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From *Je te veux vivant*. Éditions du Quartz, 2016.

(Translated by Katia Grubisic)

*These poems are a tribute to my son, who passed away in 2012.*

**I.**

From the barren landscape

Snow in the fox tracks

Your footsteps the trace of the land those strides

Beyond the dark fur of the woods you see

The creeks fade under the ice

Those she-bears asleep against the beating heart of their cubs

You move and grace that lulls the burrow in your belly

You dance in a garden hidden from the eyes of men.

## II.

I walked over the beauty of a body asleep  
Near the edge of the hill  
An intruder in the sky-blue air and brown fleece

Under the lashes of the Aiguebelle escarpment

As long as my head turns I'm breathing

Lace festooned white on white

Snowshoe prints

Feet enclosed in moccasins

I kept going no matter what

The sentinel pines drew the clouds

Rocking against the sky

I think of you among my spirit beloveds

Whose breath sustains a splendor unmatched

I want you alive