

# 5 Poems

Georges Bataille

translated by Mark Daniel Cohen

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# HYPERION

On the future of aesthetics

## *5 Poems*

*Georges  
Bataille*

*Translated by  
Mark  
Daniel  
Cohen*



## “Je revais de toucher...”

I'd dream to touch the sadness of the world  
the bog of unenchant upon the eaves  
I'd dream the waters' grave from I'd retrieve  
the lonely channels of your mouth's inter

I've felt to hand corruption's caudal fur  
the night of harrow wood it had elide  
and saw this were the sinister you died  
I limn it laughing sadness of the world

Lucific crack in mad a thunder scree  
your limit licking laugh long nudity  
immense in splendor last illumine me

I saw your sad as if a charity  
in radiant in night long morphic sheen  
and tears the tomb of your infinity.

## **“De la bouse dans la tete...”**

For sake the dung among the head  
I detonate I execrate the sky  
the clouds expectorate  
it's bitter to immensity  
my eyes are pigs  
my heart is ink  
my balls become dead suns

the fallen stars gone fathomless grown grave  
I weep my language leaks  
it imports no immensity's a round  
and rolled and bound in sound  
I passion death petition it  
in Holy Father's butchery.

## “Immense criminelle...”

Criminal immensity  
break vase of immensity  
ruin without boundaries

immensity that down and whelms me  
I am fleece  
the universe is felon

madness alar my insanity  
talons to immensity  
immensity to talons me

I am alone  
about the blind will read these lines  
in that of interminable tunnels

I down in deep immensity  
immensity devolves to she  
she's blacker than demise

the sun is black  
the beauty of to be is bottom hollows of a cry  
definitive of night

this that loves in light  
the shudder sheet of which she's glazed  
is desire of the night

## **“le neant n’est que moi-meme...”**

the nothingness is Selfsame me  
the universe is tomb to me  
the sun is solely death

my eyes blind lightning  
hearts the sky  
there thunderstorms ignites

in me  
at the bottom of abysm  
immensity of universe is death

## **“je mens...”**

I lie  
the universe is tacked  
to my dement mendacities

immensity  
and I  
dement mendacities from one the next

the truth dies  
I cry  
that way truth lies

my confectionery head  
that draws the cup of fever  
is the suicide of truth

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