

POEM

A THROW OF THE DICE NEVER WILL ABOLISH CHANCE

by

STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

A THROW OF THE DICE

NEVER

EVEN IF THROWN IN ETERNAL

CIRCUMSTANCES

FROM THE DEPTH OF A SHIPWRECK

WHETHER

the

Gulf

whitened

becalmed

furious

under a flat

incline desperately

from a wing

its own

by

advance declined from an evil to lift up the flight
and covering the spurts
and cutting short the leaps

completely sum up inside

the shadow buried in the depths by this alternative veil

as far as to adapt
to the breadth

its gaping depth as long as the hull

of a ship

tilted by one or the other edge

THE MASTER

appeared
deducing

of this upheaval

that

as one threatens

the unique number that can not

hesitates
corpse by the arm

rather
that to play

maniacal, grey with age
the part
in the name of the waves

one

shipwreck that

outside of ancient calculations
where the maneuver, forgotten, with age

formerly he grasped the helm

of the unanimous horizon
at his feet

gets it ready
stirs and mixes
with the fist which would embrace him
a fate and the winds

be another

Mind
to throw it
in the storm
to re-bend the division and to cross proudly

pushed aside from the secret he holds

invades the leader
sinks in subdued beard

direct from the man

without a nave
anywhere
vain

ancestrally not to open the hand
 wrinkled
 beyond the useless head

legacies in the disappearance
 of somebody
 ambiguous

the last, age-old, demon

with
 the nonexistent countries
 induces
the old man into this supreme conjunction with probability

 that
caressed and polished and returned and washed his childish shadow
 softened by the wave and subtracted
 from the tough bone lost between the planks

 born
the sea by the tempting ancestor or the ancestor against the sea of a frolic
 an idle chance

Engagement

which
 the veil of illusion spattered their obsession
 as well as the ghost of a gesture

 will hesitate
 will collapse

madness

WILL ABOLISH

AS IF

An insinuation

in the silence

in some close

acrobatics

simple

rolled up with irony

or

the hasty

mystery

screamed

whirlwind of hilarity and of horror

around the abyss

without sprinkling

or running away

and rocking the blank index

AS IF

Solitary feather overcome

except

*that the meeting or the touching of a cap at midnight
and immobilizes
by the velvet crumpled by a dark laughter*

derisory *this rigid whiteness*

too much *in opposition to the sky*
not to stand out
narrowly
whoever

prince bitter from the danger

*would cap as the heroic
irresistible but content*

by his small reason virile
by lightning

anxious
expiatory and pubescent
silent

The lucid and seigniorial plume
on the invisible forehead
sparkles
then shadowing
a dark good-looking stature
in his twisting of siren

by the final impatient scales

laughs

that

IF

of dizziness

up

*the time
to enkindle
bifurcated*

a rock

false mansion

immediately

evaporated in fog

which imposed

an edge to infinity

IT WAS

stemming from stellar

IT WOULD BE

the worst

not

more or less

but equally as much

THE NUMBER

IT EXISTED

otherwise like a sparse hallucination of agony

IT BEGAN AND IT CEASED

rising up that denied and closed when it appeared

finally

by some profusion spread in rarity

IT ADDED UP

clearly the sum for a little

IT ILLUMINATES

CHANCE

Falls

the feather
rhythmically suspended from the accident
to bury itself
in original foams
not long ago as far as his frenzy leapt to a top
withered
by the same neutrality of an abyss

NOTHING

of the memorable crisis
or it was
the event

carried out with the aim of no useless result

human

WILL HAVE TAKEN PLACE
a common rise toward the absence

THAT THE PLACE

lapping lower as any to disperse the empty act
abruptly as otherwise

by his lie
had based
the perdition

in these parts
of the wave
in which all reality dissolves

EXCEPTING
at the height
PERHAPS
so far as a place

merges with the beyond

except the interest
as for him indicated
generally

to such indirectness by such a slope

of lights

towards

it has to be

The Seven Stars also North

A CONSTELLATION

cold of forgetting and of disuse
not so much
that it enumerates
on some vacant and superior surface
the successive clash
sidereally
of a total count in formation

watching over
doubting
rolling
glittering and meditating

before it stops itself
in some last point which consecrates it

Every Thought emits a Roll of the Dice