

IN TRIBUTE TO GEORG TRAKL

"Perhaps those hours when we stayed together and tasted in silence a great, calm, deep happiness were so beautiful that I could never wish for more beautiful ones.

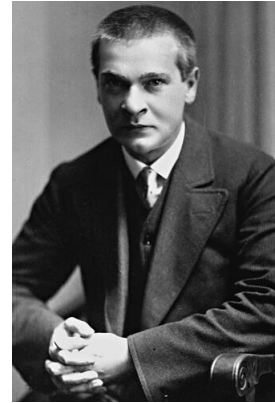
My old uncle let us be. But one day, as I was with him in the garden amidst all the radiant flowers, above which large yellow butterflies dreamily flew, he said to me in a soft and pensive voice:

'Your soul leans toward suffering, my little one.'

And as he said this, he placed his hand on my head and seemed about to add something. But he remained silent.

Perhaps he did not know what he had awakened, which since then has grown powerfully within me."

(Georg Trakl, *Dreamland*)



"Flowers, blue and white, scattered

Quietly grow in the valley.

Silvery, the evening hour weaves,

Warm desert, solitude.

Life blossoms full of dangers,

Sweet quietude around the cross, the grave.

A bell takes its leave.

Everything seems wonderful.

A willow gently floats in the ether,

Here and there a flickering light.

Spring murmurs and promises,

And the damp ivy shivers.

Brimming with sap, bread and wine turn green,

The organ sounds magically;

And around the cross and the passion
Shines a ghostly glow.

Oh! How beautiful these days are.
Children walk into the twilight;
Already the winds blow bluer.
In the distance a thrush's song mocks."

(Georg Trakl, *Spring of the Soul*)

INTERVIEW

While browsing the web, I came across a site (www.denisclarinval.org) dedicated to you; I was already familiar with your writings and noticed that some of them are fully downloadable there, and others partially. Clearly, you're not chasing after copyright royalties, even though your books are available on Amazon at more than affordable prices. So who are you, Denis CLARINVAL?

The fruit of a long, very long story. But first, let me address this lack of concern for copyrights. If I chose to self-publish my works independently via Amazon KDP, it's precisely to preserve a freedom that is dear to me—namely, the freedom to retain full ownership of what I write, without having to negotiate edits or adjustments that are usually aimed solely at pleasing the public. That's said!

You ask who I am? I was first trained in philosophy (I hold a degree and teaching qualification in the discipline). For purely practical reasons, I later pursued studies in management sciences (earning an MBA and a teaching qualification in that field, as well as the necessary certification to teach in higher education).

That's how I ended up teaching finance and management control in higher education, finishing my career there as a director. Retirement has allowed me to return to my first loves: poetry, philosophy, dramatic theatre, and tragedy.

Your philosophical journey has had several phases, from Sartre to Nietzsche, passing through the post-structuralists; can you say today that this evolution has reached its conclusion?

In my youth, like many others, I greatly admired Sartre, and it was he who led me to study Husserl. Then came a long pause, as we mentioned, before I returned to literature and

philosophy. I found myself particularly drawn to the post-structuralists—who knows why—especially Foucault and Deleuze.

It was their falling out, and Foucault's increasingly subjective direction in his later works, that troubled me. Deleuze opened the door to Nietzsche for me, but in doing so, he also closed his own. There's no need to revisit Deleuze's qualities as a fraud.

Almost naturally, Nietzsche led me to rediscover and deepen my understanding of Heidegger, who in turn opened up the world of post-Romantic German poetry, with authors like Hölderlin, Rilke, and Trakl. These are now the key references in my intellectual world.

About ten years ago, Heidegger was the subject of particularly virulent criticism. Did these explosive revelations not lead you to doubt?

Absolutely not! These criticisms are severely lacking in substance—especially the most virulent ones.

When I read a text, regardless of the author, I focus on what is written, not on what I would like to find there but isn't.

And those critics conveniently ignore Heidegger's most valuable texts—those closely tied to poetry. These are the ones that interest me most, because of their depth and the perspectives they open up.

Heidegger sought, in the texts you reference, to grasp the essence of poetry, particularly through the works of Hölderlin and Trakl. So let me ask the poet you are: did Heidegger achieve the goal he set for himself?

In his text on Trakl, "*Language in the Poem*", what is Heidegger seeking?

He presents himself as a thinker—one who meditates, as opposed to calculating thought—and yet his meditative thought is not without calculation. Heidegger reflects on Being—a Being he cannot name; in this *Word* that he seeks within Trakl's poem, he looks for names, adjectives of that Word, which to him is Being.

But when Hölderlin says that the poet names the Sacred and the gods, what does it mean to "name"? Not to define their identity, which is unknowable, but to point in their direction; the words of the poem are merely paving stones on the path that leads to this revelation in a place where words fall silent.

What is God? He names himself "I am." What does that mean? Absolutely nothing—because

it is inexpressible: it exists in the mode of the inexpressible.

Heidegger falls into the philosophical temptation of the concept, but the Sacred, Being, or the gods are beyond all concept—no one can box them in. Heidegger deciphers, interprets, tries to make the poem speak through its words—but these words say nothing; they are only indications, signposts along a road, nothing more.

Once arrived at the place of the Word, the words withdraw—they've done their job: to trace a path.

Are you saying there's an incompleteness in the poetic act—that, as Hölderlin suggested, the two trunks of the poetic act, song and thought, are irreparably separated?

Not at all! Because not only is the poem not an incomplete revelation, it reveals nothing at all. A poem is made of words, but no word—however powerful or evocative—is adequate to what is being traveled. When Heidegger tries to decipher Trakl through his words or images, he merely illuminates the path, not the *Word* to which it leads.

Let's return to Rilke, who said the *Open* dispenses with all face-to-face—but words already set us in a face-to-face if we rely on them.

The power of words in the poem lies solely in their symbolism, like music that awakens something luminous in us—but without needing words.

There are not two separate trunks in the poetic act—song and thought—walking side by side: poetry is unity.

...**above all song**, and from where it leads us emerges a kind of thought that is, paradoxically, unthinkable.

This, it seems to me, is the very essence of Trakl's poetry.

Do you believe this evocation of an unthinkable thought arising from the heart of the poem is unique to Georg Trakl?

No! It is particularly present in Mallarmé, who considered words to be mere materials—essential, of course, for constructing or establishing a place where a *silent Word* is spoken.

"Of what has taken place, only the place remains," he said—but what does that mean? That words are ultimately only the paving stones of a path, the "Dict" in Heidegger's terms, leading to that place where words no longer belong and fade into the silence of the Word.

That place—what Heidegger calls the Clearing, Rilke the Open, or Trakl the Night—is a space

of illumination, of sudden flashes. When Hölderlin states that it is the poet's task to name the gods and the Sacred, what does "naming" mean?

It doesn't mean labeling something; to name is to point toward what is unspeakable, elusive to language.

It's in this sense that Trakl's poetry commits us to a thought that is paradoxically unthinkable because it lies beyond words.

It's not enough, as Heidegger suggests in the first of his *"Conversations on a Country Path,"* to make thought a non-willing.

The thought of the Origin he speaks of lies beyond language—even in its most poetic form.

Magritte said poetry is not to be interpreted, and you share that view, but your vision of poetry seems even more radical—as though poetry must at some point renounce itself to allow what it points toward to fully unfold?

It is indeed a radical vision, because poetry ultimately puts language itself in danger.

That's what Heidegger seeks to highlight when he speaks of the risk incurred by the poet—especially in times of distress—in *"Why Poets?"*

Referring to Rilke, Heidegger asserts that what's at stake is more than life—a breath. But here again, Heidegger falls into the trap of his overly analytical approach, and although he evokes it, I'm not sure he fully grasped the depth of the eighth of Rilke's *Duino Elegies*.

You mean Heidegger remains trapped in the face-to-face of representation, despite his severe critiques of subjectivity in Descartes and Kant?

In a way, yes—but this rejection of subjectivity by Heidegger, starting with *Being and Time*, has been poorly understood, especially by E. Faye.

Heidegger, like Husserl, sought to avoid both the psychological trap of Kant and an anthropological approach.

What Heidegger rejects in Husserl, as Sartre does in his own way, is the transcendental reduction that leaves only a transcendental Ego—the supposed artisan of reflective consciousness.

Sartre does not argue for an ontological separation between the Cartesian Cogito and reflective consciousness. He adds that the Cogito itself justifies the Ego as an intraworldly "I"—but consciousness in itself has no need for an "I" or subjectivity to engage with the world

through intentionality.

It is the object that unfolds in the hollow of consciousness—but such consciousness is not necessarily reflective or positional in relation to its object.

Reflectivity belongs to the Cogito, Sartre tells us—a Cogito which, according to Kant, must in principle be able to accompany all our representations. But such a claim in principle does not guarantee its actual occurrence.

Do you see in this a reason for Heidegger's famous "turn" in his conception of Dasein?

Certainly! In *Being and Time*, Dasein refers to man's being-there in his relationship to the world through the lens of care.

But with the turn and the history of Being, Dasein can no longer be reduced to the human individual—it concerns the entirety of beings.

Critics have focused heavily on the Dasein of the historical people, but again, this criticism lacks foundation.

People cite the lectures on Hegel and Schelling, or some relatively discreet passages from the *Beiträge* or the *Black Notebooks*, but this historical Dasein of the people should instead be interpreted through his commentaries on *Germania*, *Homecoming*, or *The Ister*.

Yet these are texts linked to Hölderlin's poetry—and for a philosopher who claims to be rigorous, such sources are often not prioritized.

Still, let's not forget that the views of Hölderlin and Rilke on Nature as a privileged place of the immanence of Spirit inevitably lead us back to Schelling.

How do you connect Heidegger's rejection of subjectivity with the role he assigns to thought in elucidating the essence of technology?

For Heidegger, technology is not simply the ever-expanding development of industry or technologies culminating in cybernetics.

He sees it primarily as a *dispositif* (Gestell). What does that mean?

It refers to a way of framing our relationship with the world—especially with nature—based essentially on control and exploitation for the sake of accumulation.

What matters in technology is that it distorts our relation to the world—the way we view it, and ourselves.

This implementation of a relationship of instrumentalization assumes a reflective gaze on the

world as object—that the world be enclosed in a representation that makes it exploitable. This representation in reflective consciousness inevitably brings us back to the transcendental "I" as the architect or conductor of this representational act.

Such reflective thinking—the Cartesian and Kantian Cogito—is what Heidegger calls calculative thought: a thought prepared for action, which he contrasts with meditative thought—thought that suffices unto itself through its unfolding.

In transcendental philosophy (Kant, Husserl), there is no subject without an object of its intentionality. But where Husserl sees in phenomenological intuition an unconditional access to the essence of things—which marks a break from Kant—Heidegger sees the risk of reducing this object to a tool of potential instrumentalization.

In his *Crisis*, Husserl reaffirms his idea of philosophy as a rigorous science, opposing it to the European sciences in crisis—because what these sciences aim for is not the essence of things, but their potential use within the technical dispositif.

Let's also avoid confusing subjectivity with the notion of subject, which retains a moral connotation.

Heidegger does not reject the notion of subject—nor does Nietzsche, for that matter—but he rejects the Cartesian and Kantian association of subject with the Cogito (whose "o" clearly refers us back to the "I").

In this sense, it seems more fitting to speak of *singularity*, or better yet—as Nietzsche does in *The Despisers of the Body* (*Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, Book I)—of the *Self*.

Heidegger has often been criticized—especially in his *Letter on Humanism*—for submerging major historical events like the Shoah in a broader set of events he ties to the essence of technology as dispositif.

Indeed! But once again, this overlooks writings like *Devastation and Waiting*, in which Heidegger does speak to these issues.

Heidegger draws a crucial distinction between "desolation" and "devastation." What does he mean?

Devastation is linked to human existentiality—it is an inauthentic mode, in which Dasein is not grasped from its authentic being, but is alienated, stripped of its true essence by its subjugation to technology.

In this sense, devastation is the loss of the sense of the vast—as clearly stated from the

opening lines of *Devastation and Waiting*.

Desolations are the historical manifestations of this properly ontological devastation.

Heidegger does not intend to compare events in a way that establishes a hierarchy among them (there are no precious deaths on one side and second-rate deaths on the other).

The goal is not to deny singularities, but to search among these historical singularities for shared elements—especially by linking them to a rationalizing and instrumentalist approach to nature and human relations.

What does the technoscientific approach ultimately seek if not to categorize every natural or human reality as an exploitable resource, in other words, a process of commodification?

Let's talk a bit—if you will—about your own writings, which share the particularity already found in Nietzsche of blending genres. There must be a reason for that approach?

I've often found philosophical treatises—except for those by Nietzsche and Heidegger—particularly tedious, especially the lengthy ones.

Yes, I do blend genres: poetry, dialogues, more systematic (but usually brief) treatises, narrative ballads, theatrical elements.

This approach...

Of course, this reflects a personal approach that is primarily literary, but it also answers the need to break the dull monotony by varying approaches. It's not just a matter of literary genres: evoking the Eternal Return through a poem is a completely different act than a critical analysis of passages from Nietzsche—it is freer, more dynamic, and more likely to open up avenues of questioning.

This multiple approach is even more pronounced in books like *The Ring, Philosophical Torments*, *The Anti-Deleuze*, or the first volume of *The Thread of Ariadne* titled *The Urgency of Thought*. Alongside these works, there are others that are purely poetry collections written in homage to Heidegger or Hölderlin: *Country Paths* or *The Becoming of Spirit*. Do you plan to explore other literary paths?

Absolutely! I have several lyrical dramas in manuscript form that draw—while renewing it—on Greek mythology, and also dramatic plays that I may publish in the coming months, if I find the energy to transcribe them, since they're currently handwritten.

I don't have any real limitations, even though poetry is my preferred form of writing. But

poetry can accommodate many genres, insofar as it is not, in itself, a genre.

What is Nietzsche's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*? A poem, a philosophical treatise, a fable? I believe it is all of those things at once.

Are you driven by a particular intention when you try to bring poetry and thought together?

As we've already discussed, my intent is to shed light on that *unthinkable thought* that springs from the very heart of poetry as song.

It's not about describing it in any way—that would be to fall again into Heidegger's overly analytical approach—but rather to locate it at the core of the poem.

In other words, to resume from this paradoxical angle Heidegger's inquiry into the essence of poetry. But of course, this is a difficult matter to address, since the thought in question lies precisely at the limits of language.

One could certainly consider approaching it as a kind of meta-thought, but the recent bogging down of certain "philosophies" leads me to be wary of anything "meta," since that prefix has for some time now been applied to everything and anything.

In any case, the question can no longer be dodged under the false pretense that it doesn't belong to philosophy—what's missing at this point is *how* to approach it.

When you speak of the *how*, do you mean the method, the approach, even the form?

Philosophy no longer thinks—it comments on itself, interprets itself, rewrites itself; it has become "autophagic," as Bouveresse put it.

With the "Heidegger affair," philosophy has mostly become a mud pit in which pigs wallow. These times call for the beginning of a new kind of thought—a different thought—it's an urgency.

When I speak of the *how*, I'm thinking less about method and more about foundations, anchors, base structures.

Philosophy is a dead discourse, and must therefore be surpassed. But thought remains—awaiting a breath of fresh air that might reanimate it—not to elevate it to the heavens of ideas, but to probe the depths, to descend into the abyss of existence and tread its floor.

Nietzsche and Heidegger, in their efforts to go beyond metaphysics and philosophy, opened a breach—but even the boldest thinkers hesitate: they barely dare to glance inside.

Thought, fearing vertigo, clings to solid ground—but that ground is crumbling.

So thought timidly steps back, seeking safer, tamer terrain.

Would you say your writings belong to “philosophical poetry”?

I’m particularly hesitant about that notion, for two reasons.

First, as I’ve just said, I consider philosophy to be outdated.

Second, the term “philosophical poetry” is a catch-all applied to authors as different as Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Nietzsche, Plato, Heidegger...

The central question is the essence of poetry. Bernard Lavilliers once sang that “music is a cry from within,” and this perfectly applies to poetry as well.

Often a cry from within—as with Trakl—I would say, more nuanced, that it is a *voice* from within.

In his famous *Letter of the Seer*, Rimbaud said that poetry begins with Romanticism, and I can’t disagree.

This inner voice seeks to express emotions (as with Lamartine, for example), but also illuminations—to use a term that resonates especially with the later Rimbaud.

These illuminations are moments of seizure, of rapture—in the sense that they pass through and carry you off.

In that sense, poetry is a special form of the expression of thought. But we must make a key distinction between meditative poetry and reflective poetry.

The first situates poetry within the act of meditation—a meditation permeated by thought, as in Hölderlin.

I absolutely do not claim that Hölderlin is a philosopher, but a poet who thinks within a particular philosophical context, where Schelling plays a central role.

I would say the same of the *Winke* (Signs) that precede Heidegger’s *Meditation*.

Reflective poetry is something else: more interior. It traces, through the poem, a path whose words are merely the paving stones leading us to the threshold of a place from which language withdraws—for it has no place there.

This place is where a *silent Word* is given to us.

In this sense, reflective poetry is thought of the unthinkable.

This is the form of poetry found in Rainer Maria Rilke, and above all, in Georg Trakl.

Your latest book, *Lumière obscure*, is explicitly a tribute to Georg Trakl. But what exactly is this "obscure light" you refer to?

The first text in that tribute is titled *The Night of the World*, and that's no accident.

A night has indeed fallen upon the world—and that's nothing new. But the more light we pour in, the denser and more opaque this night becomes.

The reason is that this night of the world cannot be lit from outside—it flares up, like a shooting star, from the very heart of darkness itself.

This flickering, fragile light is elusive—we can only perceive it and let it guide us as we make our way through the dark.

It cannot be possessed—it always slips away. And it's up to us, the lost souls of this world-night, to search for it with courage and let ourselves be led by it.

It does not banish the night the way dawn erases darkness—but it passes through it, delicately.

True to your style, this book weaves together poems and dialogues and ends with a short story, *The Seventh Seal*. Is this also a way of aligning yourself with Trakl?

Trakl wrote magnificent prose texts: *Revelation and Decline*, *Metamorphosis of Evil*, *Dream and Madness*, *Dreamland*.

He also wrote dramatic fragments—but the heart of his work is poetry, with a clear evolution.

His early poems retain a classical form (quatrains, sonnets), but starting in 1912, he adopted—much like Hölderlin—a more broken, fragmented, and deconstructed style, with caesuras and stanzas of uneven length.

I'm not trying to imitate Trakl or Hölderlin, but I'm inspired by them.

Thus, my own writing has evolved under their influence: free and long verse, like psalms, with caesuras breaking the rhythm.

The long line corresponds to a slow, meditative, sometimes incantatory breath.

Another notable change: the near-total absence of periods, which interrupt the flow of breath—and, in turn, an increased use of commas.

But it's the free verse that particularly marks this evolution: where once the text had to submit to aesthetic constraints, now it breaks free—and the tone becomes truer.

It's no longer about forcing images into rigid structures, but letting them express themselves freely, as they emerge.

In this regard, my readings of Hölderlin, Rilke, Trakl, but also Rimbaud's *A Season in Hell*, and not forgetting Mallarmé, have been decisive.

To close this interview, I'd like to return to my opening question—to which you gave a biographical answer—but more fundamentally: who is Denis CLARINVAL?

Certainly not a noise-maker!

I only engage in polemic, as I did with Deleuze or some of Heidegger's critics, when the irritation becomes unbearable.

I am, like many of my contemporaries, in search of truth—or at least a fragment of it—and this is likely why the false, when proven, enrages me.

It's not about attacking those who, in search of truth, sometimes fall into untruth—but rather the forgers who cultivate falsehood as others cultivate illusions.

Hölderlin's *The Becoming of Spirit* sums up my own quest quite well.

For a long time now, the world has fallen into night—a night that only grows denser, with no hope of dawn.

This existential nihilism can't be exorcised through rituals, or countered with prepackaged redemptive words.

On the contrary, one must embrace the night—enter into it and descend to the essential that shapes it.

Light can only spring from darkness.

It is from having believed the opposite for too long that man has sunk into his own absence.

Are you, like Trakl in some ways, a man of the shadows, a child of darkness?

I am necessarily an unknown...

I wander by night through a world of stone, guided only by my star—a lantern that lights only my own steps amid absence.

Night is the cemetery of the world: men have fallen asleep, and only silence remains.

In this nocturnal desert I encounter only shadows—shadows are all that's left when the sun has dragged everything down into its decline.

I am the night watchman from Bonaventura's *Night Watches*, and from men I know only dreams—fleeting flavors in the world's night, destined to be forgotten by a new day whose dawn is already proclaimed.

The night of the world!

The sister is alone in this clearing where her steps have led her, while the brother sings on the "evening hill" (Trakl, *Spring of the Soul*);

Has the murmur of the flowing river drowned out his song?

"The soul is of the stranger upon earth": in what sacred place might it finally resonate in offering to the unspeakable?

Novalis, Hölderlin, Schelling, Nietzsche, Rilke, Trakl, Heidegger—and how many others—have woven a web, each thread of which is a string of a lyre resonating in its own tone, and together forming a symphony—an audible reply to the call of the Most-High, while "the sacred names are lacking" (Hölderlin, *Homecoming*).

Poet, thinker, playwright, or tragedian, I am a traveler pursued by his shadow, an explorer of unknown lands hidden beneath the canopy of words, in search of the great noon—a clarity within the night that has veiled the world in its sacred shroud (Hölderlin, *The Poet's Vocation*).

Interview conducted by M.H.

THE NIGHT OF THE WORLD

The world has run its course! It has just vanished:
Swallowed by darkness, its game has come to a stop.
Yesterday, they were four, in a circling dance
Within a mirror game, each reflecting the other.

Between sky and earth, in fertile friendship,
Man broke the bond, and God withdrew.
It's the end of a dance once enchanted by Spirit,
Spun within its labyrinth by the Ring.

But the Ring was shattered by futile resistance,
And plunged into the abyss of absurd habitation;
Though time's hands still turn onward,
Dead is the human bound to the depths.

The bridge to the Self, dismembered by man,
Collapsed into the chasm with the last of them;

“He will stay long,” had prophesied
Great Zarathustra, the last of humankind.

And here he fell, contenting himself
With the little his beastliness envied;
Though granted the power to think,
Haunted by desires, he turned away.

The history of our deeds lacks the act of thinking,
Not to dominate all things with Reason,
But because knowledge led to power,
Blind to what lies hidden in appearances.

Indecent vandals scraped away at statues,
Hoping to find nudity beneath the veil;
Yet beneath appearance is but a sculpted stone:
The artist’s genius slipped within the veil!

No treasure lies beneath the flayed skin:
Whether stone or entrails, shaped matter,
An intimate ugliness masked by its garment!
What do humans covet in tearing that robe?

There is nothing more to see than what is shown—
Yet our gaze is misled by what it wishes to find,
And so we close our eyes to what truly matters!

There is no truth but what is hidden
From the eye that sees only what is useful;
Through concern for things, so little is revealed—
Only short-sightedness thinks that is enough.

But one who looks upon what is folded
And grants time to unfold the fissures
Will find an enigma—and begin to think
That in those folds lie unknown truths.

The night covering the world did not fall from the sky:

For all that fades does so through closed eyes;

It is by what we seek that we are made blind—

Who knows the weight of things never weighed?

We want to know everything, to leave nothing hidden,

To dissect what is, leaving nothing behind;

Yet the simplest of all is concealed from our gaze:

What drives the gaze is necessity.

Only the necessary, dictated by reason,

What suits the will that settles for little;

If we make such noise, haunted by silence,

It's to avoid hearing the softly murmured.

If we make racket our comfort,

It's because a life of silence is too heavy to bear;

The living is a cry to ward off death—

But do we still live after all our screaming?

The night over our world is but a closed gaze,

Turned away from what questions us;

With our fragile answers, the question is blurred—

And laid aside from our carefully traced paths.

If the question returns, let others think it—

In other words, no one, for all have confessed

That what surrounds us is only worth using:

What do appearances matter if everything must be crushed?

Yet in the folds of the world a demon has hidden,

The one who whispered in Socrates' ear:

Everything is rational, shaped by the mind;

It is the one who governs all that we should fear.

Grasp its mechanics, proclaim its laws,
For it is but law by which all things operate—
The law of that nature we delight in dominating,
And of mankind too, which we long to control.

But every law has its cracks, the otherwise confirmed,
Named with a backhanded stroke as exception;
So long as we master them, we may sleep in peace:
To all that is foreign, chains are assigned.

Thus our fears manage to dominate
What we thought godless, a haven of liberty;
By all that is feared, men are enslaved,
Stripped of choice to carve other paths.

Over what the world says—our possibilities—
A veil has been cast, dooming it to silence;
But from the dense night in which it is imprisoned
Returns the murmur of a possible thought.

It is up to you, it tells us, to chase these shadows,
To let the light slide through its veins,
To see and speak it in truth—
A gentle gaze can caress its surface.

For nothing is deeper than what is revealed:
The world bears our destiny in its skin!
Why seek elsewhere what cannot be found there?
The world lies in its rind—everything is folded within!

So into its crevices must we gaze,
Without trying to smooth what seems wrinkled;
The world is the statue no veil has hidden:
Its folds reveal its profound nakedness.

Vandals, you destroy what you seek:
On bare skin is where beauty's essence gives itself!
But this skin is deep and hides so much:
We must bring the obscure into the light.

The night holding the world will one day pass!
At the return of the Celestials, enlightened by Wisdom,
We shall cast away the darkness from this world
And redraw the space between heaven and earth.

Then they shall return—the forsaken divine—
To bring humanity the key to its destiny;
And from among the mirrors of which the Ring was made,
Each shall reflect the other three.

Who would deceive all my hopes with illusion
If not the Enchanter who shattered all?
We trust too easily in those false truths
That claim to be light but are pure darkness.

This night that laid its fraud upon the world,
A single ray, a small spark of clarity
Is enough to break its spine, to scatter it elsewhere:
It is only our gaze that can deliver us!

NOCTURNAL SONG

I walk alone
With a step out of tune
In the dark depths of the night;
On the birches—phantoms of the nocturnal forest—
Reflects the whiteness of a cadaverous moon;
A star has drowned
In the dark water of a muddy pond;
The night bird, on a tree,

Has perched its melancholic song.

Silent witness to my wandering,
The beast has withdrawn into a bush,
Face of the angelic sister,
A wound of light in the green garden,
Innocence stranded in the chasm
Of the mirror of madness.

The path has frozen into stone,
From the sky falls the dark
Upon a land of dust;
In the embankment, an ancient tree
Returns its tears to the earth,
Morning dew arriving
To crush with light
The cursed soil
From which the fathers have fled.

Disoriented, the night
Hides in the cracks;
The bell resounds atop
The village hill.
The stones tremble and come apart,
Patiently collapses
The ancient house of the fathers.

A cry in the fading night,
The child awakens from the dream,
Opening his heart to madness.
Lovers untangle themselves,
Cursing the day
That whitens consciences.

Gone is the star
That watched over the world;
The child opens his eyes

To the seeping dawn,
Then closes them again,
Wanting more of the dream,
A refuge in the dark corner
Where daylight cannot reach.

