

Worms

I know I will see you again
but I don't want it to be in heaven
You might not go to heaven
My sweet prince
You're such a wicked soul
A flipped spirit swiftly tormenting life around you
A broken being messing things up as you go
Yet we will meet again
I know this for a fact
I just hope we do before worms feed up on your eyes and skin
Your eyes so beautiful
the thresholds to your abyss
Your skin so soft
the apparent door to your recluse temple
My sweet prince
I know our bodies will melt again
but I don't want it to happen in common graves
I don't want nature to be the one
merging our dirt in one final
passionate
embrace
My sweet prince
I know I will make love to you again
but I don't want it to be in hell
That, I already tried
Take me somewhere new
My eroded lover
I stopped seeing your shadow
Hasn't the sun been rising on you lately?
My sweet tormentor
How have you been?
Won't you come knocking on my door
as I sleep tonight
so I can finally see you again
beyond life and death
inside my dreams
my terrible dreams that only you
can turn so well into nightmares
And then I will kiss you
I know this for a fact
but I won't feel the remains of the smoke
nor the taste of all the others

nor the memory of all those worms inside your mouth
It will only be your sweet lips again
Frozen away from heaven's reach.

Sleeping beauties and inner clocks

Behold your spell, sleeping beauties
for you will still be as beautiful
when the moment arrives,
for your skin will have lost nothing of its softness,
your eyes might seem just a little weary,
that's all.

Sleep in peace,
for things will still be there when you wake up.
The ever-burning fire will still be ever burning,
pens will still be writing even without their holders.
Your cat will have died but,
with a little luck,
you just might mistake its then-grown babies
for the one you knew.
With a little luck,
fatal crisis would have been solved
long before you are ever told about them.

Rejoice in this land of dreams.
Smile as you encounter all those figures from a past that never was.
Laugh with them, sing with them,
for time, there, is not what you used to know,
for time, there, is blessed.

My spell is quite different, see
I hid my treasure in a secret cavern by a calm sea
not knowing unspeakable waves were at hand.
Now all I can see is endless water
Cursed be the water that never quenched a man's thirst!
And so, I roam over these waters in my dreams,
I learn to appreciate the changing of colors on its surface,
I give fish names I could remember
Q, faggots and witches,
yet my eye can never retrace any sign of my lost Atlantis
nor those fish can speak to me the wonders of the unseen.

I'll keep scrutinizing bottomless surfaces

until I start distinguishing a face looking back at me
I'll gasp thinking it's my treasure
but it will only be my pale reflection

*'There's a clock inside your soul
and it's slowly melting away
So come on, dive deep, for unless you crawl
there's no way for you to seize back the day.'*

Video blues

Encore une fois ton regard plein d'amour à la plage
Bouillonnant de désir pur
Rayonnant du bleu des avenir sans lendemains
Encore une fois ton regard

Je pense aux origines de la vie
A ce moment où une première cellule
a cru bon d'enclencher ce merveilleux voyage
qui se poursuit jusqu'à cette seconde même,
jusqu'au noir de tes yeux.
Se serait-elle retenue de se réengendrer
De se multiplier
Il n'y aurait pas eu toi
Tu n'aurais pas été.
A toi seul, tu justifies toute la création
A toi seul, tu valides le péché d'Adam
et la chute de Babylone.

Si Dieu s'est vraiment posé la question de la création,
alors chacune de ses créatures
porte nécessairement la teinte de ce questionnement,
la marque de ce doute,
même la première cellule,
même elle,
ne serait-ce qu'une microseconde,
ne s'est-elle pas discrètement demandé 'A quoi bon ?'
Sans doute a-t-elle dû te pressentir avant de s'y lancer.
Oh comme j'aurais fait de même.

Je te cherche mais tu m'habites
Tu me sillones dans un ailleurs qui n'est autre que mon intime
Tu n'es non pas perdue sur l'axe du temps mais bien dans l'espace
Tu es moi
Et tu es aussi lui

Ton autre se dégageait tout juste de toi
que l'ombre de mon fantôme pointait déjà à l'horizon.

