



<https://damedespoemes.fr/>

Considering the poem as an object of knowledge is the main axis of **my research**.

My creations are born from a hypothesis that unfolds as a dialogue between works, audiences and myself.

Workshops and conferences to be unique and know your voice in order to escape search engines and organization charts.

My name is Armelle Chitrit. I was born in Paris in 1961 (my family comes from Tlemcen-Algeria).

I spent a lot of time during my childhood in the mountains of the Jura of Switzerland. Then, I got married in Quebec and became a citizen of Canada. As a poet, I created and performed original scenic interpretations of my and other poets' works in various public settings, festivals and academic gatherings. These include *Peaufine*, a collection of gourmet fables performed in French, English and Arabic (Blue Metropolis in Montreal, Voix-vives of Sète and International Poetry Festival of Trois-Rivières). My electroacoustic compositions invoke Desnos, Rilke, Mandelstam, Vian, Sarraute and others in a unique dialogue. Mandelstam inspired me an electroacoustic piece including excerpts from three of my poems (echoing reflections on the future), translated in English, Chinese and several other languages. A regular participant in the Cerisy Conferences, I recent recording there bear witness to "The Intoxication of Birds" with which one can write (performed at the 3rd Lille Poetry Market). After extensive studies to sow the words I find my way to, I embraces my role as a poet and undertake to weave much needed connections between theory and creation (by founding the Labo de Lettres in Montreal then in Lyon). Nicknamed « Lady of Poems », I created a website under this name to promote my experimental, scholarly, and popular approach conveying multi-layered meaning through multi-sensory experiences (<https://damedespoemes.fr/>). Author of several collections and essays, I explore Nature (The Language of birds) as well as the relationship between body, perception and words. For example, the poem « Il y a » (translated in sign language for dance and eight different languages) reveals a notion of Identity as *memory of the future*.

Il y a
dans mon corps
de la vie
de la mort

Il y a
dans notre vie
des merveilles
de l'ennui

Il y a
dans nos merveilles
du soleil
de la pluie

Il y a
dans mon soleil
une histoire
qu'on oublie

Il y a
dans mon histoire
des espoirs
du chagrin

Il y a
dans mon espoir
la mémoire d'un chemin

du soleil
de la pluie
des merveilles
de l'ennui
de la mort
de la vie
dans mon corps
la mémoire
d'un chemin
d'un chemin
d'un chemin...

My flesh
is flush
with life
and death

As any life
brims
with marvels
and sins

These marvels
rich
with sun
and rain

The sun
replete
with half-lost
tales

Tales
weighed down
with hopes
and grief

My hopes
remember
a road
towards
...marvels
and sins
some sun
some rain
some death
some life
my flesh is mellow
with long memories:
of roads
of paths
of trails

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BOOK OF POEMS

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Trop peu, Unicité, ISBN 978-2-38638-308-3 (70 p.) in press
L'ivresse des oiseaux, d'après Attâr en cours de publication (prévu pour septembre)
- 2024 *La nuit nomade*, Unicité, ISBN 978-2-38638-026-6 (90 p.)
- 2023 *Ma joie d'être en vie* suivi de *Crime de poésie*, Unicité, ISBN 978-2-37355-909-5 (100 p.)
- 2022 *Rigole*, Unicité, ISBN : 978-2-37355-749-7 (175 p.) — Revue Phoenix — Performance Passage Molière, Paris
- 2021 *Tessons bleus*, Unicité ISBN 978-2-37355-600-1 (100 p.) Performance d'improvisation avec le *Poetic Quartet*
- 2020 *Acousmies Songes*, Unicité, ISBN 978-2-37355-426-7, (121p.)
- 2019 *Peaufine*, Gourmet Fables, French-English-Arabic, Unicité, ISBN 978-2-37355-267-6 (116 p.)
- 2014 *Brouillon des temps*, Paris, L'Harmattan, Poètes de cinq continents, ISBN 978-2-343-02199-7 (105p.)
- 2007 *Kanutshuk*, poèmes, Lyon, Jacques André Editeur, ISBN 978-2-7570-0060-8 (79p.)

POEMS IN REVIEW

- 2025 Revue Verso 203, « L'imaginaire du temps », pp.76-81
- 2024 Revue Lettres d'hivernage, « Charnelles étoiles », Revue Verso, Lakainfristanaise, pp.166-170
- 2023 *Jîna Bendan Femme Vie Liberté* - in support of the women of Kurdistan and Iran L'Harmattan
- 2022 *Anthologie de l'eau* for a multi-voice incantation Antemanha, p.17, L'Harmattan
- 2020 Revue La courte échelle par gros temps, « La mémoire me brûle », URDLA
- 2017 Revue Cabaret, « Ca-na-da »
- 2016 Revue Souffles, Bestioles, « Le Cheval »
- 2012 *Plaidoyer pour le proche aidant* at the heart of health and social action : « Quelque chose arrive » in Lausanne,, direction Martyne-Isabel Forest, « Des regards et des voix qui se croisent »
- 2012 Revue Coup de soleil, « Jussieu, rêve de 80 »
- 2010 Revue Verso 143, « Brouillon des temps » p.45
- 2007 Bacchanales 41 Oiseau pp.33-35
- 2006 Bacchanales 40 Water memories, pp.37-38 International poetry biennial, Rhône-Alpes,
- 2005 Revue Verso 123, pp.45-54
- 2004 Revue Frontières, Au péril de l'accompagnement « [Mains sœurs d'une abstraction sensible](#) » Montréal
- 2001 Revue Frontières, Les morts de l'esprit ; « [L'oubli n'est pas une mort naturelle](#) »
- 2000 Revue Tessera 28, Feminist Ethics, « Cela s'arrête là », Toronto, pp. 65-66
- 1997 Revue Liberté 229 " [Copeaux de l'ombre](#) ", suite de poèmes, pp. 61-69
- 1996 Revue Trois, XI, 1-2, « Le Tombeau de Paul Zumthor », p. 419

DIRECTED BY ARMELLE CHITRIT

- 2025 *Sur le sable et sur la neige*, Franco-Bulgarian project with students from Paris 8 University /NUB, Sofia
- 2024 *Tout cela et plus encore*, Poetic Creation - Supplementary Education Paris 8 University
- 2024 *L'atelier de Création poétique*, Cultural and Artistic Activities (Week of Creation, Spring of Poets) (Bookstore La Malle aux histoires), Le Labo de lettres
- 2009 *21112 gouttes de poésie*, École Aveyron, Le Labo de lettres, Lyon, read at the Croix-Rousse theatre
- 2008 *Les pierres bleues*, collège Jean Vilar, Villeurbane Saint-Jean, Le Labo de lettres
- 2007 *Moissons 07, Char en slam*, Lyon 2 University, Le Labo de lettres
- 2005 *La bête à fables*, « Wednesdays in Lyon », Le Labo de lettres
- 2005 *Mâmi*, mots en âges mets en images, goût, memory and transmission Lyon, Le Labo de lettres
- 2004 *Takaldir*, création soutenue par la Politique de la Ville, Développement Social Urbain, Lyon
- 2003 *Mozaic o' World*, Collection accompanying the expression group of Mozaïc café
- 2000 *Femmes de paroles, L'arbre de vie, Animots*, project *Poésie en forme d'espoir*, Women's Education & Action Centre, schools, continuing education faculty, Montreal, Le Labo de lettres

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG ADULT LITERATURE

- 2024 *Laid comme un pou*, Montrouge, Voix Tissées, Album illust. Morgane Fara, coll. AAA ISBN 978-2-491475-35-2 (40 p)
- 2008 *Pas question! (No way!)* roman ados, Montréal, Trécaré Youth coll.. Intime ISBN : 978-2-89568-412-1 (202 p.)
- 2000 *With the eyes of children* Quebec poetry presented to children « Lili coccinelle », Anthology dir. Henriette Major, Montréal, L'Hexagone/VLB, p.10 (1)

RESEARCH IMPACT**BOOK OF RESEARCH**

- 2026 *The poem is the Method* Unpublished submitted as part of a HDR (Habilitation to Direct Research) at the University of Poitiers
- 1996 *Robert Desnos : Le poème entre temps*, coédition Montréal, XYZ/Lyon, PUL, with the support of the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council of Canada 2-89261-172-5 / ISBN 2-7297-0560-0 (246 p.)