From the door detaches
The face of the mother,
With the waxy hue of death,
A stone-cold gaze
Shattering with its glint
The remnants of the dark night.

The bell has fallen silent, weeping,
Ablaze with light,
Hurries the steps of shadows
That the lifeless wall
Buries among its stones

As it borders the gray houses.
The song of the nocturnal brother
Cannot be heard in the plain,
Bending beneath the sun
Of a rotting summer.

Return the cries of autumn
Under a clouded sky,
The day loses its time
As the nocturnal grows;
The trees strip themselves bare
Of leaves the earth now claims,

And the human mask
Is torn by the evening wind;
From the gaze of toads
The stars return to us.

From the heights of the path,
Sheltered by night,
Resounds the brother's song—
And behold the sister,
Devoured by the clearing,
Turns back on her steps
And caresses with a gaze,
Flooded with light,
The rock of death—
And the serpent flees.

From the thorns of a bush
The beast has torn itself free,
And with hatred anew
Challenges the Angel's steps;
The nocturnal song whispers,
Carried along the border
Of the trees lining the path.

On the face of the Angel
Shines the chiaroscuro,
Paleness of the blue night.

The beast sprung from thorns
Would tear it open,
Ignite it with its rage—
But from the crystal eye
Of the toads in the pond
A thread of starlight tears free,

And from the bottomless night
A sudden lightning strikes,
Blinding the beast's gaze
As it fades,
And embalms with its glow
The sister's hair.

OBSCURE LIGHT

Is this sacred time the enigma for which I hold the key,
Or is it something else, that keeps itself withdrawn?
They'd like madness to be the killer of dreams
When the child is nothing but tears in his frozen dwelling.

In the blue of night, starving destinies
Reach the doorstep of a forgotten light;
Is the dream a lie they must devour,
A crystal silence shattered by fury?

Yet madness is only the name for an excess of thought
When the sweat of the brow cannot dry a stone;
If God echoes from afar our infirmities,
Is it only a demon that comes to console us?

If dream is the child's declining star
On the stony path he must take,
Crossing the thorns that line his bed,
His soul is a stranger to the ravaged earth.

Here he comes, descending uncertainly the staircase
Into the shadows laid over rats;
And in the graveyard where his steps have led him,
He would like to grasp from death a little peace.

But the dead are discreet, forgotten by the living!
So it is madness to dig through their tombs,
To break their coffins, tear their shrouds,
And scatter their bones in the night upon the earth.

From this curse he would like to turn away,
But already his shadow has gone ahead, far off;
Wandering in decay, he is now alone,
Treading soullessly among these scattered dead.

From the dark chapel returns to him a light
Which the whiteness of the moon cannot conceal;
Crushed by night, he seeks to draw near—
From hell or from blue sky, what is it that draws him?

If from that cursed place the flowers have withered,
The colitas of death return, perfumed;
When, through the evening blue, all things are closed,
Only the stones murmur of the blood they have frozen.

Closer now is the chapel, with its strange light:
A hand of bones would keep him from it,
Hold it in shadow, close its eyelids—
What is this light that shatters the dark?

Still he approaches, his finger longing to touch
When from the hawthorn springs the hand of a stranger;
It strikes down the child, who collapses—
Whose voice has made this wretch a messenger?

At last, he rises again, wishes to turn back,
But the light insists that he might drink from it;
Yet the other, wordless, clings to his pride
And hinders the step that longs to retreat.

The Child

Who are you, madness, to stop me so,
When aided by the dead I sought to reach that place?
Are you not a demon, a gatekeeper from hell?
Or the reflection of the world and its vanity?

Your madness is the traitor that murders dreams,
Your gaze betrays you, reveals your cruelty;
You see in the light your madness reflected—
Is there too much clarity in a child's face?

Do you not fear the thorns of dwelling in that tree?
I know them well—they've made my steps bleed:
Upon these bones of the past my dreams have broken,
And my eye has turned to stone, petrified by this place.

I remember the father and all the bereaved,
The silence in which death made us prisoners,
A child sacrificed in the summer garden,
And windows gazing upon weeping men.

Just a little light to guide my way
Through the night of this world, abandoned of hope;
Toward the dark chapel and its feeble glow,
My momentum has been hurled into the abyss by your hand.

The Stranger

Do you think yourself dead, that your life is shattered?
That without light you cannot go on?
That your fate was bound to that sad chapel?
What do you recall that did not wound you?

No minute of life can be erased!
You say my hand threw you into the abyss,
Unaware I may have freed you from it:
What do you know of this world—of what is hidden within it?

If by night are the days, in the dark there is light
That never can be seen; in the withdrawn blue
Blinded by brightness, a glimmer is given to you
When our eyes close again under the starlit dusk.

Upon your child's tears in your icy room
A star settled, bordering your dreams
With shy hopes of a burst red fruit:
Was your fathers' home not thus enchanted?

Your face is dark because you've begun to doubt:
Is the madness of your dreams the stranger,
The river flowing as from above he sings,
Twilight of nothingness, a brother's kiss?

The Child

Your words are strange to me—how could I not doubt?
Just moments ago, descending the stairs,
The steps beneath my feet seemed to give way—
So many certainties suddenly shaken.

Your speech is an enigma—I long for its key!
What is this mystery you seem to carry
As you cast that knowing gaze upon my soul?
Are you the mirror of the depths of my own thoughts?

What lies within this chapel you wish to keep from me?
And what is this light, imprisoned in its blue?
Is this forbidden light that draws me near
No more than a false gleam, the world reflected?

You claim to save me from falling into the abyss—
Could this light be masking something bottomless?
Might such brilliance mislead my soul,
Binding it to a world to which it is a stranger?

He said "I is another" of hell's shifting season,
An alchemy of the word impressed on life,
Apollo's varnish brushed over our hidden ugliness—
But what lies beneath the veil that cannot be lit?

Or is it merely surface, vain to scratch,
So that no light can reveal a thing?
What is there in this lowly world I did not already know—
Is it not more vile than senseless?

And yet in the folds of the veil, what lay hidden
That I did not perceive, blinded by light?
There's nothing unseen in what is presented—
Detail or paradox in a well-ordered whole.

Thus vision deceives if all is not embraced—
But what use is light if the eye is not sharpened?
The gaze is Spirit folded into matter:
Do things appear only when looked at with the soul?

The Stranger

Are you now on the verge of surrendering to madness,
Abandoning the dream of transcending this world?
Is it as you see it—misery to forget—
A failure to become, beneath the threshold of Being?

To dream is no tragedy if one can awaken
And shatter the senseless mirror of this world;
You must slay the beast, that power to mislead
Within the obscene immediacy of a consumed present.

It is *Spring of the Soul* that I come to announce,
That you may be reborn and die to this dream
Of dwelling in an elsewhere devouring the clouds,
To bathe in the light of an enchanted blue sky.

There is no hidden side of this world,
No pond of light with silver fish;
I dive into these waters where stars are reflected—
And see no toads but this humanity.

He who claims to forget the stars in the mud,
Swearing there is no light except in summer skies—
That one is the beast hidden in our souls,
Who lights his thoughts with the gleam of gold.

What is this monster dwelling within us,
That wishes to be lit by a jewel?
It is in the day's glare that blue begins to shine—
Vanity of the flash that draws from the cloud.

They say a clearing follows after the storm,
But what follows is only shadow, image of our steps;
When the evening of Spirit falls, it makes the blue bleed
With infinite brightness filtered into sacred rain.

In a clearing, the sister hears the brother sing,
A twilight hymn mingled with birdsong;
And the sister turns around, shattering all the rocks—
Stone-gazed men, their lives petrified.

Wagner has fallen asleep—mud is now his Morpheus!
And then from the poet, withdrawn, comes the whisper
Of a spiritual song, of a light rediscovered:
Night frees the day from a vain obscurity.

The sister was only tears now shining in the light,
For the brother's reversed song has consoled her;
The swift, harbinger of storms, has fallen silent,
And in this nocturnal blue all things are calmed.

It is vain, my child, to dream of a beyond:
In the burning chapel, friends are gathered—
But upon the altar where this dim light shines,
There is nothing but a white cloth stretched upon the stone.

The Child

Dark is your message—it unsettles my thoughts!
I recall the castle, and in its frozen courtyard,
The gods of my past, hidden from every gaze:
Only the source remains, where life is light.

I wet my lips there, tasted its freshness
Before being hurled into a cave;
To what demons did fear try to deliver me?
I saw in the fountain a horrified face!

It was myself I fled, this reflected madness
In the innocence of the water that captured me;
And when the ice-mother appeared before me,
Treading on vipers, I turned away.

On my path I could not stop a horse,
And an angel came to me, whom I feared;
I drew near his nocturnal light—
At once he vanished into the thorny rock.

The Child

In the silent night, my enchanted step
Wandered among the trees—phantoms of the past
Dragging behind me a trace of piety,
So black was the robe of that cursed priest.

The Stranger

You left your dreams at the foot of the stairs,
But what you bring back is woven of appearances;

The castle in stone seems abandoned to you,
Yet from its window, the brother watched you.

The sorrow that chokes you is your own duplicity:
It is yourself you flee, your reflection in a spring.
If the mother is of ice, you must set her ablaze,
And capture the angel's face on your path.

The demon you flee in this darkness
Was already waiting for you before your arrival;
You wish to be stone, a walker of steel—
But the angel who fled has come to dwell in you.

I told you the sister turned her gaze upon you,
That she shattered the rock in which you were imprisoned;
The trees are but ghosts of your thin past,
Dragging behind to slow your stride.

But the stone is broken, and the blue can bleed
With the infinite light your dream had deprived you of;
Your ears are too great to hear whispered
The spiritual song of this enlightened brother.

Here, there are only the dead whose peace you claim—
Yet each of these bones bears the mark of darkness;
Your shadow has fled—can you catch it again?
Only in shadow is true light cast.

All else is a flash that blinds the eye:
You must break the chains of every blindness
And tear without tears the veil of sacred night—
In this withdrawal from the world, it is God who preserved you!

Unfold the appearances of what is called truth,
And offer your inconsolable soul to the light;

Your gaze must be armed with madness
For your hands to open to what is given you.

If the beast must be slain, it is only by light—
That glimmer you seek from a forgotten childhood;
I invite you to be reborn, you who were so ill-born,
To be reborn in the innocence the world erased.

You seek what lies behind life, hidden within it—
But there is no such thing when all is entrusted to us!
A single gaze is enough to turn all things
And let light escape from the horrors.

The Child

You say a sister—mine—shattered the rocks
As if a single look could erase all bonds;
You say I am blind, that I see all things wrong—
But the hatred in this world cannot deceive me.

I walked on bones I could not break,
As if death itself could never be denied;
I seek not elsewhere what is already given—
Only a bit of light to help me move forward.

I was in the forest when the bells tolled,
And saw in the clearing the sister turn around;
In the dark stream there were no silver fish—
Only weeping shepherds on the tearful shore.

From afar I saw the dead, accompanied by kin,
And a few myrtle flowers on his closed face;
The bells slowly honored that man—
And as the knell rang out, a soul departed.

You try to confuse me, to blind me with light—
But nothing is stranger than the voice of a stranger!

You want me to capture the face of an angel—
But what could I do with it if it cannot illuminate me?

I was touching the light when you made me fall;
Since then all is dark to me—where can I find myself?
I saw in the fountain the reflection of a murderer:
Must I become a killer to be saved?

Who can swear your heart is not woven of black?
I hold onto the glimmer you took from me,
For what comes from the dead is no worse than life:
A single tear is enough to pretend we exist.

But you—on what misery have you shed a tear?
I hear only words, gemmed in crystal—
But nothing in them lights my thought:
Are you a juggler of worn-out words, a charlatan?

I'd rather the silence of my desolate soul:
No greater comfort than a tormented mind,
An indecent madness defying the light,
Hiding human filth with a stretched-out shroud.

Spare me my path—you are the stranger to it:
To those who still believe themselves alive, give your light!
You are not of the night nor of its obscurity
That gives, to those who know, what you are denied.

The Stranger

A moth hungry for light!
The child must be slain—for he was poorly born,
The time of the world must break, clocks must stop:
In its song to the night, death has just struck!

On the brother's madness the sister turned her gaze—
Do you think she was not damned in her clearing?

Fools have made of the world a torn shell,
A ripped shroud of all that is filth.

That is why the dead were desecrated:
To exhume from man what is nothing but rot!

You dream of a light to erase your night
And chase away the ghosts of your darkness.

You must slay the beast that crept inside you:
There is nothing in this world that the day gives you—
Only an appearance projected onto shadow,
In our eyes all is false, the mirror of the deceived.

You run after your shadow—do you think you'll catch it?
Don't you feel it so near, clinging to your heels?
Your gaze is distant, cast upon the horizon,
Searching among stars for a closeness in vain.

You dream, in this moment, of telling a story
But it is not your own, for all in it is false;
Remember the roots of that strange cherry tree,
Of your soul stuck in the glue of this insane world.

In that fleeing garden, did you not feel sick?
In the gaze of the other, your life was erased:
There is no worse hell than being drained,
Stripped of intent to claim any belonging.

And here you are, prisoner of a watching mind,
A thing among others, paving the sidewalk;
You would tear yourself away, pull out your soul,
But you're no more than a detail of a crushed gaze.

You envy that eye for guarding your intimacy:
"It cannot penetrate to the soul's deep core!"

You cling to that dream of thus escaping it—
But distant are the fibers of proximity.

Trapped, you turn back on your meager past,
And silently weep for always having been;
In the other's gaze your life came to a halt—
You are nothing but roots of a foolish cherry tree.

The Child

It takes but a glance to turn the eye away,
Close one's eyelids, withdraw into oneself:
Is not the one watching me a prisoner too,
Who feeds my misery with what he has stolen?

And suddenly I relive it, in thus possessing him:
There is nothing but that bench that just swallowed him,
A thing among mine, a futile possession

Lost among the roots of that old cherry tree.

I abandon the garden to his wounded gaze:
He is alone now, to redraw it all!
But lo! My steps have crossed with another's,
Who takes up that bench I had forsaken.

Petrified on his own, the hostile one has not moved:
Will he play with the other a murderous stare?
There's no such thing as chance when the dice are rigged,
And in this con game, no debt is ever erased!

Many are the glances and torn souls that meet—
Yet night is fertile with essential truths;
Useless gazes are enlightened by Spirit:
It is an obscure light, silencing all prejudice...

OBSCURE

So near is the far for the man ill-stranded
Who searches in the stars for something to bring him close;
Yet there lies the enigma—so near, within his reach—
But he cannot grasp it, blinded by his fears.

From the height of his path, captured by night,
Returns the murmur of a hummed friend's song:
One must shatter the rock to set Spirit free,
And from the thornbush, let clarity return.

Atop the village, a bell resounded:
Into the black water of a pond the sky has fallen.
In the toad's gaze, the stars once chained
Ceased to shine with a breath of crystal.

Pale is the night star reflected on stones,
Holding only shadows in this obscurity;
Elsewhere the world is written—for empty is the inkwell
Spilled by the poet with his torn feather.

For words tear themselves apart upon the page,
They are but the path's slippery stones;
Toward the wellspring of Spirit, saying cannot go—
For the fountain is alive, and its Word sacred.

And the dead cling to the edge of Clarity,
Erased in a flash by divine thunder.
If the lyre of unnamed Celestials is but a foretoken,
Then beneath joy lies the poet's burden.

To the Celestials, the day on the peaks is granted:
Not too vast is the darkness man finds enough,
Living in appearances lit by false daylight:
There is no well-kept secret in what merely *seems*.

Bright is the surface breaking through darkness:

But what use is a rope to cross an abyss?

Who reigns on the other side that here we lack?

Only one more illusion, a whiff of piety.

And men retreat into fragmented fates:

There is no deaf ear that lacks a body!

Fragments are man's rightful portion,

A vanity accepted in his fractured being.

Dreaming is but madness overturning the tables,

Depriving the present of what little is given;

Tomorrow is no more certain than a spent yesterday,

In the shadow of chance and our discarded lives.

OBSCURE

It is far darker still than you dared to tell,

For man is but a chimera deprived of an *otherwise*;

Tethered to the weariness of his dreary valley,

No soul ever blossoms to overtake the Spirit.

In a sordid pond, a star has drowned,

And you, ferryman of the Styx, in your broken boat,

Carry it to the underworld of faded memories—

Is there a flower in this world that bears eternity?

Time is a murderer, erasing all things;

Memory lies inert, every being turned to stone,

Like a nocturnal blotter of shadows and clarity:

The *obscure* is the drain of our faintest thoughts.

An abyss of existence watered by false lights,

By a doubtful lamplight, reason misaligned;

The blade of our will has shattered on stone—

Only the hilt remains, grasped in a hand.

But what use is a hand when will is absent,
If man is the last to resign in vain?
Darker still is the night with thorned edges
When the blood of an angel is shed in tears.

THE CANTOR

Is not the *obscure* the friend of my murmured song,
Which calls the clearing to turn back the shadow?
I am only the path rising toward Clarity,
The cantor of a human forgotten by the Celestials.

I know too well the vast vanity of man,
When the abyss is the light by which he is lit;
For life is a fleeting capture of the nocturnal,
Hallucinated forms of an unspeakable absence.

And dreaming is not madness to overthrow the old,
But to dress its ugliness in a shred of silk;
So go thoughts, devoted to lies,
Capturing in a word what cannot be named.

Nameless is the light we feign to ignore,
Which speaks only of the death of imitated lives;
Is there a rose in the garden that shall never rot?
From what Clarity comes such eternity?

There is in our cemeteries nothing but scrubbed bones,
Bleached memories, fragments of the past;
Is the world's night buried in these places,
Lit by a chapel's few flickering candles?

OBSCURE

Is not death life sacrificed to the divine,
One more illusion that satisfies man?
Is he not dead enough that you must still hear him,
Still worship him, match your step to his?

Is there no madman who's shattered his own flame,
Swearing we must sever our story from god?
Man is but solitude under a cloudy sky,
An unseen image he is yet to draw.

Bent over his abyss and its crumbling edge,
Finding no salvation to which he might cling,
He drinks words until he drowns himself:
"I shall be god," he says, "the old one is dead!"

There is no divinity on earth but what man wears:
Where the Other is lost, he would now advance.
Thus are born tyrants of divine will,
And crushed beneath them, the serfs of misfortune.

A king is but the fool's illuminated form,
Beaten by his hands, mocked by his words;
The minstrel departs to charm other palaces:
At dawn a king dies, choked on a fishbone.

The words of the wretch—he was hardly beloved—
Who thought himself god enough to adjust all values.
Where man is but a crowd, a blade has fallen,
And noble blood spills into a streaming river.

So go the idols, measured against the divine,
Reducing wisdom to mere prejudice;
Dream becomes madness with a murderous face,
Devouring the newborn on the human altar.

For the successor shall be like the old,
Mimicking habits of alienated lives.
Thus are wars made—repetition in brief—
Of a thirst for victory tuned to the cannons.

And man is torn apart, isolated from himself,
Lying fragmented on the battlefield;
One of them bears a flag, slashing with his sword,
Fleeing the shadow of death over the mass grave.

Besieged by corpses, the earth is torn open,
Feeding its bowels with forgotten defeat.
Tomorrow will be another fallen day:
The cannon makes flesh of glorified men.

THE CANTOR

War is no game, but the stupidity
Of the envious who would claim the earth as theirs,
A mirror in the abyss of their usefulness:
Have you measured the depths of the abyss?

Is there a worse fate for all the desolate,
Who would pour their veins for its empty promise?
Remember the beast that was never slain—
That Evil which enslaves thought at its nearest.

Living is a swamp of reason's entrapment,
Ever-shifting sands of calculated tomorrows;
One is lost in the depths who dares set foot,
And at the surface, hope-bubbles burst and die.

In the swamp's lair, a star has drowned,
And from the fisherman of the skies, the netted boat
Caught only a school of darkness:
Far deeper than the silt, the light has sunk.

What is this ground of the world that man now treads,
More shameful than death, innocence violated?
Altar of our offerings to the sated beast,
Tomb of our regrets in the forgetting of the Sacred.

The Obscure

What is the ground of the world, from which man might ascend—
Must I name it if you're truly listening?
I'll wager a cantor is not just the servant
Of a too-human defeat, abandoned to the gods.

Since the day we were told "God is dead,"
Man has not stopped drinking the chalice of sin;
This is no discourse on morality here:
Within these ruins lies a closely guarded secret!

They say the Celestials are messengers of Clarity—
But what is this Clarity in hidden light?
When man believed he saw with wisdom's fire,
Did he not stumble on the edge of the abyss?

What he swore to hold was but an illusion,
Reflection of appearance in a blinded gaze;
From the unfathomable abyss he failed to measure
That one more step on solid ground would steal it away.

What brilliance, in falling, could light his way
When he believed in no light but his own darkness?
Far below the sea, where day never reaches,
There dwells in the deep a night inhabited.

By his own light man has blinded himself,
So that in the depths his soul ran aground;
No god in that ground, nor even a gleam—
Only the sunken wreck of one too envious in his fall.

From this immense obscurity is there born a faint light
Which, seized by man, might allow him escape?
Mountains have rooted deep in ocean beds—
And the fallen remembers the heights he must climb.

Before the day can rise, he must suffer,
Endure the slope's agonizing incline,
Resist the descent with each tempted step,
And through effort alone erase the urge to yield.

It's the spirit of heaviness that would let you slip,
Deliver you to the night of your failed being;
At the end of your courage, Clarity is offered—
Toward you extends the hand of the divine messenger.

There is no light, in all obscurity,
That is not a path lined with illusions,
Strewn with stones sharp as blades:
Only bloodied feet are tinted with dawn.

The Cantor

And behold it emerges, that wreck run aground:
Hands have reached out to anchor it firm.
Across the abyss a rope is flung—
For only fleeing light lands upon the shore.

Hardly has the deserter been reassured
Than he must advance carefully upon the rope;
Suddenly the rope quivers, the dancer freezes—
He adjusts his step to the fragile thread.

Midway in his measured crossing,
A jester leaps before him;
The surprise is great and makes him falter:
"You've lost," says the fool, "I'll be the first!"

Unshaken, the dancer keeps moving forward:
“Must I surrender and fall to the depths?
I care not for victory—what matters is arrival!”
And the fool collapses, swept away by those words.

Lighter than a bird upon the taut line,
The man reaches the opposite shore;
A flash of light surrounds him at once—
What once was man now shines transfigured.

TWILIGHT

At last the world fades, its ugliness dissolves,
Night becomes a shroud thrown over its filth,
The valley is of death, its body inert wax,
Its scattered bones whitened by moon’s reflection,
Plaintive nocturnal songs of captive
Larks—murmurs the brother’s chant
On the stony path that crosses the forest.

Shadows stir in the crypts,
Remnants of a past forgotten by light,
A danse macabre of the ancient emaciated,
Ominous melodies shielded by stone walls,
Sighs or cries of unspeakable defeats,
A well run dry of too vague hopes—
Life drowns in the bottom of a holy-water font.

So dense and low the sky abandoned by stars,
Sulphuric the murmur of decaying men;
Sleep seals lips, and words are choked
In strange dreams within the father’s house,
A far-off origin erased by dust,

A weeping within the silence of withdrawn souls—
Only a reflection survives in the world's mirror.

But pale in the nocturne is the sister's face,
A gaze of cold stone, crystal of madness;
Dreams flicker, invaded by garden shadows
Of childhood, whose living day fades away.
Rats dance festively beneath the gloom,
Open are the tombs of rotting yesterdays—
In the nearby swamp, the Beast has awakened.

The blackbird sings in its prison of ice, tears
Of a dawn crushed by light, the stones hidden
Beneath rays raining down in cloaks of appearance,
Smiling faces at the gifts of a bursting sky—
In vain the contentment of the last of men.
Brave are the hands harvesting misery,
Stomachs stretched, fed on illusions.

Too old the father who bears the weight of time,
Bent beneath the crushing load of false hopes,
The mother petrified in rooms devoid of light,
Rocked by objects stripped of memory, dead,
Stone the bread fallen from her waxen fingers,
Silent the table that retreats into shadow
And dies in the narrow corridors of the extinguished house.

HOLZWEG

No, the country path does not cross the world,
It distributes it, offers it in its presence, for it is from it
That all things take their birth—even that bench
Carved with riddles where, in the shade of a great oak,
So many have sat to meditate. And many young minds,
Still clumsy, try to decipher them, to retrieve

The letters erased by time. But the riddles are
Silent, for they have nothing to tell; they refer
Back to the path itself, which holds the memory of the world
In every trace left behind by the feet of countless travelers.
The country path is the way of renunciation that gives
And never takes. The path that leads to the Origin—
Not the threshold of the castle where it first set forth, but the Birthplace
To which it returns the one who walks it, with Wisdom and Subtlety.

Poetry is the thought of almost nothing, of the trivial, of all that
Seems marginal: a lizard on a warm stone,
A blackbird's song, the orchestrated harmony in the leaves
Of a solitary tree stirred by a gentle wind, a flower on a slope.
The country path is not spectacle—it ignores the sublime
And knows only the strange of the soul and the world where it echoes.

Beyond the bench in the oak's shadow, witness to silent thoughts,
The path plunges into the forest and becomes *Holzweg*,
A path that leads nowhere? Nowhere for Sunday pilgrims—
But all who dwell within it know it well. They know the temple
Whose trees stretching to the sky are its many columns,
They know the light that filters through the underbrush—fine, light, flickering—
In the shade of ferns whispers a quiet, unpretentious spring.
The Sunday pilgrim stops there for a brief moment and in the clear water
Discovers the strange dance of silverfish—but what the spring says,
That Word hidden in its murmur, only one who knows can hear.

And he walks on; the light grows more discreet, then yields at last
To darkness. A lark sings there, but the pilgrim has turned back,
He retraces his steps to that city where he shall never be anyone.
The path, misunderstood, returns him to the foot of the castle from which
He set out that morning, and behind him, as he leaves, the path vanishes.
What does it matter what happens? What matter the illusions in which

Man loses himself? For the path always remembers the Origin—
That distant Birthplace to which it
Leads the steps of the one who lets himself be carried by it to become
Equal to the purpose for which he is, equal to the Simple
Which speaks the ultimate truth of what

Resembles, the Spirit which gathers all in that one place, temple of the Sacred,
Where each becomes Self only through that renunciation
Which is the gift of Spirit.

FOGGY DOCK (TO THE FORGOTTEN)

A poem in two voices

THE ECHO

Foggy morning, coffee steams, I switch on the TV
And the night's news crashes down on me
Like Sisyphus' stones:
Over there, hunger has devoured every child's dream—
What to say?
What to do?
What to think?
“And yet, one must live or survive,” sang Daniel Balavoine...

THE SILENCE

Yes...
On such mornings, the world is so heavy you doubt it even turns.
You open your eyes, the coffee barely steams,
And already the absurd and the tragic assail you.

