

# LOST BODY

(CORPS PERDU)

BY AIMÉ CÉSAIRE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
PABLO PICASSO

Introduction and Translation by  
CLAYTON ESHLEMAN and ANNETTE SMITH

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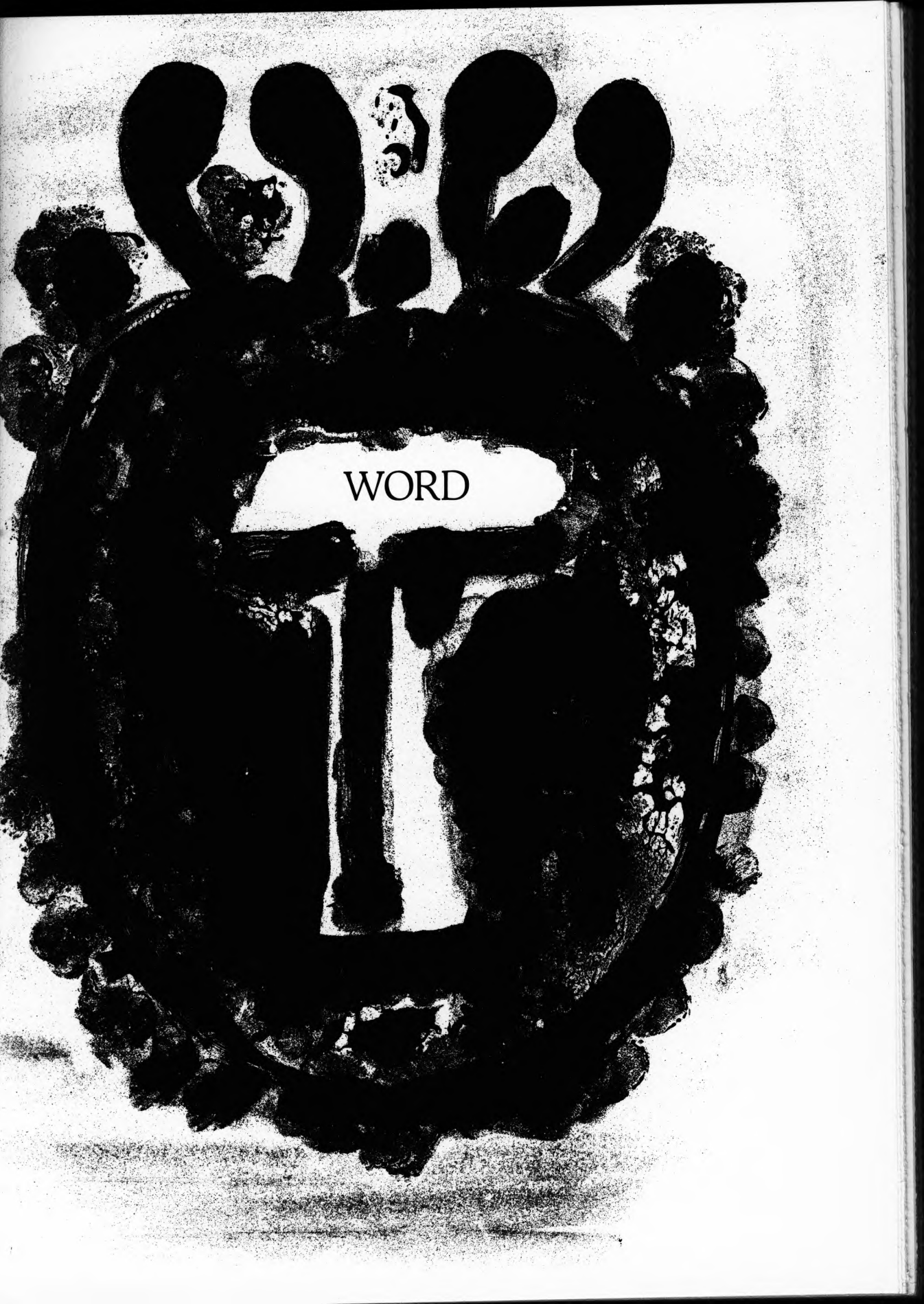
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WORD

