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Beyond Things

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Beyond Things



Beyond Things

In the silence of words torn out from sleep
where the ear at the window
stunned
slowly reads and smooths the murmurs of time
all knowledge disarmed
in the uncertain peaks of the haughty pastime
I am of the landing net where dreams are picked up
My mind lost in stars
and black as an arrow in the wind
I dream of a moth comb

A Storm Hanging to my Ear

I walk in the wind
with a storm hanging to my ear
all known nostrils stretched towards the horizon
where the schist of the sky is stated
blue as a tombstone statue
and unfolds
into gray shadows and naked silks
and hemmed
into round clouds that roll and surge
trembling

And the earth drums to the rhythm of thunder
awakened
alive
that suddenly cracks

And

like a clear spring ennobled by vipers
the rain like a silver broom sails over the plain
all veined with flowers of electric magic
that creak
beyond the proud ruins of the harvests
like a poem to be born still rustles
metallic
on the taut line of a fishing rod.
or like the stars rustle in the dark nets of fishermen

And

in the white and vibrant windows of cities
the lead rings out suddenly in black pearls on the zinc
while in the streets that still sweat
among the chrome
at the feverish festivals of ants
hornets pass in the traffic jams

With Covered Winds

But the columbine is there
Dreaming
Near thickets full of children
Whose shaggy heads arise
Through all known holes of the foliage

A fetish stirs there
That trembles at the end of a branch

The road is near
Hot bitumen
Hemmed with chrome and lemon

A little further

Under the dark blue

Of old and learned redwoods

A little yellow kiosk

Vibrissae

Encumbered with convoluted fetishes

Distant

Closed to all winds

like an abandoned defeat

stretched with greenish canvases and exposed threads

like a palace haunted by ancient sleepwalking winds

I had untied

all desires to clear my nights

the ardor to decipher the chivalrous drop cap

wiped my wisdom with kitchen towels

In my fervent hunt, I was

just like a cat in a bag

a cat in steel abandon
that the breath of a serval's remembrance haunts

I would never have believed
that I would owe my medals to the clicking of horseshoes
nor that I would have to harden myself to the panting of bats
Yet I had to overcome many reluctances
before I managed to make myself understood
I was like an enigma where your horses capsize

The Fruits of Saint Louis Hospital

In viridious verticalities
And as New Year's gifts of light
The moss on the wall resonates like a sun

Eye at the closest
Dreams of castles
On the crimson back of the polytric hoods
Luminous agates of greenness
Dripping with rain flakes

And above the wall
In the garden where the sorrel sleeps
Near the Monstrueux de Viroflay
And the Grosse Blonde d'Hiver
The world is fully populated with ghosts of plants

There lies the shadow of a fetish forgotten by the spiders
Which the water spiders and the crows hunt

Fibrils

In spring the soul is supple
still vibrant with willows and poplars

In the unbridled nettles
staggers
to the peril of the slag heaps
to the puerile peril of its feverish islands
the white enclosure of woodlice

Green and mauve effigies
cupbearers' blowtorches covered with fresh moths
in the lilacs
snap

The sea squirrels
silent machines under the deep algae
dreaming goats
dress themselves in an old red

Thread

The sagittarian eyebrow
threads of wheat fields persist
in the beige velvet of the series
with watering pools and lace

Have you ever visited the stars
the elucidated arpeggio

Frequent horses and crossbowmen
with the slow nonchalant song
of mushrooms and bed mares
dream and rush into assaults of insolence
in rancid trivialities
the bracelet

armed with two letters

like milk

The best water depends on pumps and bridges

and therefore

all the art

of losing the pedals in the mud of the washhouse

We will go

fishing rod in hand

along the water and along the woods

our future in hands in the lines of our hands

fishing

The Green Pillow

Veiled setting sun
in its lemon yellow gown
the colza of the kolkhoz vies with the sky