DIRECTION OF RESEARCH

- 2025 *Souffle et délices de la Voix Pour des explorations contemporaines*, direction d'ouvrage Following the study day in June 2022, Cité Internationale, published by Unicité with the support of CHCSC (Univ. de Versailles)/ Institut Charles Cros / Labo de Lettres/ Micro-sillons, ISBN : 978-2-38638-135-5 (243 p.)
- 2011 *La Main, pluriel d'une abstraction sensible*, dir. A. Chitrit Paris, L'Harmattan ISBN : 978-2-296-56528-9 (290p.)

(CHOICE OF PAPERS)

- depuis 2020, chronique de lectures de poésie contemporaine pour la revue Verso
- 2026 *L'œuvre Intermédiale ?*, « L'écriture pour frontières », Latour éditeur
- 2025 « L'interlocutrice, implicitement féminine ? » colloque de Michael Rinn, Marc Bonhomme et Pierre Marillaud sur le thème du "politiquement correct" Montauban
- 2023 *La Méditerranée : histoire, mythes et créations*, Colloque international à Hammamet Tunisie février « Méditerranée : bassin emblématique des sens »
- 2022 *La lenteur* Journées de la Francophonie XXVIe édition « l'épanouissement poétique du temps », visio-conférence, Iasi
- 2020 *Femmes en scène et femmes au théâtre*, « Du poème au corps », actes du colloque : « Du poème au corps », Médiathèque d'Orléans d'Orléans, L'Harmattan
- 2019 *Genre et jouissance*, La performance d'une Langue Mère « Peaufine », « Proust et Desnos : désir et loisir », dir. Catherine Flepp et Nadia Mékouar-Hertzberg, Gradiva - Créations au féminin, 2017, Paris 8/ Sorbonne p. 65-76.
- 2013 *La mauvaise parole*, « Crime de poésie », rencontres d'Albi, *Ibid.*
- 2012 *L'ambiguïté*, « L'ambiguïté : simple promesse ou performance poétique ? », rencontres sémiotiques internationales d'Albi, publication, Presses Universitaires du Mirail, Toulouse
- 2008 *Temps, langages et temporalité* « Poétique du temps : le temps poétique et la parole singulière », *Ibid.*, p.255-262
- 200 *Jabès : l'éclosion des énigmes* « La mémoire et l'éveil », actes du colloque de Cerisy la Salle Presses universitaires de Vincennes, p.211-221
- 2006 *Pôle national de recherche en littérature, IUFM Lyon, la performance poétique et l'atelier écriture et cinéma*
- 2005, *La nuit en question(s)* : « La nuit superlative et ses constellations », colloque de Cerisy, l'Aube, p.143-160
- 2001 *La francophonie sans frontière: une nouvelle cartographie de l'imaginaire au féminin* : « Le chant mère-fille de l'émigrante », actes du colloque de l'Université Concordia, L'Harmattan, Paris, p.537-545
- 2000 *La Peur* : « Baudelaire avait son gouffre », actes du congrès de l'UDM, MNH, Québec, p.69-75
- 2000 X e *Symposium de victimologie* : affiche « Violence et création » Montréal
- 1999 *Le temps* VIe congrès de l'Association européenne de soins palliatifs, Genève, « Créer le temps »
- 1997 *History and Memory* : « Poetry and Holocaust B. Fondane, R. Ertel and E. Jabès », actes du congrès de l'International Society For the Study of European Ideas, *Suffering and Arts*, Bucknell Review, vol. XLII, Nr. 2, p.60-69 Utrecht, Representing the Past. World War II : Memory, History and Critique publié en 2000

1996 *Interférences*, « Les bonheurs contemporains de l'allégorie. La poésie de Philippe Jaccottet », *Protée*, Chicoutimi, Vol. 24, no.2, p.97-102

1996 *Multi-culture Multi-écriture, la voix migrante au féminin*, « Julia Kristeva, exil et appartenance, L'Harmattan, 1 p.73-82

1996 *Écrire la Pauvreté* « Les Pauvres de Rilke », GREF, Toronto, p-225-238

ÉCRITURE SONORE

2026 Podcast Sans filtre au ciné 104, radio haut-parleur (collectif) sur les écrans, avril

2024 « Les enfants océan », « Poème introuvable », (A. Chitrit,) « Aube », « Ophélie » (A.Rimbaud)...

2023 « Noces (extrait) », by *My Joy of Being Alive!* « Aimez-vous la poésie? » Phonurgia Nova, Paris

2022 « Convoi : feu et joie » Grand Railway Concert, Live Music Group GMVL, Lyon

2021 « Tessons Bleus/ le Beau corps d'Ether » musique de Marc Favre, Voix Vives de Sète

2021 « Tabacaria », F. Pessoa, co-réalisation d'une pièce avec Marc Favre, GMVL

2020 « Le jouc des ronces, texte d'Alice Massénat

2020 « Et Vian Passe moi l'éponge (extrait-collectif UPJV)

« Nous les Gueux » Léon Gontran-Damas

Improvisation collective - création, conservatoire

2019 « Exécution : arbres » (hommage à Fondane)

« Escargot » concert pour bebe Bibliothèques d'Est-Ensemble

« Le livre de la Pauvreté et de la Mort » (Lecture de Rilke)

2019 « Dans la gueule du loup » (Hommage à Mandelstam, Urdla, La courte échelle par gros temps

2018 « Un fin courant d'air »

2018 « Oiseau pris au piège des cerises »

2018 « Mind the Gap » Musique mixte, conservatoire

2016 « Pub de-la-loterie-nationale » & « La voix » & « Papier Buvard » de Robert Desnos

2014 « Ce bleu exactement » avec la coopération de Gilles Vrillaux

2001 « Sacs » in *Poème Pour* avec une musique Alexandre St-Onge

RÉSIDENCES D'ÉCRITURE - MASTER CLASSES - INTERVENTIONS

December 2025: "Writing with Birds" - writing and voice workshop as part of the Lille Poetry Market

May to October: Writing residency at the Cerisy la Salle International Cultural Center (FADEL)

April: Multimedia poetry creation, Paris 8 / New Bulgarian University (Innov'Arte)

February-April: Writing residency at the Jules Guedes School, Aubervilliers (CNL)

January: Maison de la Poésie Rhône-Alpes in connection with the Beaubourg exhibition: "Did you say surrealist?"