Among me

from myself

to myself

outside any constellation

clenched in my hands only

the rare hiccup of an ultimate raving spasm

keep vibrating word

I will have luck outside the labyrinth  
longer wider keep vibrating  
in tighter and tighter waves  
in a lasso to catch me  
in a rope to hang me  
and let me be nailed by all the arrows  
and their bitterest curare  
to the beautiful center-stake of very cool stars

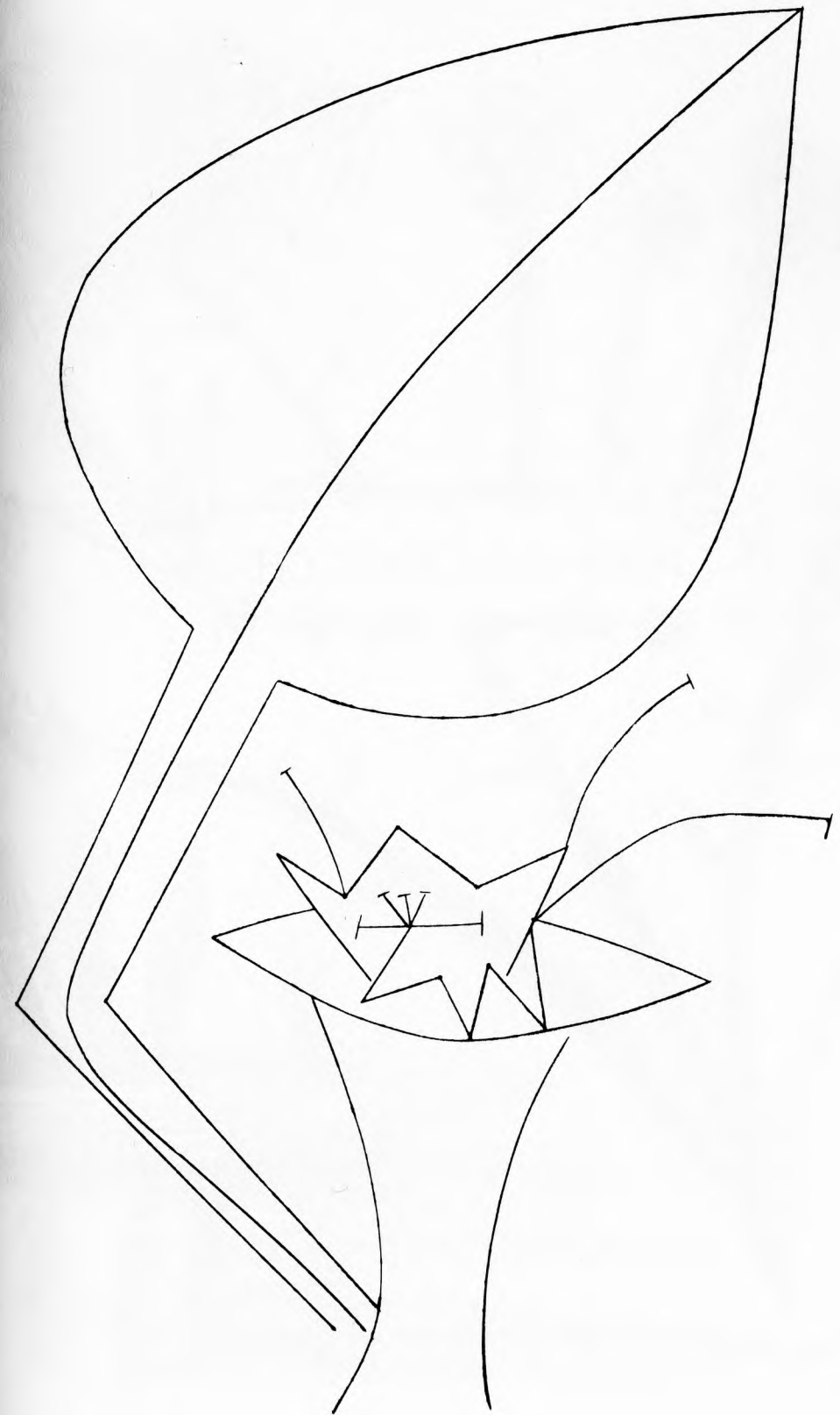
vibrate  
vibrate you very essence of the dark  
in a wing in a throat from so much perishing  
the word nigger  
sprung fully armed from the howling  
of a poisonous flower