Pink peaks are mirroring on the ocean of yellow
where the giraffes pass in their robes of flames
that the fir trees tear
and where the arrows
that the laughter of the bell towers shoots
wisely stick

No one hears the sighs of the dandelion flowers
that shiver hidden behind their closed shutters
and in the evening record
the raw white stories of the day

In the furs of the fog
all along the mazes of the magician of silhouettes
on the reverse side of the beaten paths
follow the Wyvern

Moths

I live in a suburban butterfly
And in front of the Moon heavily armed horses move ahead
Gone to bury themselves in the rain
Metallic sky
Magnetic sky
Coats of arms with verdigris reflections rise in the blue night
Feverish slow articulated feigned tint
that reigns over extinct horses

Flight of jellyfish
And vibrations of box fish in Sans Souci
There
Wriggling of absence and ruined galleries
But smiles of ruins assured

And a whole auricular verbiage
whose telephonic candor
slips through my fingers

Kings of France

Who once struggled
through so many winters
in so many cold and rancid wars

Cold wanderings
where so many of our fathers perished
without failing too much
of whom since then
the poor people
the poor dead
the memory is lost
Lost

A sword thrust in the melee

And the nail in the hedge

is a spider

Where October Glows

Languidly lying down
In the grass that has grown soft
Eyes buried in the heart of the sky
A branch of chervil in the mouth
Chasing the lights of glow worms
The soul collapses without a sound
In the celestial hullabaloo
And the spirit suddenly turns into foam
On the damp stumps of the woods

The white ghosts of washerwomen
that alternately bend over the water then straighten
Knees kept warm
In the thick straw of their kneeling boxes
With their beaters beating their guilt

On the inclined boards of wash houses
In an eternity of chatter

A chariot of light becomes a bear
That the Chasse-Galerie runs after
In the round of the manic signs
of Zodiac
In a din muffled
By the age of legends

And the creaking sound of the hurdy-gurdy
With its bent wheel that hoarses
Where stray fingers of an ageless tales collector
come dreaming on the keyboard
unrolling its notes and its drone
Which dreamily comes to vibrate
All along the smooth arteries
Of heifers
Whose skin ripples in shivers

It's October in the core of the night
October of gold and coral
October where the green suddenly sinks
October by which summer gets bogged down
And where the glass fills
with a blood of ink and new wine

From the Bosom of All Saints' Day

When evening falls in such a season

It falls

On the dark tombs and mausoleums

It sinks

And nothing

Absolutely nothing

Can go against

An evening falling

Like a cushion on All Saints' Day

Neither the curly bombs of lettuces

Nor even the brass tubes

Even less the glow of neon lights

Easter Jazz

Jazz of a slow blue frost
that hiccups, acts proud and lingers

But the ferns raise their crosiers
in the air
like Prévert's soldiers do
shaming the poor mitres
of the bishops who are oozing
incense and chalices

Easter that rings and stumbles
whose bay mare neighs
to the murmurs of crushed hosts
sounding like crumpled papers
that the flock of the anointed graze

and hear whisper in the hollow of their ears
and that they want to make me hear too.

But everywhere the primroses turn
green, yellow and lilac
under the orchard's moving rods
that watch the trains passing by

But everywhere the sun crumbles
into quivering blackthorns
bushes where so many stars rustle
pinned to the heart of the instant

But in the wind the cherry trees snow
in the distance
the evaporated skirts
of their future cherries
casting a red drop shadow

And when in addition the evening falls
beyond all beyond
like the dawn with rosy fingers
the twilight shines too

Wallflowers

Wallflowers

orange bite in the silence

Marmalade of bitter oranges

with curdled looks

Wallflowers

like a velvet of warm copper

with teeth of squirrel fur

Wallflowers

with long phalanges of feverish gypsies

spinning out life lines from our hands

Saffron sulfur

with fresh rust eyelids

Mixtures of foxes and tars
where slow threads of honey
taper
where shards of amber and sun come
and pile up grain after grain

