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# Looking for Serge Gainsbourg

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# Looking for Serge Gainsbourg

## **Abstract**

Lying

on one of the graves

you kiss

the day-moon

## **Keywords**

gainsbourg, serge, looking

## **Disciplines**

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## Catherine Cole

Professor Catherine Cole is Professor of Creative Writing at the University of Wollongong. She has published novels and two non-fiction books. She is the editor of the anthology, *The Perfume River: Writing from Vietnam* and co-editor with McNeil and Karaminas of *Fashion in Fiction: Text and Clothing in Literature, Film and Television*, (Berg UK and USA, May 2009). She also has published poetry, short stories, essays and reviews.



### Looking for Serge Gainsbourg

Lying

on one of the graves  
you kiss

the day-moon

(fading above bare branches).

Lover don't catch a cold.

Don't scandalise the tourists.

Don't upset the cemetery attendants,  
the grieving relatives.

This hunt

for Serge

is no laughing matter

I laugh

at the moon

at your lips

at the cemetery's cats

making a wide

arc around

a crazy man

in a bright red scarf

a woman in stitches.

'Go,'

you say

'Allez trouvez l'homme.'

So I go

with my map

my gloved hands

dusted with snow

*Je t'aime.*

'Serge?' I ask an old man  
watering,  
'Où et Serge?'

'Tout près.'

He is close

(a little stream of water, a bare shrub, surely not lilac)

'*Y'a pas de soleil sous la terre,*' the man sings

Everyone's a fan.

Près

And on Serge's grave I find:

a love letter,

four metro tickets

and scrawled on the back of a café tab,

*moi je ne tiens a rien*

*plus que toi.*

*manque de toi*

*je suis la moitié fou*

and a

small smooth grey pebble

to take back to you.