GHOSTS / GHOSTS

The storms of Baudelaire fall on Judas' head
He sends out rays of light with that river
We saw it in his hair

The ruins on the summit are vast.

I don’t know what my people are doing,
where they’re going: they’re wrapped in fog.

Ashes cover the plains, the crops, the roads, the woods, as far as the eye can see. Like a snowfall.

They battle the smoke, grow pale, and vanish.

I don’t feel separated from the dead.

Often at night I think I feel a kind of subtle quaking coming through the floor and bed.

As if this were the edge of the world in one of the last shacks still standing after a flood of lava.

A chaos of aerial mountains.

I wondered what association of ideas inside me connected these themes, these moments of life, to the action of opening a window.

It would be idiotic to drown in this enchantment.

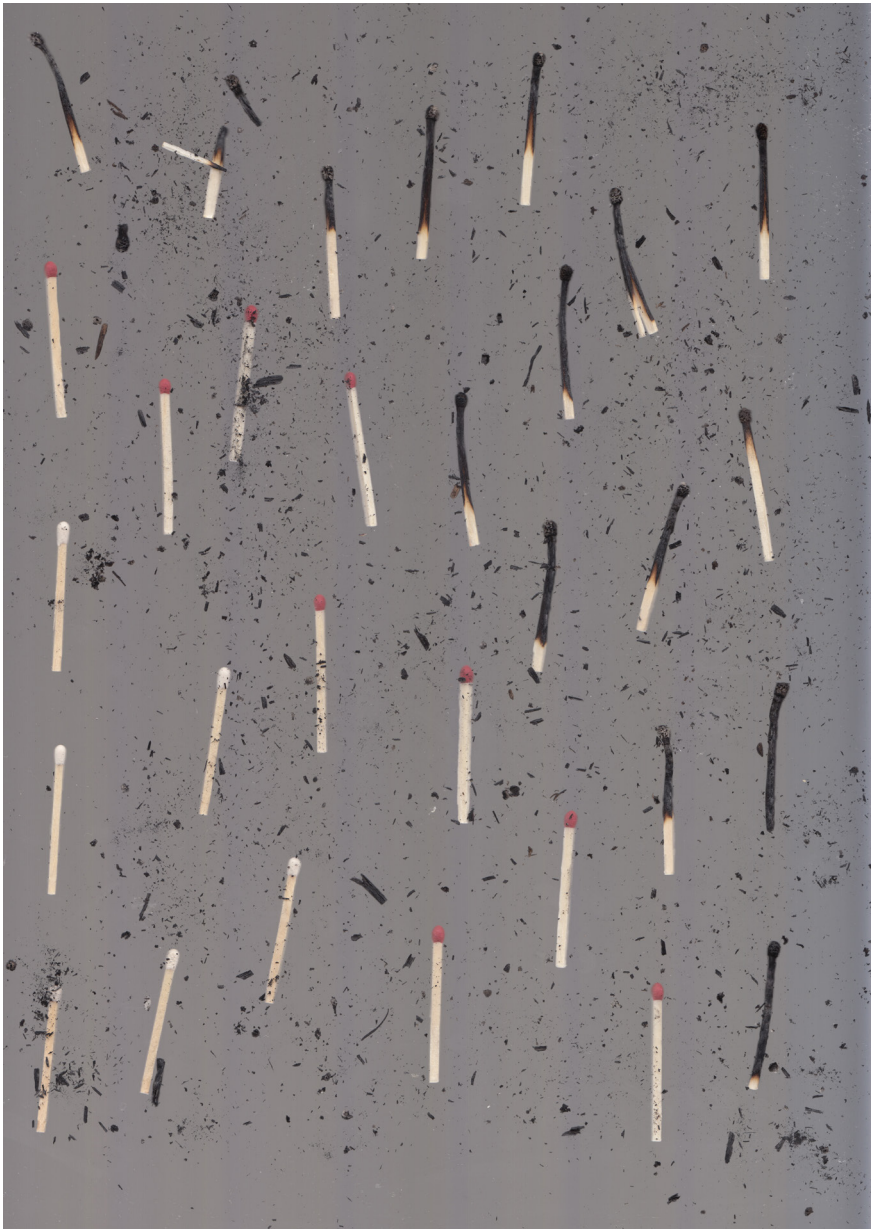
The sun reappeared, everything changed, and the bloody game regained its meaning.

As if the immobility of the sky, the normal return of the constellations to their places, wasn't really natural.