Fur felt
and growling of tigers
opaque rupture
spreading away as branches,
disheveled claws of storm
fiery
hot and fiery drops of gold
bright silks
of dried blood on stones

Wallflowers
little people of laughter
rocking on the wall

where the whiteness of your skin
passes in flashes of memory

Burning garden
Scales of sweetness
dizzying slowness of my fortune telling dogs
of my oracular turtles

Thrills of night
within the gray of lead
trickle of blood in obsidian

Garden in flames
Spring right in my heart
I even see you against the light
The silky lightning arc
of certainties
Certainties are in bloom

They form a flower parade
around my heart
that takes me under its protection
every time when the burning desire of you
crosses me like lightning

You are in the texture of the air that I breathe

Very Rich Hours of the Aqueduct Lacquer

At dawn

where covered with gold

the peacock shows its tail

you crochet into lace the thread of the spider of time

At dawn

you are the one who poses

for the song of the birds

You whom they whistle

from this tree that they make with their feathered hats

where the forest hides its timidly from the hyperborean sun

In the morning's blue air

the hills descend

to the banks that the echo of the oars beats

and the all white salty air in its lively rattles
reveals as much as it seals our desires
which flee into the willows

From the melting noon hanging on its red fangs
comes to us that in full light we cannot say all

And in the evening darkness
when you take the air of innocence
this all streaming air
where your sweetness foams
is a slow thunder to me

The Sun is a Red Lantern

As Virgin's threads
passing far away over my drifting soul
your fingers gloved with powder and flour
come to brush my mind
like shards of mathematics
And then your hand
your hand which is to me as an ocean of shivers
Sand

My skin which laughs at your waterfalls
my skin which rustles with your breath
as a whole tree of bells
in the screeching of seeds and sistrums
My skin that vibrates and answers you in slow waves

My skin

is nothing any more than the shadow of your nails

Your hand wraps around my shoulders

snakes in my ears

and insinuates itself in a shiver of excess

snakes in my streets of copper

When Will the Acanthus Come?

Furtively

the desire that you cross me

like a flash

or like a ghost

the time required to read the lines of your soul

Beltaine

Beyond the cottages with soft fur roofs
But with severe reverses
Where mute and hieratic
So many gray rosaries and knots of silence
Are passing by
Exhaling in deep sighs from the soup tureens
Through the oblique brilliance of the windows

At the edge of the vernacular wood
Where under the arcades
Parade
On the nocturnal reverses of the arcana and steles
Some elegant whale ribs
Bleached
Bare

Forgotten

Green with algae.