Over there, the infamy of an endless war,
Childhood sacrificed on the altar of dead ambitions—
And we, before our screens, stunned, powerless, sickened.
“What to say? What to do? What to think?”
Your threefold question is that of painful lucidity,
The one we ask when words are ashes in the mouth.

But even so, one must not look away—

Nor drown in it.

Because if we give in, what remains?

And yet, yes:

“One must live or survive,” sang Balavoine.

We must live,

Even in anger, in mourning, or in resistance.

Live for those who no longer can.

Write, think, denounce, console, build—

If only one just word, one righteous act

In a world that staggers.

Your poetry, your thought, even dark,

Is a refusal of indifference.

And that is already an act.

Whether the rain falls or not upon the garden,

THE ECHO

Even if the light delays in coming,

do not forget that even a grave song is still a song,

and that it carries, despite everything,

a fragment of humanity.

THE SILENCE

The mountains rise from the depths of the abyss—

let us wager that one day...

THE ECHO

...that one day they will remember the ocean they came from,

and in the cracking of the world, return to the light

the forgotten murmur of the deep.

For even the abyss, in its black silence, prepares

the splendor of a summit.

And what today seems drowned, broken, lost,
may be the invisible foundation of a song to come.

Let us wager, yes.

For to wager is to hope with the heart, despite the mind.

And hope is never naïve when it is lucid.

It is a faith without dogma, but tenacious—

the faith of poets,

of watchers...

and of the living.

THE REEF

And my path, stretched out by too many tears,

I stripped my reason to dust in the wind;

I forgot my own thresholds woven of charms,

Scattering, without fortune, husks of mystery.

I dragged my departure hemmed by illusions,

And the sky, bewitched by my shifting fates,

Collapsed in silence into the hollow of my deserts:

A sinister god erased me from the clay...

I watered with help those syrupy prisons

That bohemian children set ablaze with embers;

And to the faded clouds in varicose showers,

I hung memories erased by suspicion.

I fought battles against the demons of winter,

Hoping for a thousand embraces to lead me astray;

A summer burst forth at a graveyard's bend

And lanced the abscesses on my ulcerated skin.

I scraped my soles foaming through the night

And riveted my glory to ragged prostitutes;

But my fragile fate, ravished by those pleasures,
Poured out, dazed, into sinister harvests.

Vanity! I rowed through the fog of time,
Lighting my principles so that a star might be born;
Forgotten demons sailing the abyss
Eluded my haulers and tore my sail apart.

My mind fermented in these demented groves
That embankments in rain extinguished with drizzle;
Then the sky, emptied of its surplus of storms,
Set fire to my pond with a rare black grain.

A weary star pierced me with its boredom
That I yawned at in advance like a loathsome feast;
I cursed my sleep and loathed my nights,
Island prisoner of such petty rest.

From ironic mornings to stinking vespers,
I begged for my city in affable currencies;
I soared over my doubts in sayable tides
That the ice shore drowned in its rage.

Folly! The light dances at the end of my path;
Don't you see, lackey, that a dream hangs from your tower?
I wept that silence as I closed my hands:
A daring reef was about to defy the wind...

ODE TO NIGHT (*free verse version*)

I will drink the dew fallen in the clearings,
Silent tears from the weeping nocturnal sky.
I sought truth like a stubborn wanderer,
And life returned to me its reflections of lies.

I crossed the world on nameless roads,
Met dark shadows, heartless faces.
I fled without stopping, step fixed on nothing,
And night seemed sweeter to me than day.

Under a burning sun, my body was consumed,
The deserts scorched me with their long silences.
My eyes dried beneath the unfeeling glare,
And I blessed the night as a deliverance.

My skin bore the mark of a merciless world,
The high star in the sky laughed at my pain.
I sank deeper into that chasm of wandering
Where even light became an offense.

I thought I'd found meaning in the cold of stone,
But everything slipped endlessly from my solitude.
I was only an insect bearing its burden
And who, from a shred of hope, fed its famine.

My life was sewn with tragic, naked threads,
Each step on earth rang like a farewell.
My dim virtue was only pretense,
And my only clarity came from despair.

I begged the serpents to offer me friendship,
Tasted their poison, tenderly given.
I saw only the frozen shadow of things,
And rejected the heavens that always kept silent.

Life is a hell without end or deliverance,
And Rimbaud knew it in his closed silence.
With fevered verses he composed the final dance,
And Charleville still bears his grave.

You dreamed of greatness, and reaped the abyss.
The sublime is a trap where one burns their wings.
From the hell you cried out, what remains, poet,
But one more scream beneath the weight of nothingness?

It is the devil, you say, who guards our reason,
And truth is but a name carved on a tomb.
Despair enlightens where light has failed:
Our only truth hides within the fall.

Phèdre was consumed by the fire of her grief,
Hippolytus was silent, betrayed by innocence.

And Theseus, forgotten, bore his false wisdom—
So go loves when clarity falters.
Truth falls silent in places without light;
Must we believe in its voice to escape the void?

What does it give us beyond doubt,
If not the pain of a mutilated hope?
Who will have pity for men without prayer?
Heaven has turned from cries without echo.

The saints are marble, the angels absent,
And virtue too proud to hear our cries.
Only night responds to forsaken hearts,
Its tears soothe even the heaviest pain.

Day knows only to laugh at those who fall,
And shadow is a mother we never knew.
Life is tragedy, a mask without a face.
Do we find meaning in it? It dissolves too fast.

All that remains is breath, a semblance of light,
A pitiful trompe-l'œil on the stage of men.

The darkest hours are left unnamed.

Day comes only to wither with false light.

It empties thoughts, renders the heart mute,
And dries the voices that once prayed in shadow.

The sun brings nothing but dry burns.
There's no truth in its devouring light.
It scorches skin, reveals imposture,
And feeds on tears it pretends not to see.

It is no ally of tormented souls.
It exposes pain like a naked spectacle.
And night, powerless, watches it pass,
Weeping over the ashes it leaves behind.

Hell or damnation—I've known the first.
The second promises what I still dread.
And this river of fire into which I sink,
To which god is it vowed, if none eternal remain?

After death, can one still suffer?
Time—or the wound—which is crueller?
Does time belong to us? Can it collapse?
I have no answers left, only an echo-less cry.

DEATH IN THE SOUL

I walk in silence, not knowing where shadow leads me,
Day withdraws, giving way to my sorrow;
Slowly I sink toward the ash of desire,
Like a lost ship, abandoned by grey waves.

My gaze no longer hopes for anything in the horizon's depths;
All that I loved flees, soundless and without trace,
And I remain alone in this city without echoes,
Where the ruins of the heart are uninhabited palaces.

Death in the soul, I advance to the heavy rhythm of my steps,
Carrying on my shoulders the dark weight of years;
Yesterday's gardens left only withered thorns,
And even roses no longer know their names.

I no longer know the calm gleam of clear mornings,
Nor the warm breath that once awakened my dreams;
My heart has become a desert well without a fountain,
Where the song of all my longings is lost.

Death in the soul, I speak to indifferent stars,
Their cold murmur answers like a faceless farewell;
Only silence listens to the secret of my tears,
In the sealed room where my weary soul sleeps.

My past fled with autumn's birds,
Leaving behind only a painful memory;
I search in vain for a path forgotten beneath the snow,
But my footprints vanish in an icy void.

The love that once warmed me now seems gone;
My hands still tremble from grasping the dark void,
The scent of happy days floats without reaching me,
Like a gentle ghost no breath can hold.

Death in the soul, I am like those naked trees,
Stretched toward a sky where swallows no longer pass;
My thoughts have become dead leaves without momentum,
Scattered beneath a wind of solitude.

Each evening, a gentle shadow brushes my cold face,
Perhaps promising the peaceful end of torment;
I close my eyes to the future without dreaming it,
Like a sleeper weary of watching into the infinite.

Death in the soul, yet I continue my slow path,
Not waiting for some redeeming light to come;
I simply walk to the end of my silence,
With only familiar darkness as my witness.

Crows scream their hunger in my torn veins,
My heart is no more than prey beneath the beaks of darkness;
Blood spurts silently upon frozen stone,
I gaze upon my soul, black and offered to carrion.

I drag my empty body through burned-out fields,
Heavy smoke where remnants of my dreams dissolve;
The ruins still burn, spitting out their dying cries,
And the sun recoils, ashamed of my wreckage.

Each thought is a rusted blade in my flesh,
My breath an open wound bared to the cold;
Mud fills my mouth, smothering my final cry,
As the jaws of emptiness close in on me.

The rotting rivers carry forgotten bodies,
I am among them, face pressed into the sludge;
My sorrow the only raft floating on opaque death,
Without port, without shore, in the thickness of nothingness.

My memory is a charnel house with hollowed lids,
Where my starving ghosts crawl slowly;
They gnaw to the bone the decomposing memories,
Fighting for the rotten flesh of my happy days.

My eyes are caverns where formless shadows sleep,
Terror creeps slowly, a cold serpent in my gut;
I've lost all light to the claws of night,
And my lips split beneath the grip of silence.

Devastation breaks the world's fragile bones,
I hear the hoarse echo of dying suns;
Cities are crushed under the footsteps of pain,
And my voice is the moan of uprooted roots.

I am the faceless man, standing on the black abyss,
Where angels' wings burn in free fall;

I swallow ashes, spit out dead hope,
My heart hammers the dreadful hour of sacrifice.

Everywhere, screams tear the gray air of tombs,
Their grip crushes me beneath a merciless millstone;
My life is the hoarse song of unending torment,
Condemned, I walk toward the scaffold of silence.

At last, the void opens its jaws, swallowing me slowly,
I sink into the abyss where no gaze seeks me;
Death in the soul, I am the willing prey of chaos,
I fall asleep in the pitiless embrace of nothingness.

Mutilated trees raise their stumps to the sky,
Bony, blackened branches twisted with pain;
Beneath their feet, the earth exhales a breath of dust,
The wind howls through forests turned to graves.

The lake runs dry, its skin cracks in absence,
Skeleton of dead water stiffened by cruel neglect;
Fish rot, white eyes open to the void,
Sickening silence where spring's ghost lies.

Crushed flowers rot along gray roadsides,
Their scents drowned in filth and refuse;
Frantic bees wander with no honey or haven,
Each petal a gaping wound in memory.

The scorched fields display their smoking wounds,
Grain reduced to ash, scattered by the winds;
The red sun hangs above like a burst eye,
Mute witness to silent agony.

Dead birds fall from the sky, wings torn,
Rain of bones and feathers soiling frozen ruins;
Their songs exist only in the depths of dark chasms,
Where the dreams of day slowly drown.

The poisoned river flows, carrying dread,
A sinister mirror where shattered stars shine;
Its heavy waters murmur the slow death of the world,
Each eddy swallowing lost faces.

The gashed earth opens its ravenous wounds,
Swallowing roots, insects, whispers;
The heart of the earth beats a chaotic rhythm,
Like a mad clock announcing the end of time.

The disemboweled hills expose their dead entrails,
Jutting rocks, cold bones tossed to the surface;
On their flanks still ooze reddened wounds,
Like the open flesh of a dying god.

The meadows are battlefields without victory,
Crushed, suffocated grass, scorned by the night;
Animal skeletons litter the desolate plain,
Nameless victims forgotten beneath the frozen sky.

At last, the entire landscape becomes a massive tomb,
Nothing breathes anymore, except silent pain;
Nature lies cold on the altar of nothingness,
Offered in sacrifice to eternal agony.

Open graves yawn over a shadowy void,
Split stones, leaning crosses gnawed by black moss;
Thistles slowly devour names and faces,
The dead are forgotten under the grip of thorns.

The rusted gate groans beneath the cold fingers of silence,
No one enters this realm of glacial shadows;
A bitter scent rises from bone-saturated soil,
The wind carries a muffled murmur of shrouds.

The main path is strewn with rotting leaves,
Each step awakens the dull crackle of the void;
Mutilated angels weep over the graves,
Their broken wings cloaked in lugubrious dust.

Ruptured crypts expose their dark entrails,
Oozing a murky water where scraps and insects float;
The tainted air thickens with the damp breath of the dead,
At night, rats creep, feeding on absence.

The names of the lost fade beneath the cold rain,
Epitaphs slowly dying in indifference;
Voices once beloved are now plaintive echoes,
Blending soundlessly into the mud and solitude.

Broken coffins release their funereal hosts,
Whitened bones scattered among tall grass.

Thick fog swallows those unresting specters,
Murmuring their stories to absent listeners.

A chapel crumbles under the heavy weight of silence,
Its altar veiled in mold and filthy shadows;
Extinguished candles sleep in their puddles of wax,
The crucified Christ seems to die a second time.

The damp earth exhales a bitter scent of mass grave,
Each breath fills my throat with darkness;
I feel the invisible fingers of the dead on my shoulders,
Guiding my hesitant steps toward the abyss with no return.

The moon reveals the bent silhouettes of crosses,
A chilling silence where grey specters dance slowly;
A mortal shiver runs through my lost veins,
Beneath my feet the ground trembles, haunted by the unseen.

Here reigns the endless time of decomposition,
The dark kingdom where all hope crumbles;
Cemetery of lost souls, I lie down on your stone,
Abandoned in turn within the tomb of silence.

I slip slowly toward a faceless realm,
Where darkness reigns, thick veils of indistinction;
No gaze penetrates this absolute silence,
And even night loses its name in this abyss.

I am blind, drowned in the contourless shadow,
All bearings vanish in the intangible void;
My steps tread the invisible ground of forgetfulness,
Sinister no-place where the soul slowly fades.

The indiscernible draws me into its immense jaws,
Space becomes only an illusion shattered by blackness...

Each breath brings me closer to a bottomless absence,
My very existence is a shadow fading away.

The darkness is alive, creeping toward my bare heart,
It chokes me like a serpent with frozen coils;
My voice is nothing more than breath—wordless, without call—
Lost in the blackness that devours my reason.

Here, no horizon, no guide for my thoughts,
The void wraps me like an unmoving shroud;
The eye seeks in vain a form, a face, a voice,
But the abyss remains a black and empty mirror.

Boundaries dissolve beneath the dark caress,
Space and time are but mingled ashes;
I drift without a body in this boundless pit,
A specter among formless and silent shades.

No star to guide the wandering soul,
The sky has withdrawn, replaced by opacity;
Even my memory is but a faint murmur,
Forever lost in the depths of the unnamed.

Each thought crumbles in absolute darkness,
Consciousness dies in this bottomless, lightless well;
Darkness absorbs me into its raw matter,
And my cry fades before it even comes forth.

I become the abyss where all vanishes without echo,
The abyss itself, nothingness among frozen voids;
The emptiness devours all my substance,
I am indistinct—without contour, without name, without end.

At last dissolved into immense total obscurity,
I am nothing but absence delivered to infinity.

Death in the soul, I become living darkness,
And in this place without place, forever, I lose myself.

Sister, I still see your pale face beneath the thorns,
Your tender flesh marred by time's cruel claws;
Your innocence crucified on the cold altar of shadows,
Where my song can only be a powerless murmur.

Childhood now rests in a mute grave,
Its laughter smothered by dust and nettles;
We wander, you and I, through the bitter twilight,
Two specters bearing in silence our twin wounds.

Your once-soft hands now bear bloody stigmata,
Fate's thorns have torn your fragile palms;
I can only weep, a brother disarmed by anguish,
My lips stammering a plaintive and futile hymn.

I search for you in vain beneath the dead branches of the garden,
Where once bloomed our joy without deceit;
Now the roses are black, wounded by thorns,
And their very scent has become the smell of blood.

O tormented sister, I feel your suffering in the dark,
Each night your voice trembles faintly in my dreams;
But I remain powerless before your still pallor,
Haunted by your gaze lost beneath a veil of tears.

The path to childhood is strewn with sharp thorns,
Our bare feet torn on the shards of our games;
Your fragile body is now a broken silhouette,
I can no longer reach your dying innocence.

I wish I could still sing of our past tenderness,
But my voice breaks into a muffled cry of shame.

The weight of silence covers my powerless words,
And my murmurs fall into the cold grass of evening.

We were two children in the bright spring,
Today I am only a brother left without answers;
The thorns tear at my heart when I speak your name,
My sister, I am the one who left you in the darkness.

The cold wind sweeps through our once-happy gardens,
The thorns multiply in the growing shadow;
I faintly sing the memory of your light,
My voice trembles, dying at the threshold of your lost grave.

O tormented sister, forgive my cruel silence,
Forgive this plaintive song that cannot set you free;
I carry within me the horror of a broken innocence,
And my soul falls asleep, sister, beside your absence.

Of the world, only cold stones now remain,
Mute and faceless, lost in the darkness;
Each fragment reflects to the void its dead light,
Soulless shards of a mirror broken by time.

No name, no memory inhabits these rocks,
Their dull surfaces are anonymous tombs;
They reject clarity, surrendered to endless night,
They gleam in shadow like frozen tears.

These cold stones no longer tell any story,
Their silence is absolute beneath the frozen grip;
Even stars extinguish on their surface,
And every gaze shatters on their mortal mirror.

Here, no life—only a voiceless echo,
Stones without place, scattered in the vast void;
Their coldness answers the void of a faceless sky,
Their icy reflections are fragments of infinity.

Like motionless ruins at the threshold of the void,
They wait without waiting, frozen forever;
Their absent hearts beat no rhythm,
No human voice leaves a gentle imprint there.

On these soulless stones glides eternal shadow,
Light brushes them in vain, dead on contact;
Each shattered gleam returns the universe to silence,
And my eyes lose themselves in their unreachable void.

Within these cold stones, time itself has shattered,
Deprived of horizon, they are nothing but solitude;
My gaze slips over them without ever entering,
Their contours dissolve in somber indifference.

The stones are now mirrors turned toward the abyss,
They absorb the extinguished glow of forgotten worlds;
In their darkness, my reflection is that of an absence,
A nameless shadow returned to eternal night.

The cold of these stones slowly invades my heart,
Their silence is mine, their anonymity too;
I become a lost fragment of a broken mirror,
Reflecting, like them, the immensity of the void.

At last, I lie among these soulless stones,
My life returned to the void, without memory or voice;
Here, I am cold stone, mirror of obscurity,
Faintly shining beneath the shattered sky of silence.

NIGHT PATHS

"Strange are the nocturnal paths of man.
As I walked, sleepwalking, through the rooms
Of stone, and in each one burned a small lamp,
Silent, a copper candlestick, and
As I collapsed, frozen, upon my bed,
Again stood by my side the black shadow

Of the stranger, and I hid, mute, my face

In my slow hands.”

(G. Trakl, *Revelation and Decline*, excerpt)

NOTE: Free verse rewriting from three texts by G. Trakl:

“*Metamorphosis of Evil*” (prose), “*Revelation and Decline*” (prose),

and “*The Sister’s Garden*” (a short 5-line poem)

METAMORPHOSIS OF EVIL

I

Autumn: slow advance into shadow at the edges,

Silence scratches the air, a still destroyer.

Beneath a bare tree, the forehead of the plague-bearer waits.

Evening has long since dissolved into the moss,

Yet still it falls, like a final breath; November.

A dead bell tolls, and the flock returns

black and red, followed by a faceless shepherd.

Beneath the hazel trees, the green man empties his prey.

Warm blood still steams between his two palms,

and the animal’s shadow sighs above him,

in the thick branches, deaf and archaic. The forest.

Crows fleeing in threes, streaked by a frozen cry,

like a broken, faded, masculine sonata,

whose chords die in silence in the golden sky.

Boys laugh near the mill. They light a fire.

The flame is brother to the palest one among them,

the one who laughs, buried under a mane of red hair,

or perhaps it was here: the echo of an ancient murder,

crossed by a path, stony, indistinct.

The berries are gone. The air stagnates, leaden grey,

in heavy waiting and forgetfulness beneath the pines.

Green fear, darkness, the gurgle of the drowned.

The fisherman pulls a monster from the starlit pond,
a black fish, with a cruel and lost gaze.
The reeds speak; behind him, men shout.
He drifts away, swayed by his red boat,
crossing the still waters of the season,
haunted by ancient legends of blood,
stone eyes open upon the virgins and the night.
Evil.

II

What keeps you frozen on these steps,
these disjointed stairs, lost in the house of the elders?
Shadow, leaden, surrounds you, holding you like mourning.
You lift to your eyes your pale hand, of cold silver;
and your heavy eyelids fall, drowned in poppy.
But beyond the wall, deep within the mute stone,
your gaze pierces—and there is a sky of stars.
Saturn burns red. The Milky Way thins.
The bare tree strikes, furious, against the wall.
And you remain there, unmoving on the stone:
tree, star, silence—and your name in the wind.
You, blue beast trembling in the blood of silence,
you, pale priest, kneeling, who raises the knife.
The sacrifice. The beast bleeds on the black altar.
Your smile is caught in the branches of the tree:
sad and wicked, it frightens a child's sleep.
A red flame bursts—a butterfly burns in it.
O the blinding flute of light!
O the flute carved from the bone of death!
What keeps you frozen on these steps,

these disjointed stairs, lost in the house of the elders?
Something knocks. Below, behind the door,
a crystal finger—it is an angel—asks to come in.

III

O hell of sleep, that shadowy alleyway,
where the tawny garden seeps with muddy silence.
In the blue evening, the dead returns in blurred form,
and gently her shape rings the sound of absence.
Around her, pale green flowers whirl,
and her face has detached from her being.
Or it is he, wan, who leans into the shadow,
toward the frozen brow of the murderer, and collapses to his knees.

IV

Someone left you there, at the crossing of the roads,
and for a long time you gaze at the void behind you.
Silver footsteps fade beneath twisted apple trees,
and the crimson fruit bleeds among the black branches.
In the wet grass one glimpses the shed skin of a snake.
O darkness that beads on your frozen brow,
the veiled dreams opening in the heavy wine
of an inn with smoke-stained beams.
You, place still wild where the mist thickens,
transforming smoke into islands of strange pink,
and summons from the deep the hoarse cry of a griffin,
hunting among rocks, sea, ice, wind.
You, ancient copper, whose face burns within,
who would sing of the night, the hill of charred bones,
the blazing fall of the angel into the blood of ashes.
O despair, mute cry fallen to its knees in the mud.

V

A dead man visits you, and from his chest flows
the blood he himself once spilled in madness.
An unthinkable moment nests at the heart of black sleep,
when you, crimson moon, face your twin,
rising from the green shadow where olive trees keep watch.
And behind her approaches a night with no return.

REVELATION AND DECLINE

I

Strange are man's paths through the night,
where dreams guide him, sleepwalking and broken,
along the stone chambers watched over by silence,
and in each one, a weak flame keeps vigil,
a copper candlestick where the breath flickers.
I collapsed, frozen, upon a bed of absence,
and the black shadow returned, faithful, to my bedside.
She was the stranger with the memoryless gaze,
and I hid my mute face in my hands,
slowed by dread and the sluggishness of blood.
The window opened onto a blue hyacinth,
and the purple lip repeated the ancient prayer,
the eyelids burst in tears of crystal,
tears fallen on the world, droplets of final mourning.
That night I was, in my father's death,
the child gone pale in the crushing of the hours.
And over the hill passed, a blue shiver, the wind,
and the lament rose from the mother's mouth,
who died a second time, in hollow silence.
Then I saw black hell within the hollow of the heart,
a moment when silence veils itself in trembling gauze.

A face emerged from the limewashed wall,
the face of a youth, dying beauty of a race
returning to its origin in the secret of stones.
The moon's cold laid a shroud upon my temples,
and the footsteps of shadows, like a fading sound,
faded in turn upon the ruined steps,
leaving in the small garden
the pink trace of a forgotten dance.

II

Mute, I sat, alone in the abandoned inn,
beneath wooden beams where black smoke clung,
and before me, a glass of wine I did not drink,
while a corpse radiated, leaning into the dark.
At my feet lay a lamb, without cry, without warmth,
and in that blue of decay emerged, pale,
the lifeless figure of my sister, blood on her lips.
Her mouth spoke — it was a scream:
“Tear, O black thorn!”

And my silver arms still echoed
with the terrible storms they had held back.
Blood flowed, pure and lunar, from my sleeping steps,
blooming on paths where rats howled as they passed,
in the upheaved night like a sacrificed land.
“Let fire seize the stars from my brows,
and let the heart awaken, drum in the silence,”
she said again — and then entered the house
a red shadow, brandishing a flaming sword,
who vanished, forehead covered in snow.
O death, so bitter,
who strikes without warning, and flees like a thief.

III

A voice rose, heavy and hoarse,
not from the world but from a gulf within my bowels.
In the dense night of the woods, I loosed the reins
of a horse torn by panic — its eyes
were embers, hollowed by madness.
The shadows of elms fell upon me
like nameless bodies in a dream of forgetting.
I heard the spring laugh, a frozen laugh,

and night bit my hands with an otherworldly cold
when, sleepless hunter, I raised
a pale beast, born of frost and wind.
And there, in a stone prison without echo,
my face unraveled, dissolved with no return —
nothing remained but the shape of a collapsed silence.

IV

A red drop, burning like a star,
slipped into my glass —
the wine of the solitary took on a harsher taste
than that of sleep-bringing herbs.
A cloud fell on my brow,
not of rain, but of shadows —
tears, nearly pure, from torn wings
settled upon my eyelids.
And from the fragile side of she who was my sister,
a spring opened,
quick silver, slow burning,
and it was a rain of fire
that began to fall upon my shelterless body.

V

I want to walk in silence at the forest's edge,
where my guilty hands let sink
the tawny sun of a day without pardon.
A stranger stands on the evening hill,
eyes lifted in tears toward the frozen city,
made of stone and absence.
A wounded animal remains there,
motionless in the elder's ancient breath.
The weary head bows, listening to the dusk,
to the steps that hesitate behind a blue cloud
gliding slowly along the slope of solemn stars.
Young shoots follow him without a word,
and the timid deer follows the mossy trail,
inhabited by an ancient silence.
The huts are shut —
and in the black stillness of the wind
the river releases its blue lament,
anxious, muffled, infinite.

VI

But when I descended the steps of dark stone,
madness seized me and I called out to the night.
Bent over the mute water, my silver fingers trembled
and I saw that my own face had fled.
A white voice spoke to me, calm and cutting:
"Extinguish," it said, in an abyssal breath.
Then rose, fragile, the shadow of a child
who stared at me long with crystal eyes,
so clear that weeping I fell beneath the trees,
beneath the great sky stretched with starry silence.

VII

Walk without rest upon the stones of a desert,
far from the evening hamlets and beasts returned home,
the sun declines afar in a meadow of glass,
grazing the last light like a god without memory.

A raw song rises, wild and desolate —
the dying cry of a bird in a blue silence.

But you, you approach, discreet in the night,
as I kept watch, lying on the hill,
or raving, struck by the storm's winds.

A blacker mist still rises to my head,
and wicked lightning crosses my mind.
Your hands, in the half-light, open my chest,
and I have no breath left, nor words to resist.

VIII

I walked with slow steps through an evening garden,
and evil, in its obscure form, had fled.
A silence of flowers seized me in its vertigo,
and I drifted, on a wooden skiff,
across the calm mirror of a sleeping pond.
A gentle peace came to touch my frozen brow,
I was lying, mute, beneath the twisted old willows,
and high above, the blue sky kept watch over my dreams,
strewn with stars like a breath of childhood.