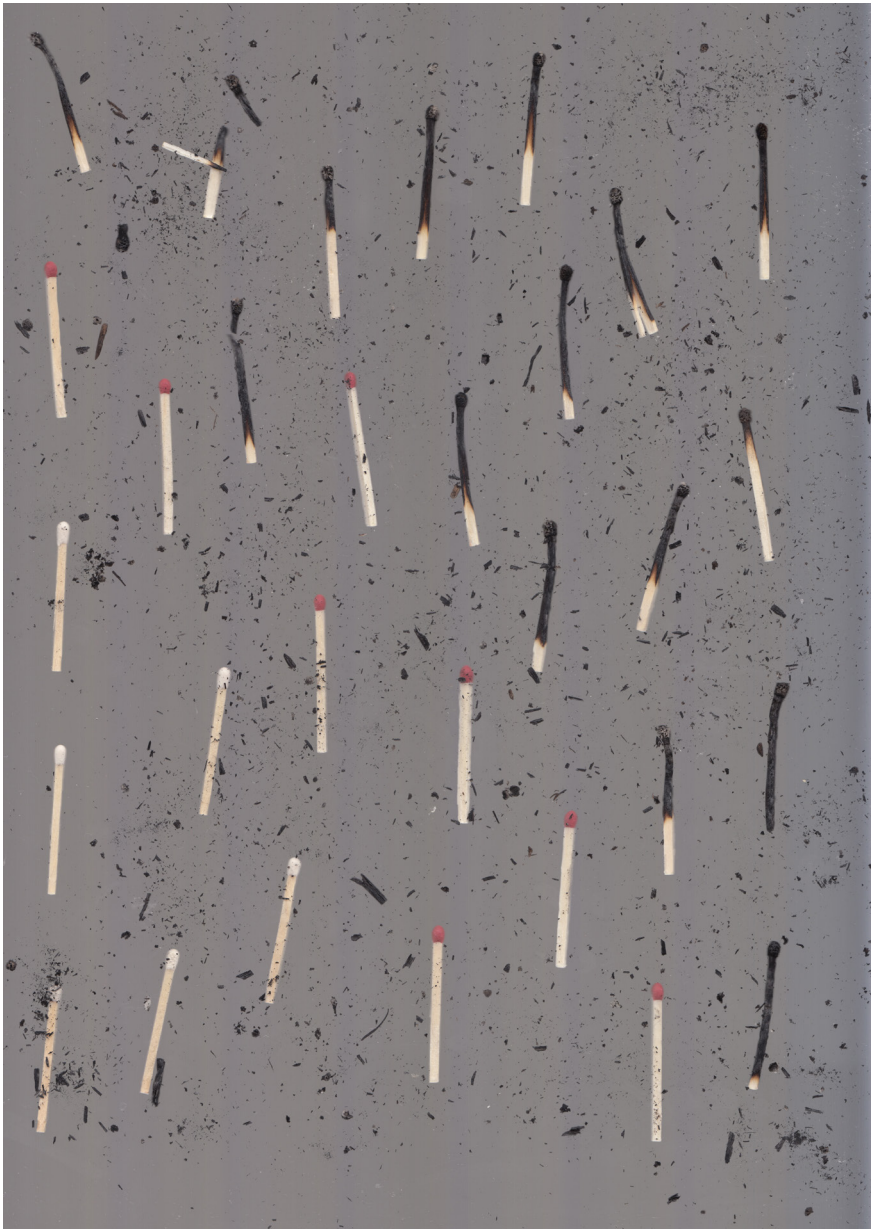
Our faces look green and our hearts are a little tired.

I awoke several times wondering if we weren't going to be crushed under the burning stones that seemed to be seeking us out.

Hollow amber wheels of rock crystal or gold served as earrings. All the circles are perfect.

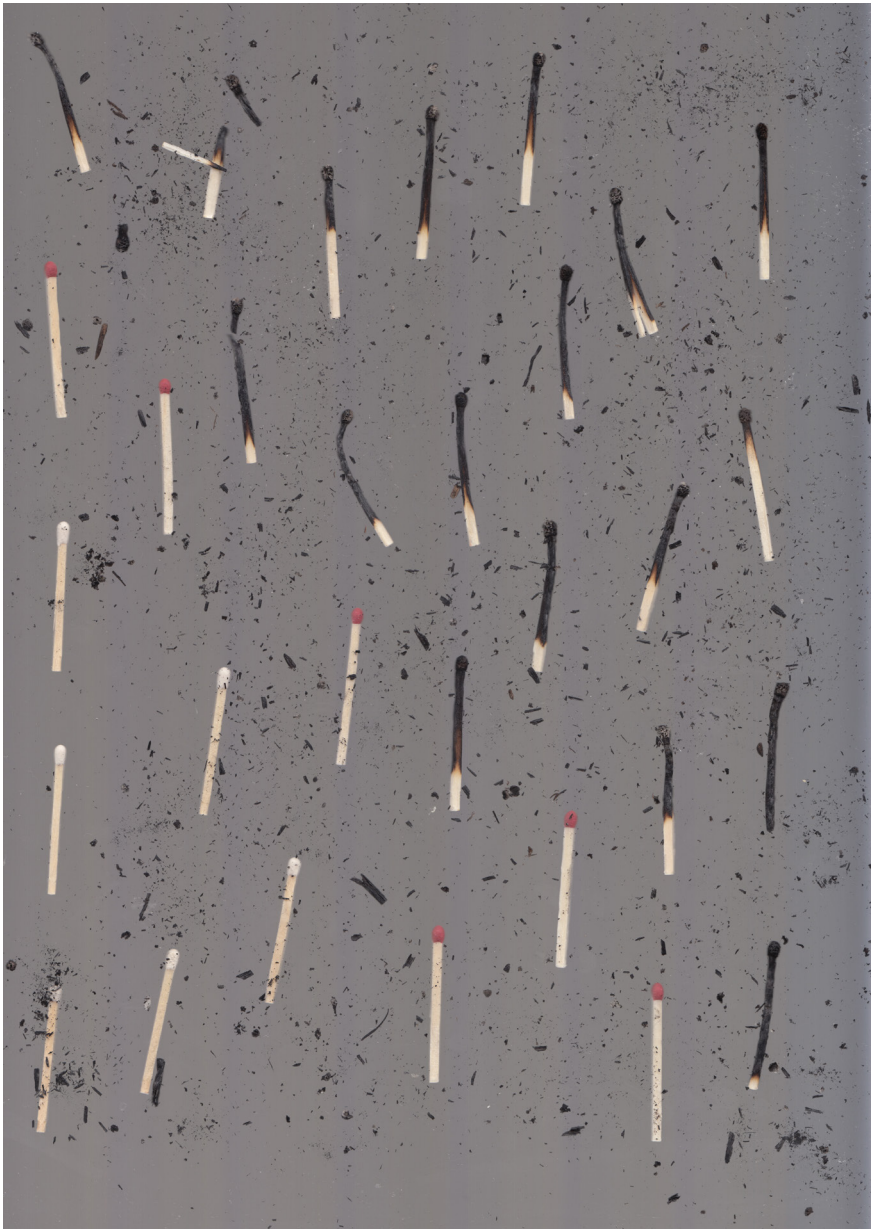


The enormous material effort of labour and the abstract sovereignty of geometry.



