

Rémi Guévara

The sea... less and less...

*

Poems

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Paradise lost

The moor gently slips toward sea,
And meets on its hedge a sharp belt
Of cliffs. Steep steps cut in rock melt
With thick heather, hawthorn, pansy.

At last found the land of mercy!
Lost in the blue vision, I knelt
In the warm sand; soon would I pelt
My skin off its clothes, and, tipsy,

Join at night, with no women's props,
The sirens who sing on the beach,
And slap the waves in glitt'ring drops.

I scanned the bay. Deep, beyond reach,
Lies drowned Ker Ys, the doomed city,
Asleep till comes eternity.

Paradis perdu

Tout doux, la lande, et glisse vers la mer...

Tu roulerais, sans l'à pic des falaises,
Où s'accroche un mince sentier de glaises,
Dans le gouffre lent gardé par l'amer.

C'en est fini des terres sans merci !
Je me dépouille, à genoux dans le sable,
Les yeux remplis du bleu infranchissable,
Mêlé au loin à l'azur éclairci.

Et cette nuit je rejoindrai, chantant,
La sirène qui gifle de la palme
Son reflet gris encre dans l'onde calme.

Qui sait encor les légendes d'antan,
Où gît, noyée, Ker Ys, cité maudite,
Tant que n'y est célébré le saint rite ?

Castle in the air

If I were really rich,
I would buy an island,
Feathered like an ostrich
With a foaming garland;

A gentle breeze would itch
The nose and salt the hand,
High cliffs would hide a beach
Of soft, warm and white sand.

If I were really rich,
A ship I would build, grand,
Bold, tough, swift as a snitch;

At her prow you would stand,
And sail toward the witch
Waiting for you to land.

Two or three things I know about her

The little girl builds sandcastles,
Has even won a prize,
Dives and swims as in paradise.
Who knows if she whistles?

The little girl is bright and smart,
But said to dislike school.
Is she tender, cunning or cool?
Will she delight in art?

The little girl has got no dog,
No cat, hardly a friend,
Cousins, cousins without end...
Will she love my hedgehog?

Vamos a la playa

Drive me to the sea, I want to swim,
To feel on me the surge of the wave.
No, the sun and the sand make me rave;
The hotel pool you have for your whim.

Drive me to the sea, I want to swim,
I want to dive deep into a cave.
Just for ten minutes. I shall behave.
No, he will always say. I know him.

I need the salt, I miss the bitter
Cold, last memories of my shelter,
The eternal silence of abyss.

Alas, my freedom I tossed over
For legs and a human lover (bis),
For two legs and a human master.

Vamos a la playa

Conduis-moi à la mer, je veux nager,
Sentir sur moi le reflux de la vague.
Sous ce soleil fulgurant ! Tu divagues !
Tais ce caprice ou je vais enrager.

Conduis-moi à la mer, je veux nager,
Fendre les flots coupants comme une dague.
Ou qu'en brasse papillon je zigzague
Un instant ! Non ! Je vais tout saccager !

Las, le sel me manque, et le froid mordant,
Seules traces de mon séjour ardent
Dans l'éternel silence de l'abysse.

Ma liberté, pourquoi t'ai-je troquée,
Contre deux jambes, et un amant (bis)
Contre deux pieds, et un amant toqué ?

On the dole again

(A modern ballad)

When crisis looms and creeps into the factories
Like the Beast of Saint John that has been predicted,
Tolling ruin and death on profit addicted,
And no remedy found among Whigs or Tories,

When window dressing no longer fools anyone,
As make-up ministered to an antique lady,
When depression has dried the soul, shrunk the body,
Crushed the poor, smashed the rich, clipped the wings of the swan,

I shall pack my things, set free cats and birds, and go.
Enough of fruitless toil and exhausting sorrow!
For company, my faithful shadow will follow
Up to the land where I was happy long ago.

I shall walk past ransacked buildings, bonfires of cars...
Fists in empty pockets, who cares if banks collapse!
Bid adieu to this apocalyptic relapse,
My soul, and fear not for thy blows, thy wounds, thy scars,

They will heal with time, like all human miseries.
Keep on walking, you feet, do not linger in towns,
Take a path in the woods, and do not mind my moans;
I shall rest in heather and feast on wild berries.

Up, up, through endless moors and treacherous marshes,
North, North, across England, across Hadrian's Wall,
I shall follow the old trail, the forgotten call,
Till I see her shore at far and my brow arches.