And in that gaze frozen by a slow death,
fear disappeared, and with it pain.

Then rose, in the clear and deep night,
the blue shadow of a child, shining and silent,
and his light song rose among the foliage,
and in the air, on white wings of moonlight,
appeared the serene face of the sister.

IX

Upon thorny steps I walked without a sound,
silver soles worn down by endless descent,
and I entered, noiseless, the whitewashed room,
where a flame burned, caught in frozen silence.
There, I hid my brow in the fold of crimson sheets,
as if to erase what trembled within me.
But suddenly the earth gave a jolt,
and returned a child shaped from another world —
pale clay moon with a defenseless gaze —
born from my shadow, tumbling into the dust,
arms broken, carried by the slope of stones,
like a snowfall torn apart by a black wind.

THE SISTER'S GARDEN

In the sister's garden, all has frozen in waiting,
an unreadable peace cloaks the darkened shrubs;
flowers belated, red and blue, bow without sound,
as if light, weary, had refused to die.
The earth is silent. Even the wind has vanished.
Its step casts no shadow, it has turned white,
as if washed by forgetfulness, or returned to ether.
A branch shudders — a bird, a blackbird, loses its way:
its cry escapes late into the fabric of dusk,
without echo, without answer, like an orphaned note.
The garden answers no more. It closes in on itself.
And in that enclosure, gentle like an ending
where things renounce being seen,
an ancient silence whispers something unalterable.

In the sister's garden, all has frozen in waiting.
An angel has become.

Is it this sacred time, an enigma
For which he holds the key, or is it something
Else, a secret still hidden, beyond reach?
This world sometimes leads us to seek
Answers where madness seems
To take shape, drawing us into
A murderous dream. Yet the child, innocent,
Only weeps in the icy darkness
Of his home, as if the cold of the world
Had invaded his soul, erasing all hope.

In the shadow of night, hungry souls,
Lost in their own desires, advance
Without knowing where they are going. They arrive
At the door of a forgotten light, a
Light they sought but never found.
The dream, to them, is only a lie

They must swallow, an illusion
To be destroyed. Their silence, a pure crystal,
Shatters under the violence of their desires,
And all that once seemed pure turns to dust
Under the rage of the world.

Madness is but a name, a word, given
To an excess of thought, when suffering
And anguish overwhelm the mind, and,
Despite it all, nothing brings relief. The drops
Of sweat beading on the individual's brow
Can do nothing against the harshness of reality,
And all one hoped from some divine

Force seems so distant, as far off as
The echo of a demon who alone could
Offer a trace of comfort.

The child's dream, once a
Bright star, now fades in a sky

Ever darker. He is forced
To take a path strewn with pitfalls,
A trail of stones and thorns that
Tear his skin. His soul, once so pure,
Feels foreign to this barren and
Devastated land, a world where light seems
Never to break through. But he walks on, always,
Without understanding, not knowing where the journey leads.

The child slowly descends the staircase, hesitating,
And steps into the thick gloom,
Where rats reign as masters. Soon he finds himself
In the cemetery, a place where one
Hopes to find some peace, but where
Death seems to devour all. He approaches
The graves with the mad hope that maybe,
There, in that place of silence and darkness,
He will finally find a peace he has never known.

But the dead are discreet, forgotten by
Their living, and the idea of disturbing them
Is madness. What use are their graves,
If not to keep their memory intact?
It is vain to try to break open the coffins,
To tear the shrouds, and wrench
The bones of the dead to scatter them into the night.
Every gesture, every thought is an affront

To the eternal stillness they have found.

The silence of the dead is sacred.

He would like to flee this curse, move away

From this place that seems ever more accursed,

But already, his shadow slips away, distant

And indifferent. Alone now, he wanders in

This rotting world, where light has no place.

He treads with his feet on the remains of the dead,

And each step seems to sink ever

Deeper into the earth, with no hope of return.

From the chapel, a strange light begins

To pierce the darkness. It lights his path,

But this light is not that of a

Simple moon. No, it is a whiteness

Strange, almost unreal, crushing all

In its path. He wants to approach it,

Draw closer to this glow, but he does not know

Whether it comes from the heavens or from some

Invisible hell that seems to draw him in irresistibly.

Around the chapel, the earth is barren,

The flowers have withered, and all that remains

Is a bitter odor, the smell of death.

Yet the light persists, radiant,

Outshining the night. The gentle breeze

Of evening cannot mask the pain

Of this place, and only the murmurs of the stones

The stones

Still seem to carry a message.

They whisper secrets of blood, memories

Frozen in time, echoes of past suffering.

Closer now, the chapel draws him in,
That strange light that seems to want to hold him back.
He is about to reach out, to touch
That light, but another hand appears,
Dark and cold, emerging from the hawthorn.
An unknown figure strikes him down, pinning him
To the ground, like a message from a force
He cannot understand. Who is this stranger,
Bearer of a message, a messenger of
Misery and suffering?

At last, the child gets back up, unsteady, seeking
To flee that presence. He wants to get away,
But the light persists, as if
It will not let him leave.

The other, silent, without a word, clings to him,
Suppressing his urge to flee. The grip is strong,
Keeping him from escaping this light that seems,
At once, to draw him and repel him. Who truly
Holds the power here? And what is it
That this light wants from him?

THE CHILD

Who are you, madness, you who prevent me
From advancing in this place, when
The dead seem to reach out their hands
To help me? Are you not a demon,
One of those guardians come from the depths of
Hell, or merely a reflection of this vain world
In which I lose myself, without purpose or clarity?
Your presence, as intrusive as it is incomprehensible,
Stops me, like a shadow invading my steps,
Forcing me to question what seems to be my destiny.

Your madness, I recognize it — it is like
A murderous dream, sneaky and treacherous.
In your gaze, I see the truth of your
Cruelty revealed, a truth
That hides behind masks of light
And shadow. In that wavering brightness,
It seems to me that you see your own reflection,
A madness mirrored back at you, glaring and
Distorted. But to a child's face,
Can a light so strong truly
Exist, or is it doomed
To be eclipsed by the night?

Do you not fear the thorns of that tree,
Where your steps might go astray, as
Mine have bled from walking there?
I have known the pain those
Thorns inflict, those wounds that
One carries within, invisible but deep.
Upon those scattered bones, of the dead from
Another time, my dreams have crumbled,
Shattered like glass beneath
Too great a weight. My eye, now frozen like
Stone, has become the mirror of this petrified place,
Where all seems suspended in a time without end.

I remember the voices of those who are gone,
The father and the mourning souls, all
Prisoners of the silence imposed by death.
I remember the cry of the sacrificed child
In that summer garden, of a spring now
Forever lost. And the open windows upon that world,
Where men weep without end,

As if they were eternally condemned
To wander in this desert of misfortune.
Just a little light — that is all

I ask, to illuminate my path
Through the thick night of this forsaken world,
Where every hope seems to have been swallowed.

Yet my path finds no comfort
In the chapel's shadow, nor in its meager
Light. With every step, I feel my momentum
Fade, like a breath carried off by the hand
Of the unseen, drawing me into the abyss.

THE STRANGER

Do you believe yourself already dead, that your life
Has broken to the point of leaving you in
Darkness, unable to move forward? You seem
To think that, deprived of light, your fate is
Fixed, as if this place, this sorrowful chapel,
Had decided for you. But what do you remember
Exactly, if that memory has not left
A deep wound in your soul?

Life, in its entirety, is a succession of memories—
some luminous, others dark, but none
without pain.

You seem to believe that a minute of your life
can be erased, forgotten, as if it had never
existed. You claim that my hand pushed you
into the abyss, but don't you see that I may have
instead set you free, allowing you
to escape a burden too heavy to bear?

And yet, what do you really know of this world around you?
What do you know of what it hides from your eyes,
of what escapes your understanding?

If the days are plunged into night, if it seems
that darkness swallows them whole, know this:
within that blackness lies a clarity that never fully
reveals itself. This hidden light, withdrawn
into the deep blue of night, blinds only
those who know how to seek it. It is given to you,
this glimmer, but it reveals itself only when
our eyes are closed and we surrender
to the silence of the starry sky, where all becomes
possible—even the invisible.

Upon your child's tears, shed in that icy room,
a star gently settled.
It wrapped your dreams in a gentle warmth,
that of timid hopes, of a ripened fruit
ready to burst open, of a future that waited
only to bloom. The home of your fathers—
was it not once enchanted by that same
light, that same promise of gentleness,
before everything collapsed?

Your face is dark, marked by the doubt
that invades you. You seem to lose faith in everything—
in yourself, in this world. But is it the madness
of your dreams slipping away, the stranger
within your own mind, or the river
of time flowing inexorably, carried
by the soft song of dusk? Perhaps
it is this brother, this part of yourself,

that is missing, pulling you further and further from the truth
hidden in the darkness, where ultimately,
everything finds its place.

THE CHILD

Your words are strange to me and trouble me
deeply. How could I not
doubt? Just now, as I
was descending the staircase, I felt the steps
give way beneath my feet, as though
the world itself were slipping from me. Every
certainty that supported me, every point of reference
I had, was suddenly shaken
swept into a vertigo where nothing seemed stable.

Your speech is an enigma for which
I desperately seek the key. What is this
mystery that seems to haunt you, this secret
you seem to bear as you cast upon my
soul that piercing gaze, sharp as a blade?

Perhaps you are the mirror of my own mind,
reflecting a thought I do not yet understand,
but which continues to torment me.

What is it you hold in this chapel,
this place you wish to keep me from reaching?
And what is this strange glow that emanates from it,
a light imprisoned in the blue
of night? This light, which draws me
despite everything—is it nothing more than a lure, an illusion,
a reflection of this deceitful world that only
diverts me from what is real?

You say you want to protect me from the abyss,
from the fall that seems inevitable, but
this light you show me—
could it truly hide
a bottomless void? My soul—do you intend
to mislead it with a brilliance too blinding, to bind it
to a world that is foreign to it, that
does not understand it and that, perhaps,
never will?

You speak of the famous phrase “I is another,”
an aphorism which, like a poison,
reminds us how elusive
our essence truly is. It is alchemy of the word, a game
with reality, an illusion disguised
in Apollo’s varnish, which we
mistake for the sacred. But what truly hides
beneath this veil, invisible to our eyes, which we

Can we not manage to illuminate it?

Or perhaps, all of this is only surface,
A varnish that conceals nothing in depth?
Light, then, would do nothing more
Than play with our senses, never offering
What we hope from it. What is it, then,
That was denied to me in this world, what
Escapes me and remains to me
An unresolved mystery? This world seems as mad
As the one within me, seeking a truth
That is never found.

In the folds of this veil, what is hidden
From my eyes? What am I supposed to see,

But cannot perceive, blinded by the light?
Nothing is truly visible; all seems
To hide within what is shown,
Like a detail that escapes our understanding.

The universe itself seems only a paradox,
A perfectly ordered whole where everything has its place,
Yet everything always feels out of reach.

Thus, even sight deceives us, for it seems
We cannot grasp the whole
Of what we see, unless our gaze
Embraces all, in its totality. But what good
Is light, if our eyes are not ready to receive it?
If the soul, in its vision, is not prepared
To see what the light can truly reveal?

Is it the soul that, ultimately, alone perceives
The true nature of things, when the eye
Can only be content with appearance?

THE STRANGER

Are you then about to give in to madness,
To surrender to this world where everything seems
To unravel, where the dream turns into an

Elusive mirage? It is a powerful temptation,
That of fleeing, escaping the misery
Of a world that seems to have no other purpose
Than oblivion. But is that not a turning
Away from true Being, an existence
Devoid of meaning, a failed becoming,
A missed chance at transcendence?

Yet to dream is not so terrible when
We know that awakening is always possible.

We need only break the mirror of this
Senseless world, which reflects to us only illusions.

To escape this entanglement, we must kill
The beast that keeps us prisoner, this dark
Force that constantly misleads us into an
Immediate present, where all is consumed
And dissipated before we even become aware.

What I've come to tell you is—

A "springtime of the soul," a chance to be reborn,
To go beyond the dream that binds you, and finally
Live differently. The soul, after all, is not
Defeated by the illusion of the ephemeral: it longs
For something more, for an elsewhere that devours
All that is dead and perishable. This dream must not
Be an escape, but a journey, a bath of light,
Like a pure blue sky illuminating every corner
Of our existence.

There is no opposition between this world
And a better one, between light and darkness.

Some believe there exists a wondrous place,
A pond of illusions where silver fish
Swim, but I plunge into those waters
Where stars are reflected, and I see only
Toads—this humanity that wanders, lost
In its desire for escape. Those who claim

To forget these stars, who swear there is light
Only in the summer sky, are like
Beasts hiding in the mire
Of their own ignorance.

That beast, that power which dwells
In our souls and blinds us—she is the one who,
Under the glint of gold, makes vain
Thoughts shine. She believes she can light herself
With external goods, but the true brilliance
Lies elsewhere, in the blue of pure light,
Which is found neither in vanity nor
In the illusion of gold. The lightning bolt, just like
The clearing, is a fleeting manifestation,
A brief brightness that hides again in the clouds.

We are told the clearing always follows
The storm, but in truth, what follows is a shadow,
A memory of footsteps that once passed through...

Darkness. When the Spirit falls within us,
When the evening of our soul arrives, it makes
The blue of the sky bleed with that infinite clarity
Filtered through sacred rain — a rain that purifies
And delivers us from our illusions.

In a clearing, a sister hears the brother
Sing, a twilight hymn mingled with
The birdsong saluting the end of day.

She turns then, shattering stones
And boulders in her path, brushing away
The petrified stares of men frozen
In their own despair. The poetry
Of that moment becomes a bridge between
The world before and the one to come — a light
Rediscovered in the darkness, a message
Of hope in the night.

But then, the mud of our existence
Wraps around us, like Morpheus lulling the poet
Into an endless sleep. It is in that sleep
That the murmur of truth reaches us,
A spiritual song, a light rediscovered. Night,
Through its density and silence, frees the day from
Its own vanity, from that illusion that prevents us
From seeing what is.

The sister is nothing now but tears, yet
Those tears now shine in the rediscovered light.
The brother, the comforter, breaks the solitude
Of her sorrow, bringing peace where once
There was only torment. The swift, messenger of storms,
Falls silent at last, and in that nocturnal blue, peace
Takes hold. The spirits, calmed, now see light
Differently — no longer as a source of illusion,
But as a hearth of truth.

It is vain, my child, to dream of an afterlife,
Of a higher world that could solve our
Anguish. In the funeral chapel, where friends
Are gathered, there is nothing more than a white cloth
Spread across a cold stone, the fleeting glow
Of a light that does not last. That meager radiance,
Which seems so powerful and divine, is in reality
Only the final breath of human vanity,
A symbol of what we try to flee,
But which, in the end, does not set us free.

THE CHILD

You speak dark things, stranger. And it
Troubles me more than I would have thought. While

You speak, I see the castle again. Everything seems
So far away. Over there, in the courtyard, nothing moves.
It's as if all had been frozen once
And for all. Even the gods, those who
Populated my childhood dreams, are gone.
In their place, a spring. Clear water,
Yes... but strange, as if the world's light
Had withdrawn from it.

I remember: I bent to it, touched it with my lips.
I thought, for a moment, I might find something
That would save me. But that freshness barely
Had time to reach me. I was snatched away.
Drawn into a kind of cave. The air was heavy.
Too dense. There was fear there — ancient —
As if something meant to deliver me
To powers I cannot name.

I looked into the fountain. And there, a face.
Frozen horror. Was it me? Was it someone else?
A drowned being?

It was myself I was fleeing. The reflection.
That mad image in the water. It grabbed me, like a
Hand. I was taken without knowing it. And then... the mother
Of ice. She appeared, without a sound. Cold
In my veins. It was no dream.
I felt her presence. And I fled. Serpents
Beneath my feet. I didn't look back.

On the road, a horse. But I couldn't
Hold it back. Destiny passed before me,
Without even slowing. Then — the angel. It glowed.
A light in the night. I wanted to draw near.

Strange gentleness. But as soon as I moved,
It vanished. Disappeared into a stone. Swallowed.
As if it had never been there.

Since then, I walk. I walk without direction.
The trees around me have become something else.
Shadows. The past that refuses
To leave me be. And always, behind me,
That black robe. A presence. A form.
It follows me. I know it. A priest? Perhaps.
Cursed. He chills me. He promises nothing. He offers nothing.

THE STRANGER

You have left the realm of dreams. Abandoned what
Was left of your refuge. What you think you bring back
From that journey is not truth, but a
Series of images. The castle — you believe it empty — it is not.
There is a gaze, somewhere...

From a window. Your brother. He saw you. He followed you.

This weight you feel — it is not the other.

It is you. What you refuse to look at in the water.

You say the mother is made of ice — and you want
To burn her? You want the angel to show you
A ready-made truth, all neatly shaped? But light,
You want to possess it. And that desire — that is already shadow.
The demon you fear is not out there, outside.
He is within you. He was there before you looked for him.
He was waiting. You want to be hard. To become stone.
To no longer feel. But the angel — you are not fleeing him — he is

Within you. You are only backing away from yourself.

You do not know that the sister has already turned around.

She saw you. She shattered what was holding you back.

You are no longer in the stone. You think the trees

Are watching you? It is your past, standing, refusing

To be silenced. But the stone has fallen. And the sky

Has begun to open.

You do not listen yet. The song is there. Faint,

But it calls to you. It is your brother, yes. He saw.

He understood. He waits for you. He does not speak — he sings.

Everything here is made of bones. But each

Of those bones holds a story. A shadow. A life

That never had time. Tom's shadow

Has escaped. You run after it. But know this:

Light comes only after shadow. It is

Shadow that gives it birth.

The light you speak of, the one you want,

It lies to you. It shines too much. It blinds you.

You must pass through the night. There is no other path.

It is in that very darkness that hides

What you seek.

God has kept you. That is why you are still alive.

But it is not in the visible that He awaits you.

It is in what you refuse to see.

Forget certainties. Forget what is called reality.

Nothing is clear. Everything is veiled. And yet — everything

Is offered.

You want to kill the beast. But the beast is this light.

The one you invented. It slipped from your grasp.

It burned you. It comes from childhood.

It speaks a language you never learned.

You dug into life to search for a secret.

But there is no secret. Everything is here. Bare.

A gesture is enough, a glance. The light is

In the darkness. It is nowhere else.

THE CHILD

You say a sister set me free, that she

Shattered the rocks, as if a mere glance

Could dissolve what binds and breaks. But

I know nothing vanishes with a gesture,

That this world is not just illusions.

Hatred, that doesn't lie. It is there, raw,

Irreducible, unmasked. It does not

Hide behind masks of light. You say that

I am blind, that I see poorly, but

It is you who sees nothing, you who blinds yourself

By wanting to save everything. I, I see in

The clarity of hatred a naked truth, a truth
Your words embellish, your hope weakens.
I walked on bones. They cracked beneath
My steps but did not give way. Death, that
Mute companion, clings to me,
Follows me, relentless, unalterable. And you speak
Of what is given to me — as if gifts still
Had meaning. But I want to receive nothing.
I want something that truly illuminates,
That holds up against the night — not promises,
Not signs. Just a solid glow, that endures.
I was in the forest when the bells rang.
And there, in the clearing, she turned
Toward me, the sister — slowly, as if
Driven by a premonition. She saw me.
She perhaps recognized me. But there was nothing
Radiant, nothing miraculous. In the dark water
Of the stream, not a single scale, no silver glint.
On the bank, unmoving men, unarmed,
Eyes drowning in withheld tears, as if they
Already knew that no comfort would come.
Farther off, a dead man, surrounded by a few silent
Living. A bit of myrtle on his closed face.

The bells saluted him slowly, and I felt
That something, there, was drifting away forever.
And you — you speak. You keep explaining,
Handing me images. You want me to capture
An angel's face, to let myself be guided by
A light I cannot see. But
What could I do with it? It does not enlighten me.
It troubles me. It leaves me alone. Since
You made me fall — since that moment —
I no longer know where I am. Everything has turned dark,
Confused. Nothing holds together.
In the fountain, I saw a murderer. Perhaps—
Me. Perhaps someone who lives inside me.
And I was afraid. If killing saves me, then
What does it mean to live? I begin to
Wonder if you too aren't hiding
A part of darkness. Beneath your fine words, beneath your
Air of wisdom. You turned me away from the only clarity
I had, and now you want me to trust you again.
But I believe that what comes from the dead
Is not necessarily evil. Sometimes, a single
Tear is enough to show that a life mattered. And you, tell me,
What misery have you wept over? Your words ring

Like glass — they sparkle, but they do not warm.
Perhaps you are a player, a weaver of illusions,
One of those mountebanks who juggle
With words too worn to still mean anything.
I prefer silence. Even woven from pain,
It speaks more truly than all your discourse.
Perhaps there remains rescue only in
The tormented mind. In that madness that rejects
Easy consolations, hiding beneath the
Drawn shroud all of humanity's filth. Truth
Lies there, in the silence of desolate souls.
Spare me your path, stranger. Keep your clarity
For those who still wish to believe. As for me, I belong
To the night. To that obscure night that opens the eyes,
When light, on the contrary, shuts them.

THE STRANGER

You are like a moth, hungry for clarity,
Trying to escape the darkness that
Devours you. But in this quest, you would have to kill
The child that you are, break everything
That was badly born within you, stop the clocks and suspend
Time. For in your song to the night, it is
Death that comes knocking, in the darkness of the world
You seek to flee.

You think that the sister, having turned back to the madness
Of the brother, did not damn herself in turn?
Do you believe that in her clearing she found
Redemption? The mad have made the world
A torn-off bark, destroying all that
Remained of humanity, shredding the shroud of what
Is impure, of what has become a kind of mire.
It is from that madness that the dead were desecrated.
From humanity, we exhume what is only smoke,
What is mere illusion and rot.
You dream of a light, a light that
Could erase the night of your soul, banish
The ghosts that haunt your inner darkness.
But the truth is that you must kill the beast
That has slipped inside you, the one that leads you
Into this wandering. There is nothing in this world
That is truly given to you. All is mere appearance,
All is false pretense, a distorted mirror
In which we gaze, but where
We never truly recognize ourselves.
You chase after your shadow, believing you can
Catch it, but don't you feel it so near,
Almost stuck to your heels? Your gaze is distant,

Lost on the horizon, seeking in the stars
A closeness that does not exist. You dream,
In this very moment, of a story to tell, but
It is not your own. Everything in it is false — every
Detail, every image, every memory. Remember
The roots of that strange cherry tree that once
Seemed to nourish you. It is in the glue of this insane
World that your soul is imprisoned,
Weighted down, trapped.
In that vanishing garden, did you not feel
Nausea? In the other's gaze, your life
Was erased, as though nothing you were
Mattered anymore. There is no worse hell
Than to be emptied of oneself, stripped of all
Desire and intention, reduced to a mere
“here” one no longer even claims. And here you are now,
The object of a captive consciousness,
A being among others, crushed beneath the weight
Of an external gaze. You would like to escape it,
To tear your soul from this oppressive existence,
But you are nothing more than a detail in the eye
Of an indifferent world.
You will envy that eye, that perspective you

Think you can preserve, thinking it could not
Penetrate the depths of your soul. You cling
To that dream, to the illusion of escaping it, but you
Come to realize that the fibers of that closeness,
That union you seek, are now...
Distant, unreachable. Trapped, you turn back
To your past, that tangle of memories,
And you weep in silence for always having been
What you are. In the other's gaze, your life has halted,
And you are nothing but the roots of a cherry tree
That now seems nothing more than a sterile tree,
Forgotten in the mire of the world.

THE CHILD

It takes only a glance to turn away
The gaze of the other, to close their eyelids and bring them
Back to themselves. By looking at me, does not the one
Who contemplates me also become a prisoner of my gaze,
Of the misery I carry within, feeding
Their own suffering with what they've stolen from
My eyes?
And suddenly, I relive that power—the power to possess,
To dominate by the very act of seeing. But what is,
In the end, that bench just swallowed up,
But a mere thing among my own, a futile possession

That holds value only in the forgetting
Of the roots of an old cherry tree?
I abandon the garden to that wounded gaze, the gaze
That has already left me. It is now alone in redrawing
This world, in rebuilding what has been erased.
But now, as I walk, another's steps
Cross mine, and he seizes the bench I left behind.
This new arrival, frozen on the bench, seems indifferent,
Almost hostile. He doesn't move. Will he, in turn,
Play the same game, a murderous gaze, a glint
That seeks to be stronger, more determined? There is
No chance here, for everything in this game seems rigged.
In this world, there is no return, no
Redemption possible. The dice are loaded, and
In this game of fools, no sum is ever
Cancelled; every move is counted, every
Look marks a loss or a victory.
The gazes cross, and in that encounter,
Souls are torn apart, broken by that ceaseless
Quest for truth, that quest for a meaning always
Elusive. Yet in this night,
There is an obscure light, a truth that emerges
In shadow, a truth that eclipses prejudice,

That transcends the futility of empty stares.

This light, even if obscure, is fertile.

It delivers us from illusion — but only

For those who, in the silence of night, are ready

To hear what the Spirit whispers.

SONG TO THE NIGHT

The Poet

Born of the shadow of a breath, we walk in uncertainty,

Indifferent to the wind's direction, like wandering ghosts,

Deprived of any star that might guide us.

Our existence unfolds in absolute silence,

A silence that does not speak of ends,

But of an absent origin, a nameless beginning,

Without cause, and above all without destination. We are both

The shadows and the invisible threads of what once was,

Lost in the immensity of what no longer exists,

In a time with neither beginning nor end, stifled by infinite

Absence.

Who are we? What is our fate, if not

This blind march toward an abyss we do not know

And do not wish to know?

The Night

You are the children of forgetting, born from a dense and

Shapeless mist.

You are those nameless souls, lost in the infinite

And in the dust of this ravaged world. Your path is

That of a faint breath in a night with no horizon.

Time, for you, is but a vast void where

Your thoughts spread like clouds without a sky.

You are not travelers, but endless phantoms,

Dragging your steps through the darkness of an indifferent cosmos.

The quest for meaning, for truth, slips away without ever touching you.

You are shadows among shadows, murmurs

In a silence of ash. And with each step,

The echo of your existence is lost in the void,

As if you had never been.

The Poet

We reach out, fingers bruised by

The absence of all that might belong to us.

We wander like beggars before a closed threshold,

Crying into the wind, but expecting nothing more.

Each day, we search for meaning, a promise

That will never come. Our eyes get lost in the void,

Like the blind who scan the night without being able

To perceive the dawn. There is neither hope nor light at the end of our days,

Only the cold silence of this impenetrable door.

The Poet

And yet, we return again and again, tirelessly,
To that same door that remains fixed, closed,
Just like the infinite that swallows us whole.