the word nigger  
all filthy with parasites  
the word nigger  
loaded with roaming bandits

with screaming mothers  
crying children  
the word nigger  
a sizzling of flesh and horny matter  
burning, acrid  
the word nigger  
like the sun bleeding from its claw  
onto the sidewalk of clouds  
the word nigger  
like the last laugh calved by innocence

between the tiger's fangs  
and as the word sun is  
    a cracking of bullets  
and the word night  
    a ripping of taffeta  
the word nigger  
    dense, right?  
from the thunder of a summer  
    appropriated by  
        incredulous liberties



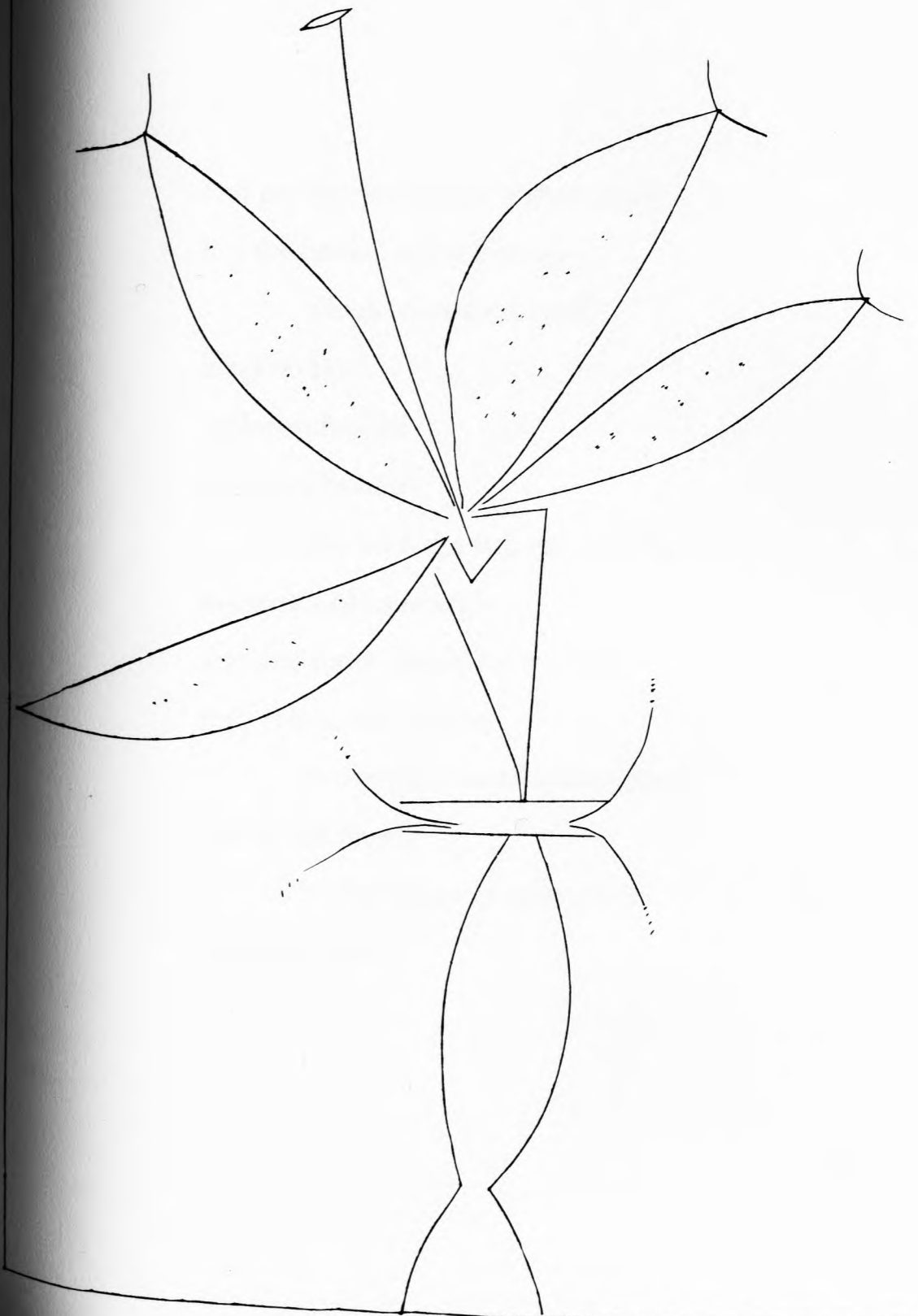


ELEGY



The hibiscus that is nothing other  
than a burst eye  
from which hangs the thread of a long gaze  
the trumpets of the chalice vines  
the huge black sabers of flamboyants  
the twilight that is an ever jingling  
bunch of keys

the Arcas that are nonchalant suns never setting  
because pierced through and through by a pin  
which the addlebrained lands  
never hesitate to jab all the way in  
to their hearts the terrifying souklyans Orion  
the ecstatic butterfly that magical pollens  
crucified on the gate of nights trembling  
the beautiful black curls of cañafistulas  
that are very proud  
mulatto women whose necks tremble a bit  
under the guillotine  
and do not be surprised if at night  
I moan more heavily