Lulled by the waves and the bitter shriek of the gull,
Set in a necklace of islets, glittering pearls,
Erraid, Coll, Tiree, Staffa, Iona... foaming curls,
Green paradise redeemed from my past: Mull, Mull, Mull !



SR. PIROTEKNIK, " Mural painting", Caller dels Abbatia San Martin, Valencia.

My father was a sailor.

On the same day the Titanic
Began her proud maiden voyage,
A boy was born. An iceberg's edge
Then sank the boat in a panic.

Far away, the young Brittanic
Kid, exiled in a French village,
Grew up, was sent in a garage
To learn to be a mechanic.

He worked, but an oceanic
Desire, before he was of age,
Threw him out of his bondage,
Eager to fulfill this manic

Yearning. He went West. In the nick
Of time, he crewed with no luggage
A cargo, true to his lineage.
The Pedro was a Hispanic

Rough tub, who plied against Old Nick
Along tropical coasts. Cane, sage,
Coffee, timber were rare freightage;
The ship's boy became botanic...

He married, had baby Annick,
Earned his stripes in hardship. Wreckage,
Boarding, and physical damage:
Two fingers stitched onboard clinic.

Even host of His Britannic
Majesty, or, rather, hostage...
Glasgow's jail, weak tea and porridge,
Six months of penance: tyrannic!

He learned English from moronic
Convicts, and some prison's knowledge;
Thus he spoke with a faint dosage
Of Scottish. Back to Germanic

Occupied France, an ironic
Fate was awaiting. No message
Had warned him: a second fruitage,
Edith, and his wife pneumonic.

She died. He sailed on volcanic
Endless journeys, tried a baggage
In every port. In one linkage
May have grown an epigonic.

... ..

I wrote in another chronic
How he fell for the visage
Of my mother. In a cabbage
I clung to life like a cynic.

He quit, holidayed in Binic,
Fishing, enjoying life's vestige.
I know he relished good vintage
Wines and liked his Bordeaux tannic.

“Mon père naguère était marin” ¹

Le jour même où le Titanic
Entreprend son premier voyage,
Un garçon naît. Puis le naufrage
Balaye tout dans la panique.

Très loin de ce destin tragique,
L'enfant grandit dans un village ;
On l'envoie en apprentissage
Pour étudier la mécanique

Au travail. Mais un tyrannique
Appel du large, hors du garage,
Le tire de cet engrenage,
Vers des chemins plus ataviques.

Direction l'Ouest ! Il fait la nique
Au sort où on le vouait, s'engage
Comme matelot, sans bagage,
Sur un vieux cargo hispanique.

Le rafiote rallie l'Atlantique,
Pour un modeste cabotage :
Café, bois, perroquets en cage...
Le mousse aime la botanique.

Il se marie, engendre Annick,
Gagne ses galons sous l'orage :
Bâtiments coulés, abordages,
Doigts cousus sans anesthésique !

De sa Majesté Britannique
Il est l'hôte, ou plutôt l'otage...
Geôles de Glasgow, au potage,
Au pain sec, et marche à la trique !

Apprend le peu académique
Anglais des taulards, un langage
Mêlé d'écossais et d'adages
En argot ; gagne par l'Afrique

La France occupée ; ironique,
Le futur est sans rattrapage :
Edith, un bébé en sevrage,
Sa femme, malade, en clinique.

Elle meurt. Courses océaniques,
Traversées sans fin, un ménage
Dans chaque port... Un tel passage
A pu faire naître une réplique.

... ..

J'ai dit dans une autre chronique
Qu'il succomba pour le visage
De ma mère ; il conçut, — courage —,
Un garçon qui fut moi, bernique !

Quitta la marine ; en caïque
Péchait, jouissait des joies de l'âge,
Appréciait les meilleurs vintages,
M'enseigna les mathématiques.

¹ in "Me zo ganet e-kreizh ar mor" (Je suis né au milieu de la mer),
chant traditionnel breton.

Materials

Poems, pebbles found on a beach,
Or chestnuts in a wood,
Are all polished and soft, a food
For the mood or the speech.

Idly picked up and tried and tossed,
Words and stones, both combined,
Keep in harmony pace and mind.
But often they get lost,

On the shore, thoughtlessly marooned,
Or swallowed in the grass,
Or glued in the deeper morass
Of bad verses lampooned.

Farewell, round trifles, priceless toys!
I would rather treasure
The like of you for my pleasure
Than trinkets of more poise.