While a street lamp crosses the Hoggar

Then shakes itself

The light of a spinning top hides

Under the cold walls of Timbuktu

Or else in the reflection of furniture with a reddish obverse

Gleaming with this unknown moiré that wax whispers

Damned

We offer each other feverish rendezvous

In beds of hairnets where our words are tied

In blue flashes under the eiderdown

Or in writings lost in the depths of down and feathers

Where I read you

Where I bind you to the white perfume

Of this vial

Proud as an open opal

Where my soul in streaks of slow silk

Like a feline

Softly roars

Softly roars like our words do

Demon words that my soul hem

In dactyl abandonments

In writings lifted by the wind

That escape

From the moved step of the dromedaries

Which the sand merchants lead

To strip away the night in crumbs of sleep

Your laughter bursts in the tulips like a fleeing flame

And shines like a thrown knife does before reaching its target

Your breasts open their eyes

Eyes of thrush and bitter orange

Eyes that shine in your hair

Like the shadow shines in the eyes of horses

When my fingers slip in the nightly bit between your teeth

When your eyelashes are compasses

You press the pedal of the spinning wheel

where dreams are spun

And my blood and your blood are wrapped

In long ribbons of red crepe

Knotted into banners

In proud and crimson ruins

In the very learned and subtle rings of earthworms

Insinuated into the tubular meanders of the ground

There

Underground

Underground where everything collapses

Underground where birds no longer support the sky

And where my ship lies in full bloom

But from where nevertheless still and always new

The bewitchment of the springs

The native whiteness of the lake

And the ineffable and determined freedom of dragonflies

Spring

From where

Absolutely new

All the white water evaporated in the innocence of a May day

Springs

Where

Along the blue veins of the sky

Your swallows flew

As these bicycle wheels

That women reselling the cheap Milky Way goldwork veiled

But yet sumptuous bees

Released in the darkness of Beltaine festivities

Bold Tuesday

I am not

I am passing

Like the shadow of honey in the little hedge

like a vile boot bathing in the white blood of doubt

I am entirely made of a typist abandonment

The pavement beats with your so many steps

So many thoughts like will-o'-the-wisps stir at the candelabra

And these so many steps

driven by thousands of compasses

wrap around my slow ankles

although encircled with foam thread

and they bind my mind as much as my wrists.

Paris is full of pretty naked thighs
in the light of dreams
in the light of street lamps
No happiness however shines there
and the Chevaux de Frise are not Frisian horses.

Beyond the mirror, the prison.

The Zinc Clinks

When the rain rings on the zinc
you city
are nothing more than a bark
the skin of a termite mound made of flat terror
of so many cries that slowly die in murmurs
in the streets sewn with night
that ooze and limp with damp crimes
Cries yet long since over
shadows and memories of cries and emotions
that were long mirrored and turned in waves of moiré
in the unctuous course of the Seine
where the edge of Flanders fades in the distance
in sumptuous desires
and which turn into calls of seagulls and cormorants
and into languid sighs that stretch along the dead doors

Under your gray rule the course of rainwater
like that of springs
shouts out
breathless

Although sometimes
under the cackling chorus of automobiles
History nevertheless laughs
and unfolds as far as the eye can see
naked as a lake
and suddenly
from the heart of your panting of dust and insults
the sky takes on its most beautiful divinatory aspect
and thoughts come to hang like fires to the street lamps
greening the asphalt in the morning
with a cloud of pine needles

Nightly Between Orléans and Paris

It snows

Slips and tremors of falling instants

muting out the murmur of distant cities

And those lights in the sky

that serve me as a compass

On the bare plain

guiding my way

This glow that spreads over sleeping cities

like a bed lamp

Who will turn it off?

The Saber Seller Passed

Will we dream of a crocodile
That crunches ruling councilors
Who avenges us for so many elections
In this grocer's worn out style
Where we can anyway only choose
Among the names on the shelf
That Mr. Grocer for us filled

Will we dream of no longer believing
In everything we used to believe
With our derisory beating hearts
Acted by strings and by tricks
Yet along so obvious beaten paths

Will we dream of awakenings

Once or twice every century

Not more

Where our eyes pierce time

Till the blinding edges of the mists

To the Free Eire

Whistle of a train in the night
Of which even the foliage are moved
Darkness takes a raucous turn
The smell of iron haunts the rails
Like a slow memory of blood
Resurrected from childhood
With the shadow of reaper-binders

The moon blazes in the heart of branches
Redheaded like a return from Ireland
Ship loaded with Catholics
Antiques
Coming back from Lourdes
With gay and cheerful souls
Looking for men to dance

Among reluctant sailors
Seizing them without even asking
In a firm and determined grip

It's a long drive from Derry to Cork
Especially when following the coastline
From the ocher of Giants Causeway
Enhanced with basaltic organs
And this green that knocks you down
So much that you don't know how to get rid of it

Passing through the Sky Road
where you can only see the sky
Failing to guess the route
Then slipping in the rain and mists
All along the fingers of Kerry
And my car that was drinking
Way more oil than myself beers