or if my hands strangle more secretly  
it is the herd of old sufferings

which toward my smell

black and red

scolopendra-like

stretches its head

and with the still soft and clumsy  
insistence of its muzzle

searches more deeply for my heart

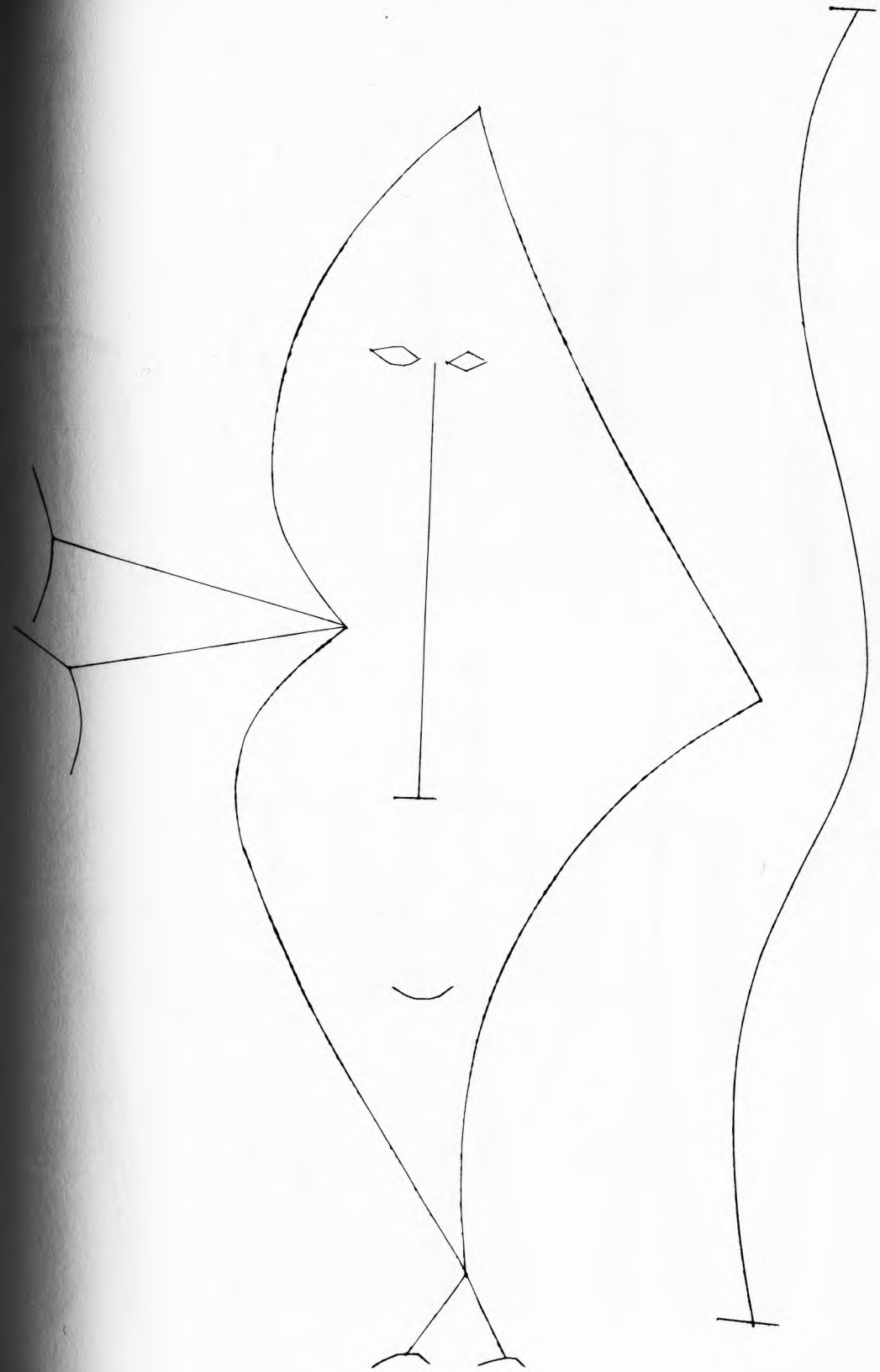
then it is no use for me

to press my heart against yours  
nor to lose myself

in the foliage of your arms  
the herd finds it

and very solemnly  
in a manner always new  
licks it  
amorously  
until the first blood savagely appears  
on the abrupt open claws of

