

## 9. Golden Globes of Hopefulness

“I’m gonna see you get that golden globe award”

John Hartford

Operation successful. Sentinel node unreached  
by the disease on its rampaging conquest—  
although pathology to follow for certification.  
The golden globes, those fertile golden  
globes of every size, shape, texture  
available to size, shape, texture in global paradigm—  
to which men’s frail attention forever wanders—  
but they are dangerous. They are the script  
of tragedy. Small globes thrive in the larger ones,  
containing each the crab, my legendary totem,  
the which, in this disastrous, never-resting guilt,  
I’ve used to kill more than the populations of the earth.  
Mainly the dream-folk, broken, tongueless.  
This is the last hurrah of the indigenous:  
the time we take the land from them—for come what may,  
whether we’re left or right in politics,  
we need the land and suffocate to seize it.  
Land, gas: a time of spoils approaches. Criminal oilmen  
and their puppet maniac can only daily croak Irak Irak.  
There are good reasons for terminating this  
Irak Irak. My father never shot his wad Irak Irak.  
And now, the rain this morning. Brown trees,  
the dying in their thousands—that were not born for death  
immortal trees—continue drying. But rain shows up the green  
push of the young, at tip of each live branch, standing in contrast,  
[sometimes in brilliant contrast,] right up against a brown,  
and hope, kin to the overwhelmed relief in re the globes,  
throws a man down to floor again, again, again—into the sleep  
of justice. But this, this brown, is unsustainable:  
they are too few to hold the goods; we are too many now  
not to win goods: the center cannot hold, nor the periphery—  
the iron globe that feeds this rotting world  
must, dry and milkless, at the morning moon bay one more time  
like the coyotes of our native land. The polity  
has been an enterprise so criminal from its conception  
it is a miracle a tree has ever grown there, single tree  
oh never mind a forest. It is at war with the whole universe  
wearing its garb of peace and its angelic wings,  
mouthing its dithering self-satisfaction, wafting those wings  
toward Irak Irak. Once it was Nam and Nam  
and then the targets getting ever smaller  
until the giant strike on Glorious Grenada. But now,  
it grows again, inflates, swelling the iron globe  
[we shall have empire on the entire world] except the globe  
is black as sable, black as ink this time,  
black as burnt human skin

to the utmost degree. Hope, only source of poetry,  
chickens its way out of this heaven into no other hell.

Nathaniel Tarn, version originale du poème « Les Golden Globe de la  
surespérance » traduit par Auxeméry in *Sur les fleuves de la forêt*, édition  
bilingue, Vif Editions, 2013, pp 100 et 102