

*Mon Cheri* is by far my favorite poem that Aurora and I worked on. By taking Aurora's original poem with extensive personal connections we were able to add in a bit of French to make the poem flow with the beauty of language that only French can capture. Then, to assure that her audience would understand the poem, we translated the French and used the translations to create another poem that is in direct contrast with the tone of the original poem. ~ Elizabeth Reynolds, Tutor

### Mon Cheri

By Aurora Krueger

*Mon bijou*

You're all charred out but you won't

Turn to ash,

*Le feu est mort, mon cher.*

Your time has run its course and now

*Les ténèbres vous demandent,*

Dawn is coming and your dance with me is over –

*Ma Cheri,*

You're dying in your own masquerade.

*Precieux,*

Inside me, you took a thick amber brush and

Mopped up the colors within;

Blurred the lines and made me think you were Paris,

That you were

*Une beauté forgien –*

I was your watercolor masterpiece, and you were

*Un artiste de fréquentation,*

*Mon cher, vous n'êtes pas les étoiles.*

You are not a dream, so just...

*Disparaître.*

In the dark nights,

*L'argent a saupoudré le ciel viole à côté le Siene*

I see your breath in the ghosts around the moon,

From the ancient bridge, I can almost

*Entendez votre voix trahissante,*

Almost feel your tempting fingertips;

*Mon cauchemar, s'il vous plait*

*Constatez que le porche vous mène à la maison,*

Please leave me to my memories and let you

Fade away, like the taste of champagne on

Lacquered lips.

I cannot be your waiting statue,

*Je ne peux pas être votre lune solitaire.*

Find another light to try and save you from your

Damnation,

Because all that awaits you is

*Le vent frais,*

All that wants your true essence is

*La terre noire.*

*My jewel*

*The fire has died, my dear*

Only in your eyes.

*The shadows are calling for you,*

My essence awaits your return;

I am empty without the light

Refracted from your crystal gaze (like a sea-glass azure mosaic, hanging in the window – my sun catcher, expelling light beams)

*My darling*

You are *precious* and alluring

Like a gothic cathedral, you

Climb the heights of my heart and

Take my breath away,

*A foreign beauty* leaving me to only be

*A haunting artist*

*My dear, you are not the stars*

You are the sun, the moon,

And your eye is the sky,

Watching me.

*Disappear?*

I cannot be a ghost

When you are in the very air *surrounding* me

*The silver sprinkled violet sky*

Taunts me, as I wait for you to rise

Beyond the horizon, *next to the Siene*

Your scent is sweeter than the white rose

You've left within.

[*Hear your betraying voice* breaking my reverie for a better reality]

*My (sweet) nightmare, please*

Never *find your way to the door,*

Never abandon the world to winter, to darkness –

*I cannot be your lonely moon*

Crying quiet tears, waiting for the sun's heat

To touch my breath and start life again.

*The cold wind*

Will never take away your image

*The black earth*

Will never hold you the same.