
THRESHOLD OF TRANSFORMATION [poem]

Nathanaël Larochette

What would you do if you knew you couldn't fail?

What would you do if anything you set your mind to would come true? What would you do if you never had a single doubt whatsoever regarding any endeavour, if all your beliefs and aspirations were not caught in a box locked by grief from hesitation? What would you do if every idea you ever released into the seas of your imagination always reached its destination, never sinking unseen from memory, beat and worn from sleet and storms of hate's hail? What would you do if you knew you couldn't fail?

Que feriez vous si vous n'aviez aucun doute?

Si toutes vos idées devenaient réalité? Si vous n'emprisonniez plus vos ambitions dans un cercueil d'hésitation? Si chaque grain d'inspiration donnait le fruit d'une réalisation sur l'arbre de votre imagination? Que feriez-vous si vous n'aviez aucun doute?

Who would you tell that you knew you couldn't fail?

Who would you tell, confide in, share this deep revelation and shine with? Who would you tell that would understand how you felt, and pay attention with concentration without trying to take advantage of your situation? Who would you tell that would help support your ambition, that would listen to this wisdom born from intuition and limitless visions, what may seem like fantasy but in reality is the truest tale? Who would you tell that you knew you couldn't fail?

A qui parleriez-vous si vous n'aviez aucun doute?

Qui écouterait votre prise de conscience dans son plus profonde essence? Qui encouragerait avec calme cette vision de l'âme? Qui verrait une vision réaliste dans vos idées fantaisistes? A qui parleriez-vous si vous n'aviez aucun doute?

Where would you go if you knew you couldn't fail?

Where would you go if your thoughts stopped over-counting costs and rather sought to hop over mountaintops? Where would you go if touching a cloud was as close as a blink and a smile if only you took a second to think for a while? Where would you go if distances were as diminished as if you were part of a star fleet, if belief in your heart's

NATHANAËL LAROCLETTE is an Ottawa-area spoken word poet, musician, high school workshop facilitator, and master of ceremonies who lives to believe, create, hope, and dream. Email: nathanael.larochette@gmail.com

beat brought your dreams within arm's reach? Where would you go if you could dig to the centre of the earth with your fingernails, roam oceans with hope's motions exploding as bigger sails? Where would you go if you knew you couldn't fail?

Où iriez-vous si vous n'aviez aucun doute?

Si vous pouviez gravir le Mont Everest et tous les monts de la planète? Si d'un simple sourire les étoiles pouvaient luire? Si la force de votre amour à cœur ouvert vous transportait dans tous les coins de l'univers? Où iriez-vous si vous n'aviez aucun doute?

When would you realize that you knew you couldn't fail?

When would you realize that all the time you spent waiting was the same as debating whether or not we should listen to fate sing? When would you realize that all the strength you lost in stride was waiting to be refined inside your mind's eye, that how much you believe is directly proportionate to what you achieve? When would you realize that your life's mission was equivalent to combining an infinite glisten with a bright swell, and that you controlled the length and strength of the light trails? When would you realize that you knew you couldn't fail?

Quand comprendrez-vous que vous n'avez aucun doute?

Que vos pensées contrôlent votre réalité? Qu'ignorer votre instinct est une insulte à votre destin? Que la mission de votre vie est de briller à l'infini? Quand comprendrez-vous que vous n'avez aucun doute?

But why would you believe that you knew you couldn't fail?

Why would you believe that stress and apathy are actually the cause of all battles and casualties? Why would you believe that chance and letting it be are like letting your enemy step in between you and your dance with destiny? Why would you believe life is worth the fight, in spite of all the songs we write about the hurt and strife that wrong our rights? Why would you believe that all limits are self-conceived, born as the dreams we grieve in beds of self-deceit?

Pourquoi penseriez vous que vous n'avez aucun doute?

Que la cause de votre douleur est l'incapacité de faire face à la peur? Que votre profond desir vous pousse à danser avec l'avenir? Que le doute qui vous assaille, et vous tenaille vous enlève les ailes de vos rêves?

Why would you believe we have everything we need, that when we breathe our health reveals that true wealth hides concealed within a frame both real and frail?

So what would you do if you knew you couldn't fail?