2024: Collective publications and short films resulting from workshops

Master class, Collège Raymond et Lucie Aubrac, Paris 11th arrondissement

Calligram workshop at the Jewish Library of Montreal

Poets' Spring Festival at nursing homes and the Maison André Breton, Saint-Cirq-Lapopie

2023-24: Residency at the La Soie School in Décines

2023 Master Class at Lycée Saint-Nicolas de la Salle, Issy-Les-Moulineaux, and Averoes private school, Lille (sheets containing poems): "Animots" (silhouettes of children painted in a row, each with their favorite animal and its poem); a bouquet of gloved hands with a collective poem "Mains" (Hands), Maison de la culture Frontenac, Centre d'action et d'éducation des femmes (Women's Action and Education Center), and schools.

Cultural and sports activities in leisure centers, City of Paris, Vitry-sur-Seine; Air France Works Council (since 1979). Certified in Animation (since 1979): Diplomas: DEFA BASE and BAFA, specializing in Earth, Shapes, and Colors

MISSIONS D'ANIMATIONS CULTURELLES

The literature lab has been organizing creative meetings, readings and cultural activities since 1998: workshops in schools, from kindergarten to university, in hospitals, museums, libraries, retirement homes, bookstores, social centers, AJD holiday centers, salons and leisure centers...in Lyon and Rhône-Alpes, in the Paris region and in Montreal.

- — *Do you know the fear of being neither on one side nor the other; of navigating the in-between of the waves of the night that rocks you, unaware of the history contained in the rails that delimit depth and direction: the passage from city to nature, from a language to another ?*
« The Ocean-Child » (« Les enfants océan », *Brouillon des temps*, p.65-67) is an example of this gap illustrated by a use of screen.

Les enfants océan
ont des rives
sous les paupières

où se croisent les cils de leur père et de leur mère.

Ils ont
la couleur des yeux
des aïeux qui n'ont plus que la poussière
pour iriser le temps
tant le temps
a donné ton à la lumière.

Ils ont
des petites cuillères
pour recoiffer
le mystère de leurs cheveux bleus,
noirs ou verts,

ils sont gris aussi, comme le sont parfois les
frontières goudronneuses de
fleurs et de fusils
tellement de guerres,
de rivières et de catastrophes,
tellement tellement tellement
tellement
que l'enfant s'endort
sur son manuel scolaire.
Et il rêve

Les enfants océan ont
des vagues à l'âme sous leur bateau sourire

ils ont des carnets de correspondance
où les pierres poncent d'invisibles signatures

d'une cyber-trêve dont ils ont les manettes

— circonflexes —

dont ils ont les manettes
— la mèche en accent grave —

dont ils ont les manettes
— ça y est, j'ai marqué !
dont ils ont les manettes

quand les rêves meurent
de l'autre côté de l'écran
comme des enfants.

— Pas besoin de sursauter.

The eyelids of
an Ocean-Child
hide sandy shores
where the lashes of her mother's eyes
rise to take in her father's.

Her own eyes get their colour from
that of her ancestors
for whom henceforth only motes of dust
can lightly shine
on the light
of time

She wields
wee forks
to untangle
the mysteries of her hair, whether blue
or black,

or green
or even grey,
as grey as the dead dead asphalt is, on
the borders of blooms and guns
—so many wars,
so many rivers and catastrophes—
so many so many so much and so heavy
that the child's head falls

asleep
upon her books.

And she dreams a dream.
The boat-shaped smile of the Ocean-Child
hides a soul-load — a soul full— of longing
she has notebooks
filled with missives
where pumice-stones polish unseen signatures

calling for a cyber-truce
with Ocean-Child at the controls
Ocean-Child running the show
Ocean-Child the boss of all

— Yippee! I win!
She's king of all things now...

And so, when and if the dreams come to die
on the far side of a screen

— as children sometimes are known to do—

No need to be startled. No need, no need.

- Around the book *Peaufine* (Thin-Skinned) tales around the taste in english, french, arabic...

- Wish I were fruit :

to live within a skin
a skin surrounding and caressing

*Être un fruit
pour la caresse
d'une peau
qui nous entoure*

Wish I were fruit :

the lush flesh clutching
a persistent heart

*Être un fruit
contre la carcasse*

Wish I were fruit :

to shift their taste buds
and confuse their tongue

*des mots
que l'on savoure*

Wish I were fruit :

to be peeled to within
a sliver of a lip

*Être un fruit
pour épeler
la langue quitte à
déranger le bon goût
être un fruit*

Wish I were fruit :

to have made my way
from the bowels of the earth

pour être

*pelée jusques aux commissures
et néanmoins surgi de toutes
les entrailles de la nature
être un fruit pour créer du
désir*

Wish I were fruit :

to awaken desire
and watch it flower

*et le savoir mûrir
parfois même sous nos yeux*

Wish I were fruit :

I'd let them take me
by surprise

*Être un fruit
pour le plaisir d'être
surpris par l'autre*

Flush up under the skin

shamelessly pushes the lusty flesh
and yet

in the bubbling laughter of a steadfast love

it bows before each sense in turn

forever wishing to create one more

Et sous la peau microcosmique

*s'autoriser la chair
dans l'immense*

respect de tous les sens

et dans le rire

amoureux et fidèle

toujours

d'en construire un.

A presentation

https://youtu.be/KhoWNeNIJ_k Kiwi (3 min.)

<https://youtu.be/kEwEkjeTbuA> (35')

KIWI

Derrière la lumière des paupières,
on a pondé un kiwi fruit,
tranché ses deux pupilles claires
Sous son tapis gris, à l'envers
un jardin de grains de beauté
rayonne vert et parfumé
comme des groseilles en hiver.
Vois ces soleils rondouillots
dispenser la nuit comme un cri
Kiwi Kiwi Kiwi

MANGUE

Sa fermeté et sa promesse
tiennent dans la main
comme une fesse
sous sa paupière parfumée,
elle ouvre un œil de géant
délicatement blanc.

POIRE

Elle a la forme d'un espoir
Elle a pas d'peau la poire
Elle se sucre le corps
et nous refait l'histoire
des plaisirs de la porte
%%%

La chair en est soyeuse
qui tant absorbe et absorbée
que le pépin cogite
%%%

« pas d'peau la poire »
glisse sur les commissures
entre le sucre et l'or
%%%

Car tout doit disparaître
Ni peau ni poire
Ni chagrin

Ni mémoire.

KIWI

Within the shady spaces hid,
behind the slow-dropping eyelid,
a kiwi round is born;
the slice reveals its pupils clear.
Inside, beneath a furry skin,
a garden full of freckles, seeds
fan out in green and perfumed beams.
These plump little gooseberries,
these little winter suns,
scatter the darkness of night
with a cry like a bird in flight:
Ki-wii! ki-wii! ki-wii!

MANGO

Its density and promise
can be cupped in your palm
like a cheek
Beneath a perfumed eyelid
its vast eye will widen.
So delicately white

THE PEAR

The all but skinless pear
has curves akin to those of hope
It sweetens its own body
And calls us time and time again
To the frolic that leads to our bliss
Its flesh is as raw silk;
is so absorbent, and absorbed
that the pip ponders:
“Skinless is the pear...”
and slips at the lips
between sweetness and gold
It all must disappear:
Skin, Pear,
Grief,
and its memory.