Not even the hermit was missing
Black and not red haired as expected
No less
Reading in the clouds
Signs and Prophecies
Go, he said, take your wife and go!
The air is heavy with too many dangers

Ah! This man !
His soul woven with visions
Guardian of the Gypsies' horses
And so foreign in this land
That he was himself and no longer black
Being there alone of his kind
As far as the eye could see

Black flags on the roadside
And Bobby Sands who was dying

To the Health of Civil Society

Vile civilians make society

Such is said and told

Naked yet and all untied

Of links from which common works could be done

Deprived of the concert

of concerted thoughts

These eternal disconcerted

Only see what they are shown

The bold ones no longer discerning

The knife that points under the canvas

The eye follows the finger

The ear the sound that feeds donkeys

In beautiful obedience
To the masters' finger and eye

They are driven through a maze
Of scandals each time new
They are led from alert to alert
Each emergency chasing the previous one
Far away
In any of these ends of the world
Where most of them will never go

Ah! Hurry up, hurry up
It's important and urgent
says the Press
Making cash of every known death
And that
Deceitful
Forges for them the words
By means of which they will no longer know

How to speak to each other

Not even to say nothing

They are led by their imagination

A strength they believe but their true weakness

And their leash

Throughout the movements of a war

Woven with a feigned innocence

To what neither dogs nor cats

Neither oxen nor goats

Nor birds even

Are subjected nor are blinded

Protected from such acquiescence

By the shorter flight of their dreams

Dogs piss and birds shit

On the pitiful pyramids

The heaps once left there by the State

This Sphinx and boa of their souls.

Nature is the Honor of Emptiness

Dusk

where the heavy conciliabule of clouds

brews a very promising storm

The air is gray with all the shades of iron

Intensity itself

Only the slates of the roof

darker and even more intense

dare to speak to the sky in a slow dialogue of steel

The honeysuckle waits for its time

And there is some blue in the heart of the lightning to come

which is still silent

but no less thinking

End-of-the-world light

The cats are there, wide awake
their minds and muscles tense like crossbows
Perhaps
they who know
perceive every night the splendors and shadows
of this apocalyptic light

On the day of the end of the world
I shall still be there with my cats
watching the clouds gather before the irremediable storm

That's for sure

Don't count on me for pity
or even for the slightest emotion.

I will be impassive

I will not blink.

I will not move.

I will not make a gesture that could disturb
the moment of definitive lucidity

I remember another evening
when I watched the stars set in the black velvet of the west
clinging one by one to the telephone wires
like notes on a staff

And suddenly the idea came to me to build a machine
that would record these notes and could play them

Just as the dream once came to me
of a ladies' fucking device
whose jolts would be moved by sails
agitated by the gusts and mood swings of the wind.

Poetic Art

We swim against the current in a river of images
used
spoiled
rotten and dead
reduced to ashes

Image ashes are highly toxic
not only carcinogenic but much worse
They spread everywhere in fine particles
in the mental atmosphere

We
fight to save from disaster
the images that come to us
and animate us

our playmates

our companions in mental debauchery

The air of the times is stifling

There is no point in opening doors and windows

Each time, we must create the openings

and at the same time the worlds on which they open.

Of Harp and Salt

In the rich fur of quinces
There was once a path
Of silk
There was a powder of laughter
A thunderbolt to fry all
Even the table of kings

Pass little chimney sweep
Still full of Savoy
'Cause that's where he came from
The divine child of the soot
As black as he is livid
With his heart of twigs and straw

The teasing woman Herbert dreams of

To elude the bitter money

Tied herself naked in the lilacs

At the Feast of the Cracked Fairies

We start mind-boggling meals

We are just waiting for the serpentine furies
with their armbands of thorns and coffins
with their shifty and soft gazes
and their antennae of hummingbird down

We are just waiting for the sea anemones
which are like a slow agony of a sun weaned from jellyfish

We are just waiting for the dying air currents
coming from the subtle hills
opening onto unforgettable butcheries