I suddenly feel a slight trembling of the earth shake the bed, the stones of the house, everything.

I listen the way one listens to the beating of a heart.

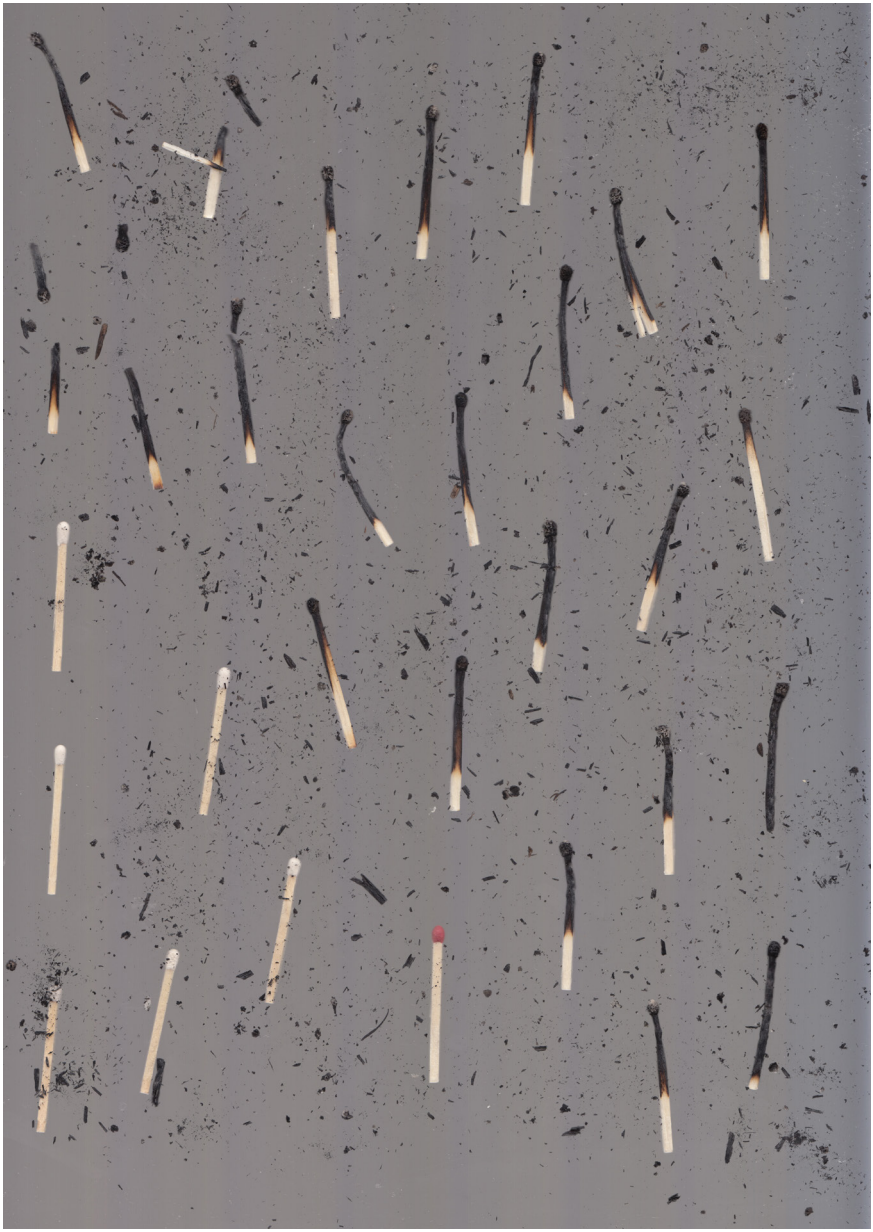


The ear is obviously a substitute.