DISASTER



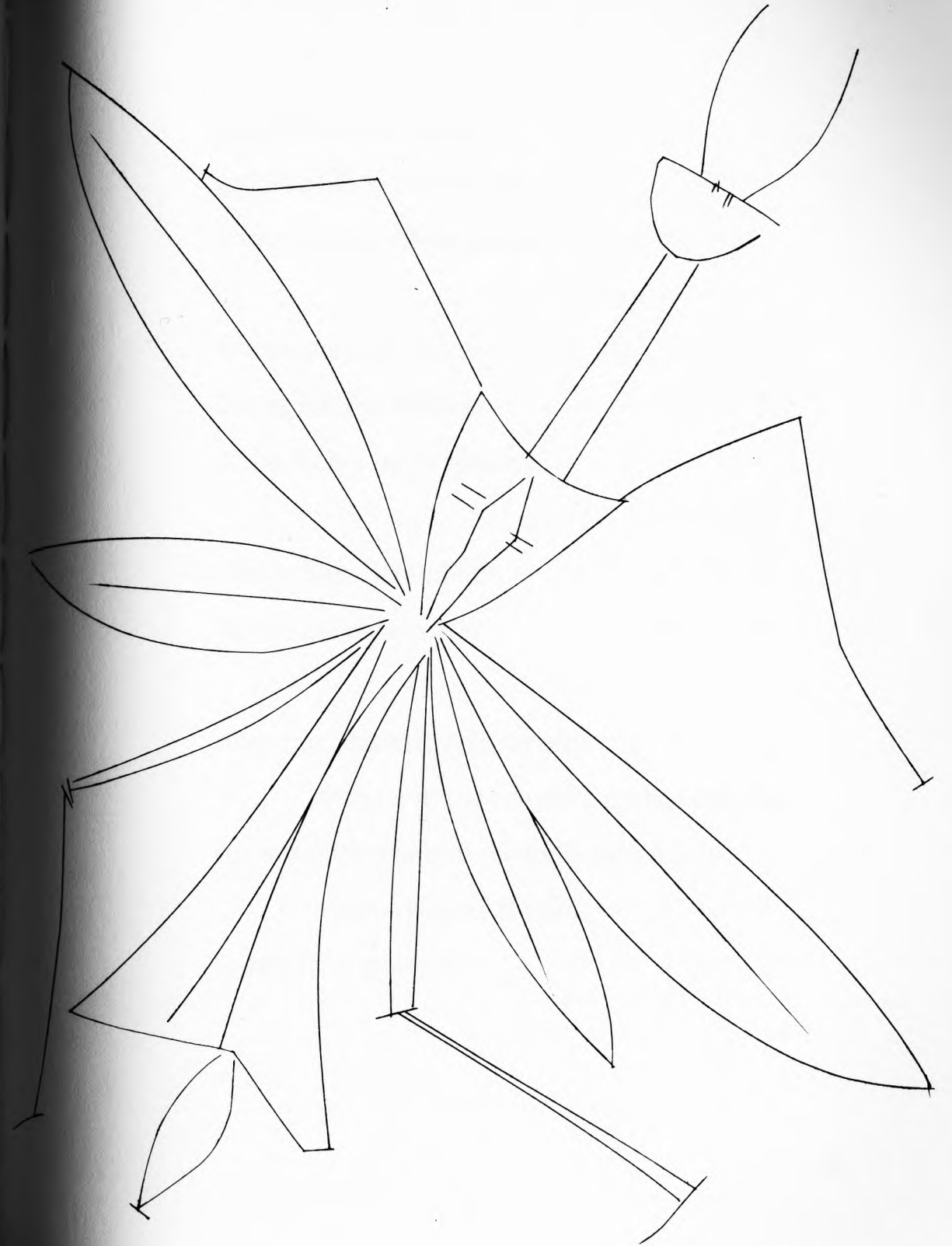


FORLOINING



The houses out here  
at the foot of the mountains  
are not even as well arranged as hobnailed boots  
the trees are explosions whose last spark  
goes out washing over my hands  
which tremble a little

from now on I carry within me  
the sheath torn from a tall palm tree  
like the day would be without the memory of you  
the raw dodder silk  
which ensnares the spine of the landscape  
in the utterly complete way that despair does  
monstrous solitary ceiba trees which  
from this day on I would resemble  
    stripped of the leaves of my love  
I drift between a swell and swathes formed by  
the speech tumult of albizzias  
in front of me is an extraordinary peasant  
what the peasant sings is a tale  
about cane cutters





