVE TAKEN PLACE an ordinary elevation pours out absence</p> <p>BUT THE PLACE</p> <p>some rippling below as if to dispense the empty act abruptly which otherwise by its falsehood would have founded perdition</p> <p>in these reaches of waves in which all reality dissolves</p>

<p>EXCEPT at altitude PERHAPS insofar as a place</p>	<p>can fuse with the beyond apart from the interest assigned to it in general through such obliquity and by such declivity of fires toward what must be the Septentrion or North A CONSTELLATION cold from forgetting and desuetude not so much that it doesn't number</p>
<p>TRANSLATION BY BASIL CLEVELAND COMMENTS: basilcleveland@gmail.com</p>	<p>on some vacant and superior surface the successive shock sidereally of a total account in the making surveying doubting rolling shining and meditating before coming to a halt at some final point which consecrates it All Thought emits a Throw of the Dice</p>