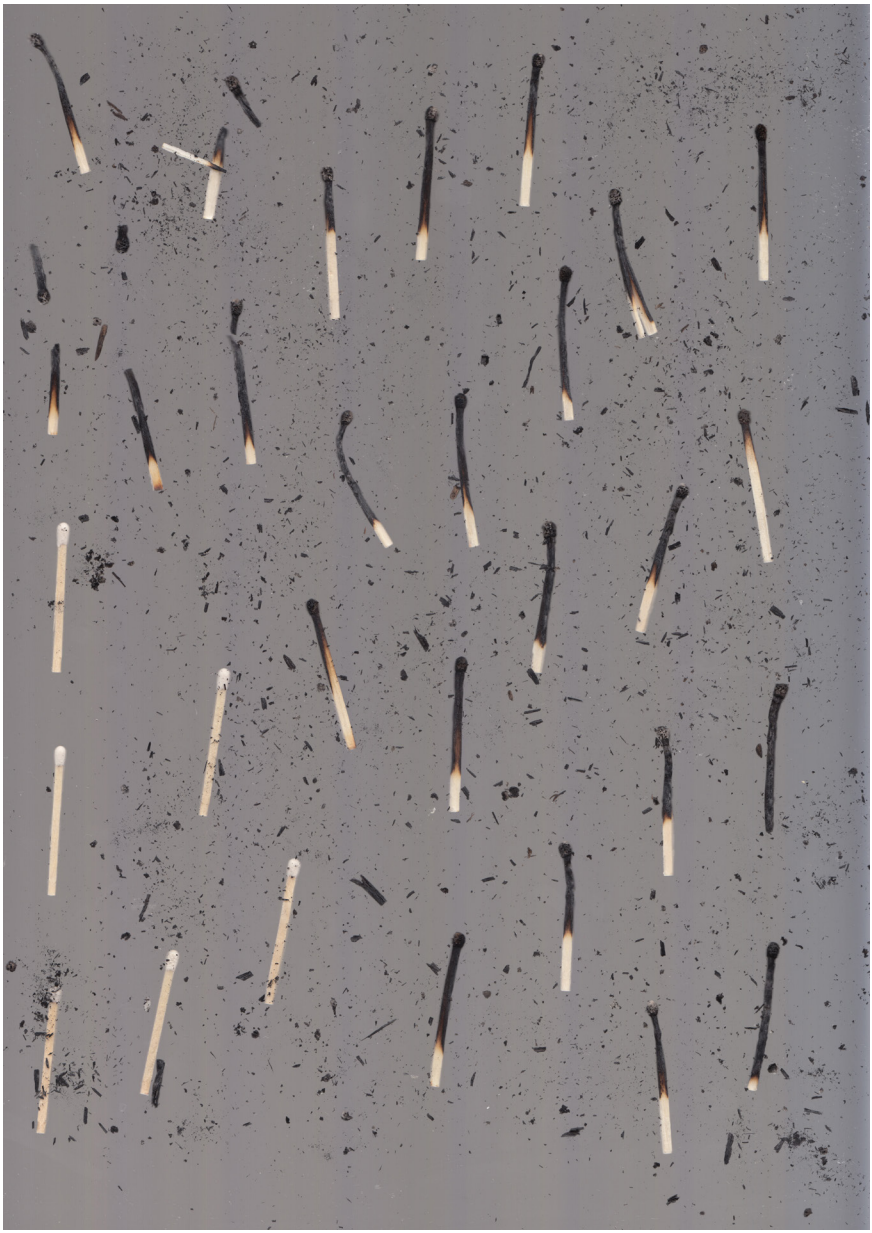
Stars through the high branches, the intense black of night.

We’re using the sky as a psychological test.

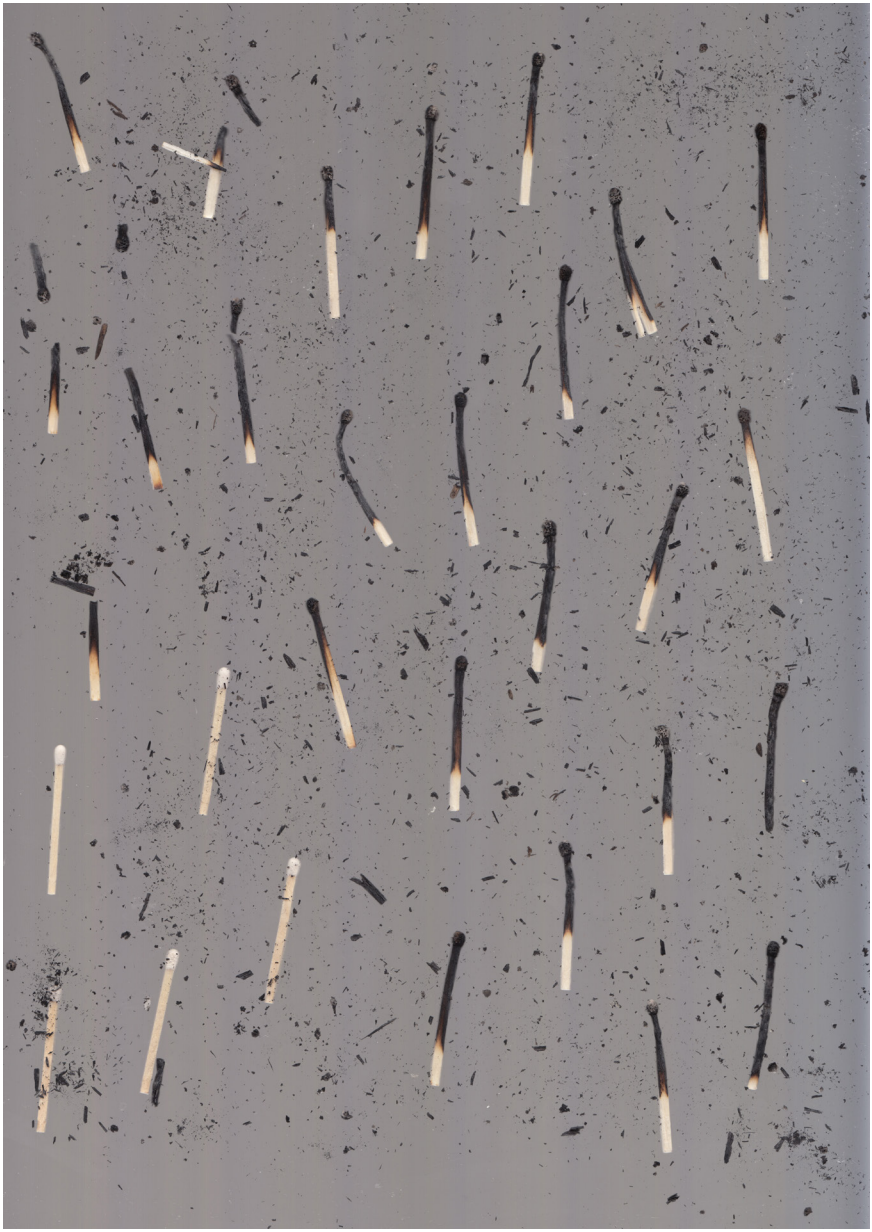
Gentle, severe and simple, algebraic.