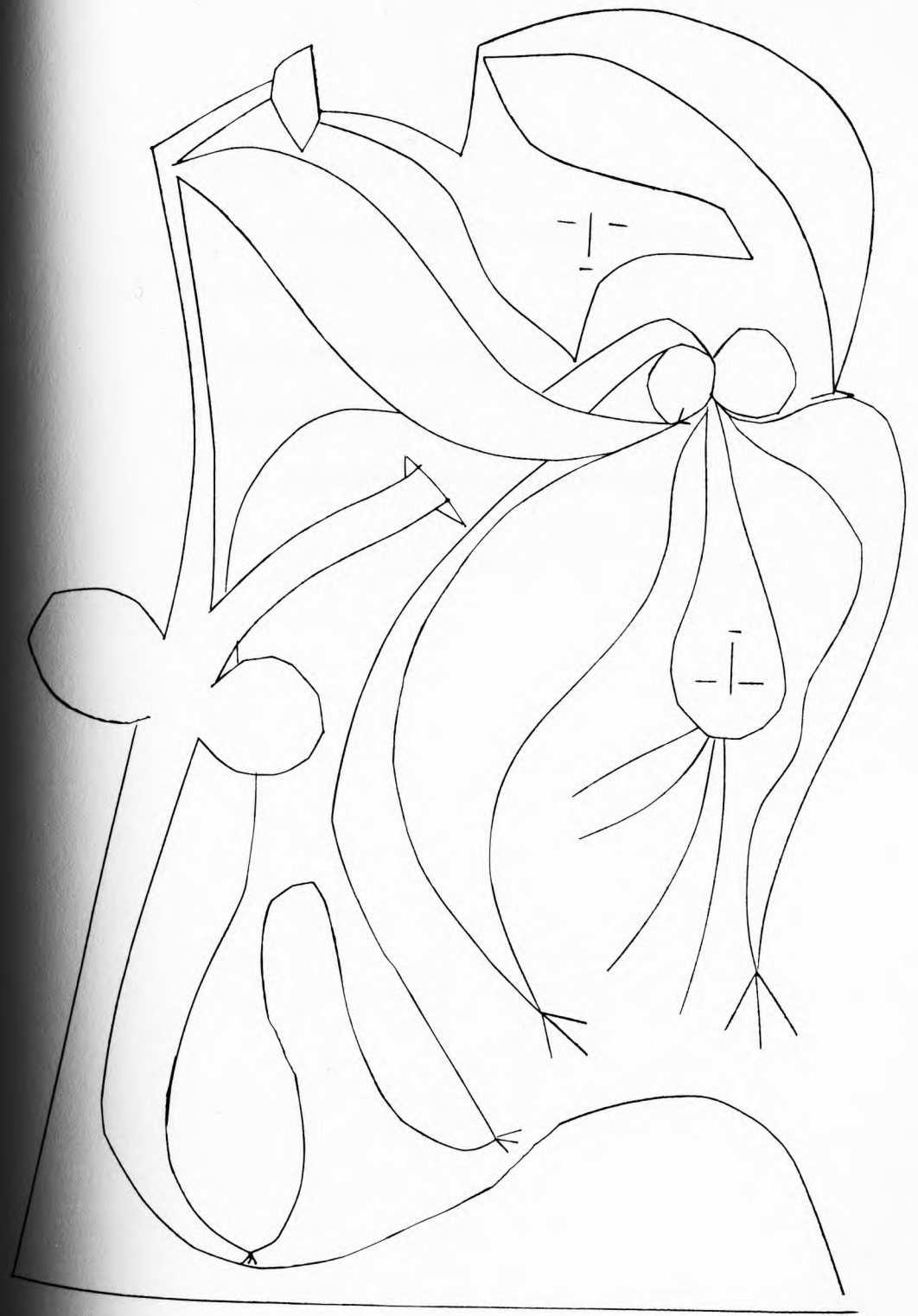
woosh the cane cutter  
grabs the long-haired lady  
hacks her into three pieces

woosh the cane cutter  
buries not the maiden  
he hacks her up in pieces

tosses them behind him  
woosh the cane cutter

sings the peasant and proceeds  
    without anger toward a cutlass evening  
the disheveled hair of the long-haired lady  
    makes rivulets of light  
so sings the peasant

There are a whole lot of things  
    whose names I do not know  
and I'd like to tell you about them  
in the sky your hair solemnly draws away  
kinds of rain one no longer sees  
nuts Saint Elmo's fire  
suns lamés whispered nights  
cathedrals too  
which are the carcasses  
    of large gnawed horses  
spat by the sea from far away  
but still worshipped by people  
a whole lot of forgotten things  
a whole lot of dreamed things



while the two of us

Distant-one-my-inattentive-one

the two of us

enter the never faded landscape

more powerful than

a hundred thousand ruttings