

9 POEMS FROM THE GARDEN

There are some fantoms

there are some closets

there are some talismans

there are some circles

there are some eyes

some eyes

some attics

somatics

A space within  
the morning

*NOEUD*  
*ETRANGLEMENT*  
*CONTACT (in the night)*  
*METAMORPHOSE*

CLOSET  
GHOSTS

a space within a space

misanthropy moving randomly

separated people

the door  
watching you

light  
opening  
scars  
in a  
private space.  
opening  
scars  
covering  
a head

surviving  
from misery  
in the street.

*travelling between  
one corner of the garden  
to the open door giving to the street  
taking a look around every object  
a mirror  
hanging on the wall  
is empty*

People  
after  
the music  
after  
the size of this space  
after  
noises among  
violence among  
the ground  
over  
the mass.  
the grass  
over  
the grass  
over  
beautiful girls coming into the grass  
bleeding.

*writing words  
would welcome  
other time warriors?  
stop thinking about this characters  
they are only metaphors  
they are only words  
printed in paper*

Several  
shoes  
forgotten  
in the garden.

The ground is fresh because the rain left slowly

from the garden  
to the table  
by walking  
slowly  
chewing a part of your arm

a song  
from the ground  
shoes over hands  
growing inside  
like veins  
circuits of fear  
a corpse lying  
in extension.

BLOOD  
ON A  
GPS



A rose  
on the ceiling

green is not really a color  
green is continuity  
green faith  
green the family  
green  
father  
your blood  
is green.

torture                      lines

darlingtonias

*in the middle of the silence  
somebody crying loud  
in the public :  
you are an artist  
not a writer!*

a dog shits next to a tree.

crass

over

class

over

mass.

death among

silence

after

the walls

after

the windows

after

the corridors

after

the street

among people

without

*the dark sky illuminated  
by stars  
some electric  
and some fire  
burning  
the blackboard*

FATHER  
MOTHER  
BROTHER  
GO THERE  
FURTHER  
NOWHERE

nowhere  
now  
    here  
no  
    where  
    where?  
nowhere

*In these scene  
the old ghosts laugh  
a new joke about the jungle  
another fake pet in the garden*

from one skin to another

NEMESIS

COSMOS

dead eyes opened

fixing

in the ground

a destructing plant.

*nobody  
remembers  
the labyrinth  
anymore.  
Maybe  
the mouvement  
of the eyes.  
Maybe  
the sound  
of other people  
talking around.  
Maybe behind  
the décor  
another space will begin.*