FRAMBOISE

Elle impose un léger silence
 sous le regard que la langue devance
 tantôt lamelle tantôt mamelle
 Pousse le téton de l'intérieur
 essaime du giron la fraîcheur
 framboise, roses papilles, ô grand bonheur
 les ronces ont cru mûrir ton cœur
 Elle fond déjà entre vos doigts

ANANAS

Ça goûte le soleil de midi
 comme les écailles d'un serpent
 Ça tête le jus de chaque pli
 Ça taille tout un bruit dans l'image
 planqué sous les lignes du temps
 C't' un truc pour ne pas tourner la page
 Lettres aux rayons de symétrie,
 derrière ce vitrail sans lumière
 livrez-moi l'or de ma folie!
 Sous cette écorce pleine de sable
 jusqu'au miroir de son nombril
 la bouche hésite près du tronc clair.
 Ô, palme veuve de son fruit!

LA BANANE

Capable de toutes les horreurs
 capables de toutes les bontés
 la banane est là
 hiver comme été
 Qu'elle quittât son régime
 pour lancer sa jarretière
 en toute intimité
 Sous son kilt écossais
 elle changeait votre frousse en lait
 glissait où vous vouliez
 Et puis de tout son corps baisée
 elle vous laissait dehors
 sans plus rêver
 Vous le saviez, vous l'écrasiez,
 vous la laissiez vous chatouiller
 et vous faisiez semblant
 de ne pas savoir, vous, bon vivant
 du pays noir, toujours en blanc,
 vous lui disiez de continuer
 Vous l'auriez voulu sans histoire,
 sans continent, pourtant elle était là
 hiver comme été
 capable de toutes les horreurs
 capable de toutes les bontés
 Il eût fallu qu'elle sache
 encore plus toujours mieux
 s'écraser
 Vous qui la désiriez
 plutôt flambée.

RASPBERRY

The berry very briefly forbids speech:
 the tongue far swifter than the eye
 Half mushroom gill, half mother's tit
 The coolness swarming from its womb
 popping the nipple inside out
 You rosy berry, taste bud, peerless joy
 The brambles had fancied they ripened your heart
 It melted almost at your touch

PINEAPPLE

The taste is of the noonday heat
 So like a serpent's scales
 It suckles juice from every fold
 It pares a loud sound into pictures
 Staked out beneath the line of time
 A trick... so as not to turn the page
 Letters with rays of symmetry
 behind an unlit stained glass pane,
 Hand over the gold of my folly!
 Beneath this bark-crust choked with sand
 To the depth of the mirror of its navel
 The mouth will hesitate at the clear
 heart
 Ô palm leaf, widowed of your fruit

BANANA

All horrors are within her scope—
 all kindness too.
 She the banana, steadfast
 through the seasons
 She may well quit the family stem :
 She'll fling her garter off,
 embrace intimacy.
 Beneath her Scottish kilt
 she turned your fears to milk
 and slipped where she was bid.
 And when her flesh was fully kissed
 she left us cast aside
 all dreams undone
 You know it; yet you mashed her
 You allowed all of the teasing.
 And you pretended
 Not to know. You, the sybarite come
 from the darklands, how whitely you
 ordered her
 to carry on
 You would have wished her free of history
 Without a continent; yet there she was
 Steadfast throughout the seasons.
 All horrors are within her scope—
 all kindness too.
 You wished to see her crushed, crushed
 further and forever
 And this although you loved better
 Bananas flambé

L'OIGNON

L'oignon ne ferait plus pleurer personne
 si sous le silence des pelures
 ne se planquaient ouates et fards
 du blanc des neiges aux gerçures
 De faux soleils en couches successives
 dont le néant filmait déjà l'usure
 couvaient cet œil nombril et translucide
 tassant jadis toujours les fermetures
 Et sous le cuivre astiqué des sondages
 sans trop chercher on le voyait reluire
 flanquer des larmes aux célestes orages
 clair et glacé l'oignon, il va sans dire!
 Pour qu'il revint dans la lumière
 fondante
 combler le ciel du palais déglacé
 se fixait l'âme d'un couteau bien rasé
 contre les larmes épelées du papier.

POIVRON

Rouges et luisantes,
 pelées, pendantes
 dans les cours intérieures,
 les années perdues,
 sans regard,
 et cet ail,
 au bout des doigts mouillés,
 fraîchement écrasé,
 cherche peintre ou palette,
 prend l'odeur en lambeaux
 pour un poivron épais
 arraché aux lèvres du pinceau.
 Un coin de tablier
 caresse au bord des tempes
 l'odeur fondante
 de la langue et du temps,
 tâte le monde et retrousse sa chair
 comme un éclat rouge sur fond rouge
 comme un éclat rouge sur fond rouge
 comme un éclat rouge sur fond rouge
 rouge,
 humide
 et bientôt en
 allé.

ONIONS

Onions would draw our tears no more
 were it not for the facepaint and the
 cotton wool
 tucked in among the silence of its
 skins

Chapped as lips, and white as snow
 False suns, tight in their serial rows
 cradling its core, wrapping its lucent
 eye
 Easy for us to see its icy glow
 as it forces tears from the stormy skies
 Before they could roll over in the
 melting light
 What was needed was the soul of a
 sharpened knife
 Its blade coming hard up against
 The onion paper's peeling tears

RED PEPPER

Red and gleaming
 peeled, suspending
 in the inner courtyards closed
 The mislaid years
 The sightless cook
 The garlic
 freshly crushed
 adhering to damp fingertips
 Is seeking painter or palette
 and takes the ragged fragrance
 for the compactness of capsicum
 ripped from the brush's lips
 A finger in the apron's hem
 sops from the temples
 the melting scent
 of tongue, and time;
 palpates the world, raises a skirt
 of flesh
 a glossy red over a dimmer one
 a silky red over a matter one
 a lustrous red over a flatter one
 It is humid
 Humid and soon gone.

CORNICHON

Quand un rien
 nous fait saliver
 dans le va-et-vient
 du plaisir
 tel un hamac
 encanaillé
 où flottent les
 chairs à venir
 nichons les corps à
 croquer
 sans leur
 encombrante moiteur
 dans le sommeil disséminé
 des mailles qui chantent à l'aigreur
 Ce rêve étiré sans un muscle
 cet infaillible bercement
 plongé dans la langue du silence
 l'herbe et rugueuse transparence
 que l'intérieur fait déborder.



GHERKINS

When pleasure's tender
 seesaw
 has our mouths awash
 at will
 like a hammock slung,
 a hammock slumming
 and swaying the
 floating flesh to
 coming
 we will nestle these
 succulent bodies here

—not burdened they by clammy skin—
 in the disseminating mesh of sleep
 a mesh so bitter, so sweet, that it squeaks
 Unaided by muscle this dream extends
 —this cradle at least will not fail us—
 then diving into silent tongues
 comes the rough and grassy transparency
 The dream brims over from the force within

MELONS

C'est une chanson que le melon,
 chanson qui tourne dans la tête:
 « Melons,
 melons de Cavaillon! »
 La mèche vierge
 au béret verte
 casse
 et la cage parfumée,
 ouvre son antre
 comme farce :
 ce sont des barques sans pagaies!
 Dans tous les quartiers
 chaleureux,
 tendres, juteux et
 parfumés,
 « Melons, melons de
 Cavaillon!
 où se répète chèrement
 la lune claire comme un enfant
 et la chanson du gondolier :
 « ah! les melons de
 Cavaillons! »

MELONS

It bursts at the seams like a song
 a song going round like a carousel
 “Muskmelons, honeydews, cool
 watermelons too!”

