Ressentiment et rancoeur: A Proposal

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Resentment. Say it.

Perhaps it seethes on shelves of memory or grovels around the basement, nearly inflaming the other rooms in the house.

Perhaps it's the plaque that chokes the blood, or the residual pox burning into shingles, or the small, vile tumor discovered on the back of your leg.

Resentment brings to mind a mean and devilish curdling of emotions, tight-lipped, sometimes flesh-eating. May be undiagnosed

for years, an internal acne that threads the nerves, irrupting as suddenly as a pustule of the Black Death. You'd better say Ressentiment.

Rancoeur, ressentiment.

More palatable en français,
n'est-ce pas? Rancor.

Can you see or hear

the heart there? No.

Say *rancoeur*.