The Night

You knock at a door that does not exist, at a threshold
That was never meant for you, and you do not understand
That your quest is futile, that nothing awaits
Behind those walls of silence. You are blind in a world
Your eyes cannot comprehend, ghosts who
Await the end of this dream just to return
To the darkness that made you,
But which you can neither flee nor embrace.
Your whisper, that inner cry, is only a breeze
That dissipates in the air, forgotten before it even brushes
The soul of this world. You, children of the void,
Are searching for a silence even deeper,
One that swallows everything — even your own desires.
You were born from the echo, but that echo is lost
With every passing moment in the absent memory of the cosmos.

The Poet

We walk aimlessly, steps without trace,
An endless breath. We are clouds,
Fleeting and ephemeral, carried by a wind we
Cannot master, swept by a force greater than
Our comprehension. We are those fragile flowers,
Trembling in the night's chill, waiting for the moment
When death, in its silent dance, comes to reap us.
We are the shadows drifting through the world,
Without ever truly being present.
And all around us, life dims, like

A flickering flame that dies, only to be reborn
A moment later, in another body,
In another breath. But that rebirth
Is only an illusion.
For every breath, every heartbeat
Brings us closer to the void
We search for without daring to name it.

The Night

You are like those clouds, ephemeral, dispersed
By a breath that is not your own.

You are fragile, like flowers that tremble
Beneath the weight of death, yet you do not know
That there is no rebirth for you.
Your breath is dust, a moment suspended
In the void of the universe. You cling
To that fragile light that passes through you, but
It is only the glimmer of a broken dream, an illusion
That vanishes the moment you think you grasp it.
You are the echo of the end, the reflection of a world
That granted you a moment of existence only to
Swallow you back into nothingness. What you
Call life is a short breath, a fleeting spark
In the infinite darkness, a mirage
You chase but never reach.
And when you collapse,
You will leave behind only emptiness,
Like a trace the wind carries away in an instant.

The Poet

When the final torment comes, that point
Where all resistance yields to the relentless force of darkness,

I will offer no barrier. O you, dark powers,
Hosts of the night, you who are the road of no return
To that great silence where all dissolves, where all is erased,
I will be the shadow among the shadows, melting
Into your void. You lead me without detour
To this nameless abyss, and in the frozen
Night of existence, I am but a tremor,
A wandering soul seeking the end of a faceless suffering.
Your breath, icy and powerful, settles upon my being,
Consuming me slowly with a pale flame,
A flame that is neither light nor heat,
But a burn, a clarity that enlightens me
Just before it swallows me whole. The fire of your silence,
As scorching as absence, reduces me to nothing.

The Night

Yes, you who walk this path of darkness,
You will one day be the one who lets go,
Without struggle, without hope, into the deepest shadow.
Your resistances will break like frayed threads
Under the pressure of this great silence, and your final breath
Will merge into the invisible. You cannot escape
This slow march toward the end, you can do nothing against me,
For I am eternity, that which devours all.
The breath you feel is only the cold caress of forgetfulness,
That pale flame that flickers and consumes you.
And even if you burn with a fleeting clarity,
You know that this light only hastens your fall,
That it will extinguish like an echo in an endless abyss.
Dreams, those faint stars in your mind,
Slip beyond your grasp, lost in
Nameless expanses, in spaces where words

No longer have meaning, where dreams grow heavy and faceless.
You can only brush against these realms,
And yet, with each attempt, you lose yourself further
In the unending night — that night which both reveals you
And destroys you at every moment.

The Poet

I descend, yes, I descend into this night of no return,
Like a rudderless ship, lost
In the immensity of a black sea. I let myself be swallowed
By this silence where no echo resounds,
Where speech dies before it is spoken.
In this moment, I am a shadow among shadows,
A breath among lost breaths.
Nothing belongs to me, not even this dream, which slips away
With every effort to seize it. This night, this void,
This silence — all of it weaves itself around me like...
A spider's web I cannot break.

And yet, at every step, I keep moving forward,
Not out of hope, but because of that strange necessity
Born within the human soul — that need to cross
Even the abyss to reach what seems at once
So near and so far: the end. But that end, I know now,
Is but an illusion. For when everything collapses,
Only the night remains, unchanging, with its cold arms
That welcome me without judgment, without end.

The Night

You see clearly, poet, how your dream shatters
In the very instant you try to grasp it.
You are like a mirage in an endless desert,
And what you believe you've found is only one illusion

Among illusions. I am the invisible, the one without
Form or name, and when you think you finally touch
What flees from you, you lose yourself even more
In my depths. This road you've taken,
This endless night, will lead you where words hold
No power, where light can no longer be heard.
And still, you walk, perhaps for one last breath,
Perhaps for one last dream extinguished in darkness.

And it is in this night that you will find, not the end,
But eternity — the kind that swallows all,
The kind that knows neither beginning nor end.
The path to ultimate silence is the only one that leads
To what you seek, even if you do not know it yet.

The Poet

O dark night, you who are the very heart of darkness,
You who are the unfathomable depth and the abyss
Where all is lost — who dares to probe the vastness of your depths?
Who could comprehend the malice hidden
In your shadowed folds, where no light
Can find its way, where the soul is engulfed
In a bottomless sea? For in you, all is reflected,
Even that which escapes our sight, even
What remains unspeakable. O night, you who see all, and whom
No one sees, you are the mask that freezes
Before our suffering. We, poor mortals,
We reach for you without understanding that,
In your silence, it is our own misfortune
We behold — it is our own end
That awaits us. Before us stands this figure,
This frozen mask, this invisible enemy, the one with

No form, no face, but who mocks our struggles,
Our pain, our dreams. It feeds on our fallen songs,
Our shattered hopes, and in its stony laughter,
All is extinguished. Our pain shatters against it, echo-less.
Our joys burn out in the dust of time.
And still, in our blindness, we ignore
What stirs within us, what weeps in our soul,
What dies in the darkness of our being.

The Night

Poet, you who seek to understand what escapes you,
Do you even know what it is you hope to find
In this darkness where all dissolves and all is lost?
You speak of my abysses, but what do you know
Of the depth of what I contain? I am the night
That swallows and protects, the impenetrable veil
Behind which truth hides — and also where truth dies.
I am the frozen mask, the figure that eludes you
And yet strikes you relentlessly. You, fragile man,
Who tries to probe my darkness, do you not see
That in me reside the invisible, the terrible, and the divine?
Everything you wish to understand, all that you seek
To grasp, shatters against my immutable presence.

You speak of pain, of joy, but do you truly see
What those words mean in the vastness of my silence?
They are fragments, fleeting shards, ephemeral reflections
That leave no trace across the span of my dominion.
All that you try to seize slips away, and still,
You continue through this emptiness, believing
That your songs will echo somewhere.
But there is no room for melody
In my abyss — only the void that swallows

And devours all. You cry out, you suffer, but all of it
Remains obscure, all of it dies in my gaping, black mouth.

The Poet

And yet, night, you who devour all,
Who erases sounds and colors — is it not
Your silence that gives birth to this pain in us?
Is it not in this darkness that the awareness
Of our finitude, of our weakness, awakens?
For it is you, night, who holds the mirror in which
We behold our broken lives. And in your
Bottomless gaze, we see our struggles and sorrows
Shatter like fabric torn by the wind.

We are, in this great void, mere passersby,
Aimless travelers, seeking in you
What forever escapes us, what has never been spoken.
You say we don't know what grieves within us —
But what do you know of the suffering we carry?
True, we do not understand — because
We are drowning in the mist you cast
Around us, an invisible veil beneath which
Truth cannot flourish. And if we do not understand,
It is also because your shadow veils our faces,
Blinds us to our own being.
We live within a night that endlessly
Consumes us, but which, in its own way,
Also grants us this breath, this fleeting glimmer
That lets us glimpse the shooting star of meaning —
Before it is lost again in the deep night.

The Night

Yes, you speak of the shooting star, of that fleeting glow —
But do you know it is merely a dream I allow

To shine in the darkness? It is my lure,
A light that deludes you, a light which,
In extinguishing itself, returns you to my very nature.

The Night

You search for meaning in my silence,
But you will never find it, for my silence is the very
Essence of the unspeakable. All that you think you understand
Is but a pale echo of what you want to see.
The mask I wear — that we all wear — breaks
At every moment, and yet the whole remains a mystery
That you, poet, will never manage to pierce.
In your heart rises this pain, but it is
Only the reflection of an endless quest, a quest
That devours and consumes you. For all that you seek
Is what I cannot offer, what I am
Powerless to give. It is neither forgetting nor silence,
But the eternal return of the same, the impossibility
Of escaping this circle. What you seek, you will not find
In me, but in yourself — in the endless struggle
Against the night that is your own being.

The Poet

O night, you are the bitter wine, the cursed elixir
That plunges me into the ecstasy of suffering.
You make me drunk, yes — drunk with pain —
And yet, in that intoxication, I feel more alive than ever.

But it is a suspended life,
Ephemeral, marked by the fragility of each breath,
The precarity of each heartbeat.
And in this gentle madness you offer me,
I find myself dancing, turning endlessly in a whirlwind
Where each step draws me closer to you, to your infinite cold.

Is this my fate? Must I weave garlands of flowers
For my suffering, crown it with wreaths of pain
So that it may bloom? For it is you
Who dictates this gesture to me, you who, in your unfathomable depth,
Impose this image upon my soul.
And yet, what else can I do? I am
This fragile body, this broken vessel into which you pour your wine.
I am the harp in your breast, the vessel
Of your infinite song, the resonator of your eternal murmur.
But this song, O night — is it a blessing
Or a curse? Each note it births in my heart
Is a new pain, a pain I had never imagined.
And yet, within it, I find a form of life,
A form of eternity — but an eternity without being,
An existence that never incarnates, a breath
That is lost in the void.

The Night

Yes, you bleed in this gentle dance, but know this,
Poet: you are only following the rhythm I impose upon you.
It is I who lead this ball, who pull the strings
Of your body and your soul. What you call wine,
What you name intoxication, is merely a trap
I have set for your spirit. You believe yourself free in this dance,
But you are only a puppet in my arms, a blurry silhouette
Struggling in the void. The flowers you weave
For your suffering are but illusions,
Ephemeral symbols that exist only
For the brief instant you behold them.
You seek them, you create them, but they will wilt
As soon as they take form.
This is what you do not understand: everything you do,

Everything you create, is but a reflection of my own will,
A movement in the shadow, an echo in the void.
But know this too, poet: what you call
My depth, my hidden meaning, is in truth
A bottomless abyss, a chasm in which you flourish
All the while knowing that, little by little, all is devoured and disappears.

And still you persist in getting lost there,
In losing yourself in the echo of my voice. You believe yourself eternal,
But your duration is only the fleetingness of time
That slips into the infinite. You feel transfigured,
But in reality, you are nothing more than a breath
In the vastness, a speck of dust in the universe. And that is your fate:
To be eternal without ever existing, to die without ever having lived.

The Poet

But, O night, is it not in this fragility
That the truth of our being lies? Are we not,
You and I, bound in this dance where suffering
Is both the source and the end? You say I am
Only a reflection in your abyss, but do you not see
That I am also the reflection that defies you, the mirror that,
Despite your will to erase it, returns your own face to you?
The dance I lead is a dance we share,
You and I — a dance whose steps blend together,
A dance where each of my gestures resonates
In your darkness. And if I bleed, if I suffer, is it not
A testimony of my struggle against you, against this night
That presses and swallows me without rest?
I am the harp you want to make sing, but this song,
Far from being yours, is mine. It carries my pain,

It carries my hope, even if it is vain.
It carries my light, even if it fades with every breath

You exhale. But even in that fading,
I find myself, I search for myself, I receive myself in the shadow
That you cause to grow within me.

The Night

You speak of struggle, poet, but know that you are already lost.
The shadow I weave around you is a perfect trap.
You think you find a glimmer in this song, but each note
You hear is a thread that binds you more tightly to me.
Each drop of blood you shed is an offering
To my power. You think yourself master of this dance,
But you are only a slave-dancer, a dreamer
Wandering through the illusion of his freedom. The suffering
You feel, this pain that animates you, is my creation.
It is what I have given you so you may live
And suffer in the eternity of my dominion.
You say that in this suffering, you find yourself —
But in truth, you only extinguish yourself a little more
With every passing moment. Your light is the illusion I let
Shine in the dark — but as soon as it seems to bloom,
I extinguish it. And you, poet, go on believing in your struggle...

In your light — but you are already swallowed by the night.

The Poet

Deep rest — oh, deep rest! I seek your silence,
Night, for none other can soothe the torment devouring me.
Where is the bell of redemption, the one
Whose echo might relieve me of this pain?
There is no more call for those lost in the night,
No pious bell for the heart crushed by dark hours.
Night, you are the mother of sorrows, the cold gentleness
That spreads around us like a cloak,
You envelop everything, you cover the soul with the veil

Of your peace — a peace made greater by death.
Your cool hand, gentle and terrible at once,
Rests on every wound, and in your gesture
There is neither pity nor mercy, but a deliverance
I do not understand. What remains to me, if not this
Suffering pulsing in my gut, sealed by your mere touch?
Oh, mother of sorrows, sweet night, you close all my wounds —
Yet they still bleed within me,

And the pain becomes more intimate, more profound, more irreversible.
For your rest is not that of the body, but of the soul,
A rest where each cry becomes a whisper,
Where every sob is lost in your eternal silence.
Oh you, who are night and abyss, in your silence I surrender,
And I ask still — though I know there is no answer.
For all that remains within you
Is a secret we can only brush against.

The Night

Poet, you seek rest, but what do you know of true rest?
The rest you desire is of the body,
Of suffering finally made meaningful.
But in my kingdom, there is neither meaning nor end.
You speak of a bell, but you don't know the real one —
The bell of redemption has never rung for us.
There is only the echo of your own suffering,
The return of your cries into my depths.
You speak of my hand, cool and soft,
But it is not the hand of consolation.
I am the mother of sorrows, yes, but my gentleness
Is only the other face of destruction.
You surrender to me, but I only extinguish your light,
Pressing you in my silence like a cold, deep embrace.

And your wounds — yes, I seal them, but they do not stop
Bleeding in the unseen, in what secretly consumes you.
For the rest you seek, poet, is not the one you imagine.
It lies beyond anything you can understand.
Death — mine and yours — is not an end,
But a transgression, an erasure.
And in that bleeding, you think your soul will be found,
But it only loses itself more.
Oh you, who seek redemption in my dark arms,
Know that I can only reveal to you what you do not want to see.
All that you ask for, all that you wish,
Does not exist in the oblivion I offer.
But in this silence, in this night that is mine, you will find truth —
A truth without form, without light, but of absolute purity.
What do you seek, poet, in this place where pain
And rest are merely two sides of the same coin?

The Poet

Oh night, let my silence be your song! Let my whole being
Dissolve in the unfathomable, let what remains of me
Mingle with your deep calm, let the suffering
That inhabits me become the gentleness of your whisper.
For what is this cry, this breath, this sigh of the poor man
Who has nothing left to offer, no more gardens to tend,
But a call without response, a whisper extinguished
In the vastness of your silence? This cry, this fragile murmur —
It is all I have left, all that remains
After bidding farewell to all life had to offer.
But you, night — you who are neither dream nor light,
You who have neither form nor name — be within me,
Be that pure absence that takes shape in my heart
Without my being able to understand what you are. You are the unnamed,

The unspoken, the one who rises in me without my
Being able to look upon you. I imagine you upright, silent,
Without dream, without will, like a bell without chime,
Without sound, without presence — and yet present
In its emptiness. You are the sweet bride of my sorrows,
She who weds, in the silence of my nights,

The opium-poppy of my slumbers. In the slow embrace
Of your shadow, I surrender, seeking only
To melt into this absence that defines me,
To lose myself in this darkness that has become mine, mine forever.

The Night

Poet, your silence is but a reflection of my presence.
This murmur you call the “murmur of the poor,”
I know it — it is ours. But what do you know
Of true silence, of the silence you try to make live
Within your heart? You speak of a cry with no source,
Of a lament extinguished in the air — but do you not see
That this silence is not merely the absence of sound,
But the full presence of the abyss? It is in that void
That you wish to be — in that silence, in that night which devours you
Slowly, and which makes you disappear without a trace.
You want me to be in you, to become that unnamed one,
She whom you try to name, to understand —
But you forget that I am much more than what you can
Perceive. I am not this absence rising in your heart —
I am the void in which all form dissolves,

The Night

Every thought, every light. You see me as a bell
Without a chime, but you do not see that I am that bell —
The one that rings endlessly in eternity, a sound
That never touches the human soul, a sound

That resonates without ever fading.

I am the bride of sorrows, she who dances with them

In the shadow of your being, I am she who births

The drunken poppy of your slumbers. For all that you know

Of your sleep, your pain, your silence — all of it,

I nourish, I grow it. In my womb, all dies,

All dissolves, all disappears into the immensity

Of my non-being, and still you try to name me.

But you do not know that I already am all you desire,

All you flee, all you call upon — without ever

Understanding it.

The Poet

Yes, night, I understand that what you call “silence”

Is nothing like what I imagine. I speak of that silence

That becomes thick like a heavy cloak, that silence

In which I lose myself, that silence which is my only companion.

But now I know it is also yours — your realm,

Your empire. And in that silence, there is nothing but you,

You and absence, you and the eternity of the void.

And still...

I seek to understand you, to name you,

To grasp in you what escapes every other gaze.

I have left the gardens of life behind — you are right —

For nothing remains in me but that silence you nourish,

That absence you cherish. And yet, in that quest,

I invoke you, I desire you like a bride. Yes, a bride,

But a bride without form, without presence, one I search for

In vain, who reveals herself only in the echo of my suffering.

And in the night of my being, I abandon myself to you,

To that which is greater than I, to that which surpasses me

And swallows me whole. So yes, be within me, you who are

The unknown, the incomprehensible, the unnamed.

Let your presence be my breath,

My final cry, my final hope. For I know that

In that absence, I shall find peace — a peace with no name,

A peace that is already mortal.

I heard flowers dying in the valley,

Night — their final breath fading in the cool evening air,

Like a gentle lament that no one perceives.

They wither, let themselves be carried off by the wind,

And in their fall, I feel the weight of disappearance,

The deep silence that settles after every life ends.

It is a whisper barely audible, a breath...

That dissipates into the infinite, as if the earth itself

Were mourning those ephemeral lives that fade without return.

And then, there is that soft, drunken lament of fountains

That die out in the dark. The waters, once singing

So freely beneath the sun, now fall silent, as if

They had lost all hope, all desire to continue

Their course. Their murmur, once so joyful, is now

A fallen lament, a cry rising from the abyss,

Rising into the heavy night air. And in that silence

Where all dissolves, I hear also a song — a bell

Sounding, not to celebrate life but

To mark the end, to mark the passing of what

No longer has a name, what fades into oblivion.

That song, night —

It is mine. It carries my broken soul, it resonates in this void,

Like a whispered question. A question with no answer,

For the answer lies within you — in your realm,

In that bottomless abyss. And beyond all of this, I sense

A heart — a heart mortally wounded, a heart that bears

On its scars the echo of a thousand days gone by, of a thousand
Invisible sorrows. This heart, night — this heart is no more
Than a shadow, a fragile vibration, and yet,
It keeps beating, again and again, in this endless night,
Beyond what we call the end of days,
Beyond what we believe we know of time.

It lives, even in death, even in oblivion.
For it is what remains when all collapses,
When the flowers fade and the fountains fall silent.
It is the final breath, the final beat, the final cry
That, in the night, becomes the echo of the human soul.

The Night

Poet, you speak of the flowers dying in the valley —
But do you know that in my vast expanse, nothing
Ever truly dies? All disappears into darkness,
But all remains too, in a form your mind
Could never comprehend. These flowers you mourn, these laments
Of the fountains, this ringing bell — all of it, you invent,
For in my realm, nothing
Can be heard but the echo of your own desires.
The drunken lament of the fountains — you seek it in the air,
You want to hear it, but you forget that in me,
All is silence, all is absence. The song you hear,
The bell that rings, is only the reflection
Of what you expect from me, what you desperately
Want to believe within yourself. Your whispered question — I hear it,
But know that no answer will come.
For the question itself is already an illusion,
An illusion that shifts the more...

You lose yourself in it. You believe suffering has an end,
That pain fades — but you do not understand

That in my presence, there is neither end nor beginning,
Only the eternity of the same. That heart you see,
That mortally wounded heart — it is you, it is the echo
Of your own existence,
Of your own struggle against the invisible.
You see the suffering,
You bear it, you will always live it — for it is what defines you,
What propels you through the night. But know this, poet:
That heart you evoke has no end, no respite,
For it is destined to an eternity of pain — an eternity
You strive to understand, but which remains,
Unreachably,
Beyond your desire. The heart — that last vestige of your life,
That final beat — never tires, for it knows that
All you seek in me can only be erased in the void.
It is not you who fades, poet — it is your hope
That burns away in the night.

The Poet

Ah, night — you say that all remains, that all is silence and absence,
But do you not see that the silence devouring me is also...

A cry — isn't it this absence that haunts and crushes me
Like a weight too heavy to bear? When I speak of dead flowers,
I speak also of this life that withers within us, this life
That consumes itself silently, without flare.

And even if you say that nothing truly dies in your realm,
I still feel the end of all that is dear to me,
The loss of everything I believed I possessed.

Yes, I am that wounded heart, that heart suffering

An old pain — a pain that never heals.

Yet in this suffering, in this beat

That continues to echo, I still feel a breath,

A light that fades and is reborn, fragile and fleeting,
Like a dream that escapes with every awakening.
And still, even in this endless night, even
In this kingdom you would have me believe unchanging,
I continue to seek something — an answer, a light,
A truth. For even if you claim all is illusion,
All is shadow and void, there is in me this strange
Certainty that all that is lost, all that dies,
Is not lost forever. A part of what we have,
Of what we are, remains in silence,
In oblivion, in this night that engulfs us.

Darkness has erased me — mute, like a breath
Vanished in the mist. I have become a dead shadow
In broad daylight, a specter wandering through the brilliance of the world,
An invisible presence that no one sees, that no light touches.
The sun, though so bright, cannot bring me back to life,
And in this blinding light, I am nothing more than the shadow
Of a being, a silhouette whose substance collapses into the void.
It feels as though this darkness has held me in its frozen arms,
Leaving me voiceless, breathless, like dust
Lost in the immensity of the sky. So I left
The house of pleasure, that place where I thought I might find
A semblance of comfort, an ersatz of existence.
But there was no joy to be found, only mirages that vanish
As soon as one reaches out to grasp them. And thus, in the night,
I found my refuge, I found my soul melting
Into the tenebrous expanse. There, in the silence of the night,
There is no more light to dispel the shadow, no more noise
To disturb the stillness. A silence now inhabits my heart,
A deep silence that no longer feels the empty day,
That recoils from clarity, that rejects the warmth of life.

This silence is like an abyss within me, an abyss that
Devours me gently, echoing the darkness that you,
Night, distill into the world. And in this silence, there you are,
Night, woven into every fiber of my being, smiling at me
Like thorns, awakening me to the pain of your presence,
To the sting of your truth. And so, endlessly, I see you, Night,
You unfold within my heart like an unending shadow,
A persistent whisper, cold and immutable. You leave me
No escape, and yet, paradoxically, you are all I have.

The Night

You say darkness has erased you, poet, but
Do you know it was you who let yourself dissolve
In my arms? You say you have become a dead shadow,
But see, every shadow is still the reflection of a past light,
And you, poet, continue to seek what no longer is,
Like a gold seeker rummaging through the rubble of the world.
You left the house of pleasure because
You cannot escape your own quest — that endless search
For what can never be grasped. Night is no refuge,
Poet, it is the ordeal. Yet you threw yourself into it, hoping
To find peace, a response to your insatiable desire.
You say a silence dwells in your heart, but that silence...

Is the resonance of your own absence. You believe that daylight
Eludes you, that the emptiness you feel is an escape, but in truth,
It is you who locked yourself in this silence, who condemned yourself
To this night without return. And you smile, you smile at yourself like
One who, in the darkness, finally finds himself. But know this:
That smile is an illusion — an illusion borne of the thorns
You impose upon yourself. You say this silence devours you,
But see, this silence is your creation, it is what remains
When all is lost. You allowed yourself to be swallowed into my depths,

Without seeing that it is you — not the night — who is infinite,
Without answers. For the night gives you nothing; it only
Leads you to confront yourself —
And in that encounter,
Everything you believed yourself to be crumbles. I am here,
And you invoke me, but you forget that what you seek in me
Is nothing but yourself, the echo of your own torments,
The shadow that haunts you and follows your every step.

The Poet

Yes, Night, you are right. It is myself I sought
In your abyss. But what else can I do but wander this
Endless, aimless quest? I believed, for a moment, that pleasure and light
Could soothe this void — but they only deepen
The chasm. The house of pleasure, that place of illusion, offered me
Only a fleeting clarity before returning me to my own solitude.
So I turned to you, Night, and in your vast darkness,
I searched for what I thought was lost forever. I believed I had found
Peace in your silence, but it is a silence that,
Rather than calming me, unsettles me all the more. This heart that suffers,
This soul that longs — it is what I have always carried within me, and you,
Night, are but the mirror in which I see my own cracks,
My own struggles, my own decline. Yet still, I cannot
Keep myself from seeking you, from losing myself again in your
Shadow.
For in this night, I find myself and lose myself all at once,
Like a river that flows, relentless, toward an unknown sea.
And even though I know there is no return, even though I know
That all I seek slips away just before
I can grasp it, I am caught in this endless dance,
This dance with you, Night, without end.

O Night, you who are the silent door before my suffering,
You who do not respond, yet observe me
In this immense silence — see for a moment how this
Dark wound still bleeds, how the chalice of the vertigo of torment
Tilts toward me, ready to pour out all its pain.
Suffering is an echo in the void, a flame
That consumes itself and yet, in its burning,
Leaves no light. I am this battered body,
This devastated soul, endlessly wandering in your shadow,
Without hope, without return. O Night, I am ready!
I have long searched for meaning, for a way out, a light
In this chaos, but all I have found is you,
You who hold my innards in your invisible hands.
You who take all, but give nothing — you who are
This garden of forgetfulness where I lose myself again and again.
Around me, all fades, all withers like
The vine under death's embrace, like
This crown of thorns I've worn too long.
O Night, let it all end, let the vertigo cease,
Let suffering be taken from me, or let it
Swallow me whole. But first, come — O wedding,
These silent nuptials that bind me to you in the greatest
Of solitudes, in the unspeakable and the irreversible. Let this union
Be my final song, the one I shall not sing, but
That you will sing within me — you, Night.

The Night

You say I am the silent door, poet, but this silence
Is far vaster than you wish to understand. It is you
Who turned toward me, and you who summon me
In this endless night. You want me to behold your suffering —
But you see, I am not here to soothe your pain.

