<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>POEM</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>A Throw of the Dice Never Will Abolish Chance</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>by</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A THROW OF THE DICE

A Throw of the Dice Never Will Abolish Chance
NEVER
EVEN WHEN CAST INTO ETERNAL CIRCUMSTANCES
FROM THE DEPTHS OF A SHIPWRECK
BE IT
that

the Abyss
blanched
unbound
furious
under an incline
desperately hangs
on wing
its own
in

advance of an ill-staged flight fallen back
and covering the eruptions
cutting short the surges

most inwardly resumes
the shadow buried in the deep by this alternate sail
even adapting
to the wingspan
its yawning depth as great as the hull
of a vessel
listed to one or the other side
THE MASTER

beyond the ancient calculus
that maneuver with the age forgotten
times past he would grasp the helm
at his feet
from the unanimous horizon
pared itself
tossed itself and mixed
with the fist that would clasp it
a destiny and the winds
be another

Spirit
to hurl it
into the storm
to refold division and pass on proud

aris
inferring
from this conflagration

that pre-
as one menaces
the unique number which cannot

hesitates
a corpse by the arm

rather
than play
as a hoary maniac
the game
in the name of the waves
one

that shipwreck

separated from the secret it holds

invades the head
flows in the submissive beard
of the man directly

without a ship
no matter
where vain
anc estrally not to open the hand
clenched
beyond the useless head
legacy in the disappearance
to someone
ambiguous
the ulterior immemorial demon
having
from null lands
induced
the old man towards this supreme conjunction with probability
this one
his puerile shade
carressed and polished and rendered and washed
made supple by waves and subtracted
from the hard bones lost amid the planks

born of play
the sea luring the forebear or the forebear against the sea
an idle chance
Engagements
from which
the veil of illusion splashes back their hauntedness
how the phantom of a gesture
will pitch
will fall
madness

WILL ABOLISH
AS IF

An insinuation  simple
in the silence  enrolled with irony
or the mystery  hurled
hurled  roared

in some close by  vortex of hilarity and horror
flits  about the abyss

without scattering it  nor fleeing
and thereof cradles the virgin sign

AS IF
A Throw of the Dice Never Will Abolish Chance

un coup de Dés jamais n'abolira le Hasard

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military distraught feather

that a midnight toque encounters or grazes it and immobilizes in velvet crumpled by a fit of dark laughter

this rigid whiteness

pathetic in opposition to the sky too much not to mark exiguously whatsoever bitter prince of the reef makes a headdress of it in heroic style irresistible but contained by his small reason circle as a flash

save
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>anxious</th>
<th>expiatory and pubescent</th>
<th>mute</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>laughter</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>that</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**IF**

| The lucid and seigniorial aigrette invisible on the brow scintillates |
| then shadows a delicate tenebrous stature in its siren-twist |
| time enough to slap with impatient outermost barbs |
| bifurcated a rock |
| futile manor all at once evaporated in mists which imposed a bound on the infinite |

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*A Throw of the Dice Never Will Abolish Chance*
IT WAS
born of stars

THE NUMBER
WERE IT TO EXIST
other than as a scattered hallucination of dying
WERE IT TO BEGIN AND END
rising only to be denied and closed off when revealed
at last
by some thinly spread profusion
WERE IT TO BE COUNTED
evidence of the sum however small
WERE IT TO ILLUMINATE

IT WOULD BE
worse
as
more or less
indifferently but as much

CHANCE
Falls
the feather
rhythmic foreboding suspense
to bury itself
in the original spume
whence lately its delirium surged to a peak
wilted
by the self-same neutrality of the abyss
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NOTHING</th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>of the memorable crisis</td>
<td>have been fulfilled in view of all results null</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>or might</td>
<td>human</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the event</td>
<td>WILL HAVE TAKEN PLACE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>an ordinary elevation pours out absence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>BUT THE PLACE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>some rippling below as if to dispense the empty act</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>abruptly which otherwise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>by its falsehood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>would have founded</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>perdition</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>in these reaches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>of waves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>in which all reality dissolves</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
EXCEPT at altitude
PERHAPS insofar as a place

can fuse with the beyond
apart from the interest
assigned to it
in general
through such obliquity and by such declivity
of fires
toward
what must be
the Septentrion or North

A CONSTELLATION
cold from forgetting and desuetude
not so much
that it doesn’t number

on some vacant and superior surface
the successive shock
siderally
of a total account in the making

surveying
doubting
rolling
shining and meditating

before coming to a halt
at some final point which consecrates it

All Thought emits a Throw of the Dice