The virgin wick atop its cap
 breaks off; the perfumed cage
 splits its sides as at a joke :
 Here are canoes; yet no paddles in
 sight!

Herein are clearly mirrored
 the moon, clear-faced as a child
 and the song of the little gondolier :
 “Muskmelons, honeydews, cool
 watermelons too!”
 From each warm quarter comes the
 call
 —the tender, juicy, fragrant
 call—
 “Muskmelons, honeydews,
 cool watermelons too!”

Armelle CHITRIT

A literary/artistic portfolio including texts, visuals and/or link

« POUR TOI, LA VIE » FUTURE OF THE NATURE POETRY
AS A WAY TO CELEBRATE LIFE OUT OF TIME OUT OF
this poem (translated into english and others
languages) is turning like a planet (translated into
english and others languages)

Performed with jongle too.
MIND THAT TWO VIDEOS FOLLOWING SHOW ON
PERFORMANCE :
<https://youtu.be/MIv0aC8MQcg>
https://youtu.be/zSR6e_ZBa1M

LA VIE SANS ÂGE

Je me souviens de ma planète
de sa forêt amazonienne
aux sons de flûtes, aux torrents fous,
jusqu'aux genoux des grandes plaines
déversant leurs petits cailloux...
Et du haut des sentiers de crêtes,
je m'envolais comme les oiseaux,
pour une étoile dans ta tête
j'attrapais un poisson dans l'eau,
un papillon sur tes paupières...
Souviens-toi qui, après l'orage,
frappait tes veines jusqu'au cœur
pour partager comme un mirage
l'arc-en-ciel des cent mille fleurs
et célébrer chaque brin d'herbe...
Je faisais la pluie et le vent,
agitais l'arbre dans ta tête
soufflais le sable entre tes doigts,
rampais dans l'or de tous les temps,
longtemps avant que tu y sois...
Je suis la vie, la vie sans âge,
fragile et fière entre tes bras,
qui fredonnais à l'infini
sous le ciel de tous les partages
cette chanson : pour toi, la vie.

LIFE OUT OF TIME OUT OF MIND

Comes fresh to mind, the planet then
the forests of the Amazon
its flying flutes, its torrents wild
its plains knee-deep in rustling winds
flinging cascades of tiny stones...
From paths along the sky-high crests
I took to flight as birds to song
for one star floating in your mind
I'd snag a fish from flowing streams
butterflies settling on your lips...
Remember who, after the storm
thrummed through your veins to hold
your heart
to share, as mirages are shared
the rainbows of a million blooms
and celebrate each blade of green...
'Twas I who fashioned wind and rain
who shook the tree-limbs in your brain
who blew the sands through fingertips
who crawled through gold of eras gone
so long before you thought to come...
Yes, Life am I, Life out of Time
fragile and proud in your embrace
I hummed and sang infinite songs
under the giving, sharing skies
songs that said: Life. Is. Yours. To. Hold.

https://soundcloud.com/user-261393322/tlemcen-la-nostalgie-de-linconnu-franco-arabe/s-qMIPi?si=d86f40504abb4d5bbe7e1aa4df38cd3c&utm_source=clipboard&utm_medium=text&utm_campaign=social_sharing

Last festival (Bleu Metropolis Bleu in Montreal) someone had red the translations in english

<https://youtu.be/4kkwnN4TZkY> Extrait de Fruitdafruilk (YD Gallery , Neuchâtel, Switzerland)

<https://youtu.be/SVgXtsvjU0I> Festival, Orléans

<https://youtu.be/gfFgZNmoXIU> a graphic poem-fruit : « Poivron »

<https://youtu.be/dkA7GTUjoO8> a kinemoem « Les Cerises »

This book *Peaufine* was also notified by a paper in the Europe review (cf. « Dossier de Presse »)

As a poet and sound artist, I would like to present an 8-minute piece based on Ossip Mandelstam¹, who also inspired my collection *Ma joie d'être en vie (My Joy of Being Alive)*.

To listen: <https://damedespoemes.fr/musiques-concretes-mandelstam-dans-la-gueule-du-loup/>

лишив меня морей, разбега и разлета
И дав стопе упор насильственной земли,
Чего добились вы?
Блестящего расчета:
Губ шевелящихся отнять вы не могли.

*Deprived of the seas and the horizon, and of flight,
Reduced to the space of a shoebox.
What have you achieved?
You have not taken these lips that move².*

These verses are the leitmotif of this piece, which also praises memorization as a form of resistance, regardless of the threats and attacks that would silently make us give up this freedom. It is a tribute to Mandelstam, a 20th-century poet who was arrested, tortured, exiled, interned, and who finally died of starvation and exhaustion in a camp in Siberia. The couplets he wrote against Stalin had the effect of “a stick of dynamite.” His poetry, banned in the Soviet Union, was passed on to us through his wife and friends who learned it by heart.

Using breath to sketch the body, far from any aesthetic expectation, and through the repetition of the text, searching for a glimmer, a tremor.

From the ear to the voice, a music takes shape, perhaps a skin, something that allows to see, feel, breathe unknowingly along a trajectory where I wish to embody and share the delight of a certain “knowing by heart,” nourished by poetry.

Then, through the impulses of a gradual clearing, letting the word resonate until finding the one that will bring forth the image, and then the poem itself, in the language of the other — that language so intimately bound to “this living body³.”

Otherness feeds on this pleasure, and sustained by enough love, we begin to acquire a taste for the poem that unfolds between words, between moments, between people — like a wave, a vibration.

This happens against all hope: from wondering at the unknown, we become aware of what is traced within us when we speak; of what unravels from one century to the next; of all that is set into play when we open and attune ourselves to what can be savored.

Bringing words to life outside the realm of speculation is riskier than you might think. Among the possibilities for vocalization, where meaning will feed inflections, the simplest and most rigorous reading is for many the first choice. Reading for the text alone: making the silences heard, the typographical layout is already a scene spanning from the courtyard to the garden.

¹ 1891-1938, eminent Russian poet, essayist and translator

² Translated by A. Chitrit

³ As Lacan does not separate the tongue and the language by the typographic hyphen

Dans la gueule du loup, an acousmatic piece combining voices with the Russian poetry of Osip Mandelstam, aims to multiply the beauty of the world, including caricature.

This *simple promise* is articulated in the silence of a path perpetuating its tribute to the poet.

How can we create a space that bears witness to this, if not by affirming that “There is a world between worlds on which words are based; the world of poetry... A time between times to push back the limits of what can be said. A time when the sublime returns, finds expression in the voice of the poet, poetry and words thus making this time between times perceptible”.⁴

Research

As an essayist, drawing the theory from my dissertation, I realize the poetic enunciation as a phenomena that I continue to explore in several works (History and Memory : Suffering and arts/ Writing as boundaries »...When talking about surface structure and deep structure in linguistics, we have not yet taken into account the time that has worked to multiply the sensory circuits mixing all the layers of our being.