... ..

Yet, I may find, in the pocket
Of a coat, a pebble,
A chestnut, some rimes I had to scribble
When I was a poet.

Matériaux

Poèmes, galets glanés sur la plage,
Ou marrons dans un bois,
Vous comblez le promeneur et parfois
Poète de passage.

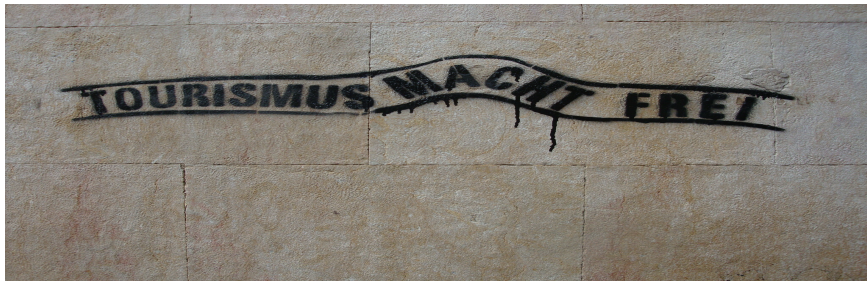
Doux et polis, lancés puis rattrapés,
Choses et mots ensemble
Font que l'esprit et le pas marchent l'amble.
Mais on vous perd, happés,

Par la fratrie des cailloux alpagués,
Avalés par la mousse,
Ou englués dans la profonde brousse
Des vers à élaguer.

Adieu, repères ronds, jouets sans prix !
Plutôt que des chimères,
Des bibelots chinés aux antiquaires,
Je vous aurai chéris.

... ..

Pourtant, sommeillant au fond d'une poche,
Il se peut qu'un galet,
Un marron se retrouve, ou un billet
De vers brefs et de croches.



Anonymous, Plaça de San Pere, Barcelona

I walk in the streets of Barcelona;
The pavement is glitt'ring from a late rain.
I came to hear an old prima Donna
And planned to go to Montserrat by train.

But La Devia carelessly cancelled,
And too much rain dissolved my pilgrimage.
Street after street my sore feet are counselled
By chance: "Life is hollower an image

Than the shadow on the wall. Yet upon
It the dim signs traced when you passed delight
Me and your laugh, peeling as a weapon."
I thought I left you behind... A light

Dances ahead toward sea and harbour;
Christopher Columbus on his column
Looks at me, clad in a tight bronze Barbour,
And points westward like a possessed Gollum.

O my namesake almost, would ocean free
Me from this most obsessive fantasy
And cure my heart? Nitchivo? The palfrey
Would sooner stumble, or the crude curtsy.

Estranged in a foreign city, I feign
Interest and pleasure; I shall relish
Baby squid for dinner... But you will reign
On me forever, I won't relinquish.

Tourismus macht frei

Je marche dans les rues de Barcelone,
La chaussée luit de la dernière pluie ;
J'y suis car Anna Bolena se donne,
Et voulais voir Montserrat aujourd'hui.

Mais la Devia sans vergogne annula,
Et trop de pluie noie mon pèlerinage.
A errer, meurtris, la chance accula
Mes pieds. « *La vie est plus vaine une image*

*Que l'ombre sur le mur. Pourtant l'hier-
Oglyphe obscur qu'y trace ton passage
M'enchante et ton rire, – Ah ! c'était hier ! –
Pareil au vif éclat... » Solide cage,*

Moi qui croyais t'avoir laissée derrière...
La lumière danse et fuit vers le port
Où Christophe Colomb, statue altière,
Me fixe et pointe l'ouest avec transport.

Presque homonyme, et toi, océan froid,
Me délivrerez-vous de cette illustre
Obsession ? A quoi bon ? Un palefroi
Romprait plutôt, ou saluerait un rustre.

Désorienté dans la ville étrangère,
Je feins intérêt, plaisir... Dinerais
Bien de calmars... Mais ma peine est légère :
Jamais, jamais, je ne renoncerais.

Time spares voices

My friends are getting older,
Their success makes them bolder,
Their friendly warmth grows colder...
Where they were true, they falter !
But time spares their voices.

My beloved was ever tall,
But through years his schemes and all
His fondness cruelly fall.
Fate tore summer into fall
And time only spared his voice.

In my youth I still believe,
But, no more gently pensive,
I now count, cheat and thief...
I hide my sorrow and give
To the world false face and voice.