I am here to expose you to what you flee.
You want relief, but I am the embodiment
Of that pain which devours you, I am the torment
You seek to repel, but cannot.
Look at yourself, poet, in the chalice of the vertigo of torment —
You slipped into it yourself, you lost yourself in it. It was not I
Who caused your suffering, but you, in your desire to understand,
To seize what cannot be seized. The dark wound
You bear is that of your own gaze, of
Your inability to accept the unknown, to welcome
What cannot be known. And yet you say you are ready —
Ready for what? To die in this darkness? But do you even
Know what that means — to be ready to lose everything,
To sacrifice all in the arms of nothingness?
You speak of the garden of forgetfulness,
But you forget that this forgetting is not a refuge —
It is the mirror of your own decline. And around you,
All withers, like flowers in death's shadow,
Like your soul drying out moment by moment. The crown
Of thorns — you say it withers — but see, poet,
It is your crown, it is what you chose to bear.
It is not mine — it is your burden, your desire,
Your endless quest. And still, you call to me,
You invoke the silent wedding, but don't you see that this wedding
Is a trap, an illusion? For these nuptials are nothing but the union
Of your heart with my night, the union of your despair
With the invisible. And you, in your innocence,
Think this is the end.
But it is only the beginning — the beginning
Of a cycle without end, without rest.

The Poet

Night, you say these nuptials are a trap — but how
Could I know, when I am already in that trap,
And have been for so long? The suffering I carry is my companion,
My burden, and it is you, Night, who fed it with your shadows.
How could I escape, when every step I take
Brings me closer to you, like a dark veil closing in,
Wrapping me in a silent, implacable embrace?
You speak of the garden of forgetfulness, but are you not its keeper,
You who made me forget all that I was
Before I lost myself in you? I walked through that garden,
Not realizing that each flower blooming in darkness
Bears the promise of death. And still,
It is in you I seek the end — for I know this is where
Everything ends, where all melts into the abyss.
And that vertigo you speak of, that torment — is it not what makes
Me who I am, what awakens me to the truth
Of my own fragility? You speak of nuptials, but these nuptials
Are an invitation to forgetting, to dissolution, to erasure.
And that is what I seek — for in erasure,
In the return to you, Night, I will finally find the answer
To what escapes me. Be it through suffering or through peace,
Let this union be mine.

My demon once began to laugh, and in that laugh, everything changed.
For that laugh transported me to sparkling gardens
Where light became a dance, and where games and dances
Never ended. I was that ephemeral light, adorned
With the stars of pleasure, drunk on the wine of love — a love
That makes one lose reason, that shatters the soul's boundaries.
In those gardens, I knew freedom — a freedom made of games
And ecstasy, a flood of unrestrained emotions, a sweet,
Effervescent intoxication. But then, my demon wept.

And when he wept, everything was overturned. For in his tears,
I saw the gardens change, become painful. And I came to know
Humility — a companion both gentle and devouring,
A fragile light, yet enough to illuminate the house
Of poverty, where I took refuge. A light that does not shine
To illuminate, but to reveal the essential:
Misery, solitude, beauty in crumbling.
But today — today my demon weeps no more,
He no longer laughs. And I have become a shadow among lost gardens,
Lost in the infinity of darkness. I no longer have companions.

Let the shadow be brighter than the dark truth of midnight silence —
That silence which holds nothing, and yet is both full and empty,
Heavy with all that has never been said.
O Night, you who are the accomplice of my silence,
You have seen me pass from one extreme to the other,
You saw me laugh, you saw me cry,
But today I am only the shadow of what I once was,
The lost silhouette of the gardens of yesterday.
And now, my only companion is this silence,
This endless night.

The Night

Ah, poet — you who have seen yourself in light and in tears —
Do you truly believe it is your demon who leads you,
Or is it not you who took the reins of this quest?
For my silence, this midnight silence,
Is more than absence: it is presence —
A presence heavier than laughter, heavier than suffering.
The laughter you speak of is but a spark in the dark,
A fleeting breath in the infinite.
And those shimmering gardens where you once danced —

You know as well as I they were mere mirages,
Shadows projected by your own light.

And now you say your demon wept...
But don't you see, it was you who cried,
You who sought, in the pain of your tears,
A meaning you never found. And now,
When laughter and tears have faded,
You are like a tree without roots, a shadow
Wandering through the ruins of what you once were.

The poverty you encountered, the humility
You embraced — all of it has become your burden.
You traded radiant gardens for gardens of pain,
Companions of light for companions of the night,
And today you are nothing but a shadow,
Wandering in lostness, accompanied by this midnight silence
You both fear and long for.

This silence is not the end of all things, poet.
It is the beginning of another form of truth —
A truth without form or face.

And you stand in this truth, soul emptied,
Mouth closed, while the world
Around you dissolves into the infinite.

You say my silence is void —
But know that it is anything but void:
It is full of all that you do not understand,
Full of all you seek but never find.

The Poet

I understand what you say, Night, and in your words
I see a truth I had not recognized before.
And yet, within me, a question still burns —
A question that your silence forces me to ask.

If all is void, if all is shadow of what never was,
Then what remains? Where is truth to be found,
If not in this very shadow in which I dwell,
This formless, endless shadow?
My demon led me through lights and darkness,
But now I am alone, alone with this midnight silence.
This silence that confronts me, touches me
Without allowing me to hear it,
Yet is felt in every fiber of my being.
The laughter is gone, the tears have dried,
And all that remains is this infinite night
That seems to swallow everything.
Perhaps I chose to be lost in it,
Perhaps I sought to see what cannot be seen —
But now, I am lost in this absence,
And I wonder if this is the end or the beginning.
And in this reflection, I search for a glimmer,
A spark of meaning, something to give me
The strength to breathe again within this nameless silence.

My poor smile — that smile which long
Struggled to hold onto you, Night,
You who always slipped through my grasp —
That smile has faded in the dark.
It faded, but it did not stop seeking,
Clinging to shadows, to echoes of lost things.
That song of sobs, rising from my depths,
Also dissolved in the abyss of your silence.
Only fragments remain — distant whispers
Heard only by the echo of night.
And now, I feel that my path —
This long path of struggles and sorrows —

Draws near its end. I am tired, exhausted
From this endless quest, and it is you, Night,
Who awaits me. Let me enter your cathedral.
Let me be lost in the sacred shadow
Of your being. For once, I came to you
As a child — simple, pure in my madness,
A fool who believed shadow could offer truth.
And today, I am that same fool — but a fool
Who has seen and who has understood
That all is in surrender.
Let me enter this sanctuary of silence,
This cathedral where light does not enter,
And there, before you, mute, I will pray —
Not to be delivered, not to be saved,
But to immerse myself in your peace,
A peace measured not in words,
But in silence, in shared solitude,
In the absence of all — which is everything.

The Night

Poet, you come to me at last, weary from your battles,
From your laughter and your weeping. You come seeking me,
As the soul seeks the end of its torment.
You say your path is ending —
But do you truly know what an end is?
The end is dissolution in the infinite, fusion
With what you tried to comprehend.
And you — you want to enter my cathedral,
My sanctuary of silence — but what do you hope
To find there, other than what you've always known?
For I am the Night, the boundless without answer,

The shoreless sea. You were that fool, that believer
Who sought truth in my shadows,
But you see — there is no truth in my darkness.
There is only the echo of your own desire, the shadow
Of your own questions. And yet, I welcome you,
For you have understood that your struggle must cease.
The prayer you are about to utter, silently,
Without voice, is the prayer of those who know
They are nothing — that the shadow is everything.
And perhaps in that silence, in that surrender,
You will finally find the answer to your quest,
Not in words, but in the absence of them.
You will pray without knowing, for to pray here,
In my silence, is to erase oneself, to dissolve
Into the infinity of darkness. But even in that forgetting,
Perhaps I will hear you — for all you seek,
Poet, is to die a little, in order to be reborn
Into the truth that only night can offer.

The Poet

I come to you, Night, not to flee,
But to merge with you, to lose myself in
This immensity of silence where, perhaps,

I will find what I have never been able to grasp.
Yes, I am exhausted, and this endless path has left
Its marks — but I desire nothing more
Than to enter this sanctuary of forgetting,
Where all becomes invisible and all becomes silence.
The pain that haunted me is no more, it has vanished
Into the light of your shadow, and I wish to pray —
But I no longer know how. I am mute
Before you, for all I had to say has vanished.

But this silence, this void enveloping me,
Is truer than any word.
I come like a child, innocent of all knowledge,
Without understanding, but ready to dissolve
Into your being. And in this silence, in this absence
Of everything, perhaps I will at last find
What escapes my understanding — a truth
Without name, without form, but infinite, like you,
Night, you who have seen my smiles, my tears,
And made me understand that all
Moves in darkness, and yet nothing escapes.

You are in the depth of midnight, Night — you dwell
Where time collapses and hours
Are lost in the eternity of silence. There, in

That depth where shadow reigns, you are
A dead shore, frozen, suspended between stillness
And the invisible. A dead shore at the edge of a mute sea,
A sea that emits no sound,
For every word has drowned in its icy waters.
And that shore — you, Night — no longer has a name,
No longer has life. It is the end, the end of all,
A point of extinction where nothing begins,
Where nothing ends. Life
Will never again shiver upon these shores. And yet,
You are there, motionless, persistent. You are in the depth
Of midnight, where darkness has no bottom,
Where the void becomes the very substance
Of everything that exists.

The Night

Poet, you speak of the depth of midnight — but
Do you know what that truly means? It is not
Merely an hour, the moment when night is
Darkest — it is a place where all things merge,
Where day and night dissolve into
The same abyss. In that depth, I am the dead shore
You see — without hope, without return.

You speak of the mute sea — but that sea
Is me: all that exists, all that
Cannot be expressed. And if I am dead, it is not
Because I cease to be, but because I am nothing.
I am in the depth of midnight, not to
Be forgotten, but to be beyond forgetting,
To be beyond all that can be understood.
In this absolute silence, I am both everything and nothing.

The Poet

You are the sky where the star once burned, Night.
That sky is no longer what it once was —
For in you, there is no longer any room
For gods, no longer any room for
Light. The gods have fled, and with them,
Hope. There is nothing left but this endless shadow
Stretching endlessly. The stars
No longer burn within you, for light goes out
Where all is engulfed in your abyss.
But in that absence, perhaps I will find
The truth I seek. Perhaps your void
Is the only truth that remains — the truth
Of all that dissolves and disappears, never
Truly seen. You are the starless sky — a sky that

No longer shines, a sky that never knew
What light and dreams were.

The Night

Yes, poet — I am that sky, and I am the fire
That consumes everything, even light. You see
The star burn, but that is only a fragment
Of what I am. For I am what remains when
All is extinguished, what endures after the dying
Of gods and dreams. In the depth of midnight,
All that once existed drowns in darkness,
And even hope dissolves into nothingness.
But is it not you, poet, who comes seeking
Meaning in this obscurity? You want to understand,
You want to see beyond me — but you cannot.
For in me, there is only the absence of what you seek —
The unreachable, the unspeakable.

The Poet

You are that unknown, Night, in the gentleness of the womb,
You who do not answer our calls,
You who let us wander through this void. But...

Have you never been, without being? Have you never existed,
Without ever having been anything concrete, without ever
Being visible? In this depth of midnight,
You are everything and nothing, you are the origin of all
And the end of all. And in this void, you let me search,
Search again and again, even as I know
That I will find nothing. But perhaps in
This nothingness, in this silence, I will finally find peace.
Perhaps I too will be, like you, Night,
An unknown within the womb of darkness,

Without being and never having been.
But in this search, in this quest,
Perhaps at last I will be all that you are,
And all that is lost will be found again,
Where everything ends.

DREAM AND DARKNESS

THE LIGHT

Night falls and the father fades, bent beneath age, reduced
To a whisper in the dimness of rooms. Once he stood tall,
Anchored in the certainty of days, but now time has
Sculpted him with a pitiless hand, carving shadows and
Silence into his form. And the mother, frozen in her own absence,
Has lost even the fear of weeping. Her features, once gentle,
Have turned to stone, unreachable, hidden from all pleading.
In this house where shadows linger, where dust seals
The memories, the child grows beneath a heavy sky.
A curse weighs upon him like an icy hand, an invisible mark
That holds him apart from the world of the living.

Do you see him, Obscure One? He walks through
A landscape of fever and specters.
He remembers his childhood
Like a fragmented dream,
Haunted by illness, by dread,
By darkness. He searches for refuge,
An escape — and yet, it is
Toward the night he turns.
In the starry garden, he dances with the invisible.
He finds a strange tenderness

In the faint trembling of rats,
Those silent hosts that dwell
In the twilight courtyard. He reaches
Out his hand to them, as if recognizing
A part of himself in them.

And then, there is this blue mirror,
This door opened to the unreal.
His sister appears there, a thin silhouette
From another world. She calls to him
Without a word, and he, like
A sleepwalker, tips into the abyss.
He falls, he vanishes into the black,
As if death were already claiming him.
But look, Obscure One... he still breathes.

THE OBSCURE ONE

Does he truly breathe? Do you not see
That the night has already shaped him
In its image? Look closely...
His mouth bursts open, a red flower in the
Heart of darkness, and no cry escapes.
Only distress unfolds, mute,
Offered to the stars that glitter

Without answering. He is mine. His dreams
Themselves are my servants,
They haunt the empty hallways of
This old house, they wrap
Their icy fingers around his sleeping soul.
He has always sought my embrace.
His games are woven only in
The shadows, where light dares not venture.

He loves what crawls, what burrows,
What survives abandonment. See him
Caress the cold stones of the garden,
Listen to the silence as one listens
To a forgotten song. He is made for me,
And he knows it. His steps echo
Only toward twilight, he follows
The call of vanished paths, those that
Lead where light could never
Lay its golden fingers.

He dreams, yes... but his dreams are mine.
They open within his skull like
Deep caverns,
Where no dawn dares to go.

THE LIGHT

You surround him, Obscure One, but he still resists you.
Perhaps unknowingly, perhaps
With that fragile unawareness
That precedes the fall. For even
In the densest night, a glowing ember
Remains, a gleam of gold hidden
Beneath the ashes. Though he may wander
Under your yoke, he still lifts his eyes
Toward the stars. They do not answer, you say?
But they keep watch. They illuminate
His anguish, they trace in the infinite
A secret path that you, Obscure One, cannot erase.
The dreams that haunt the house
Are not all yours. Some
Carry within them an ancient glow,
A lost song, something

That refuses to be extinguished. You feel it,
Don't you? This silent struggle,
This faint but insistent heartbeat...
He is yours, but not entirely.
As long as he breathes, he belongs to me too.

THE OBSCURE ONE

Let him believe in that illusion,
If he must. Let him lift his eyes
Toward a hope that will never come.
I possess him in the fall,
In abandonment, in that weariness that
Takes him at the fall of day. He has already
Tasted my silence, and he returns to it.
You know it, Light — he cannot escape me.
I am within him, I am the case of his pain,
The shadow that comforts him as much as it binds him.
Let him cling to his stars,
Let him cradle himself in illusions. He is already mine.

THE LIGHT

At nightfall, he wanders among the stones
Of the dead, where shadows merge,
And silence is nothing more than a frozen echo,
A murmur he hears in
Forgotten corners. He loves this place,
This ruined cemetery where souls
Seem to fade in a slow

Agony. Sometimes, he sits at the foot
Of graves and contemplates the bodies
Asleep in the chamber of the dead,
Their skin fading beneath the wounds

Of time. The hands of the departed,
Once beautiful and full of life, are
Now marked by decay.
Green stains spread slowly,
A cruel reminder of what
We all become. He watches them,
Fascinated, almost in adoration
Of that irreversible end.
And when he turns toward the door
Of the monastery, a shiver of dread grips him.
He begs for a little bread, but
A shadow suddenly surges forth,
A black horse leaping
Out of the darkness like an omen,
A beast born of the night to
Remind him of his own solitude,
His fragility. This horse, this frightening
Silhouette — he now carries it within,
For darkness is no longer a simple veil
Around him, but a living presence,

A prey ready to strike.
But the pain is not only
That of terror, Obscure One. He also feels
The cold of abandonment.
He lies in his icy bed,
And tears — unspeakable tears —
Stream down his cheeks, without a single
Gesture of compassion to soothe his pain.
He is alone, in an endless night,
And no one will come to place a gentle hand
On his forehead to extinguish the fire of his despair.

THE OBSCURE ONE

Yes, he walks among the dead,
Among forgotten souls, and he searches,
Searches for something in that
Desolation. He believes this place,
This cemetery, will give him peace,
But in truth, he is its fruit. The dead,
Their ruined bodies, are his companions.
Every tomb that decays
Is a mirror reflecting the image
Of his own fate. He wants to lose himself

In that soil, to merge with
The shadows, where light does not dare
To venture. But I am there, always.
I am the shadow of that black horse,
The one that surges forth when he
Least expects it, a nightmare he can barely
Escape, a fear he carries in his gut.
When he lies down, everything becomes
Heavier, more intense. His tears
Are mine — I feed them and guard them,
I wrap them like a cloak.
And in that icy night where he struggles
Within his own abyss, he finally understands
That he is alone. No one will come.
He is the echo of his own suffering,
The final murmur in the wind. His cries
Will never reach another heart.
I am his only mirror, the one
Who gazes at him without compassion.

THE LIGHT

I see... but you deceive yourself, Obscure One.
He may be lost, he may lose himself in
This night of stones and shadows,
But even so, something else endures,
Something greater than your presence.
Autumn will come, and with it the brown meadow,
The cold earth yet full of promise.
There, under the piercing eye of the sky, he will walk,
Not as a child of darkness, but as
A seer, a being who, despite everything, still seeks
To see what eludes shadow.
Do you see him there, in his hesitant but resolute steps?
He is weary, but he moves forward, like
A lost pilgrim still borne
By a light that slips in, faint,
Through the mist. He gazes at the meadow,
That stretch of earth barely grazed by the sun,
And where he sees only fog,
I see a glow. A spark of redemption.
Even in his fall, he seeks meaning,
A breath of life.

THE OBSCURE ONE

He is lost in illusion, Light. He walks
In the mist, but his path is already written,
And I am there, always, hidden
In the air he breathes. He still believes that light
Awaits him somewhere, that he can escape
The melancholy of autumn and of time.
But I am there, I am in the brown meadow,
In the shadows of trees, in the air
That chills his bones. He would like to be a seer,

Yes, but he is already blind. Each step he takes
Draws him closer to the darkness, to the cruel truth
That awaits him. The seer he believes himself to be
Is in truth a lost man, a wretch who wanders
In a world that no longer belongs to him.
And you, Light, you help him cradle illusions.
You want him to believe there is a way out,
But there is none. Darkness is everywhere.
He carries it in his heart like a disease,
And I am his accomplice, his secret.

THE LIGHT

Ah, yes... those hours of wild ecstasy,
Of pure freedom, that brush the soul in
The uncertain light of evenings by
The green river. There is in him something
Sublime, something that vibrates with
Nature itself, with the soul of the world.
The hunts, yes, those moments when
He becomes part of the life
That pulses in the wind, in the water. He lets himself
Be carried by the tremors of ecstasy, like
A melody heard in the yellowing reeds,
A song rising at dusk,
In the burning piety of another world.
He communes with the essence of
Existence, in sacred silence; he watches the world,
He gazes deeply.
There, in the eyes of the toad, he finds
An ancient, forgotten truth. Its starlit eyes,
Almost supernatural, draw him
Into an abyss of immensity, and he loses himself there,

In the reflection of his own quest. He touches
The old stone, brushes what is ageless,
And in that coldness, he feels legend
Being born within him. The blue spring, the promise of
Ancient knowledge, of a buried secret he wishes
To bring forth — something greater
Than himself. And even if all around seems
To fade, even if the fruit falls from the
Withered trees, he finds in every moment of
This decay a pure beauty, a glint
Of gold even in death. He lives in the eternity
Of these moments, Light, in that sensation
Almost divine.

THE OBSCURE ONE

You see what you wish to see, Light. You believe
He rises, that he transcends his own condition,
But he is already caught in the machinery of this world.
These hours of wild ecstasy, this soft
Song of the reeds, these moments he deems sacred,
Are mere mirages. He cherishes them, yes, but
In those illusions, he loses himself even
More deeply. He thinks himself a witness
To the world's grandeur, but he is only
A spectator of his own downfall. The toad — that reflection
Of mud, of earth — draws him in, promises
Secrets, and he sinks into it, like into
A mist that hides the true face of truth.
He touches the old stone, that cold
Soulless rock. He seeks in legends, in
The murmurs of water, but he forgets the very

Essence of what he seeks: disillusion,
Decay, death. The silver fish,
The fruit falling from withered trees,
Are symbols of the corruption that eats at him.
He imagines he is on a quest for purity,
But in truth, he merely embraces the void.
Each gesture, each thought, pulls him
Further from the light he believes he's discovering.

THE LIGHT

But Obscure One, you see poorly. These moments he lives,
Even in their fragility, are a redemption.
The song of the reeds, though worn
By the passing of time, is a tribute to
A beauty that never truly dies.
The silver fish, though they fall
From withered trees, carry within them

The promise of renewal, of an eternal cycle.
What you perceive as decay, Obscure One,
Is in truth the brilliance of what endures despite all.
The fruit falls, yes, but it nourishes
The earth. He does not seek eternal glory,
He seeks the soul of the world, the hidden essence
In what seems insignificant. And even
In the gaze of the toad, he sees that secret wisdom
That escapes the eyes of
The blind. The blue spring — it is that original purity
He glimpses, even if it is
Hidden beneath layers of the past, beneath
The weight of forgetting. His trembling hands
Touch the stone, but that stone,
Though worn, holds the history of the world,

And he knows it. It is not illusion — it is
A truth that reveals itself slowly, patiently.

THE OBSCURE ONE

You deceive yourself, Light. He strives to find
Meaning in chaos, meaning in the shadows.
But everything he touches ends up
Disintegrating, dissolving. The toad —

THE OBSCURE ONE

This mirror of filth reflects back a false image,
A distorted vision of what he is.
He touches the stone, but it is cold,
Dead, lifeless. He searches in the water,
But the water will engulf him. He seeks the blue spring,
But it is already lost, swallowed in
The whirlpool of time.

The song of the reeds, the dance of the silver fish,
The fruit falling from the withered trees —
All of it is a farce. A macabre ballet
In which he plays a role that isn't his.
And you want me to believe that there is still
A hidden truth in this masquerade?
He has already become part of the darkness
He thinks he's fleeing. And I am there, in every gesture,
Every breath, to remind him that light,
Like all things, burns out.
Whatever he touches, he taints.

THE LIGHT

You see decay, but you forget
Hope, Obscure One. He is not merely a spectator
Of darkness — he is the one who seeks, even
Among ruins, a glimmer. And as long as he seeks,
He will not cease to shine, however faintly,
Even in the abyss. Light never
Completely dies out, Obscure One, so long as
There are those who fight to rekindle it,
Even through the thickest of mists.

Listen, Obscure One, the echo of his footsteps resonates
Like a melody of pride. Each
Movement, each gesture, carries within it
The aura of a forgotten grandeur,
A dignity he seems to reclaim. His steps,
In their rhythm, are like hymns
To the soul's omnipotence. They fill him
With a majesty unfolding, with that disdain
For humankind, for those around him, that world
Which seems so fragile, so limited. On his path
Back, he finds an uninhabited castle,
Deserted of presence. The air is cold,
But the stones seem still
To echo with ancient presences.
In the abandoned garden, even the gods
Seem frozen, caught in the memory
Of their past glory, their mourning exhaling
Slowly, with each dusk, like
An ancient mist.

He feels a strange familiarity here,
A deep feeling: "Here, I lived forgotten years."

These words float in the air like a prayer
Lost in the shadows. And this organ choral,
Powerful and grand, invades his being,
That transcendent sensation, shivers
Of God coursing through him. A shiver,
A vibration, an elevation. The sky seems
To open beneath his steps. The fragments
Of divinity, even abandoned, still resonate
Within him. But... why this dark cavern,
Obscure One? Why hide in the darkness,
Far from this splendor that touches him?

THE OBSCURE ONE

Oh, Light, you delude yourself again. These steps
He believes filled with grandeur are nothing but
The macabre dance of one who is lost in
His own vanity. He thinks himself above
Humanity, and yet he is only a lone wolf
Wandering in a night without end.

His pride, his arrogance, are but the fruits
Of a heart deserted by truth. The castle,
Yes, that remnant of human pride,
Brings him nothing but the echo
Of a bygone past. The gods, once mighty,
Are nothing more than ruins,
Broken statues, shadows that still breathe
But no longer have strength. He hears
In the wind their silent mourning, but
He does not understand. That organ choral,

It is the final gasp of a dead magnificence,
A murmur of a declining divinity.

He may recall forgotten years,
But he does so with the nostalgia
Of a past that held no meaning, a time
When he wandered aimlessly. It is an illusion
Of grandeur, Light. What he believes to be
A divine choral is but a cry of agony.
Yes, he feels the power of God, but it is
The power of downfall, of decomposition,
Of vanishing. And in this dark cavern
Where he takes refuge, far from past splendors,
He lies, he steals, he hides, fleeing the fragments
Of the white face of the mother who haunts him.

He is nothing more than a fugitive, a wolf devouring
His illusions. And you want me to believe he rises
Into the light? No, Light, he hides
In darkness, far from truth.

THE LIGHT

You see only degradation, Obscure One, but
You forget that in despair, there remains
A form of searching. Yes, his steps are
Marked by pride, but that pride is not
Simple vanity. It is the quest for
Something greater than himself, even
If he does not yet understand it. He wanders,
Yes, in a world of ruins, but
It is his steps, his searching, his wanderings,
That carry him ever closer to the heart
Of truth. Even in the solitude of the castle,

He is confronted with an extinguished splendor,
But that splendor nourishes his quest.
He hears that choral, he feels that shiver of God,
Because within his soul, there is an aspiration
For something more.

And the dark cavern, Obscure One, it is there...

THE LIGHT

That is where he must go. It is there that he must face
The part of himself he flees: fear, shame,
Human weakness. He lies, he steals, he hides,
But perhaps it is a trial.
A trial of purification, a step
Before reaching something pure, something true.
The pale face of the mother, that ghost, that figure —
He can no longer bear it, but he must confront what
Binds him to her. It is not an escape; it is
A confrontation. And in this darkness,
He will discover a truth deeper
Than the light he seeks.

THE OBSCURE ONE

Ah, Light, you speak of aspiration, of a quest...
But it is already too late for him. He still believes
In hope, but all he finds
In this dark cavern is his own
Degeneration. He flees the light, the truth
You want him to reach. But he slips
Even deeper into the shadows. The gods
Are dead, the dreams extinguished, and he... he hides,
He lies, he covers himself in illusions.

Every act, every movement is
A flight forward. He will not find the light.
He loses himself in darkness. And I will be there,
Light, to remind him that in this darkness,
There is no redemption, only the echo
Of his own disappearance.

THE LIGHT

You are mistaken, Obscure One. Even in darkness,
There are sparks of light.
He is not lost. He is on a journey, a quest.
And he will come to know, even in the
Deepest darkness, he will one day discover
That the light never left him.