Notre destin se gravait déjà dans le creuset des constellations
En attente de jours meilleurs
Notre passion inquiétait déjà la naissance des étoiles
Il fallait courir, il fallait faire vite
La création devait se poursuivre incessamment à travers faune et flore
afin qu'un jour,
puisse se dessiner le pli de tes paumes
dans lesquelles je posai longuement mon visage
que j'appris à décrypter par l'intermédiaire de tes yeux
au fond desquels mon âme aimait à se perdre.
Ainsi pour qu'une flamme éphémère ait pu briller un moment,
il a fallu toutes les flammes vivantes du monde.
Pour qu'un amour non fécond ait pu exister,
il a fallu toutes les amours fécondes de l'Histoire.
Est-ce cette préciosité qui m'attriste autant ?
Cette dette intense que l'on doit à la déité reproductrice,
celle que vénère toute sentinelle de l'espèce
celle à qui ils se confient les nuits où ils perdent le sens
et les assaille la douloureuse impression
qu'ils ne sont pas prêts de le retrouver.

Je t'aime,
cellule numéro un.
Je t'aime pour t'être aussi magnifiquement exprimée en lui
Tu t'es reproduite pour que certains puissent être
Et d'autres puissent ne pas être
Tu t'es manifestée en bergers et poètes,
En gardiens du savoir
et gardiens de la mémoire.
Je suis la note et la mémoire.

J'ai beau me dire que nous sommes tous deux la manifestation de la même cellule mère,
Je n'en dors pas mieux la nuit.

Ultrasound

This is not the space nor the time
for him to step inside her skin
and hum the sweet flowers of her Avant-garden
This is not the space nor the time
for him to whisper in her ear

all the fizzle-drizzle she still can inflict upon him
Flipping these thoughts in his head
he comes across an abandoned house
with a fence
behind the fence lives a puppy
a black cute German shepherd meets Rottweiler
poor thing's not his nor will it never be
It's the neighbor's who does not seem to have
an appropriate place for it
beside this abandoned closed green space
However, this is not the space
nor the time
for him to steal it and give it a better life
inside his room
underneath his blankets
This is not the space nor the time
for him to challenge his allergies
and for his folks to challenge their own
So he just peeks-a-boo at the lovely baby
watching him leave as it holds back an ultrasound tear
the same way he peeks-a-boo at her
flying away with her boo to a faraway cloud
as he can't hold back any tear
however, ultrasound it may well be.

Hunger

Hungry, you said
Well maybe
Then why don't you suture my stomach holes
Why not fix up both my soul
and my intestines?
Hand me over to your specialists
Feed me your diets
Inject me with your soothing pills
Be my nutritionist
Fill me up with satisfaction

Hungry, you said
Well don't look at me eating
Don't hear my cells craving
Don't smell my skin longing
for your touch
or any touch
from a stranger or even

from you

You see my hunger
but you don't see the food lacking
You see my thirst
but you don't know how deep's the desert
or how salty's my sea

Hungry, you say
Well maybe
but it's better than your glut.

Relief

There was a time and space
That I cherished but not quite
When music would get so loud
That my sense of motion would just tremble
Pus would stop flowing from my sides
Drill men would stop their drilling
Somewhere in the back of my mind
Squirrels would risk their way out into the light
And the emperor of the South
Would slow down His insistent march
To acknowledge what he could not grasp

Whenever I heard the music
Trumpets would stop blowing
Violins would stop whining
Cymbals would return to their boxes
Sopranos would hold their breath
Silently gazing to their public
Turning deaf
Waves of violence would stop streaming within my soul
Multitudes of screaming shadows
Ancient shadows
Would hush at the sound of their own screaming
Dying silhouettes would reverse their agony
Rotting lilies would renew their vows
Harrowed flies would get a sense of meaning
And the unseen would become more unseen
Whenever I heard the music

The sky would silence its slavery
And erase my inflating similarity

Whenever I heard the music.

Then came a time I
Stopped hearing the music and
Today I
Finally know
relief

Except of course
for the times when I
still hear the music.

