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**Jeannine Baude.**

*Concerto pour une roche.*

Mortemart: Rougerie. 1995.

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In the wake of *Ouessanes* (1989) and *C'état un paysage* (1992, Prix Artaud), appear, in 1995, *Concerto pour une roche* and *Océan*, two volumes that clearly confirm the poetic genius of Jeannine Baude and reveal a voice ever developing in both expressive subtlety and existential urgency. *Concerto pour une roche*, the more compact of the two recent collections, is predicated upon an aesthetics of crucial exchange and interdependence of word and world. Poetry does not seek to be "excarnate," as Bonnefoy writes; its logic is not intrinsic, self-contained, heterocosmic, any more than the logic of world may be said to be so. The "song" of the world, of small fragments of its boundless finitude, if I may put it that way, is thus born of a movement of convergence, things articulating themselves before and for us, the poet caressing such natural symphony into further harmony and a sense of increased reciprocation, of "perfect accord." Obscureness and opacity of primary, telluric meaning may continue to be felt, but so too do the latter's fertility, the power and warmth radiating from

things and constituting in themselves a meaning of great persuasion. "Landscape" sea, rocks, birds, boats, sun, scents, sounds, touchings, and so on are experienced as at once "original" and ephemeral, rooted in timelessness and manifestly dense in their epiphanic surging. Baude's poem for the telescoped stanzas do form a music, a unified score, out of their seeming fragmentation thus elaborates a complex though largely serene consent to mortality, the world's, the poem's, and this consent seems all the more wise and beyond fatalism as the world itself is read to be a place of natural becoming and endlessly fused buoyancy and birth. The inherent trust things seem to have in their own exquisite minimalness would appear to have helped shed, in Baude, in her use and conception of language, all fear of futility or bare accomplishment. If any trace of a poetics of "exile" persists, it is most surely dovetailed with a saying of presence, a sense of both veiled and revealed purpose and pertinence. "Glyptiques / pour le songe des pierres"...

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