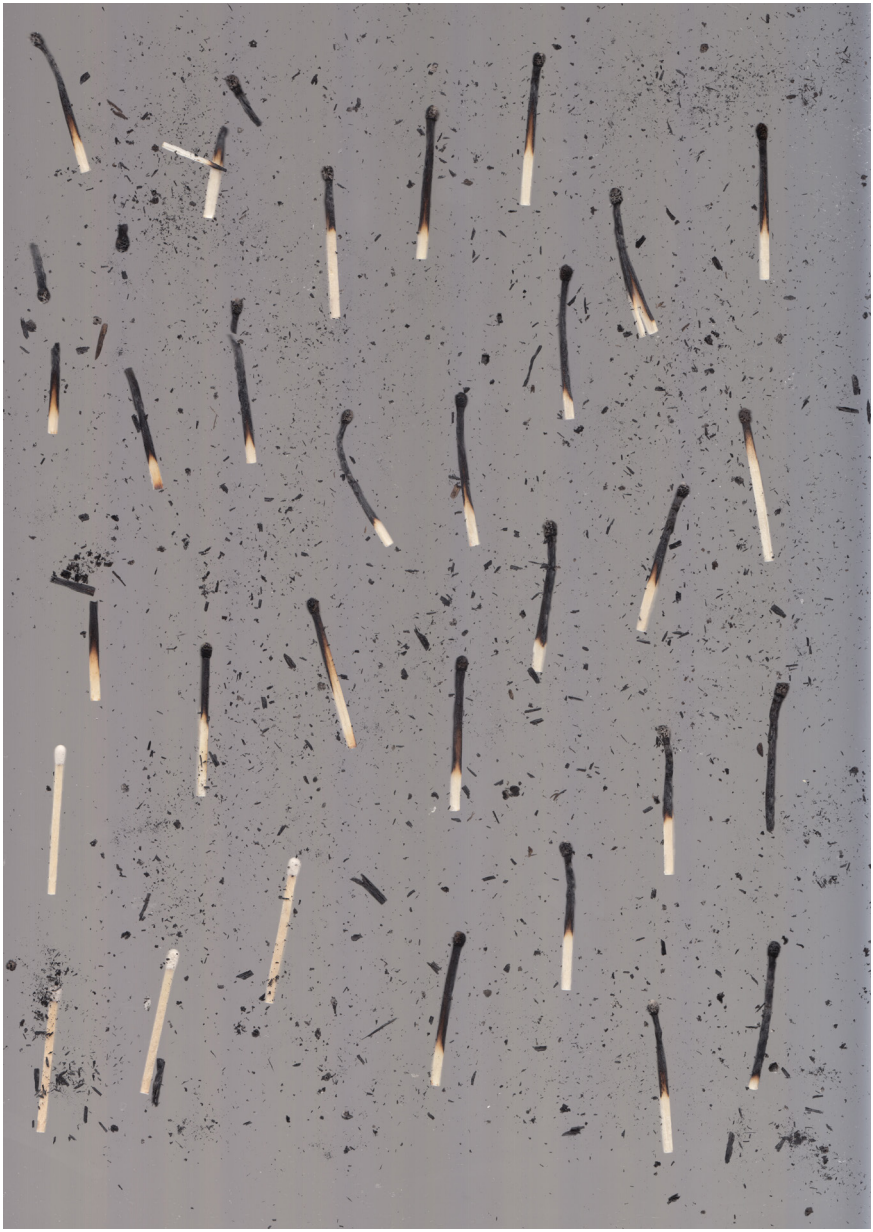
So why am I struck by the powerful aggression of these waves, their wicked hissing, the ceaseless destructive surge?