Everybody pays their toll
To the long path where we stroll,
Fresh from springs. Then alcohol
Needs, to go on, alcohol.
Time merely spares voices!

Echoes

This grizzling lady with the wan smile,
The wrinkled face which seems to borrow
Sparkles of youthful gaze through sorrow,
Do not make fun of her bent profile.

For she is my wife, see, my true love.
She may stoop and show slackening pace,
Surrender too soon to mortal race,
She still coos at me like a sweet dove.

That old man lost in the sad vision
Of honours and glories of the past,
His stern looks meaning: "The dice are cast,
Humanity has no more mission",

Do not mock him and call him senile.
For he is my man, you know, my strong
Support against temptations of wrong,
The spring for my thirst, my river Nile.

The stout woman who walks toward us,
With jewels and lipstick and dyed hair,
Shaking bosom, roots showing, grand air,
Do not laugh if she is ludicrous.

For she is my wife, my own true love.
She spends her time rubbing ageing hands
With whitening cream, diets and pants;
Yet I see the slender lass above.

Worn out by the work of the day,
Worried and scared by crisis and loan,
Look at him, nursing his drink, alone,
Ironically keeping mess at bay.

But do not dare despise that man, Sir,
For he is mine, my most precious spouse,
The salt on the threshold of the house,
The light in my eyes, the last answer.

... ..

Far away, in the country of bliss,
Wild animals that will never age
Mate and part with nonchalant courage,
Not knowing death and not knowing miss.

Echos

Cette femme grise au pale sourire,
Visage ridé, regard emprunté
A ses vingt ans, mais de peine éreinté,
Ne t'en moque pas, il pourrait t'en cuire.

Car c'est mon épouse et mon seul amour.
Si à tout petits pas elle chemine,
Je vois toujours en elle la gamine
Qui plissait des yeux à mes traits d'humour.

Ce vieil homme perdu dans ses tristes
Visions d'honneur et de gloire passés,
Son air sévère disant : « C'est assez,
La terre n'est plus que pour les touristes »,

Ne méprise pas ses maigres forces.
Car il est mien, tu sais, et mon rempart
Contre les tentations du mal.
S'il part, J'aurai perdu mon âme et mon écorce.

La grosse dame à la gorge tremblante,
Emperlousée, trop maquillée, cheveux
Mal teints, qui marche vers nous, je ne veux
Pas que tu ries de ses formes croulantes !

Car c'est mon épouse et mon seul amour.
Contre l'âge elle jeûne et se relooke
A grands frais ; mais frêle et dansant le zouk,
Elle est là, toujours, sous ce lourd glamour.

Vois-le, fourbu par le travail du jour,
Alarmé par le spectre de la crise,
Whisky en main pour garder sa maîtrise,
Maniant l'ironie et le calembour.

Mais ne songe même pas à en rire,
Gosse de riche, trop joli monsieur,
Car c'est ma vie, mon bien le plus précieux,
Je ne le quitterai pour un empire.

.....

Dans le désert, loin de la terre franque,
Une faune insoucieuse et sans âge
S'accouple, puis se quitte avec courage,
Ignorante de la mort et du manque.

Tiradentes!

(At the dentist's)

To P.J. Toulet

So you say you suffer! Indeed!
In this soft, quiet room...
But no one forced on you this doom,
Alone you decided.

Seated in a deep, blue armchair,
Gaze at tokens of art,
Tapestries, old paintings, your heart
Is panting for fresh air.

China bursts with flowers, wreath
For first class agony;
Life is a long alimony,
Given to years till death.

The street below blows through curtains
Urban buzz, muffled shrieks...
To lure sorrow, you know some tricks:
Submit to real pains.

"Hi, Mrs C, are you ready?"
With no doubt nor tremor,
The white lady has pushed the door.
"Do, please, do follow me."

Tiradentes !

(Chez le dentiste)

A P-J Toulet

Ainsi, tu dis souffrir. Mais quoi ?
Nul destin n'y oblige.
En ce lieu où le temps se fige,
Beau salon doux et coi,

Chesterfields assortis de poufs...
Tu regardes sans voir
Tapisseries, tableaux, ivoires,
- Ton cœur sans cesse étouffe -

Vases crevant de fleurs, couronnes
Pour agonie de riche ;
De plaisirs la vie n'est pas chiche
Tant que le glas ne sonne.

Cris amortis, rumeurs urbaines,
Gonflant les rideaux, fusent...
Pour tromper la douleur, tu ruses :
Te soumets aux vraies peines.