Him and Her

Tasteless reminiscence of taste
Used and useless vanities
That's what he needs to sell me
All the treasures that factories vomit
 and housewives flush water upon
All the remains of the undesired
 Miscarriages of toys
 Shadows of dissatisfaction
 The very unconscious of the engine
That's what he needs me to pay for
 The severe price of one glimpse
 The horror of being human
with a large
unjustified
view range.
Street Hunter
Despised by six hundred pupils
You rule over our eyes
You steal our souls from their corners
You indebt us for looking
and your gift becomes the mark of our sin.

Let the wind caress
my thighs and ignite
my crotch
let it slip under my
skirt and blow
over my bush
Let it sweep away all of
the forgotten lice

along with yesterday's trouble
let the choir sing
and the eyes roll
as I cross the pavement
and get my groceries
Let the wind blind all the
undeserving
and loathing
Let the breeze of my fathers bless
all the craving eyes
reward all the silent and lusty
and fly them all home.
That's where it all began.

Unreleased

You have your smiles all ready
Legion
for every different occasion
for every small nuance
You have your smiles all ready
for me

What is it inside your eyes that I cling to then
What is it behind your liquor walls that makes me stand my ground
in hope
Shadows of questions
Glimpses of light
Unrendered smiles
and B-side tracks
That's where I crawl to find my place
For we weren't hits
No one applauded us when we went in
No one had the time
Not even you

Maybe you were married to your glass
Maybe your divorce was only a break
Maybe everything you said was just plain fake
However
Behind all your maybes
Your eyes still speak of babies
Babies who'll have your eyes in return
and not even one of my concerns.

Fluid Desert

I handed my heart to the waters
and built high walls around it
so that it never carries your reflection
nor lightens your face

I handed my heart to the waters
for it to rest
I locked it up to hide from your desert
I had to feel fluid
I had to redraw the mellow lines of my face
and cover my eyes with your synthetic smiles
and my cheeks with your ink

I handed my heart to the waters
and fed it from your venom
so that it never becomes your mirror
Then i moved away into the desert
and as I was drowning through your dark dunes
with the air conditioner freezing
even on its lowest
I kept going deeper and deeper
hoping that the cold would also freeze my mind
as it did for the waters.

She would have been my best friend

She would have been my best friend
Filling up my world with her smile
natural
Sending me secret hellos
between one task and another

She would have been my best friend
I would have taken her to the beach
and made a scandal
Was there ever a better summer?
She would have told me to let go while I would have screamed and shouted
She telling me this wasn't that big of a deal
at a time when it meant everything to me
typical
shaking dust of ancient teenage angst

She would have been my best friend
My war fellow soldier
But she had to lose that one battle
the day before I met her
when she jumped into her destiny
thirteen floors down
Suicidal with a rope in hand
Spiritual
with a rope in hand

My neighbors must have felt my pain
so they got me a new best friend
that comes on Tuesdays and Fridays
but never smiles back to me
nor sends me secret hellos
to avoid her destiny
Probably

She would have been my best friend
but I wouldn't have.

Drums

Drums
Drum flowers and sore toes
Bees on her I-pad
Clouds
Fiery clouds in her mind
A man changes home just to feel estranged in a place he had not seen in his
dreams
He then spends his lifetime longing for a former home
that is no more
Drum flowers and sore toes
Cockroaches on my liver

Everyone I know silences their cancer
except my city.

If I like you

If I like you,
I'll tell the stars about you
and make the whole world know how you made me feel

If I like you,
I'll scream your name in all the remote places
in the fields and the churches
in the decaying harbors and all the heart stations
I'll tumble your floors upside down
If I like you

If I like you,
I'll spill your salt and drink water from your cave
I'll climb as far as your eyes can follow
and sweat as heavily as my scent needs to disappear
so that your colors should never be troubled
so that your fountain should never cease to flow
I'll do that and more if I like you.

But if I liked you,
There is not one single breath that you should take without my love,
there is not one sip of your semen that you would waste outside our garden,
not one lick of blood that I wouldn't swallow,
not one cell of your presence that should ignite without my touch,
or sing without my music.

Days could turn around, roosters will remain still;
Glass could shatter,
Empires could rise or bridges fall into ruins,
I would still be holding your hand
and kissing your sweet lips in your sleep
If I liked you.