It is not so much a question of analyzing these circuits as of identifying them in order to find the interplay, in other words, the freedom. It is only on this condition that testimony can be received as an experience that has been had, to be had and had again, and why not played out, based on the poem. This experience allows us to accept the silence and the gaps within language itself, and to explore what is at play at the intersection of knowledge that transforms our representations.

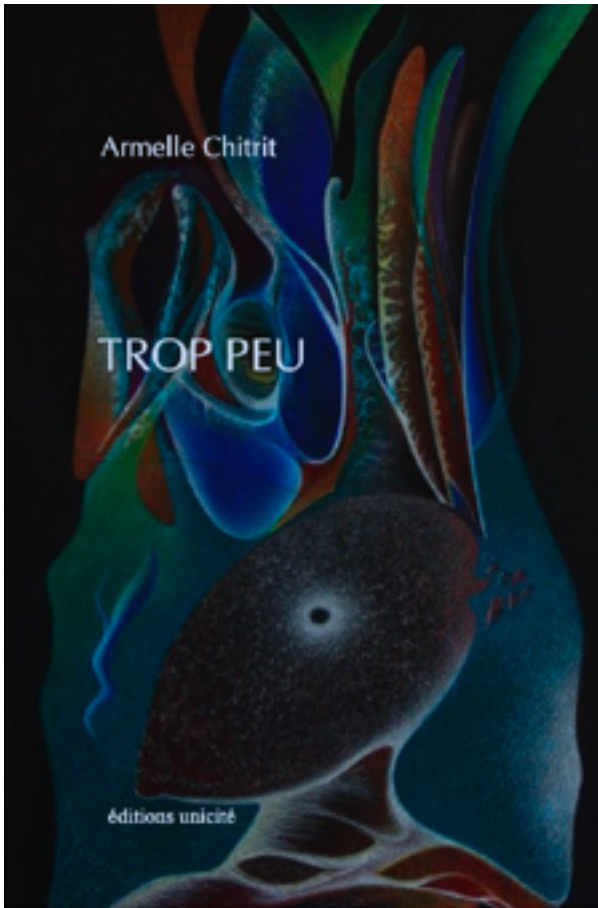
Grasping the emancipatory aims in and through commentary is a way to summon this *Border-Interlocutor*. An intersubjective trajectory then emerges, charged with multiple and contradictory sensations, revealing its riches and its flaws.

The creative process: poetic, sonic, visual, theatrical, digital, choreographic ; storytelling, fable, autofiction, calligram, object-poem; vocal performance, spatial arrangement. For example: Dancing the poem at Lafontaine School. Haikus, alexandrines, Adodalex! Desnos for Ardor, Hands and Paths, Alchemy of Landscape, Takaldir (urban politics), Aveyron Does Its Circus, Poetry in the Form of Hope, Presentation of the World March workshops, Frontenac Cultural Center, Montreal. "Wall of Words": a polystyrene wall surmounted by three giant silhouettes of women, filled with words on puzzle pieces. "The Tree of Life" (life-size polystyrene with leaves bearing poems). "Animots": silhouettes of children painted in a row, each with their favorite animal bearing their poem; a bouquet of gloved hands with a collective poem "Hands", Maison de la culture Frontenac, schools, The Women's Action and Education Centre.

- For children my juggled poems : (please copy the link)
<https://youtube.com/shorts/pL0r5QIILpQ?si=wmJu2Z-Xy5C7akkN>
- sound experimentation with people including children <https://youtu.be/8v1d2irZtMs>
<https://youtu.be/kaiT8hGe1dw> Escargot
- blue colour experimentation <https://youtu.be/hblCFGme0nI> « Ce bleu exactement »

⁴ Armelle Chitrit, *Robert Desnos, Le Poème entre temps*, Montreal XYZ and Presses Universitaires de Lyon

•Recent publications



Trop peu

Trop peu nous
sépare de l'autre,
nous /
sommes d'une
même étoffe de
rêve./
La beauté qui inclut
l'invisible vient /
nous
chercher là où nous
n'attendions rien./
La nature nous
informe d'une
altérité dont/
les contours parfois changent nos appétits./
Parmi les transformations, est-il possible de/
connaître le meilleur sous le signe du
poème ?

Au buffle

Au buffle qui se croit libre,
au buffle qui est si robuste,
au buffle serviable et doux,
au buffle capturé et asservi,
on inflige des coups.

ISBN 978-2-38638-308-3

Too little

**Too little separates us from the other; we
are made of the same stuff of dreams.
Beauty, which includes the invisible, comes
to
find us where we least expect it.
Nature informs us of an otherness whose
contours sometimes alter our appetites.
Among these transformations, is it possible
to
know the best under the sign of the
poem?**

To the buffalo

**To the buffalo that believes itself free,
to the buffalo that is so robust,
to the helpful and gentle buffalo,
to the captured and enslaved buffalo,
blows are inflicted.**



- **Playing the poem**

My work as an artist is to feel what is in this place, to take my side and to translate it by the breath of this situation that has caused and continues its elaboration. as close as possible to myself and in the double perspective of my relationship to this object and to the public that I must find it. The poem fertilizes a dialogue from which readings arise - staging, sounds, signs and movement - So many hypotheses experienced by performances - from research to creation. Thus entering a world of words also means consenting to unforeseen sensations, disturbing formulations whose objective may seem incongruous.

[Video excerpts from the show https://youtu.be/-nBpyBIjreo](https://youtu.be/-nBpyBIjreo) translation as subtitles following :

Playing the poem is a living art that can give body to language with the roundness of its alliterations, the silent fullness of its ellipses

There is of course the look that beyond the public meets the invisible, providential interlocutor

« Transparency Fresh whose limestone has taken the pink hues of our hands like a scallop where the secrets of the sea fall"

It is good that the tongue is savored. Gestures make the accessible an object of conflict for the hands that go about it.

Movements such as light are perceptible only for dance or painting that transposes it by touch, break, crescendo. So the interpreter is a locomotive, a captain who, like the Storeler, creates the magic of a bubble to make us hear the unheard, make us appear unsuspected areas where witnessing everything becomes possible with his effort of truth.

... make voices heard that make sense.

Whisper again so that this breath becomes the only light in the darkness (Bags)

Give the taste of learning, play the poem between the singular of its form, its universe, its voice, and the multiplicity of its dialogue with the arts, but also with the public

What the body can constrain and release energy, what words surround themselves with inhabited silence.

Comes fresh to mind, the planet then
the forests of the Amazon
its flying flutes, its torrents wild
its plains knee-deep in rustling winds
flinging cascades of tiny stones...

From paths along the sky-high crests
I took to flight as birds to song
for one star floating in your mind
I'd snag a fish from flowing streams
butterflies settling on your lips...

Remember who, after the storm
thrummed through your veins to hold your
heart

to share, as mirages are shared
the rainbows of a million blooms
and celebrate each blade of green...

'Twas I who fashioned wind and rain
who shook the tree-limbs in your brain
who blew the sands through fingertips
who crawled through gold of eras gone
so long before you thought to come...