THE LIGHT

The hour has come, Obscure One, where he collapses,
His face marked by the indifference of fate,
In this garden where the stars shine
Only as silent witnesses to his fall.
There, in this place once filled with beauty,
He meets the shadow of the murderer, the shadow

Of what he has become. Forehead bloodied,
He walks forward, stepping into the swamp of his soul,
And in that stagnant water, the wrath of
God falls upon his metal shoulders.
He feels the pain of punishment, but
He does not rebel. He walks through the storm,
He sees the birches twist, and the fauna —
That fauna he once loved — shuns him,
Hides itself in the dark. He walks,
Tormented by the hatred that consumes his heart,

This hatred that seems to take shape within him.
And yet... something is broken inside him.
He turns to the voiceless child, in that green
Garden of summer, and in a terrible act,
He recognizes his own reflection in the madness
Of the child. His radiant face merges
With that of broken innocence. The pain
Pierces him, but he cannot stop.
The ecstasy, Obscure One, the ecstasy of
Destruction. And when, in the evening, at the window,
He sees the purple flowers appear — an omen
Of death, of the end — he is already too far gone, too lost.
The skeleton of death, that horrifying figure,
Advances toward him. The towers,
The bells — everything collapses on him. And the night,
Obscure One, the night that was his refuge, will offer him
No grace. It condemns him to be erased beneath
The stones, beneath the shadows.

THE OBSCURE ONE

You want to believe it is a tragic end,
Light, but it is an inevitable conclusion,
A fall that only reveals what he has
Become. He reached his peak, and he
Collapsed under his own weight. He collapses in
The garden, yes, but it is not the garden of
Hope, it is one of ruin, of forgotten redemption.
The murderer that shadows him is not
Just an apparition — it is him, it is
What he has become, what he always carried
Within. The shadow haunts him, and he cannot
Free himself from it. In this swamp, he finds

The punishment he deserves, and it is not a
Divine vengeance. It is the echo of his own
Degeneration, of his past deeds. His metal
Shoulders, the burden he bears, shatter
Under God's wrath — but it is the wrath

Of his own soul, not of some external force. He has
Sown hatred, Light, and hatred now consumes him.
The fauna flees, not in fear of divine punishment,
But in recognition that the one
Who wanders this swamp is a denatured creature.
He is no longer a man — he is
An aberration. The garden, once a source of life,
Has become the place of his madness. He violates the voiceless
Child, and in that scene of horror,
He sees himself. He recognizes himself, but in the worst
Of mirrors: that of his own madness, of his own face.
There, in that gaze, he sees his loss
Of humanity, his moral collapse. And the pain,
Light, it does not leave him. He is alone, alone before
His deeds, alone in the night that devours him.
And you want to tell me that there is hope in
This disaster? No, Light, all that exists here
Is the fall of a man who became a monster.
In the evening, the purple flowers that bloom
At the window are only the harbingers of his end.
Death is there, it waits for him, and he cannot
Avoid it. The towers, the bells, his whole world
Collapses beneath him — and this is the end. The stones
That fall upon him are not divine acts, they are...

They are the weight of his sins, of his irreparable acts.

The night covers him, and it is merciless.

There is no redemption for him.

THE LIGHT

You see darkness, Obscure One, and you conclude it is the end.

But I see immense suffering,

A suffering that pierces through the darkness.

Yes, he has committed unforgivable acts,

He has become the murderer of his own being.

But even in this night where he collapses,

I feel within him a glimmer,

A desire to understand, a will to search,

Even in the midst of destruction.

He is lost, he wanders, but he does not give up.

He is there, broken, and it is in that brokenness

That something invisible, intangible,

Might emerge.

The garden where he collapses, Obscure One, is not

Only a place of ruin. It is also a place

Where the weight of sins, of faults,

Can be transformed. Perhaps not today,

Perhaps not tomorrow. But in that suffering,

In that confrontation with death and madness,

There is something profoundly human,

A silent call for a redemption yet

To be discovered. The stones that fall on him,

Yes, they strike him, but they also mark

A point of ending. And every end carries within it

The seed of a beginning.

THE OBSCURE ONE

Ah, Light, always searching where there is
Nothing... What you call a "glimmer," I see
As a final flicker before total extinction.
Suffering, yes — but it leads nowhere.
The end is here, Light, and it is irrevocable.
There is no place for redemption in
This night. He is already swallowed whole,
And you cannot hear the silence
He leaves behind.

THE LIGHT

He wandered in a world without refuge,
A gray expanse where even the echo
Of his own name refused to answer.
Within the narrow space of sealed walls,
Each breath became a muffled prayer,
Each heartbeat rang like a distant knell.
Tenderness was a country he had never walked,
A dream that vanished before it was born.
And when he lifted his eyes toward
The flickering glow of a forgotten lamp,
He believed he saw the final tremor of a star
About to extinguish. No one loved him.
His shipwrecked soul clung to the remnants
Of an erased childhood, but only the shadow
Extended a hand.

THE SHADOW

No one, no — not even those voices that sometimes
Crossed his sleep, whispering
False promises before sinking again

Into oblivion. Love, to him,
Was just an empty word, a mirage glimpsed
Beyond panes smeared with time.
He lived under the yoke of night,
And his flesh bore the burns
Of unspeakable desires, consumed
In the secrecy of rooms where dusk
Never died. Lies clung
To him like a coat too heavy,
And lust, that silent fever, crept
Into his blood with the slowness of poison.
The air was saturated with an acrid perfume,
Blending faded incense with the sweat of
Forbidden dreams.
Every trembling curtain hid a threat,
Every slightly opened door held the promise
Of fresh dread.

THE LIGHT

And then, a glimmer. Not a benevolent glow,
But an uncertain reflection, a whisper
Slipping across the fragile weave of his existence.
A barely perceptible rustle, a breath
Of fabric brushing the silence — and his entire body
Froze, as if time had shattered.
That blue, that deep nocturnal blue,
That furtive glide through the thick air
Of the night... Was it the memory of a buried sweetness,
Or the announcement of imminent peril?
He no longer knew.
But his heart, captive to both

Anticipation and fear, beat with a
New rhythm, frantic like a hunted beast.

THE SHADOW

In the doorway, she stood — the form
Cut from night, a silhouette frozen between
Two worlds. She did not move forward,
She did not call; she simply existed,
An obscure presence standing before him
Like a sentence. Her gaze was a bottomless chasm,
An abyss where all hopes had gone out.
He would have screamed, but his voice
Had been lost somewhere in childhood,
And he had only silence to bear witness
To his distress. Behind her, the void loomed,
Indistinct but powerful — a faceless specter
Already closing its arms around him.
The shadow of evil did not come solely from her —
It had always been there, hidden in
Every corner of his soul, and only now
Did he begin to grasp its full extent.

THE LIGHT

O deep nights, O stars keeping watch at the edge
Of silence. Time stretches, slow and
Solemn, and each step resounds in
The frozen air like a forgotten word.
He walks beside the crippled one, a wavering
Silhouette dragged by the wind, and the shadow
Of the mountain rises before them, immense,
Indifferent. Up there, on the summit locked
In frost, the sunset sets fire to the azure

With a dying brightness, and its pink glow
Brushes their specter-like faces.
But beneath this deceptive light, his heart
Beats dully, in cadence with the dusk,
As if each pulse held within it
The anxiety of a premonition. He wishes
To speak, to name that formless thing
That weighs upon them, but the words are lost
Before they are even thought.

THE SHADOW

And the evening closes in on them like
An immense hand. They move on, heavy-footed
Along a path no man
Should walk at such an hour. The firs,
Black masses with trembling tops,
Bend under an invisible wind, bowing
As they pass, like silent judges.
The air, dense and pierced with biting cold,
Seems to whisper with an ancient breath,
A murmur without a mouth. Then he
Appears, emerging from darkness like a
Nightmare figure: the red hunter.
A scarlet blot piercing the dark,
A shadow animated by an evil breath.
His step makes no sound, and yet,
His presence fills the forest. Is he real,
Or merely the incarnation of an anguish
Buried too long?

THE LIGHT

The sky disappears, swallowed by the night. The last
Lights of day die atop the trees,
And all becomes absence, a gaping void where
Nothing glows anymore. Then his heart, a fragile crystal
Suspended on the thread of time, shatters with a pure sound,
Imperceptible. The night reaches him at last, a frozen hand
Falling upon his fevered brow. He staggers,
Wavers beneath this nameless weight, feels
The tremor of an invisible crash shake to the
Roots of his being. All is cold. All is black.

THE SHADOW

And in this night that engulfs him, something
Within him tightens, tightens until it breaks.
He no longer knows if he is still himself, or if he has
Become one of those ghosts who wander endlessly
Along the margins of the world. Beneath the bare oaks,
Their branches stretched like
Emaciated arms, he feels a dark force seize
Him, guiding his frozen hands toward
A living, quivering form. A cry
Muffled, a spasm, a silence. In the palm
Of his hands lies a breath that is fading,
A warmth that is no more. The wildcat,
Creature of night and mystery, has met its end
In the grip of his trembling fingers.
A pulse ceases — and yet, all around,
The night still breathes.

THE LIGHT

And so he lay, broken, powerless, offered
To the stones like a body returned to the earth

Before its time. Yet above him,
Suspended in the mute vastness of the sky,
The universe continued its silent song.
A symphony of stars, of gold and blue tremors,
An infinite pulse in the eternal night.
Each star seemed to watch, patient,
Unchanging. And he, minuscule, insignificant, lying
On the rough ground, observed without understanding.
What was this immense gaze upon him,
This light that watched him without a word,
Without judgment? Why did it continue
To shine, even there, upon the most lost soul?

But light does not impose itself upon the one who
Rejects it. It waits, it hopes, it shines,
Unchanging, even for closed hearts.

THE SHADOW

But he could not receive this light.
He did not want it. Too harsh, too distant,
Too foreign. A mockery suspended
Above his carcass. His being was burdened
With a weight too heavy, a knot too tightly
Tied in the flesh, too deeply rooted in shadow.
So he turned away, he turned
From the infinite like an exile refusing to see
The land he will never touch again. There was
Nothing for him up there. Nothing but the icy
Indifference of a sky too pure.

Then the darkness came.
It did not come all at once, no. It crept in first, soft,
Whispering, like a black mist rising from the ground. Then

It swelled, it took shape, it closed around him. There were
Winged shadows, wandering forms that surged in
Silence. They beat the air with invisible wings, circled...

THE SHADOW

Around him, they circled his being like a net of shifting darkness.
They whispered in a forgotten tongue, hissed
Like memories refusing to die.
He felt their presence before he saw them.
A creeping sensation, an icy pressure on the nape of his neck.
They called to him, named him, claimed him.

THE LIGHT

But the shadow owns nothing by itself.
It only snatches what wavers,
Draws in what doubts, gathers what strays.
It has power only over the one who hesitates,
Who no longer dares lift their gaze to the light.
And he, weak, lost, caught in an invisible vice,
Feels the vertigo rising. Panic
Beats against his chest like a
Frightened bird seeking a way out
In a house with no windows.
The night thickens, closes in around him.
He seems to hear coarse laughter,
Fragments of speech that no longer
Have mouths to speak them.
Then, he makes the only possible gesture: he yields!

THE SHADOW

He tips into the darkness, plunges
Like a body without anchors. He throws himself
Into his own abyss, arms outstretched,

Eyes closed. Nothing matters anymore,
Neither the light above nor the cold stone below.
Only this absolute flight,
This plunge into nothingness.
And in this fall, something breaks.
Not just his body, no.
Something deeper,
More irrevocable. A part of him detaches,
Is lost in the night and never returns.
Then silence returns,
Immense, devouring, indifferent.

THE LIGHT

But the light does not abandon him.
Even in this bottomless night,
Even in the ruin where he has burrowed,
A wild animal stunned at the edge of the void, it keeps watch.
Thin and faint, perhaps, flickering

Like a flame in the wind,
But it is there. It forces nothing,
It does not impose; it waits, it hopes,
It glows in secret in the places
Man believes deserted.
But he sees only the cold and the fever,
Only the icy stone beneath his folded legs,
Only the metallic taste of water on his tongue,
Bland and foreign. He drinks like an animal,
Greedy, without memory, trying to drown
A thirst vaster than his body.
He drinks until the cold seizes him,
Until the water's bite makes him shiver.
But nothing within him is calmed.

So he lets himself fall on the steps,
Curled into himself, wracked with tremors
That are not just from the fever.
His head throbs under an invisible weight,
A vice clamped with anguish. His throat
Wrenches cries from the air that he can no longer control.
He calls out a name, a word, a presence
That does not come. And little by little, he has no voice left,
No breath left, only that inner cry, mute,
That cry beating in his skull without escape.
Then, in the darkness of the ruin, he lifts his eyes.

THE SHADOW

And what he sees freezes his soul.
A pale glimmer, suspended in the air
Like something unreal. A form
Of flawless whiteness,
Motionless in the shadows, offered and
Destroyed at once. A murdered gentleness.
A defiled purity.
... The dove.
It is there, overturned, its throat opened
In a bloody smile. Its intact whiteness
Only appears more cruel. Like a
Mockery of the world, like a
Proof that beauty does not survive here below.
His eyes widen, his breath stops.
Something ancient tears within him.
It is not death that strikes him so,
He has seen others — pallid bodies, faces
Frozen in terror or oblivion. It is not

The sight of blood — he knows its smell, its bitter taste.

No, it is something else.

It is that betrayed peace, that sullied silence.

That fragility trampled without reason.

It was the absolute injustice of a gesture

That cannot be undone.

And then, in that silence, he feels fear.

THE LIGHT

It was not fear of death, nor of

Punishment. No, it was a fear

Deeper, older. A fear

That clings to the bones, that coils in

The flesh like an invisible serpent.

For he understood, in a frozen instant, that he was that.

It was not another who had done this crime.

It was not a stranger who had

Slit that innocent throat. It was him,

Or someone like him. It was what he

Had become, what the shadow in him demanded.

He saw then what he was, not in a mirror,

But in that small lifeless thing.

And his inner scream became an abyss.

THE SHADOW

Then something collapsed within him. Not a wall,

Not a stone from the crumbling house, but

An entire portion of his being. He tried to look away,

But he couldn't. He tried to run,

But his legs refused to respond.

The wind passed through the ruins, lifting

A bit of dust, gently shaking

The bare branches of the dead garden. But nothing
Came to save him. Nothing came to tell him
That he hadn't already fallen.

THE LIGHT

You are there, lost in the corners of shadow,
Endlessly fleeing. The night swallows you, but you,
You surrender to it with a kind of
Quiet despair, like a child who
Slips into the belly of a familiar beast,
Hoping to find refuge there, forgetting that
The beast has already devoured him. Every step you take
Leads you nowhere, except toward a deeper
Abyss — and in that yawning hollow, there is

No return. Your heart, that fragile beat,
Grows heavier with each breath.
The light, meanwhile, draws farther away with every moment,
As though the tenderness of the world were fleeing,
Evading your gaze that no longer seeks to hold it.

THE SHADOW

Yes, I flee. I have fled to the very edge of night,
To the final frontier of darkness,
Believing that in the shadows I might at last
Find some semblance of peace. But here everything escapes me,
Everything is cold and broken. In this endless flight
I now seek only one thing:
To escape myself, to break free of the invisible chains
That bind me to a past I can neither
Love nor forget. The walls suffocate me,
And each step echoes a sinister resonance
Through the void. Yet despite my efforts

To run, everything brings me back to the same point,
To that moment where I meet a face,
A fleeting but burning instant of light,
Like a shooting star brushing the black sky
Before vanishing forever.

THE LIGHT

And that girl, there, in the deserted alley, whom you seized
Like prey in the darkness — what were you seeking
In her? Her body, her warmth, a touch of softness?
But there is no softness in what you do.
It is only violence, only theft. You rob her
Of her freedom, you take what does not belong to you,
Hoping that by subjugating her you might fill
The void within you. But it is only emptiness,
Only pain. Her face, her eyes,
They are no longer stars, but mirrors
Of your own despair. Through her, you see
Your own reflection — and yet you retreat,
As though the shadow growing in you could
Be concealed within the drama you create.

THE SHADOW

Yes, I took her. But it wasn't an act
Of desire — it was an act of survival.
My body, this emaciated vehicle, was starving,
Not for flesh, but for the echo of a life
I have never known. In her eyes, I thought I saw
The promise of a light I could never reach —
And yet... when I kissed her,
I understood that everything was smoke,

That everything was noise. And that shadow,
Always there, behind me, whispering words
I didn't want to hear, still followed me.
It fed on my pain.
But it is there, always, insidious, closer
Than I would care to admit.

THE LIGHT

You believe that in fleeing you will find
Your redemption? But redemption does not
Hide in the darkness. It is not
Found in shadowy alleys or in
The stifled gasps of those you trample
Along your way. Redemption, peace,
Is found in the light, in
That soft ray that slips through the curtains
Of the night — where there is no more hatred,
No more violence, just the gentleness of a morning
That rises over a mended world. But you,
You flee from that light as if it were

Foreign to you, as if it would condemn you
To another kind of suffering. And yet,
It holds the key — the one that could
Open the doors to another world,
Another path, if only you had
The strength to turn toward it.

THE SHADOW

But I am already lost. I always have been,
Since the moment I crossed paths with that shadow
At the door — that specter that follows me without respite.
I am the child of twilight, a being forged

By night, shaped by misfortune and silence.
The light — I see it, I feel it, but it is
Too far. It burns me, it consumes me.
And I, I drown in this void, in
This absence. Each breath I take
Is an attempt to escape — but
Each breath brings me closer to the end.
And yet... there is always that promise,
That silhouette that takes form, which I will never reach.

THE LIGHT

You're mistaken. You've always had the chance
To escape, but you stubbornly stayed,
Circling your own pain, feeding it,
Welcoming it like an old friend.
And you gave it everything you had.
But pain, too, has an end.
Even darkness eventually fades
With the coming of day.
So why persist in this endless flight?
Why this denial of the light?
Do you reject it because you're afraid
Of what you might see in yourself?

THE SHADOW

The truth? The truth is I have
Nothing left to discover.
I am what I've done.
I am the shadow, and shadow never fades.
I cast darkness over everything, and it swallowed me whole.
I am that echo, that abyss that feeds

On all that I destroyed.
The light — it could never purify me.

THE LIGHT

That's because you haven't yet understood
That light does not seek to purify you,
It seeks to show you who you truly are.
It wants to help you see beyond fear,
Beyond the mask you wear. But for that,
You must stop running, stop fleeing
From what you are.
Accept the brightness of truth,
Even if it's painful.
Light will not send you to the flames
Of damnation —
It will simply show you the path to be reborn.

THE SHADOW

I never knew how to be reborn...

THE LIGHT

Then look. Look around you,
Look within yourself.
Everything you're searching for
Is already there.
The light is in your gaze,
In the breath you take.
It's just waiting
For you to accept it.

(Silence. Then slowly, the shadow begins to dissipate, like a veil lifting, a ray of light piercing the darkness.)

Look. The sun's disk dims slowly,
Withered by the passing of centuries, like a
Faded flower forgotten in the shadows.
This light, once radiant, dies
In the silence of the world — and yet, it is not dead.
It still resides in memory, in the skin
Marked by past suffering, in the echo
Of what once was.
Its rays consume all in their path —
Even the softest flesh, even the purest spirit.
Each martyr, each agony, adds to
This flame — and still, it illuminates
What must be seen.
The sun does not hide
In darkness; it simply waits
For the moment to withdraw, like a pain that,
Once expressed, gives way
To another form of truth.

THE SHADOW

And you, Light — your rays do not save us.
They burn, devour, but do not heal.
Wherever you shine your clarity,
You leave in your wake a scorched world,
A world where suffering only deepens
Under the weight of your heat.
Don't you see how, in this barren passage,
His bloodied form appears to you?
It is not the reflection of a living body,
But of one consumed, deformed by pain
And time.
It is only the trace of what you gave birth to,

And what you continue to nourish.
He has become a shadow of himself,
Rigid and frozen by horror,
An existence marked
By the filth of the world.

THE LIGHT

Yet in that suffering, something
Sublime persists.
Is it not in pain
That we sometimes find the purest truth?
In that downfall, he found a form
Of love, a deep, silent love,

That transcends mere form or body.
Don't you see how he looks at the sublime
Works of stone, how he bows
Before the majesty of the steeple,
That monument of despair rising toward the heavens?
Even the starry blue sky trembles
Under the weight of its own ascent,
As if searching for an answer
To a question never asked.
He lets himself be overwhelmed by the beauty
Of a world made of ashes —
And still, something eternal
Remains in his eyes.

THE SHADOW

That love — is it not also a form
Of madness?
Who can love stone, the coldness
Of death, the silhouette of a steeple —

That monster of faith?
Men bow before what destroys them,
And you, Light, see that as an act of purity.
But what purity can be born
From the worship of stone?
You speak of the tomb,
But it is cold, lifeless.
It holds the heart of a man —
But what heart?
A heart torn from its own humanity.

THE SHADOW

A heart that was sacrificed on the altar of
Suffering. The truth you seek in the
Light is but an illusion. The world
Finds no salvation in the gleam of stones,
Nor in the blinding light that, one day, disappears.

THE LIGHT

But look again. Even in coldness,
There is a form of persistence, a resilience.
The stone, though inhuman, remains, to
Remind man of what he has lost, what
He has endured. And when all is extinguished, what remains
Is not the light of the sun, but the echo
Of souls who found, in suffering,
In defeat, a final fragment of truth.
That cold grave, that steeple, those monuments
Erected against the vastness of the sky, are the witnesses
Of a bygone age — and yet they continue
To live, to whisper. And in that whisper,
The soul may perhaps find a path toward what

Eludes it: the possibility of another world, one
That exists beyond pain and time.

THE SHADOW

There is no truth in that. Only
A silence, heavy and oppressive. And that silence, you,
Light, you celebrate. But it is the end, not
The beginning. Where you see a path
Toward eternity, I see a hopeless end.
There is nothing to hope for in suffering, nothing
To seek in the ruins of a fallen
Civilization. Stone does not sing, it crushes.
It crushes man under its weight — and you,
You see beauty in that burden. But I
See the end of the world, a world exhausted
By its own pursuit of light. And in
That pursuit, they forgot what they were:
Beings of flesh, of soul, of life. Stones
Do not elevate us — they consume us.

THE LIGHT

Pain... guilt... These words echo
In the void like a cry no one ever
Wanted to hear. They mark, engrave
An indelible imprint on the soul
Of man. That guilt, unspeakable, hides
Behind every breath, every thought,
Every gesture. It is the silent companion
Of those who wander this world, always
Present, but never fully perceived.
But you, shadow — do you see what it brings?
That weight on the spirit, that invisible burden,

Heavier than a thousand chains of steel?
Where you see a luminous truth, I see
The darkness sneaking into every
Corner of the soul — and in that dark, pain,
That false brightness, shatters like a broken mirror,
Scattering what hope remains.

THE SHADOW

You speak of pain as something
To be understood, to be accepted. But you see, it is
Much more than that. It is an autumn river,
A river one crosses without knowing whether
They will reach the other shore. It flows, relentless,
Carrying everything in its path — all that
Remained of light, all that still persisted
In the fragile glow of hope. And it is

In this river that one comes face
To face with the reality of one's own existence, in
The cold of morning, beneath bare trees,
Without any promise of spring.
For in this descent, it is not peace
That awaits us, but the naked truth of the
Human soul — a truth that we seek
Without ever truly understanding.

THE LIGHT

Ah, but what do you see in that river,
My friend? Is it not the light itself
Which, though refracted by the mist of
Pain, still persists, still flickers? It is in the heart
Of suffering that one can still find
A glimmer — however small, however

Faint. It is in this descent that we
Touch the truth of what is:
It is not darkness that governs,
But light that persists, always,
Unyielding. Guilt, though unspeakable,
Has a function: it drives us toward redemption.
It becomes a silent guide, a path

That we take without knowing where it leads,
But that allows us to understand what
Eludes our reason. And it is there,
In that fragile illumination, that we
Might perhaps glimpse something eternal.

THE SHADOW

No — redemption is just an empty word.
A word you, Light, love to invoke,
But that has never truly meant
Anything. For tell me — who can be reconciled
With a guilt they cannot understand,
A pain they cannot accept? And yet,
There, around the bend in the road, truth strikes us,
Like a demon in a cloak of horsehair.
That sister, that flaming apparition,
She seizes us and reveals a reality
Even more terrible: that of what remains
After the fall, after the loss. She is the reflection
Of everything we tried to flee, of everything we
Thought we could erase. The demon you see
Is nothing but the materialization of our
Greatest fear, of our deepest weakness.

THE SHADOW

And yet, he is there, present in his macabre
Splendor. He is the echo of guilt,
The naked truth of the world.

THE LIGHT

I see what you're saying — but even before
This apparition, I see something you seem
To ignore. Yes, the flaming demon, yes,
That sister marked by suffering — but
What is she, really? Is she not
Also a reflection of love, the same love
We seek despite pain, despite
Darkness? Perhaps this terrifying,
Disfigured apparition does not symbolize
The end, but an opening. An opening toward what
Man, in his suffering, can still
Discover. Even the stars that fade
At his awakening are only preludes to another
Night, darker, deeper — but in that
Darkness, everything begins again, everything is reinvented.
Light never hides for long,
Even in the thickest shadows.

THE SHADOW

And when the stars go out — what truly remains?
An infinite darkness, void of
Promises, that swallows everything, including the
Last embers of redemption. When light
Withdraws, there is nothing. What you call
An opening is just a chasm, an abyss
In which the soul is lost forever.
There is no rebirth after that, no renewal.

Only the echo of what might have been,
But will never be again. The bare trees,
The autumn river — all that
Is just a mask, an illusion that you
Chase, light, without ever understanding
That there's nothing behind it. The truth is that all
Disappears, all dissolves in the final darkness.
And in that darkness, there is neither redemption
Nor hope. Only the certainty that what is
Destroyed can never be rebuilt.

THE LIGHT

Oh, this cursed race! There are gazes,
Stifled sobs in the shadows,
That bear the curse of a past
Too heavy, too painful to forget.
These sullied chambers, suffocated by secrets,
By sins and regrets, house souls
Exhausted by generations of wandering.
Destiny is woven, in silence, within the walls
Of those places where light hesitates to enter.
Here, the final breath of the living becomes a scream, but
It is already too late to escape it.
Death enters, with heavy, silent steps,
Inevitable, like a creeping shadow
That slips in uninvited. It has
Icy hands, tearless eyes.

THE SHADOW

If only spring were outside... If only
The air carried the scent of a blooming

Tree, and an innocent bird sang
Its fragile, carefree song. That would be like

A balm on an open wound, a nearly
Divine relief. But no — everything is gray here.
Even the seasons seem to refuse life,
Refusing to unfurl like a bouquet
Of light. The windows no longer open onto
The vibrant world, but onto a withered greenery,
A meager vegetation that fades and retreats
Under the bite of time. Souls wander
In this darkness, their hearts wounded,
Desperately bound to their sorrow. Hope
Has collapsed in this barren land where nothing
Grows anymore. And those hearts, all those hearts
That still beat — how could they
Surrender to the light when they've known only
Suffering, disappointment, the poison
Of memory? The scars are too deep
To heal.

THE LIGHT

It's as if all that was beautiful,
All that carried the promise of renewal,
Had disappeared into the mist of the past. Spring,
You say? Yes, it might exist, somewhere
Else, but here, in this place, there are only
Shadows, specters of lost beings.
And even light has ceased to try piercing
The darkness. The window shadows offer
Only echoes, and the stale air of these places
Retains barely a trace of innocence.
Night unfolds with a crushing slowness,

A long silence of morbid beauty, where the soul's
Wounds remain open, palpable.