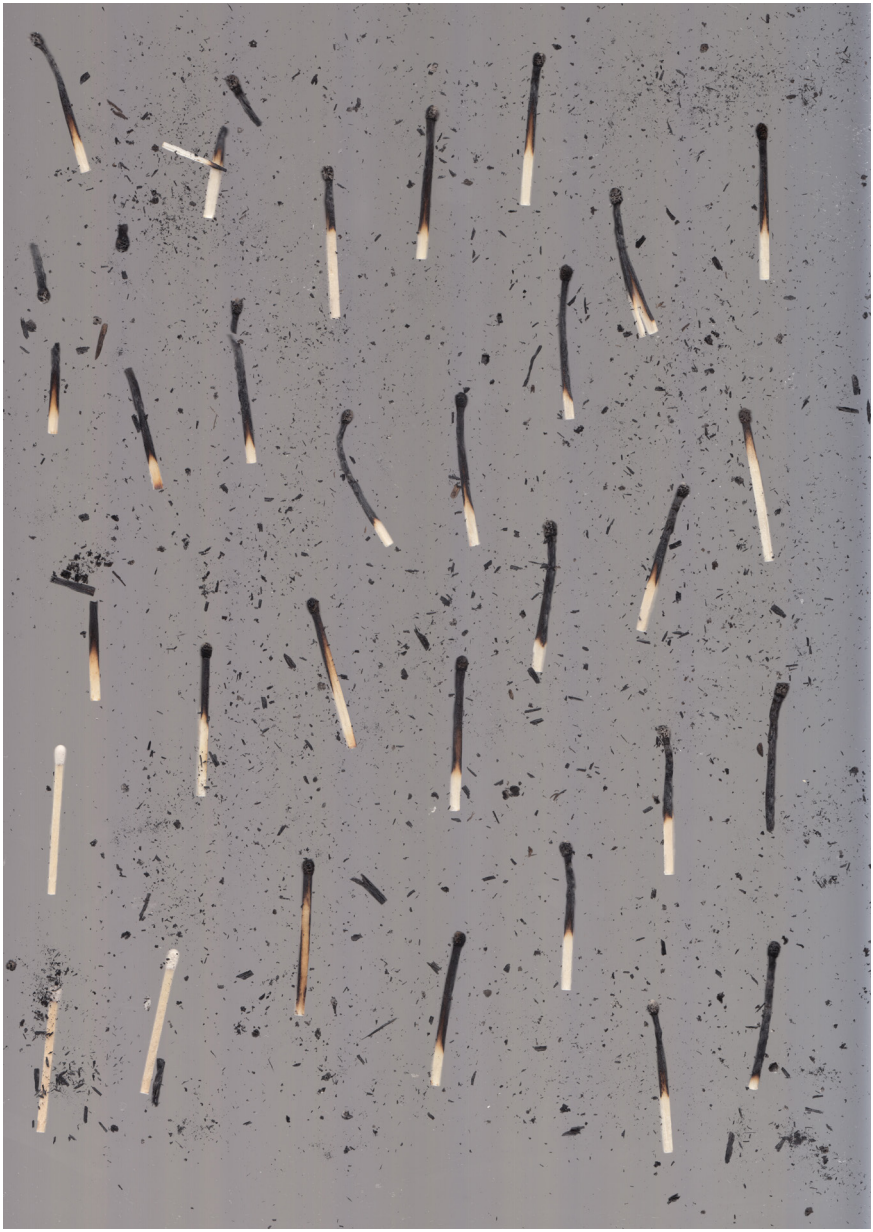
A dark energy, concentrated within itself, ready to transform into the desire to kill – only to fade away.



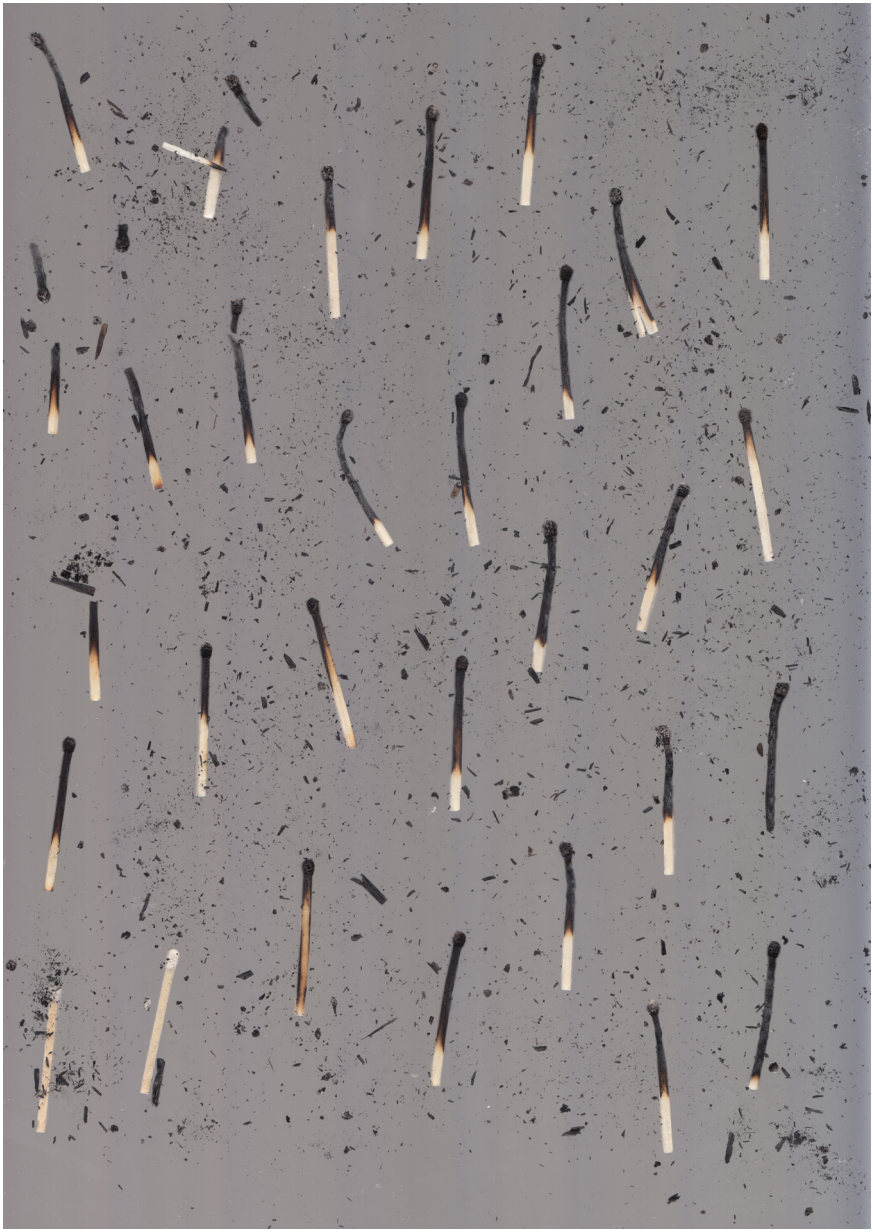
What is not a door is a beginning or an end,
death or life, survival and sure death all at once.