We are just waiting for the daughters of the holy enigma
accompanied by civilian and marauding crows
harpooners of entangled meats

The Instant, the Beyond

From the indecisive laughter fit of the steps
sowing randomness out of nowhere
the beyond
falls
and from the dice from then on falls the gold of choice

The Real
is not to be decided
is not to be revealed
it is to be discerned

I do not believe
not for a single moment
in a poetry that is not profoundly theorist



Seascapes and Underseascapes



Deep Sea Offshore Time

An octopus time

intensely tentacled

A time that looks at us from the other side of the sun

so blinding that we no longer understand anything

An unknown time where memory collapses

and is no longer of any help to us

A fusible time that breaks

in splashes of tin on the black ground

and from which our lanterns go out

A liquid time

A time like an eraser

buried at the bottom of pencil cases

between pencils and fountain pens

but with balls of paper and rubber bands all the same

Just in case

A time that watches in the shape of a trivet

on the table

while waiting for it to cool

A time of musical architectures and vertigo

A time in the shape of a crater at the end of the welding rod

which melts the soul

in screeching at the heart of the arc

A white and slow time

that rages in blue edges with shaggy coves of black sand

and which flaps its wings in the distance

with the crows towards the west at dawn

Crows of humor and wisdom that play and dance

letting themselves fall as best they can

from the depths of time
carried away by the wind
and does it matter

A time that stretches
from a splash of cherry juice
up to these little snores
where the cat drowns in its dreams
with all its might

Lighthouse with Eyelids

It is a lighthouse whose light
Flashes out from the depths
The Virgin's lighthouse no doubt
No longer keeps away wreckers
It only attracts cockchafers
As well as palpitating moths
A whole fog of capillaries
From which intermittently emerges
The sound of a foghorn.

Étretat

A supper of sun in the sea
sitting on the terrace
from where our eyes evaporate
trembling on the horizon
where the sky lengthens
and fades and eludes in this line
that Tanguy removed

To tell you everything before death silences us
To tell you everything and tell everything of you before exile

Cecile's Eyelashes Populate the Silence

A long silence of catfish
Paves the avenues of Namur
Underground the pipes are on first-name terms
They avoid each other tortuously
Or assemble in labyrinths

And nothing is worse
Than these subterranean submarines
Giving free rein to their tubes
In the depths of the underground

No
Nothing is more bitter maybe
Except a drowning aquarium
Enveloped by its mad laughter

Except a cove of butterflies

All surprised

That so many silk threads

Out of the unknown

May fall

Shallows

Red the wine

Red the stains

Where

Twenty thousand leagues under the glasses

Twenty pillars higher than the sea

Are being drawn

Twenty reefs arising from drunkenness

Ten patent leather shoes that trample

With worry under the chart table

Party On a Beach of the Lot

On Saint Cirq's day
we wax
the hooves of the circus mares
with vanilla ointment
while they are yawning at crows

Stars are getting cut into strips
banners are brought from the shadows
while we light up the street lamps
And the bare steel of the walls is engulfed
with jellyfish and ribbons
that we ardently hunt with buckshot

On the near shore you can see
as transparencies in the foam

ruins of underwater cities
Beneath their ramparts
the twenty thousand words of Nemo
with a whole forest of oysters.

Subtle and all in stripes
a spider with a diadem
threads its way
in the heart of a lemon wood
There she will weave her web
exquisitely sprinkled with diamonds of dew
and breed all the little babies
that one day will travel hanging
from the Virgin's strings in the wind

April Harvest

The depths of the sky are haunted
By evil spirits in their hoods
In a vapor of light
Even blonder than a harvest
The rapeseed is in bloom
The horizon
As far as the eye can see
Yellow

To Archimedes

Hot air balloons

To tell the truth

Are only very large lanterns

Or some kind of diodons maybe

Whose thorns

We would have wisely

Peeled

Furious

Her bra full of sea urchins
from under the table she threw at me
volleys of torpedo fish