Yes, Life am I, Life out of Time
fragile and proud in your embrace
I hummed and sang infinite songs
under the giving, sharing skies
songs that said: Life is Yours to Hold.

Meditation and mediation around *Ma joie d'être en vie (My Joy of Being Alive)*

My poetic performance opens to transmission in reverberate this hypothesis as a trajectory of saying and hearing the poem out loud. I plan to let it sound. Feeling to begin with the Yoga. To marvel to be alive, and of all the simple and poetic possibilities of weaving (tisser?), as light as possible, this relationship to the world.

Practice the exercise of translating and transposing to communicate the energy of this feeling by that way to write with voice. But above all, to see something else and to be able to transmit it without the technique ever reducing the gesture or the gesture to a mechanic; repeat again and again, so that all this flourishes. And that holds.

The walker then comes out of his solitary drama. He swears that the poem, this artifact, fell on him in a very providential way. For now impossible for him to turn away from this voice from which emanates this music whose tongue rocks him. You yourself, can you hear it?

The Interlocutor breaks the finitude of the poem as soon as he finds it. I then undertake to read the message that is very potentially addressed to me.

In 1996, I wrote a poem: "I would like to be a beggar," as the only possibility of "[me] stand at the bottom of [m]on torment."

During the workshop Chewing the air: (I have been enjoying the work of light for ten years, twenty years and more...)

Can you listen to the versions of the poem in several languages these I bring for you and start to try :

I'm given a body — what to do with thee,
So much unique, so much belong to me?

For the quiet happiness to breathe and live
My gratefulness — to whom it shall I give?

I'm a gardener and I'm a flower as well,
I'm not alone in th' earthly prison cell.

And all my breath and warmth lay already
Down on the window glass of eternity.

The pattern that will be imprinted there
From recent times you will not find elsewhere.

The mud of th' instant let be gone to waste,

The cherished pattern will be not erased⁵.

Ce corps vivant, c'est le mien?
Unique au monde, à moi seule !

Mon souffle tranquille, ma joie d'être en vie
Peut-on savoir à qui dire merci ?

Fleur au jardin, jardins en fleurs
Je ne suis donc pas seule là-dedans

Ma chaleur tout aussi captive
mord à ce givre indélébile.

Que de l'instant s'écoule la vase
De l'être à l'autre, NE FAIT TABLE RASE⁶

As a poet and sound artist, I propose to the groups to share this following sound piece with the possibility of listen to translations and invitation to transposition as a creative moment.

Next time, in June, I am invited to do it at Poesiæuropa (Italy). The event offers a reflection on humanistic culture starting from the voices of poetry, with the goal to reconsider the value of our humanistic and spiritual roots and build visions for the future together. In 2026, the project will reach its **eighth edition** and involve fellows (students, scholars, and authors) from different countries taking part in a special school. The school will be held on Isola Polvese on Lake Trasimeno (Perugia), Italy, on the border between Umbria and Tuscany, **from June 3 to 6, 2026 (four full days)**, and will consist of various events : lectio magistralis ; dialogue forum; workshops; panels with presentations of the fellows' work; readings.

I'll read and play several other electroacoustic pieces featuring sound overlays that reveal the similarities and differences within the same poem. This allows me to articulate a certain expertise in language with the necessity of its fundamental, sonorous, primitive, and imaginative play, which since the dawn of time has been composed of the discontinuity and otherness of its enunciation. Translation is a privileged field of experience for understanding what language does. But in order to translate well, it is essential to think about

⁵ 1909 (transl. 15 May 2015 by Smirnov-Sadovsky

⁶ Transl. by Armelle Chtirit, *Ma joie d'être en vie*, éditions Unicité, 2023

language, what it is made of, how it works. Practice and theory respond to each other, criticize each other, and continually enrich each other. Drawing on this exchange and this tension, I refer once again to Meschonnic⁷ to explain my approach to this endeavor in the translation of several poems by Mandelstam, or of Lawrence's monologue in *Romeo and Juliet*, which I undertook to translate (and adapt) for the purposes of my work as an actress.

As a poet first and foremost, I feel compelled to show how poetic inspiration and vitality can be shared through this work of writing-translation.

- **SOUND and poetry**

Mandelstam inspired me an electroacoustic piece « Dans la gueule du loup » included extracts of these three poems of mine as ECHOES FROM THE FUTURE are translated in english, chinese, and several others languages

...

I would like to present an 8-minute piece based on Ossip Mandelstam⁸, who also inspired my collection *Ma joie d'être en vie (My Joy of Being Alive)*.

Bringing words to life outside the realm of speculation is riskier than you might think.

Among the possibilities for vocalization, where meaning will feed inflections, the simplest and most rigorous reading is for many the first choice. Reading for the text alone: making the silences heard, the typographical layout is already a scene spanning from the courtyard to the garden.

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лишив меня морей, разбега и разлета
И дав стопе упор насильственной земли,
Чего добились вы?
Блестящего расчета:
Губ шевелящихся отнять вы не могли.

*Deprived of the seas and the horizon, and of flight,
Reduced to the space of a shoebox.
What have you achieved?
You have not taken these lips that move⁹.*

These verses are the leitmotif of this piece, which also praises memorization as a form of resistance, regardless of the threats and attacks that would silently make us give up this freedom. It is a tribute to Mandelstam, a 20th-century poet who was arrested, tortured, exiled, interned, and who finally died of starvation and exhaustion in a camp in Siberia. The couplets he wrote against Stalin had the effect of “a stick of dynamite.” His poetry, banned in the Soviet Union, was passed on to us through his wife and friends who learned it by heart.

How can we create a space that bears witness to this, if not by affirming that “There is a world between worlds on which words are based; the world of poetry... A time between times to push back

⁷ Ibidem

⁸ 1891-1938, eminent Russian poet, essayist and translator

⁹ Translated by A. Chetrit

the limits of what can be said. A time when the sublime returns, finds expression in the voice of the poet, poetry and words thus making this time between times perceptible".¹⁰

When talking about surface structure and deep structure in linguistics, we have not yet taken into account the time that has worked to multiply the sensory circuits mixing all the layers of our being. It is not so much a question of analyzing these circuits as of identifying them in order to find the interplay, in other words, the freedom. It is only on this condition that testimony can be received as an experience that has been had, to be had and had again, and why not played out, based on the poem. This experience allows us to accept the silence and the gaps within language itself, and to explore what is at play at the intersection of knowledge that transforms our representations. Grasping the emancipatory aims in and through commentary is a way to summon this *Border-Interlocutor*. An intersubjective trajectory then emerges, charged with multiple and contradictory sensations, revealing its riches and its flaws.

« Cela s'arrête là » Human being and violence

In the tradition of the ancient Greek chorus, Armelle Chitrit's « It stops here » is a poem in two voices. It was written for the film "De l'ombre à la lumière," a documentary by Lise Bonenfant which allows women who have suffered conjugal violence to take control of their lives through artistic expression. The first part of the poem stages the recognition of violence; the second voices anger and resistance; and the third offers a message of hope for women who live with violence. Although the poem does not suppress the terms of violence, it shows that through language and symbol women can refuse sacrifice and break the cycle by which violence returns again and again to haunt them. In this way, the poem generates a sense of solidarity and an opening onto the world.