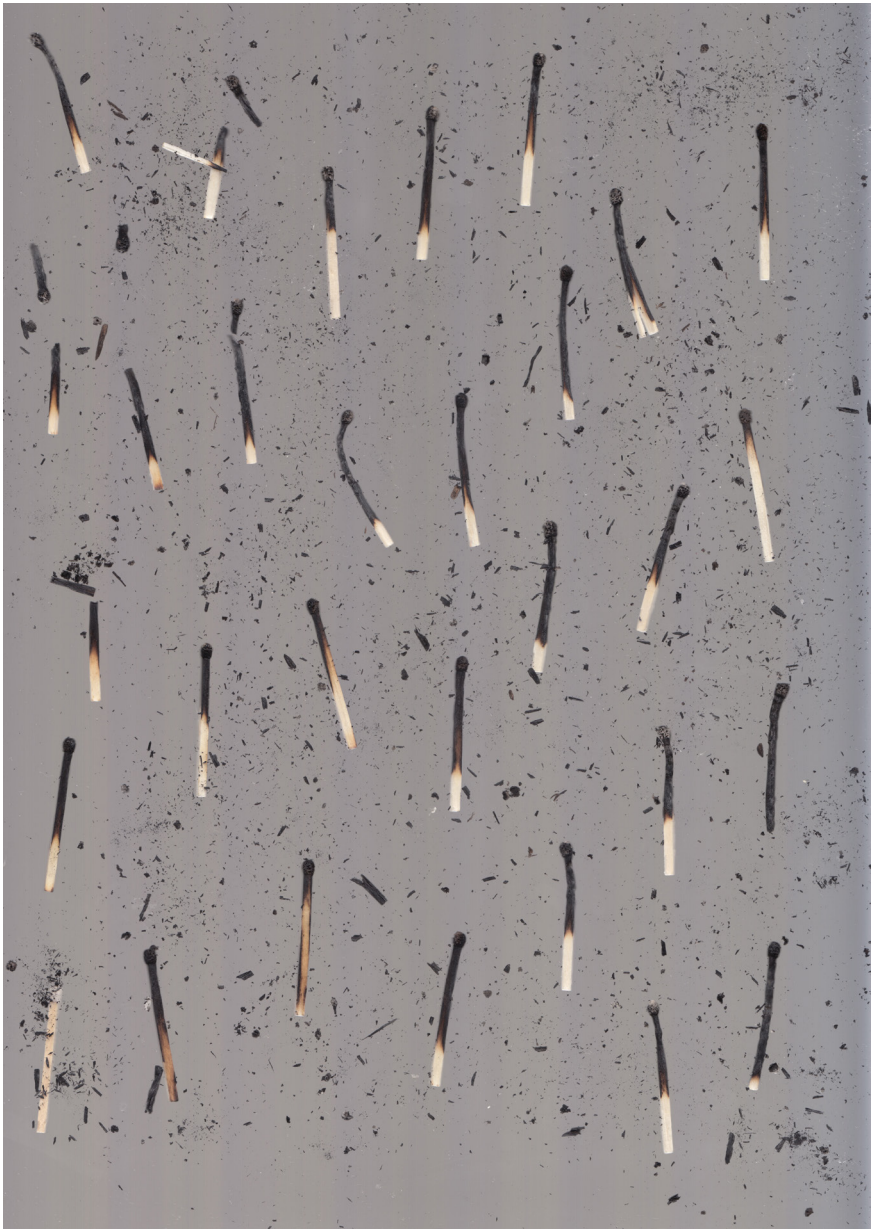
All these lines of the universe are horizontal and nearly straight.



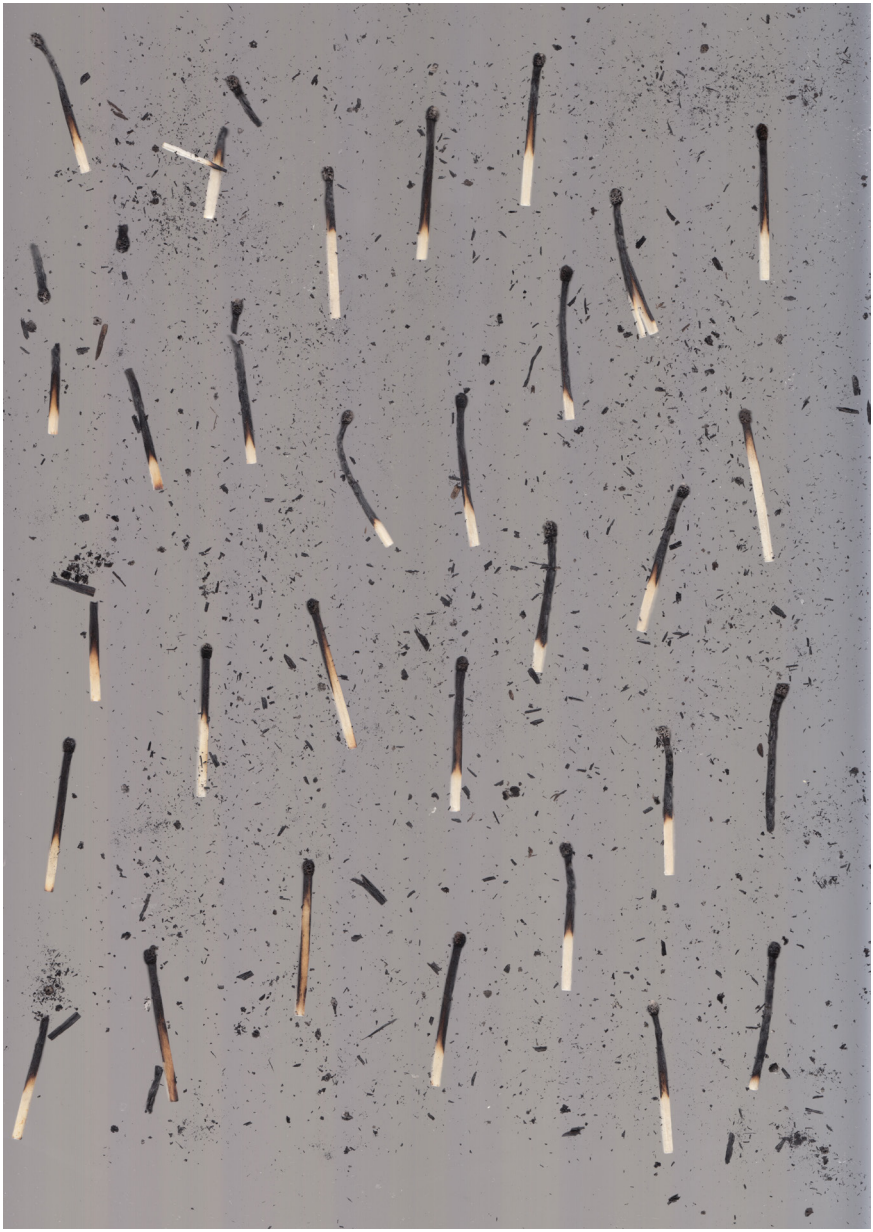
I saw these woods burned, these trees without a single green leaf, dunes of black and rust-coloured ash covering the entire valley.