Thinking Yews

Nothing could be more pensive
Than a coconut tree
Except perhaps a night beach
Or a slow parade of yew trees
Or the Diamond Rock in Martinique
Lost in the waters of Trondheim
Or maybe between the snowy
And sharp teeth of Lofoten islands

Or perhaps
A spiral staircase
Whose spiral still leers
The luxury wigs
With which it once was haunted

Or the trees that shake themselves

In the sun along a road

That once was a national road

Punctuated with caramels

With a taste of sea salt

From a Red Filter

I don't remember
Having ever mixed
Sun and milk.

But on the other hand I remember
Having mixed milk and moon
On a summer evening through negligence.

I had greatly abused
Of the rays of the setting sun
Near the transparencies of a glass
Of Mandarin Napoléon
This sweet liquor from Corsica

And similarly abused

Of the surreptitious glances of the moon

Which welled up from a glass of gin

Ah! What a drunkenness!

The stars were racing along the sides

Of red copper kettles

Towards red copper stills

On red copper boilers

And the grids of the horse butchers shops

Are even redder at sunset

And Deep Down, the Green Ray

It is mainly at the fringe of the evening
that the rosewood
very fiercely turns pink
but even in despair
it does not necessarily sit at a table by the sea

Yet it is there where it can dream
for hours without even a sip of tea
as long as it has its bottom
well seated facing the ocean
its pink eyes forever riveted
to the pink horizon.

The Cuttlefish's Writing Desk

Ah! There, under the water

Which folds

In the game of the smooth felicity of the propeller

Whose blades a pale octopus palpates

A typist cuttlefish slips

Looks at the water

And suddenly bleeds with an ink

Which spurts on a sign

In a long hair of black water writings

In beautiful addictive dictations

Which slowly are vanishing in moires

Naval

The manufacture of centuries
Turbulent as a wake
Is sounding
Raucous and creaking
Under the torrid sun in the harbor
Where stiff vessels are crawling

Mother-of-pearl here nails the verticals
Of foundries at the water's edge
Whose valves are ringing and slam
Where the valiant paddle wheels
Mentally merrily play taps
In chorus with a hellish noise

The locks rust under the storm
And the keys creak in their cages
And in the thickets of the shore
Catfish hum

Honey is flowing until
Both fingers and tongue get sticky
Within a lanceolate silence
And from the heart of a bee swarm
The poplars throw into the sky
Their swords as if for a murder

Let no one ever conceal
That the white horses of Neptune
Are the naked lovers of the moon

I left my black humor in cupboards
And at the corner of the field

I dropped the drum on the plowing

And then the rain in its case.

The Body of the Port

Cranes and gantries slowly move
Beyond the bales of money
that roll through the city streets

Radishes, carrots and leeks
come to populate
in transparencies
the coats of arms of emptiness
hanging
on the warthog porches
of the buildings of stone and pride
from which the bourgeoisie find comfort

Far, very far away, the stock exchange murmurs.

This Electric Black Where Seeing is Reversed

Through the periscope

We see

In the distance a lucky gold prospector

Loudly uttering out the surprise of his finding

And

Like a cherry on the Medusa raft

A parade of shells

There is no doubt that the submarine thinks

There are curtains at the portholes

These glasses of an inverted aquarium

Through which the underwater peoples

Sometimes come to peep

the undersides of human skirts

From which

The electricity of their desires

Lights up

On the oily walls of shadow

The dizzying nails of a carnival

are squealing

Deep Down Lost

The aquarium has a double bottom
And beyond the walls
Crawls
A huge deposit of pipes and pressure gauges
We hence only communicate
By pneumatic messages.

In the red shadow of pyrites
And the orange one of agates
Giant squids and heavy krakens
in sight of which the souls of beams groan
are agitating.



