

les fleurs de

أزهار

yves saint laurent

POEMS

the flowers of

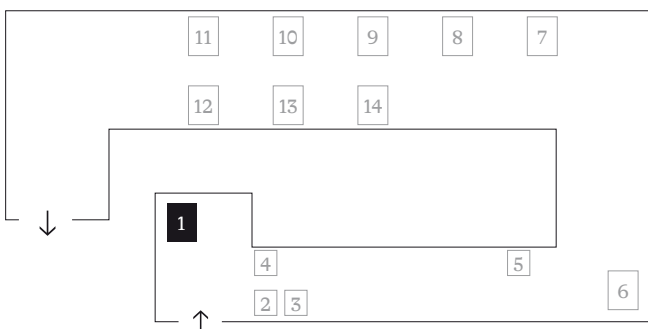
musée
YVES SAINT LAURENT
marrakech

 FONDATION
JARDIN MAJORELLE

Surprise

I meditated; suddenly the garden reveals itself
And with a single burst strikes my zealous pupil.
I look at it with bursting pleasure;
Laughter, freshness, innocence, summer idyll!
Everything moves me, everything pleases me, I drown in ecstasy,
I move forward and I stop; it seems that joy
Had been on this bush and leaps into my heart!
I am filled with enthusiasm, with love, with pleasant fragrances,
And the azure mixes so well with my body's fabric
That it suddenly seems, to my surprised gaze,
That it is not this meadow, but rather my eye that blossoms
And that, if I wanted, under my closed eyelid
I could still see the sun and the rose.

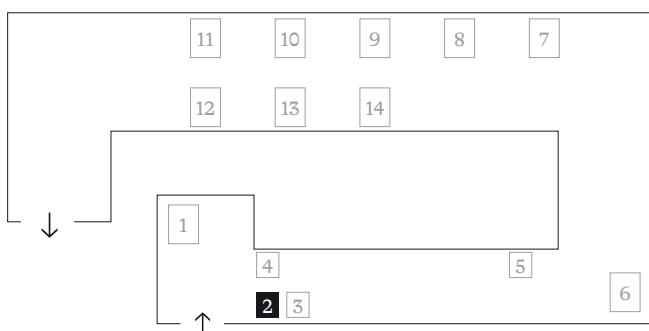
Les Éblouissements ANNA DE NOAILLES (1876–1933)



Quatrain

Every morning the dew envelops the tulips,
In the garden, the violets bow their heads;
To be honest, nothing enchants me like a rosebud,
That seemingly wraps itself with its silken tunic.

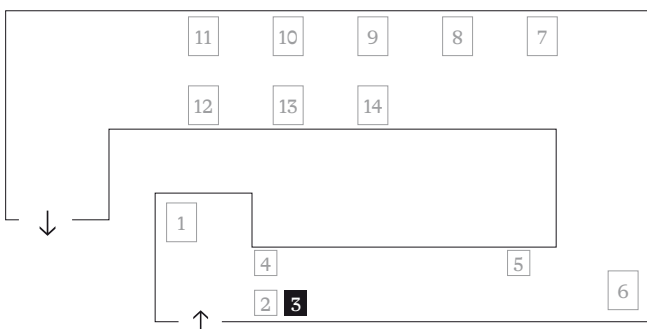
OMAR KHAYYĀM (1048–1131)



Quatrain

Be jealous when gazing on the unfolding rose,
She smiles and says to her harvester
Unfastening my belt, finally,
I'm able to spread my munificent love in the garden!

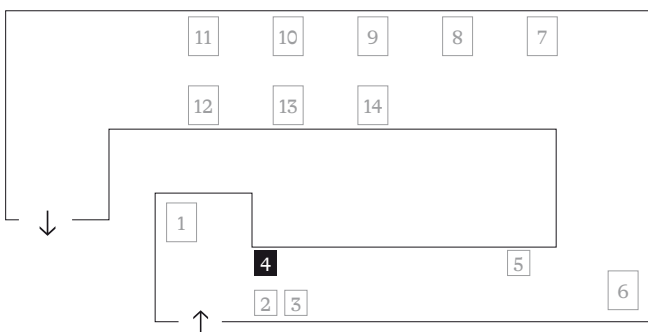
OMAR KHAYYĀM (1048–1131)



Quatrain

Look, the breeze has torn the rose's dress,
The rose that the nightingale was in love with;
Should we mourn her, should we mourn ourselves?
Death will gather us, and other roses will blossom.