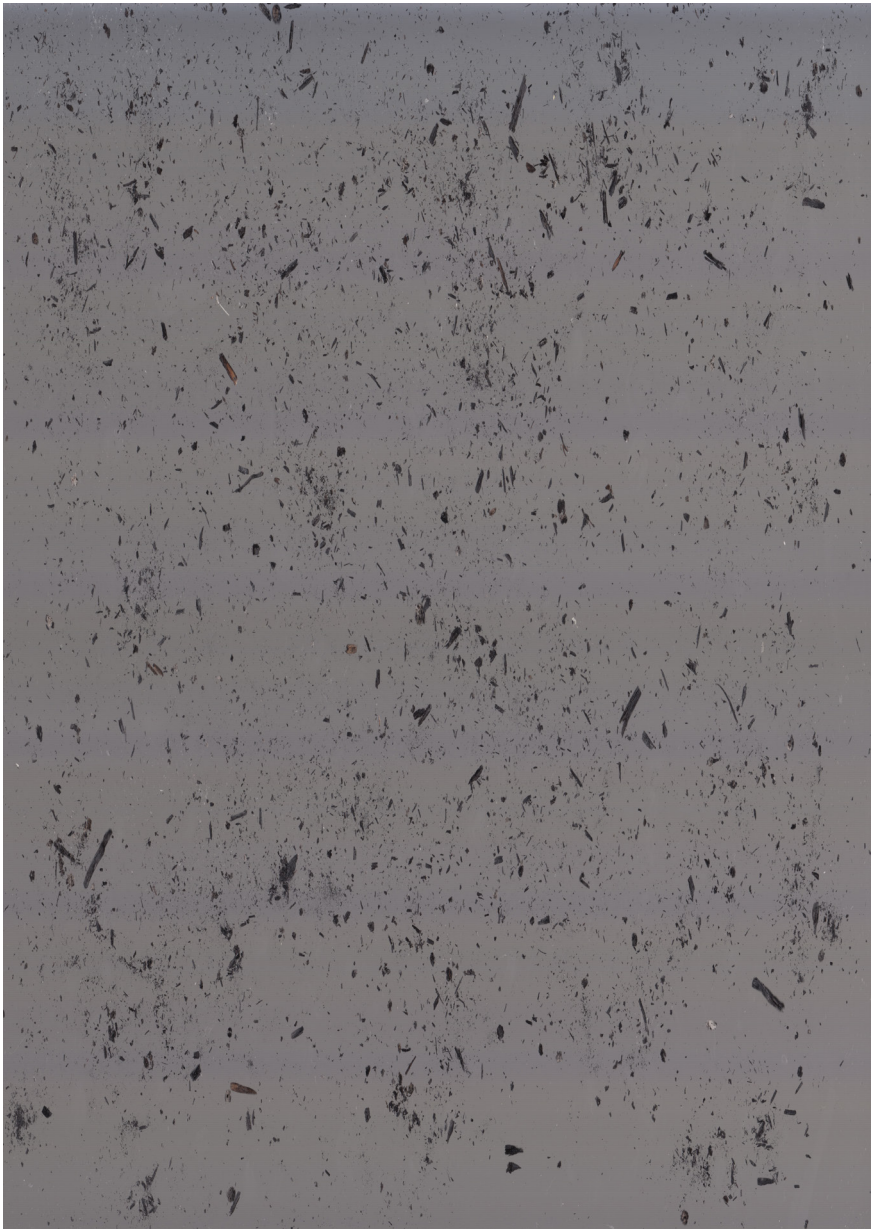
In the alleys below us, beneath the flowers, in the darkness, glow two red points, cigarettes: the young people listen, motionless.



How simple and natural, how beautiful is the love of the dead.



It is only the breath of the storms that surround us.



The earth's motionless violence.

Text:
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(translated by Mitchell Abidor and Richard Greeman)

L.R.
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