THESE POUR OBTENIR LE GRADE DE DOCTEUR ES-SCIENCES

On this gray afternoon

the lights are off, a European habit.

Aquiline features against a

blackboard of meandering equations,

Besancon defends his thesis.

Constrained to a line,

tied by springs

two molecules collide —

in resonant motion,

most certain phase, united.

Hand behind back,

one grasping the other,

it helps to exercise control . . .

and exorcise fear.

Gray suit, neat shirt, but no tie

In protest against the establishment

Besancon defends his thesis.

Equations of motion

simulate the quantum mechanical

reality of a reaction.

Resonances, branch points

orchestrate a dynamic model.

The audience, restive,

undulates in stochastic fashion.

I flex a muscle,

shift to catch sight

of a bared calf.

The seat sticks to my pants.

Besancon defends his thesis.

The jury of five poses questions

good, bad, indifferent.

Each congratulates the finesses,

the pondering of difficulties.

Besancon drones on in reply,

multiplexing the simplicity of a question.

My French fades in and out

On a sleepy Clermont-Ferrand afternoon.