

Edwards, Michael. *Rivage mobile*. Orbe: Arfuyen, 2003. 117 pages. 14,50 euros. ISBN 2-84590-031-7.

**T**he work of Michael Edwards is today extremely diverse, though unified by a both critical and spiritual vision. The collection offered us here provides original poems in English accompanied by what he regards less as translations of these originals than poems relived according to the requirements and energies of a language, French, and a mode of writing, French poetry, felt to be profoundly distinctive, in a sense self-changing, modifying the very angle of perception and knowing his initially given culture had given him.

*Rivage mobile*, then, is a doubly shifting “act and place of poetry”, as Bonnefoy puts it. Always, however, there remains a fineness, a delicacy, an unpretentious intuitiveness of perception and touch in this poetry of an earthly connectedness harmonising the real’s swirling exquisitenesses: “Le ciel [qui] s’enflamme de bleu aujourd’hui”, “Des grappes de moineaux [qui] éclatent les lilas”, ce pivert qui “frappe... à la porte du jour”, “le silence fatal des voitures prudentes et des landaus giflés par le vent”... And, of course, this is a poetry, too, of meditation and pondering, of memory and inner sight, a poetry, perhaps consequently, for certainly knowingly, of love and light, of gentle caress, of felt consciousness as to the “wisdom” and the “sanity” of what is, “dans le puits de maintenant, maintenant”. *Rivage mobile*, then, is a book alert to beauty, but this is not simply a beauty of form, it does not deeply involve a sense of language’s consolatory or even transcendent power over raw livedness: if all of creation, creativity, is to be enjoyed, loved, appreciated, Michael Edward’s poetry urges us to return to the world of body and mind, and live them via the soft, receivable equations the soul, the higher self, can open up for us in the swarming data of our being-in-the-world... A book achieving and inviting a sense of accomplishment unthinkably beyond the book itself, to be lived via the eye of love in the mysterious self-emergence and self-evidence of all moments, all phenomena.

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