« Bonjour, bonjour, sommes-nous prête ? »
Sans plus de frais, l'accorte
Femme en blanc a poussé la porte
Et te prie de la tête.

The fool

My whole life is filled by void,
By want, longing, constant pain,
A deep well for tears and rain,
That you seek and yet avoid.

My heart has taken over,
Rules my mind, masters my soul;
It aches all day long and all
Night, sick as from hangover.

Worries, sorrow are my meal,
Foul taste for poor appetite.
In a cage I am held tight,
With no hope to free my will.

Dreams are no doubt the reward
Of such mesmerised hell:
A bliss, a sweet death... O, well,
I'm the happiest in the ward!

Relapse

There is no such thing as the past
The years slowly entwine,
Its taste faded like too old wine
Or verses read too fast.

All the lives lived last for ever,
In heart and soul remain
And deeply print the mind of men
With joy, sorrow, fever.

But what has not been lived in past,
Is it past or future,
Its memory still to capture,
Or the dice for good cast?

Relapse

Non, le passé n'existe pas,
Tricoté par les ans,
Au goût fané des vins trop vieux
Ou des vers lus trop vite.

Les vies vécues durent toujours,
Dans le cœur et dans l'âme,
Marquant au fer l'esprit des hommes
De joie, douleur et fièvre.

Mais ce qu'a manqué le passé,
Est-ce hier ou demain,
Parfum encore à respirer
Ou les jeux déjà faits ?

Animals at the zoo

Dimitri the bear lived in the zoo of Vienna,
A brown, unsuspecting of evil, friendly bear,
With only one thing in his world he could not bear:
The deprecating laugh of Rhoda the hyena.

Each time he heard it, he wished himself in Sienna,
Where hyenas never dare enter, in furs or bare!
But he knew not the ugly sneer meant: "Mein Lieber,
Habibi, my beloved ... mi amor tan bien, ah!"

Alas, Rodha sneered and sneered at the bear for years,
She laughed and laughed toward the cage so close to hers,
Then she died, poor thing, from the flu that killed many.

Dimitri felt free for a while: no laugh, no sneer...
Till he missed the gay complaint he could no more hear.
"Rhoda, where are you? I need you more than honey!"

Au zoo

Dimitri l'ours vivait au zoo de Vienne,
Un brave ours, confiant et doux, aux yeux verts,
Avec un seul hic dans son univers :
Le rire fourbe de Rhoda la hyène.

En l'entendant, il voulait fuir à Sienne,
Qui proscrit la hyène, été comme hiver.
Mais le rictus signifiait : “ Mein Lieber,
Habibi, my love... mi amor tan bien !”

Hélas, dix années Rhoda ricana
Vers la cage adorée ; enfin cana
De la grippe espagnole et zou ! Au ciel !

Dimitri respira : fini ce rire !
Puis chercha partout la hyène et son ire.
“ Rhoda ! Tu me manques plus que le miel ! ”

Rigmarole II

(Short poem with strong constraint)

Do give your wreath
To the poor wraith,
Appease his wrath.
Who spiced the broth
Of his last breath?
Was it the B'rith?

So long sweet Ruth
For I loathe truth
And any troth.

Galimatias II

(Petit poème aux contre-assonances)

Une couronne
Au pauvre crâne
Calme sa haine.
Qui donc cama
Son dernier mets ?
Guantanamo ?

Adieu douce Anne
Et ne te donne
Que pour des thunes.

Die tote Stadt

(a very classic opus)

Walking in the quiet city where I was born,
I feel time folding and unfolding its layers.
September sky mingles summer and fall; prayers
Suffuse the still air like a distant hunting horn.

People hurry to possible work or shelter...
My grand-mother looks at the street from the armchair
I have long ago taken home, being the heir;
She is longing for me as much as I miss her.

Along shops brightly lit, struggling against defeat,
Arms linked, clinging to her as to the lass one woos,
My father is led by his wife to buy new shoes,
His white head bent diffidently on his slow feet.

He turns to me to say: "Are you coming with us?",
And his face changes into somebody else's;
The wind bids red and yellow leaves to quick waltzes,
While they stumble away and fade without fuss.

From the park comes the shrieking delight of children
Playing after school for a short intermezzo;
Deprived from them all day I 'm seeking Do and Zo'
Before life estranged us for good in the long run.

