

**Julien Payan**

**Nocturne**

Consider the night-owl stars  
Night-mist on our eyes –  
Wipe it away, see impossibly far,  
That star-heart where all possibility lies.

Take the cold night air to heart,  
Under the bare trees in their rows –  
Let the purest rain river our hair, part  
Drop after drop, out of the star-flow.

Let's praise the magic moon  
Cutest of them all, bright as a button:  
A shame that even she, so soon  
Gets up to let the sun sit down, and is forgotten.

Translated by **Fred Johnston**

(‘Ode Nocturne’ is the title poem of a collection published by Les Éditions du Panthéon, Paris 2002. Julien Payan was born in Rouen in 1983 and is a musicology student. He counts among his influences Anthony Burgess and Jim Morrison).