

Pour la deuxième édition de Poésies en Mouvement, Alexander (Sandy) Hutchison est venu d'Ecosse. Il nous a aidé à recréer une engueulade solennelle entre deux poètes écossais du XVI siècle, avec traduction automatique et musique électronique par Pierre Dunand Filliol.

Sur sa page chez Amazon

(http://www.amazon.co.uk/s/ref=nb_sb_noss?url=search-alias%3Daps&field-keywords=Alexander+Hutchison&rh=i%3Aaps%2Ck%3AAlexander+Hutchison), vous verrez qu'un professeur américain a écrit: "Alexander Hutchison is without a doubt the finest poet writing in English today". Je l'ai bien taquiné quand Sandy me l'a fait lire. Même si c'était vrai la semaine passée ce n'est plus le cas, parce qu'il est mort dimanche d'un cancer fulgurant.

Peter McCarey

INCANTATION

- beginning with a couplet from *Carmina Gadelica*
and with grace notes from the same source.

I have a charm for the bruising
a charm for the blackening
a charm for cheats and imposters.

I summon from the cold clear air
from the bare branches of the trees
from worms coiling under the ground –

charm against cruel intent
charm for neglect
charm against wicked indifference:

may it lie on the white backs of the breakers of the sea
may it lie on the furthest reaches of the wind.

A salve for those who would grudge against the poor
a salve for those who would harry the innocent
a salve for those who would murder children:

may it lie in the stoniest stretches of the hills
may it lie in the darkest shelving along the shore.

A salve for those that would cram
whatever life they have with possession –
for the rage of owning without entitlement
for the desperate murderous possession of things:

may it lie on the cloud-banks that range across the sky
may it lie on the face of Rannoch Moor in its remoteness.

A charm against mystification by doctors
a charm against deception by the self-appointed

a charm against horrific insistence:

from the breeze that stirs the last of the yellowing leaves
from the slanting of the sun as it falls through the window.

A salve against grasping
a salve against preaching
a salve against promises exacted by threat.

Grace of form
grace of voice
grace of virtue
grace of sea
grace of land and air
grace of music
grace of dancing.

A salve against the uselessness of envy
a salve against denial of our own best nature
a salve against bitter enmity and silence.

Grace of beauty
grace of spirit
grace of laughter
grace of the fullness of life itself.

A salve to bind us
a salve to strengthen heart and happiness:

may it lie in the star-blanket there to spread over us
may it lie in the first light at the waking of day.

Alexander Hutchison