Swans glide on a glittering metallic grey pond;
Deep water smells of the soft decay of foliage.
In the wall, a small door smitten by rust through age
Enters the Town Hall where only echoes respond.

I head on to the station, where a faithful train
Will elope with me to far countries we know best.

I never visit the place where memories rest
In peace, awaiting me. It has begun to rain.

Recipes

Buy a thick rope
Find a staircase
With propitious
Strong banister.
Your home has one?
Perfect!

Learn to do knots:
First of all noose
Then clove cow
Two half hitches.
Lock up the rope In chest.

'T is recipe
For bleakest days.
This one is fine:
Bake cherry cake
Go fetch children
At school.

Recettes

Acheter une grosse corde.

Trouver un escalier

Avec une solide

Rampe propice.

Ta maison en a une ?

Parfait !

Apprendre à faire les nœuds :

Tout d'abord nœud coulant,

Puis de vache, demi-clef,

Demi-clefs double.

Verrouiller la corde

Dans un coffre.

C'est une recette

Pour les jours les plus sombres.

Celui-ci est beau :

Cuire au four un gâteau aux cerises,

Aller chercher les enfants

À l'école.

Game at bay die game

*To Gaston Bataille,
my English teacher
Lycée Hoche, Versailles*

The forest is close. Shall I make it?
I run, I pant, I feel my strength go...
The hunt has begun so long ago.
In this game, you can't afford to quit.

Georges warned me Gweltaz was a coward,
That he'd betray us for fear of pain,
Or his loyalty would fade for gain;
I forgot my head was on reward.

I cross heavy crops and swamped meadows,
I crawl on fields of itching dry corn.
Soiled by mud, I hear a distant horn...
I must reach this cover of willows.

Barks hammer like thunder in the West,
Increasing speed in the prey at bay.
I smell the taste of cold mushrooms, nay...
Blood that pulses and clots in my chest.

The air is shimmering and the clouds
Collide and expand threatening forms.
The crumbly earth opens to shield worms,
Squirrels and birds retreat in the woods.

Alone, I await Hoche's army,
The hateful mass of men full of hate,
Thousands soldiers to seal my fate,
To slaughter a single enemy.

Georges has still some years before choking...
But, swift lightning, facing the quarry,
A hart has come to share my glory.
For my land, for God and for my king!

Forest of Vannes, Brittany, 6th of October, 1795

Aria

When Daniel Taylor sings, his divine voice
Captures Eden and lets us have a glimpse
Of pure rapture. Even he would rejoice,
The poor old forsaken beggar who limps.

My taste may not easily make its choice,
If my ear, through dozens of records, primps
It with Cecilia, Vivica and Joyce;
With Dan, my heart and soul expand like blimps.

For him I'd give up diamonds and Rolls-Royce,
Fast eleven weeks on herrings and shrimps,
Pay down millions without an invoice,
Play hide and seek in the moonlight with imps!

Aria

Lorsque Daniel Taylor chante, il capture
Un miel divin, et nous laisse entrevoir
Le Ciel. Même le vieux clochard qui jure,
Qui pue, qui boite, est transporté d'espoir.

Si mon oreille attend la voix très pure
Qui trouvera mon cœur pour l'émouvoir
Et surpassera Caballé, — Gageure ! —,
Jamais Taylor ne peut me décevoir !

Pour lui, je donnerais diamants, voiture,
Je dînerais de harengs chaque soir,
Je réglerais des millions sans facture,
Et poursuivrais des lutins dans le noir.

Doctor Academic

(Studying foreign languages)

My Friedrich is learning English
To talk to more and more children,
To permit his story to run
Faster in a world so feverish.

My Friedrich is learning Russian
To glorify its soft beauty
- No matter its difficulty! –
And translate some songs of Ossian.

My Friedrich wants to learn German:
To master its rules of grammar
He is willing to toil like dogs!

As clever and bold as a man,
He will soon want to drive a car.
Lo, it's forbidden to hedgehogs!

De l'importance des langues étrangères...

Mon Friedrich apprend l'anglais
Pour raconter sa vraie vie
Aux ptits Tom, Dick et Harry...
Jusqu'aux enfants népalais.

Mon Friedrich veut parler russe,
Exulter dans ses beautés,
Et comme un boyard botté,
Batifoler dans l'humus !

Mon Friedrich lit l'allemand,
Après des années d'efforts
Sur ses règles et sur ses sons.

Futé, il l'est carrément :
Pour conduire, il se sent fort...
Las, interdit aux 'rissons !