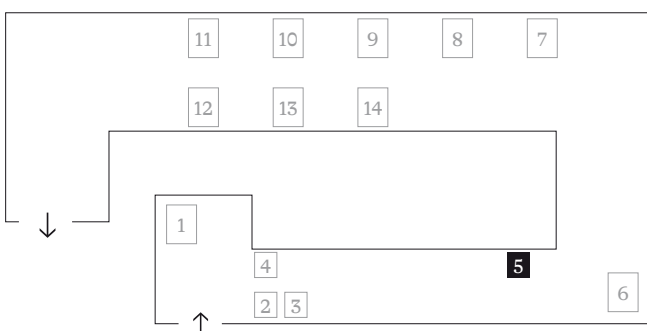
OMAR KHAYYĀM (1048–1131)



Quatrain

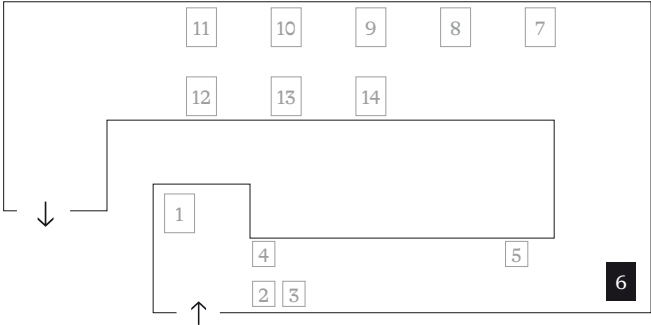
The springtime slowly unmasks the rose;
In the shadows of the garden, its beloved and tender face appears!
Nothing you can tell me of the past will charm me;
Be happy today, don't speak of yesterday.

OMAR KHAYYĀM (1048–1131)



Take a rose from the garden;
It will last a few days
Take a petal from my rose garden,
It will last forever.

SÁ ADĪ (1210-1291/2)



Salon

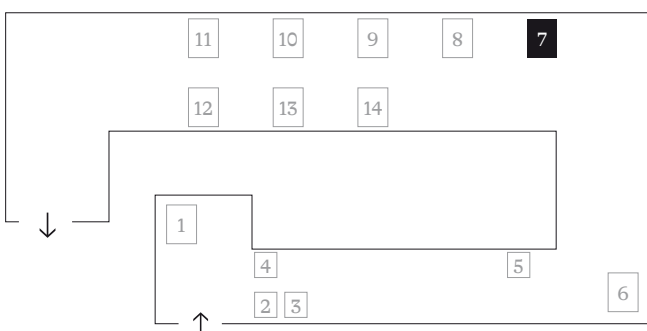
Love of permitted fantasies,
Of the sun,
Of lemons,
Of delicate mimosa.

Clarity of the means used:
Clear window,
Patience
And vase to pierce.

Sun, lemons, delicate mimosa
At the height of fragility
Of glass that contains
This gold in balls,
This rolling gold.

Les animaux et leurs hommes, les hommes et leurs animaux

PAUL ÉLUARD (1895–1952)



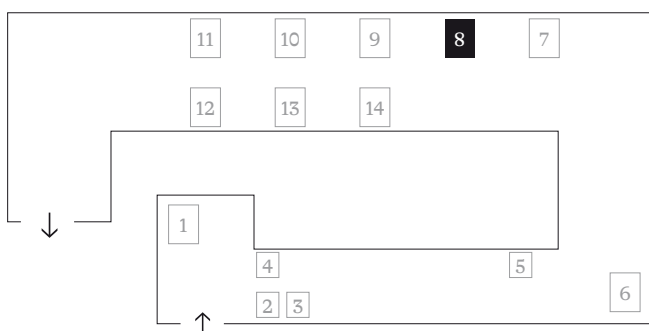
As of dawn...Joy!
From the black cloud on the fragrant grass,
Winter dies and spring is reborn,
And the world becomes a cradle of peace.

The roses reawakened,
The hedges were groomed,
And on the top of the sycamore,
The thrushes formed an orchestra.
Blooming in the hedges,
Poppies,
And, adorning the flowers,
The dew.
On the head of the poppies,
A veil of musk,
And on the face of the flowers,
A coat of pearls.

