



POETRY DESK

White Saturday

Olivier Clément

Translated by Liesl Coffin Behr

Today the light becomes white
in the wind and in the waft
not the stilling white of snow
but the lash of the victory flag's whip.

White the virgin mountains arising from the water's depths
white the soft sand lining the abyss
white the almond tree in its perfect beauty
and white the fields of narcissus drunk with self-love
each with its six ivory petals
encircling a cylindrical chalice of gold
its edges tinged with red where evening lingers.

White in the night are the furtive figures of women
white the egrets that light up the somber bulls
and white lying in her glass tomb
the young girl of legends.

All converges this white Saturday when God sleeps
to rise on the seventh day.

Death is an iconostasis
of the faces of our friends
so let him come who gives us death
as life in Eucharist. ☩