I

En creux de cette histoire
Il y en a beaucoup d'autres
— Et dire que ça pourrait s'arrêter là —
qui ne s'écrivent pas
Notre mémoire est un désert
où la question trace
— Et dire que ça pourrait s'arrêter là —
une absence de fin

(...) Published In Tessera, Toronto :

<https://doi.org/10.25071/1923-9408.25202>

Dernièrement en résidence en Normandie dans un refuge d'oiseaux, je les ai enregistrés pour entamer la réécriture du mythe du « langage des oiseaux » selon le poète soufi du 12^e s. Attar. Le personnage phare de la huppe exhorte ses semblables à la recherche d'un monde meilleur. Après bien des hésitations, les oiseaux partent à 30 000 mais ils arrivent à 30 pour s'apercevoir après maintes épreuves qu'ils sont reliés par un même fil. Grâce à leur solidarité, ils forment un seul oiseau, celui-là, même qui fonde leur royauté et leur solidarité. Tout au long des sept vallées, ils s'étaient mis en quête du meilleur. Ma réécriture fait le parallèle entre cette traversée des épreuves inattendues et la quête de Soi dans le processus créateur.

- At The Cultural Center of Cerisy la-Salle (Last summer) :
Jean Cocteau by Armelle Chitrit <https://youtu.be/od45BKItHTQ>

¹⁰ Armelle Chitrit, *Robert Desnos, Le Poème entre temps*, Montreal XYZ and Presses Universitaires de Lyon

- Others creative SOUND POEMS

- 2026 Podcast Sans filtre radio Haut-parleur (collectif) sur les écrans, avril et mai au ciné 104, Pantin
- 2024 « Les enfants océan », « Poème introuvable », (A. Chitrit,) « Aube », « Ophélie » (A. Rimbaud)...
- 2023 « Noces (extrait) », d'après *Ma joie d'être en vie* / « Aimez-vous la poésie? » Phonurgia Nova, Paris
- 2022 « Convoi : feu et joie » Grand concert ferroviaire, Groupe des Musiques Vivantes GMVL, Lyon
- 2021 « Tessons Bleus/ le Beau corps d'Ether » musique de Marc Favre, Voix Vives de Sète
- 2021 « Tabacaria », F. Pessoa, co-réalisation d'une pièce avec Marc Favre, GMVL
- 2020 « Le jouc des ronces, texte d'Alice Massénat
- 2020 « Et Vian Passe moi l'éponge (extrait-collectif UPJV)
« Nous les Gueux » Léon Gontran-Damas
Improvisation collective - création, conservatoire
- 2019 « Exécution : arbres » (hommage à Fondane)
« Escargot » concert pour bebe Bibliothèques d'Est-Ensemble
« Le livre de la Pauvreté et de la Mort » (Lecture de Rilke)
- 2019 « Dans la gueule du loup » (Hommage à Mandelstam, Urdla, La courte échelle par gros temps
- 2018 « Un fin courant d'air »
- 2018 « Oiseau pris au piège des cerises »
- 2018 « Mind the Gap » Musique mixte, conservatoire
- 2016 « Pub de-la-loterie-nationale » & « La voix » & « Papier Buvard » de Robert Desnos
- 2014 « Ce bleu exactement » avec la coopération de Gilles Vrillaux
- 2001 « Sacs » in Poème Pour avec une musique Alexandre St-Onge

SHORTS FILMS- INSTALLATIONS -PERFORMANCES (EXTRAITS)

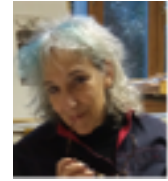
- 2024 "Kinépoèmes" exposition Olympire Galerie 60adada, Saint-Denis Ophélie ou de Rimbaud Aube
- 2022 Sans souffrir un jour, exposition Sœurnières, Paris 20e
- 2018 La vie sans âge (Armelle Chitrit) et "Le chat" de Baudelaire videodanse, par Miki Fijima
- 2009 Kiwi, Poivrons Premiers Kinépoèmes
- 2007 Vadrouilles encor-sages », 2m X 2m, exposition Renoué, Trame de soi, Musée de l'imprimerie de Lyon
- 2006 Foi d'animal !, Bibliothèque de la Part Dieu, Lecture suivie d'un atelier
- 2006 Les origines du Vivant / Les animaux sources de l'art, Label Bêtes Musée des Confluences, Lyon
- 2005 Poivrons, Ananas, La grande roue, Poem as image, bois, encre, papier, The Studiony, Armonk, New York
- 2004 Imaginaire et bêtes de sable, Exposition Sable, Muséum, Lyon; -Musée d'histoire naturelle/ confluences
- 2004 « Pomme d'amour », 20X20, algues, Braille et tissus, Four, Trame de soi, Textiles gourmands
- 2004 IT et Le livre blanc de la douleur », 20X20X20 et 10cmX15cm, Tissu Papier, Trame de soi, Cray
- 2004 Poème pour abat-jour, poèmes-objets, voix, lumière, Nuit numérique, centre international de Cerisy
- 2003 Délices de quartier, Balades urbaines, Musée Gadagne / Journées européennes du patrimoine
- 2003 Panier Bio, Théâtre d'ombre, centre culturel international Cerisy la salle
- 2002 « Le pas qui mène aux autres pas », exposition, Figures d'absence, l'Ovale 203, Lyon
- 2001 « Voyage dans les livres », calligramme, L'âme Art, vitrine, Montréal
- 1998 Sentiers pour le creux de l'oreille diaporama en amorce à toutes les rencontres de création

- my GRAPHIC Poetry / The POEM AS IMAGE

????Je revendique l'écriture comme un artisanat, ce qui m'attire vers les pays où ces traditions ne sont pas éteintes. Le poème est pour moi aussi cet artisanat qui passe par le geste d'écrire qui est aussi un geste de dessin, de calligraphie tout autant que conceptuel. On connaît beaucoup Apollinaire, mais il s'agit de traditions bien plus anciennes, communes à beaucoup de cultures. Pour ma part, je suis dans une exploration systématique de la graphie et de la couleur des caractères. Mon but n'est pas tant décoratif. Je veux surtout que le poème surgisse aussi comme un objet à travers ça, qu'il fasse partie de notre réalité. C'est très exigeant pour que ce soit simple à regarder, notamment sur le fait que la forme puisse émaner du fond et inversement.

I champion poetic writing as an age-old craft. For me, poetry is an art, expressed through the act of writing, which is also a gesture: calligraphy, drawing, as much as a conceptual act. While Apollinaire is certainly famous for his calligrams, this tradition is far older and, above all, common to many cultures. Manuscripts will interest me as a way to explore the graphic design and color I want to bring to the letters of my visual poems. My primary goal is for the poem to emerge as an object or a body, through this process, and to become integrated into our reality.

Ensuring its accessibility is crucial, especially since form must flow from content and vice versa.



For example, (VOIX)
 up on the left an ideogram from a word in
 roman characters :
 « If the word VOICE
 is dancing
 What can I do ?
 Moving ! »

The Mare

*While the mare laughs in her stable-box
 the sky chases the fairness of the moon.
 While the mare laughs in her stable-box
 I canter silent on the roads of night.
 When the mare goes back to counting stars
 Beneath her prancing hooves is born
 —borne on the coal-grey winds—
 the other side of things.*