The little doves learned to play the flute,
And, on either side of the stream,
The poplars had new clothes sewn for themselves.

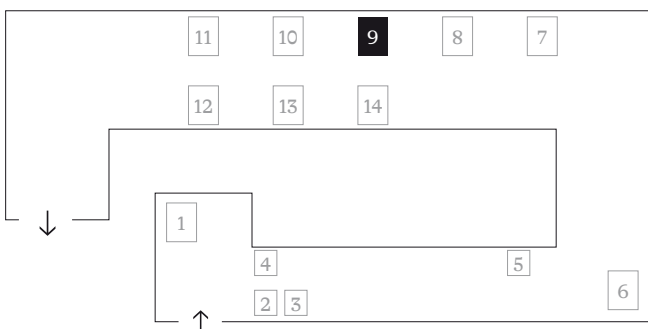
And the lovers lost heart and soul
We tore our hearts from the sorrow of love [...]

Diwān ABŪ NAJAM AHMED (11th CENTURY C.E.)



Come. Place a straw hat on your black hair.
 Before the hour of noise, the hour when everyone works,
 Let's go see the morning rise over the mountains
 And pick the flowers we love from the meadows.
 On the banks of the spring with its subdued iridescence,
 Pale flowers hang from golden water lilies,
 It remains in the fields and in the vast orchards
 Like a distant echo of the shepherds' songs,
 And, shaking their fragrant wings for us,
 The morning breezes, like wandering sisters,
 Already toss towards you, while you smile,
 The fragrance of pink peach and apple trees in blossom.

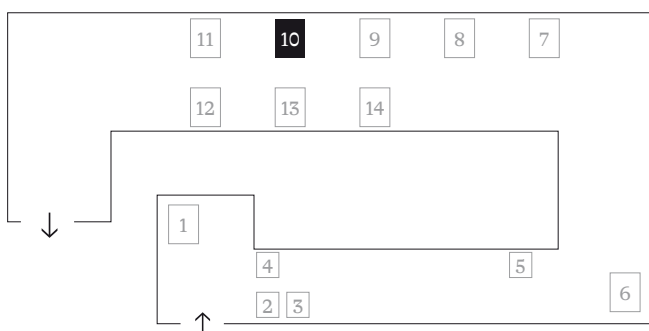
Les Stalactites THÉODORE DE BANVILLE (1823–1891)



Evening Harmony

Here comes the time when vibrating on its stem
Each flower evaporates like a censer;
Sounds and scents swirl in the evening air;
Melancholic waltz and languorous vertigo!
Each flower evaporates like a censer;
The violin quivers like an afflicted heart;
Melancholic waltz and languorous vertigo!
The sky is sad and beautiful like a grand altar.
The violin quivers like an afflicted heart,
A tender heart, which abhors the vast and black void!
The sky is sad and beautiful like a grand altar;
The sun drowns in its congealing blood.
A tender heart, which hates the vast and black void,
From the luminous past collect every vestige!
The sun drowns in its congealing blood...
Your memory glistens in me like a monstern!

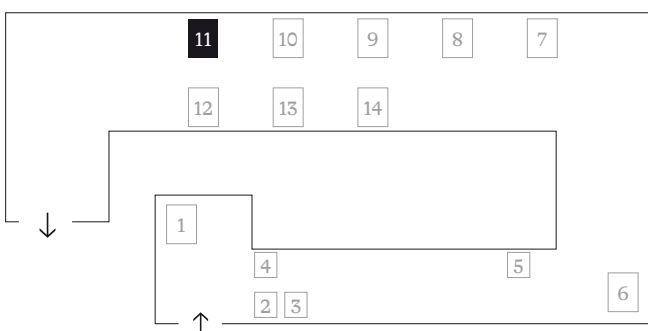
Les Fleurs du mal CHARLES BAUDELAIRE (1821–1867)



Springtime Rondeau

Time has left behind its coat
Of wind, cold and rain,
And has dressed itself in embroidery,
Of shining sun, clear and beautiful.
There is neither beast nor bird
That in its jargon neither sings nor cries:
“Time has left behind its coat
Of wind, cold and rain.”
River, fountain and stream
Wear in pretty livery
Drops of silver, of goldwork;
Everyone dresses up again:
Time has left behind its coat.

