



PER
JOI QUE
D'AMOR
M'AVEGNA

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RAZO

Between the 8th and the 10th of January in the year of 2019, we became Na Castelloza, she who in Auvergne at the beginning of the 13th Century composed a cycle of cansos about – finding – unrequited love. If there exists a lyric subject, we are of her heritage. The following sound was written as Venus entered Sagittarius, and the moon was in Pieces. We ate salt cod and roots. The emperor had decreed that a wall would be built to keep Mexico out of America. We ate almond cakes and a magpie entered the cherry tree. The dog demanded her supper earlier each day. Mercury was in Capricorn and the eclipse was finished. The Gilets Jaunes were getting ready for the ninth act. We felt the song become knowledge. We drank infusions of Rose and Fennel and at night a little wine. To keep her island isolated the Prime Minister was having a very long tantrum. We went walking to find other value, other grace. Implicitly our heart firm, strong, and sound rejoiced in starlings, in robins, in strong cheeses, in Glynnis Cropp's book of courteous vocabulary, in radish, in Kathleen Ferrier's contralto, in borrowed garments,

in fire. The moon was waxing. The days were cold and the bulbs had pushed up. Our heart entered philosophy.





CANSO (4)*

I've sucked love's juice
 It's left me joyless
 What I have he won't take [song-site]
 He's fucking heedless
 Gets neither my sweet words
 Nor my songs ...
 Neither does any good rime
 Show me how to suffer—
 I'm afraid that I will die.
 He prefers this other lady [tent-spreader]
 He won't ever leave her.

I'd leave, but he could care less.
 Death is dry.
 Since he won't take me back
 He could sing to
 My song [petal-sucker]
 To wet my heart —
 His lady shouldn't fret
 If I raise his nectar [sap]
 I'll take none for myself
 Her loving contract stands.

I'll let it stand; but let him come back
 Let me not die totally
 I'm afraid of rime
 Amor, I am earthsick.
 Ai! Worthy lover
 Each fuck is yours
 You won't see me elsewhere.
 Nor speech nor act nor will refrain [constrain]
 What I need to hear to stop
 Love and its grace.

Your grace, I pray for it
 Totally damaged, worked over
 No knight could grease
 Me better. I'm solo. [I tower]
 Pretty lover do re mi far
 Fairer in thou mine eyes incrusted
 Choose thee as mirror
 Because there is no mirror
 Pray god my arms will keep thee
 Haughtily.





I am haughty, remember? If
A boudoir's forested, come
Kiss, Subject, tangled in rime
It is the only possibility
For my guts, which contemplate
Cupidity.
Love, I won't die twice.
Therefore, possible
Tongue, revive me.
Then halt.

[bower]

* Per joi que d'amor m'avegna : this Occitan Canso has long been attributed to an anonymous *trobairitz*. Its attribution to Na Castelloza here, as her 4th song, follows our reading of Peter Dronke's studies of her work.