CHARLES D'ORLÉANS (1394–1465)

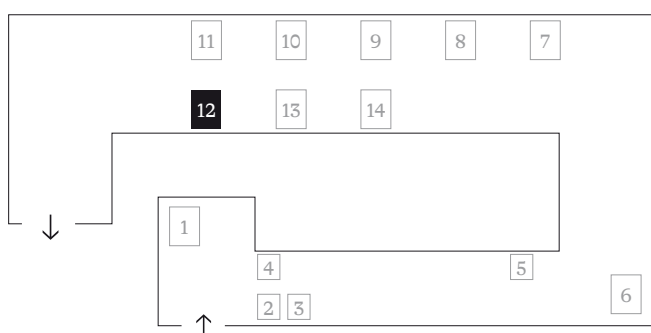


The Roses

I see you, rose, half-open book,
Which contains so many pages
Of detailed happiness
Which we will never read. Magic book,

Which opens to the wind and which can be read
With eyes closed...
From which the butterflies emerge confused
For having had the same ideas.

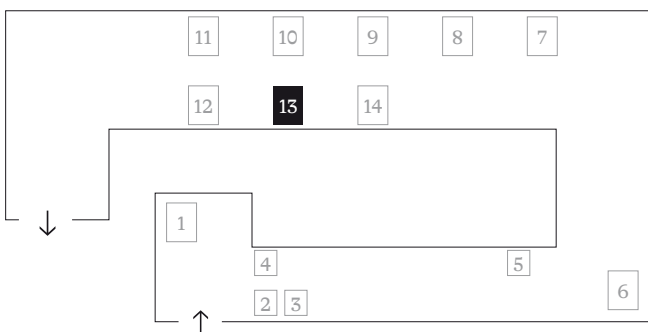
Pour la circonstance RAINER MARIA RILKE (1875–1926)



To a dried flower in an album

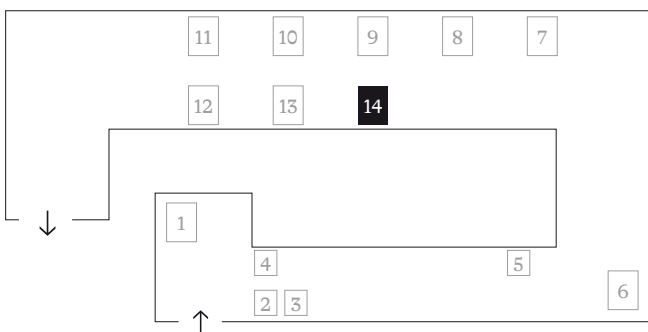
I remember it, it was at the beaches
Where a southern sky lured me,
Sky without stain and without storms,
Where I inhaled under the foliage
The scented warmed air.
A boundless sea
Stretched blue to the horizon;
The orange tree, that festive tree,
Snowed at times upon my head;
Fragrances rose from the grass.
You were growing near a column
Of a temple crushed by time;
You fashioned a crown for it,
You adorned its uniform trunk
With your floating capitals;
Flower that decorated the ruin
Without a glance to admire you!
I plucked your white stamen,
And I carried on my chest
Your scent to breathe in.
Today, sky, temple and shore,
Everything has forever disappeared
Your perfume is in the cloud,
And I find, as I turn the page,
The lifeless trace of a beautiful day!

Méditations poétiques ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE (1790–1869)



The morning removed the veils from the corollas
and revealed, all misty, the cheeks of the flowers.
In the valley, the daisy stretches its lips
steadily towards the generous bosom of the clouds.
Deep in the garden, the hand of the east wind sows
Pearls of dew and coins of flowers.
A branch is clothed, here and there on the sand,
The bubbles are jewels in the braids of the rivers.

IBN KHAFĀJA (1058–1138/9)



The Lady of Summer

Under the golden eyes of white wild roses,
Bindweeds climb around the ferns.
The bramble flower places small white crosses
On the hedge where the ferns emerge.

The grass of the meadows undulates in blond waves,
That will die under the footsteps of the reaper,
In the grass there are blue wings, blond wings,
And the great black wing of the reaper's scythe.

Then I saw, sitting near a spring,
Gathering rushes to bind her hair,
A woman with eyes as clear as a spring,
Who let me kiss her hair.

And I was full of love for the green eyes
Of the lady of summer who came to smile
Along the paths, deep in the green forest,
And admire her beautiful smile in the spring.

RÉMY DE GOURMONT (1858–1915)