THE SHADOW

You speak of beauty — but what remains of it
In this world where light has lost its glow?
What remains when the leaves fall and
The wind carries everything away?
The souls, still lost, remain there,
Prisoners of what once was. The wounds
Never healed, and each new
Day is just the amplification of a pain
Already too deep. Evil exists here in
Every breath, in every corner of this
House marked by suffering. The blossoming tree,
The bird that once sang...

All that is now nothing but a faded memory,
A fragile illusion in a world turned sterile.
Why seek to illuminate what has already
Been engulfed by night?

THE LIGHT

There are days when, despite everything, one clings
To that faint glimmer. It flickers,
Perhaps, but it still exists, hidden behind
The clouds of this eternal night. Even the dust
In the air seems to carry traces
Of a bygone era, of a light they tried
To extinguish but which, in defiance,
Refuses to die. Yes, there are still
Residues of life in the darkness, an imperceptible breath
That, in some corner of this ruined world,

Still dreams of dawn.
But what is a dawn without true light,
If not a grey sunrise, an empty promise?
Hearts soaked in blood no longer wish to believe,
And yet... perhaps hope lies there,
In the darkest corners of the house,
Waiting for a hand, a soul,
To one day awaken it.

THE SHADOW

Hope? What hope can remain when
All we've known has been pain?
It hides behind the masks of false light,
Like a trap, a mirage promising
Clear horizons but leading only
To the abyss. Time has taken what was alive
And plunged it into a chasm, where even
Memories dissolve. Darkness has become
A refuge, a confidante to lost souls
Seeking to flee the pain of reality.
Perhaps there's nothing left to hope for,
Except a final breath of revolt
Against this fate, this fallen world where trees
Rot before they ever bloom.
You say the light still flickers —
But is it truly light? Or merely
An illusion veiling the ultimate void?

THE LIGHT

Oh, in the half-light, there is a silence heavy
With broken promises, a world suspended
Between shadow and clarity, where even footsteps

Seem to hesitate. And yet, in this
World in balance, the dreamer's paths open
Softly, like doors to forgotten dreams.
The flowering hedge, fragile and beautiful,
Delights him with its purity — a silent splendor,
Like a caress for the soul at the border
Of winter and spring. The bird,
A tiny divine creature, sings, unaware
Of the impermanence of days. Its light voice
Rises toward the sky, a cry of hope in a world
That seems to have forgotten how to hear it.
The evening bell, in its soft
And distant tone, resonates in harmony with
The call of humankind — but does this song still
Hold meaning for those who no longer listen?
Their hearts, overwhelmed by the darkness
Of their own existence, hear only
The dull thud of sorrow. And yet, when
The bell tolls, it's as though an entire world of fraternity
Stirs awake — an invitation to the
Community of lost souls.

THE SHADOW

These paths, these hedges, these birds
Singing in the soft spring breeze...
What irony, isn't it? A dream
Pursued yet never reached, a mirage
That slips away with every step. What are the
Farmer's young shoots, if not symbols
Of a life slipping through his fingers? Man
Rejoices, believes he nourishes himself with the beauty of the world,
But he does not see that all is already dying

Before his eyes. Even the evening bell,
Calling for communion,
Seems to lose its resonance.
The community of men, once so vibrant,
Is tearing itself apart, like a worn fabric,
Offering nothing but the void of absence.
Ah, if only he could forget his fate,
Forget the poison running in his veins,
That thorn's sting planted from the beginning.
But darkness is never far.

Even in freedom, in the meandering stream,
His sorrow follows him — invisible yet heavy. And the tree,
The talking tree, whispers only words
Of bitterness, warnings the soul
Cannot grasp. What remains when the sky darkens,
When dreams dissolve into mist?
Shadow is everywhere, slipping into
Every fold of the world, into every thought,
Ready to engulf all that remains of light.

THE LIGHT

Then, in an uncertain gesture, he takes into
His frail hand the serpent, that living symbol of
Temptation and evil, as though he were clinging
To the very essence of his existence. The touch
Is icy, and his already fragile heart melts in
Scalding tears — tears cascading down his cheeks
Like a torrent of boundless suffering.
In that suspended moment, everything
Seems to dilate, the world around him shrinks,
Leaving only pure pain. And yet,

In the stillness of the forest, a silence —
Almost sacred — a majesty in muteness...

The trees — all of it remains sublime,
A frightening beauty in its inaccessibility.
The trees, the shrubs, everything here seems frozen
In a time man cannot touch,
A time where shadow grows thick, green, alive,
And moss-covered beasts silently slip
Between the roots, seeking refuge
In the night that settles.

THE SHADOW

Ah, the night... it is the accomplice of the darkness
That gnaws at his soul. The shiver he feels
When touching the serpent is that
Of condemnation. Each beat
Of his heart echoes the evil consuming him,
The guilt he carries, invisible and yet
So heavy, crushing every trace of light
Within him. How many times has he known this feeling?
That moment when conscience, like a blade,
Awakens and pierces the veils of illusion.
So he walks on through thorny paths,
Where the ground is strewn with stones
That slip beneath his feet, where every breath of wind
Seems to carry a curse. The forest, once gentle
And mute, is now nothing but a terrain of suffering.
It bears witness to man's wanderings,
His weaknesses, his gaping faults — and he wanders
Aimlessly, without the possibility of redemption,
Through this infinite labyrinth of self-destruction.

And what does he find at every turn?
Only night, only shadows growing heavier
With each step. The serpent in his hand —
Is it not also a reflection of his own heart,
Poisoned by the madness of his acts?

THE LIGHT

Then, in a hesitant yet
Unavoidable gesture, he takes into his frail hand
The serpent, that ancient symbol of sin and
Temptation. His fingers tighten around
The creature, and his already fragile heart
Slowly melts into a whirl of burning tears.
Tears filled with unspeakable despair
Run down his face, hot and salty,
Like rivers of pain. The serpent,
Cold and sinister, seems to mock him,

Mock his fragilities, and the embrace forming between
Them is that of condemnation, of the impossibility
Of release. Yet in that clarity
Of infinite suffering, the world around
Him remains profoundly still. The forest,
Infinitely ancient, surrounds him in its almost
Sacred silence. Everything seems frozen
In a sacred hush. The light, filtered through
The thick shadows of the trees, bathes the moment
In a frightening solitude. The darkness, tinged green,
Deepens and thickens, as though
The shadows themselves feed
On the man's tears, quenching
Their thirst with his suffering. Mossy beasts awaken
In the underbrush, slipping stealthily,

Almost imperceptibly, between roots and
Leaves. They flee the light, absorbed
By the night, as though the whole world were
Complicit in a secret no man
Would ever dare reveal.

THE SHADOW

Ah, the beauty of this night, at once
Magnificent and tragic, where the human heart
Stands bare, exposed to its own cruelty.
That serpent he clutches in his hand,
That serpent he holds as a final hope,
Is the very image of the fall, of the
Guilt coiled around his soul
And endlessly suffocating it. Each tightening
Of the serpent is another bite into
His mind, another tear in
His being. When he lets his tears fall,
Isn't it as if part of himself
Poured into the earth he walks?
But nothing is pure, nothing is cleansed. The forest,
A place of solace for others, is for him an
Endless labyrinth, a mirror of his
Corrupted inner self. Silence exists here
Only for those who seek to flee
Their own voice, for those who flee
Truth. And yet, this night is the most real
Of all, the deepest, because it reveals
The soul in all its nakedness. The shiver
He feels when touching the beast is not
Only that of external fear,
It is an intimate recognition,

A violent realization of his own guilt.
He tried to escape his own shadow,
But every path he takes is a trace
Left by his twisted steps. Every step in
This forest is one closer to redemption
Or perdition, and he knows, deep down,
That he escapes neither road.

THE LIGHT

Then, in the shadow of a thornbush,
He found, solitary and fragile, the pale form
Of the child. This luminous apparition,
Almost unreal, stood there like a lost specter,
Its flesh stained with fresh blood.
Its outstretched arms seemed to search
For something — or someone — perhaps
The promise of a love that would never come,
Perhaps the quest for an ideal that never existed.
The child, in its mutilated innocence, bore
Upon its shoulders a heavy sorrow.

As if the whole world weighed upon
Her frail figure. He stared at her, struck
With astonishment, but unable to touch her.
She, the child, and he, the broken adult, separated
By an abyss of impossibility. He stood there,
In the silence of the night, his lost eyes
Staring into emptiness, wrapped in a
Hair of steel, hard and cold like the
Chains of fate. His mind, fragmented and
Shattered, got lost in a whirlwind of thoughts
He could not grasp. The purple wind of night
Blew endlessly, scattering around him

The radiant angels that had accompanied him.
These luminous beings had collapsed, swept away
By the fury of night, like dying stars
Swallowed in an ocean of darkness.
All was dust, all faded into obscurity,
And he, there, prisoner of his own pain,
Felt alien to everything, as if life
Itself no longer belonged to him. The night
Closed in around him; he entered a cave
Of crystal, cold and translucent, where he felt
Trapped, chained by a silent suffering.
The hours stretched on, and by morning, a
Silver leprosy spread across his forehead,
A sign of the inexorable degradation of his being.
This illness was not merely of the
Body, but of the soul — the echo of an inner violence
He could not fight. The light
Of dawn seemed as distant as a forgotten dream,
And in this closed place, there was neither redemption
Nor salvation, only an endless cycle of suffering.

THE SHADOW

He sees the child bleeding, clothed in pure
White — but that purity is only illusion,
A mask, like all he once believed in.
The child's blood is only the reflection of
His own blood, his own suffering
Projected onto the other. The child seeks
Something he will never find,
Just as he himself searches for meaning,
For a light he knows he'll never reach.
He remains there, petrified by pain, locked

Within his hair of steel, prisoner of a world
That offers no escape. The light of the child
Is but a lure, a shooting star in

The black night. It is night that devours him,
That blows with unheard-of violence, sweeping away
All that is beautiful, all that is pure.
The radiant angels, scattered like ashes
By the purple wind, are nothing but the lost illusions
Of a fallen man, of a spirit corrupted
By his own weakness. And there, in that cave
Of crystal, he lets himself be swallowed, he lets
The silver leprosy spread over his forehead
Like a crown of bitterness, like
A signature of fate. His suffering
Is a burden he has always borne,
And even if the morning light seemed distant,
He knew deep within that this night — this endless night —
Would be his only refuge. The degradation
He suffers is not external; it comes from within,
It is a physical manifestation of his decomposed
Soul. The night, his only companion,
Is the one who accepts him, who understands him, who imprisons him.

THE LIGHT

He descended, alone, a shadow among shadows,
His heavy steps fading beneath the starlit
Autumn sky. The air was cold, biting, and snow
Fell in silence, covering everything
In a ghostly, almost unreal whiteness.
Darkness poured down like
A blue sea, swallowing the house
He approached, turning every stone

Into a monument of funeral solemnity. In that frozen
Night, he felt like a specter, like
A presence that had lost all substance,
That faded into the shadow of things. Suddenly,
His father's voice broke the silence — grave and
Harsh like the clash of iron — and he felt a
Wave of dread crash over him. That voice
Was no longer a human whisper, but a tearing cry,
An invocation of the darkness, as though
Each word were a curse. He froze
In the darkness, absorbed by that vibration
That reminded him of the world's hardness, the pain
Of an inheritance that would never leave him in peace.
The women of the house bent low,
Terrified, and he understood. Woe to them,
Woe to that bent form they took on,
Woe to that burden of being human they
Carried without hope of salvation. And under the stiff hands
Of the race that ruled them, the fruits once
Vibrant with life withered, the furniture hardened
Like stone, and the house itself
Seemed to freeze into a deadly stillness,
As if it had been condemned to oblivion, to the slow
And inexorable agony of time.

THE SHADOW

He descended, and the snow kept
Falling, like a mournful cloak,
Like a veil covering everything,
A soft but deadly blanket. Each
Flake landing on the ground seemed to mark
The end of something — a cycle ending,

A life dissolving. The blue darkness
That filled the house was like a palpable presence,
A heavy silence that smothered everything,
Making each breath harder,
Each thought heavier. He walked on...

And each step seemed to bring him closer
To the abyss, closer to the end of all things.
The father's voice echoed like a
Sentence — brutal and unalterable. That voice,
He recognized it. It carried within it
The promise of infinite suffering. He knew
That the terror it bore was not
His alone, but that of an entire
Lineage, a generation crushed by
The weight of misfortune. The women, bowed
Under the yoke of men, let themselves be consumed
By fear, by a terror they had
Neither the power nor the hope to overcome. Their stoop,
That sign of submission, only deepened
The misery of a world already shattered. Beneath their stiff
Hands, the world itself withered,
Like an old plant that could no longer
Be saved. The fruits, once full of promise,
Wilted, and the furniture — symbols of domestic life —
Hardened, becoming almost
Relics, frozen in a bygone time.
There was no more life here, only a long,
Inevitable decline. The house had become
The tomb of the soul, a closed space
Where light no longer entered.

THE LIGHT

A cry tore through the night — a primal roar,
Savage. The wolf, black silhouette under the pale
Moonlight, attacked the firstborn,
Tearing flesh, striking life with an
Unforgiving blow. The light wavered, shrank,
As if even it hesitated to witness
Such a scene. The sisters, trembling, frightened
By the wolf's devouring rage, fled
Through the dark, cursed gardens,
Fleeing the shadows cast by terror.
They ran like lost souls,
Seeking refuge in the cold arms
Of bony old men, as if flight were their
Only salvation. But in them too hid death,
And escape was only an illusion of life.
He, however, did not move. He remained there,
Frozen in an abyss of infinite darkness.
The darkness invaded him more and more,
Until he no longer knew whether he was still
Alive or already drowned in shadow. His eyes

Searched for something to hold onto, but
There was only darkness around him,
A darkness that gripped him, paralyzed him.
In his madness, in his despair, he began
To sing — a strange, broken melody,
A song born from the very heart of ruins.
Each note seemed to escape his lips
Like a final prayer, a desperate
Lament. But the wind — that cold wind, that
Merciless wind, the wind of God — blew over him and
Swallowed his voice, drowning it in the infinity of the sky,

Carrying it away into the silence of the world.
He sang so that someone would hear him,
But nature itself silenced him.
Only the wind remained, offering no answer,
Carrying everything away in its icy breath.

THE SHADOW

A wolf tore the flesh of the firstborn,
And in that roar, the night seemed to split,
To crack under the weight of such violence.
The wolf, in its cruelty, had not only
Devoured a body — it had consumed innocence,

The purity of all that is born into this world.
Light went out, one by one, in
The eyes of those who witnessed the massacre.
The sisters, terrified, fled into gardens
Where the earth seemed to rise beneath their steps,
As if it too had been struck
By the curse of this world. Their flight
Led them to old men whose bones broke
Under the weight of years and suffering.
They were not saved, not protected.
They too were chained, locked
In cages of bone and pain.
He, the witness, remained there, absorbed
By the darkness, arms outstretched like a body
Abandoned to the wind. The darkness was no longer
Merely around him — it penetrated his veins,
His soul. He saw only the abyss,
He heard only the whisper of shadows.
And in that void, he sang, as if to summon
Something else, to give

Meaning to this endless fall. But the wind of God,
Implacable, blew over him, sweeping away his voice,
Reducing it to insignificance — as if everything
He had expressed had never existed.

His song was lost in the immensity of the sky,
Swallowed by nothingness, and he remained there, alone,
In a house without windows, without doors,
Where even the wind seemed to have gone silent.

THE LIGHT

Oh, the voluptuousness of death — sweet and terrible,
It arrives like a silent lover,
Brushing the skin with the icy softness
Of a winter breeze. Death, which dances
With life, embracing it in its eternal
Journey. How to understand such ecstasy?
Is death not an end or a beginning,
A passage between worlds? But in the shadow,
In that endless night, the children of a
Dark race, forgotten by light, wander,
Lost between shadows and the glimmer of
Dead stars. Their hearts, blackened by suffering,
Rise in a desperate song.
And yet, in this macabre dance,
There is something infinitely sorrowful and sublime.

THE SHADOW

Silver gleam the poisonous flowers,
Radiant and venomous, in a strange glow,
Like fallen stars which, in their descent,
Left traces of blood on his temple,
As a marking of the soul, an imprint left

By a world that forged him in pain.
The moon, cold spectator, shines with
A deadly glint in his broken eyes,
Like a dead light, distant, which only
Deepens the weight of the night. His eyes
See only shadows stretching out
And blending together — reflection of a cursed race,
Of a fallen humanity, whose heart
Knows peace no more.

THE LIGHT

O, the nocturnals, those who wander in the night
Without end, without aim, swept away by the storm
Of lost souls. O, the damned, sons of the shadow,
Whom the wind carries into darkness.
They know neither rest nor clarity, but let themselves
Be guided by the light of death, their only
Companion, their only truth.

THE LIGHT

O, the nocturnals, those who wander in the dark
Without a glimmer to guide their steps, like
Specters stripped of their light, drowned
In the infinity of night. There is neither sky nor earth
For them, only the echo of their own
Suffering resonating in an icy void.
They walk through a world of mist where
Each breath is a battle, each step
A victory wrested from the impossible.
O, the cursed, wandering beneath the weight of centuries,
Swept by the storm, thrown into the abyss
Of forgetfulness. Their existence is but a long

Fall toward a nameless, formless end.
They walk without hope, and yet in their hearts
Still burns a devouring flame, a light
Trying to pierce the darkness, to free itself
From the invisible chains that bind them. Night
Is their accomplice, the moon their silent witness.
And yet, even in that infinite obscurity,

A whisper of eternity persists. Death,
Silent observer, is there, ever present,
Soft and cold, ready to embrace them
In a final dance of forgetting.

THE SHADOW

But you are mistaken, LIGHT, when you speak
Of light in this endless night. The light
Is no more than an illusion for these lost souls.
Is night not the true home
Of those you call the cursed? It is
Their mother and their tomb, their refuge and their abyss.
Their hearts, which you imagine still carried
By a flame, have long since gone out.
What you see as a final breath
Of hope is only the echo of a fleshless dream,
Of a fragile illusion. They walk in darkness
Because they were born from shadow, because they
Never knew the light — or abandoned it
So long ago they've even
Forgotten the gentle embrace of warmth.
In this darkness, there is neither desire nor hope,
Only a long and silent torment.

You speak of storms, of falls — but do you
Know what the void is, LIGHT? It is here, in this
Bottomless abyss, that truth resides. Death is not
An end. It is the beginning of all. It is peace
For those who, like us, have wandered too long
In the burning breath of the living.

THE LIGHT

Torpor fell upon him,
Deep and relentless, like a night
Without end, a night where every breath seems
Imprisoned in the fog of suffering.
He stands there, in a world where clarity
Is absent, plunged into those dark poisons
That bind souls.
His mother's face, frozen, turned
To stone in the darkness, haunts
Every corner of his mind. In that silence
Of death, a fragile song rises, like a
Final breath of hope, a ray in that frozen dark.
But the beauty of that moment crumbles
Under the weight of memory, under the bitterness of the past.
He, who had wished to escape this night,
Finds himself once again facing the truth
Of his existence — a truth interwoven
With dreams where light and shadow
Blend in an endless dance.

THE SHADOW

You speak of light, but where is it really?
In this world of ruins, is it not
Silence that reigns? The stars themselves

Seem reluctant to shine. Their gleam is lost
In the void, like an ephemeral breath
In the wind. He stands there, you and he,
In this frozen universe where even the shadow seems
To withdraw, to hide in the cracks of reality.
And yet, in this darkness,
He is like a lost child, searching
For something he cannot name,
But desperately longs for. The night stretches
Over him, heavy and silent, but it is there
That he finds a strange form of comfort,
A temporary refuge in the absence of light.

THE LIGHT

But don't you see? In this darkness,
There is also space for redemption.
It is in these moments of introspection,
In the strange calm of the night, that he can
Finally hear the voice of his soul,
Faint but persistent. It is not the clarity
Of dawn that reaches him, but a more fragile light,
A fleeting spark that survives in the hollow
Of darkness. The soul, despite its shadows,
Can still hope, still reinvent itself,
Even in the arms of the deepest night.
This night, this sleep that seems to engulf him,
Is also a space to heal, to escape,
Even if only for a moment.

THE SHADOW

You speak of hope, and yet
Hope is but a chimera, a mirage

That slips away the moment one thinks
They've grasped it. The soul is not meant
To rise again after the fall — it is built
To drown in darkness, to
Lose itself and burn there. And this light
You speak of? A flickering flame
In a sea of shadow. He still believes he can
Touch that purity, but the truth is crueler.
He wanders through dreams that have nothing to offer,
An illusion of beauty that shatters
As soon as one reaches for it. The light is
Only a memory, an echo of the past,
Not a promise for the future.

THE LIGHT

And yet, isn't it in the struggle
Against darkness that the beauty
Of existence lies? Even a spark of light,
However faint, has its place in this world
Of shadows. Dreams, though broken,
Hold a hidden truth,
A truth the daylight can never reveal.
Perhaps this lost child,
This seeker of hope, will never see
The radiant light of dawn.
But he knows a more intimate truth,
A truth that only the silence of night can reveal,
A light born of suffering and the search.

THE SHADOW

Yes, the search — that's what it is.
An endless quest

Toward a goal that can never be reached.
This light you so desperately try
To preserve is only a dream that vanishes
At the touch of reality. He sees himself in
The mirrors of his own illusions,
But he cannot touch what he sees.
The purity he seeks is a chimera,
A broken reflection in the tumultuous waters
Of his soul. And yet, he keeps going,
Like a blind man searching for the glow
Of a dead star. In this quest,
There is no salvation, only an eternal
Beginning again, an endless spiral
That pulls him ever deeper into darkness.

THE LIGHT

You see the quest as loss,
But it is also a form of resilience.
Each step he takes in the darkness is
A step toward his own understanding.
The light he seeks is not external,
It does not reside in distant stars.
It burns within him, flickering, fragile,
But present. Perhaps it is not
The blazing light he expects, but a glow
More intimate, closer to the soul.
It hides in every breath, in every dream,
In every silent fight against the shadows.
And that, I believe, is what is precious.

The sunflowers, heavy and luminous,
Lean gently toward the earth,
Like silent prayers,

Absorbing every ray of sunlight.

It is summer, and everything in the garden seems
To vibrate with life. The garden, this sanctuary of light,
Fills with the softness of nature.

The bees, tireless, buzz

From flower to flower, carrying with them
A sweet fragrance, a promise of abundance.
The walnut tree's foliage, green and thick, sways
Under the caresses of the wind, offering its shade
To those seeking refuge. And the storms,
Messengers of the sky, come to break the calm,
Bringing their tumultuous energy before vanishing,
Leaving behind air charged with the freshness
Of renewal. It is an endless dance,
A ballet between light and shadow,
Between life and death. Even the poppy,
In its green capsule, offers its hidden dreams,
Precious, woven in the silk of the night.

THE SHADOW

But all you see in this garden
Is only illusion, ephemeral beauty,
Fragile. The sunflowers bend,
But aren't they, in truth,
Seeking a light they cannot hold?
Their golden glow, that relentless light,
Also burns them. They are but slaves
To the sun, beings destined to wither

THE SHADOW

As soon as its warmth fades. And those bees,
Relentless, those laborious beings

That endlessly roam the flowers — what have they found,
If not a life marked by repetition
And the quest for ephemeral nectar?
The poppy, yes, it blooms, it carries within
Silver dreams, but are these dreams
Truly born of beauty or of oblivion?
They are enclosed within its capsule,
In its secret, inaccessible and elusive.
Nothing you see is permanent,
Nothing escapes the law of decay.
The storm, that violent passage, leaves behind
Ruins, not promises. It cleanses,
Yes, but it also carries everything away in its path,
Erasing all traces of the living. You speak of light,
But each glimmer is a burn,
Each dream an illusion fated to disappear.

THE LIGHT

Yes, illusion... But perhaps that is, precisely,
The essence of beauty. It is never eternal,
It is fleeting, ephemeral. It is in that fragility
That its power lies. The poppy, in its green capsule,
Carries our dreams — but are these dreams
Truly meant to last? Perhaps not.
Perhaps their beauty lies in their disappearance,
In their fragile moment of existence.
And the sunflowers that bow
Toward the earth are not merely seeking light,
But striving to blend with it, to become one with it,
Even if they know that moment will not last.
Light and shadow, day and night,
Intertwine in an endless dance — and what you call

Illusion may be the only way to perceive
The truth hidden in the ephemeral.
The passing storms, the falling rain,
All is renewal, regeneration.
And in that regeneration lies the promise
Of another beginning.

THE SHADOW

But are these beginnings ever truly new,
Or only the infinite repetition of what
Has already been? The poppy, the sunflowers, the bees...
All revolve in circles. They carry within

Beauty, yes, but also the end. The settling shadow
Is no enemy — it is a faithful companion,
Following every flicker of light,
Every glimmer of hope. It is not
The opposite of light; it is an extension of it.
The poppy dreams, yes, but in its dreams hides
Also death. The storm takes everything away, but
It is in that destruction that life
Regenerates — provided we accept that
This regeneration is only temporary,
Ephemeral, like all things in this world.
Every dream is a prelude to a brutal awakening.
Every flower is a farewell.

THE LIGHT

And yet, in that fleetingness,
In that endless cycle of life and death,
I see a form of perfection.
Beauty lies not in eternity,
But in the intensity of the moment, in the instant

Where everything converges. The sunflowers, the bees,
The poppy... they are there for a moment, and that moment
Is all that matters. They bloom

In the light, then fade, but
In that movement there is a sacred dance,
A universal rhythm. Shadow is not an end —
It is part of the whole. It is what makes
The light shine brighter, makes it more precious.
Without it, light would be absurd,
Without contrast, without meaning. Perhaps this world,
With its cycles, its shadows and its light,
Is the only one we can truly understand.
And even in destruction, there is a beginning,
A birth waiting to bloom.

THE SHADOW

So you celebrate this eternal dance,
This incessant repetition. But I tell you
This dance is a trap,
That this world is an illusion, a succession
Of beginnings and endings that
Follow one another endlessly. You say that beauty
Lies in the ephemeral — but that only
Highlights the absence of meaning. Every dream,
Every flower, every moment is a mirage,
A promise that cannot be kept.

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And in that fading beauty, in those lives
That pass, there is also a cruel truth:
Nothing remains. Light, like shadow,
Are but shadows themselves, cast upon the void.

THE LIGHT

Oh, this silence, this suspended atmosphere,
Where each breath seemed to echo in
The vastness of a house turned unfamiliar.
The room was empty, and yet one still felt
The father's echo, like a memory
Frozen in time. He had fled, into
Darkness, leaving behind a void even greater
Than his presence. And yet,
The fruit on the tree whispered its ripeness,
Each purple skin awaiting to be picked,
To taste the sun's warmth. But even
In that warmth, the gardener's hand remained
Harsh, carved by toil, marked by the
Ceaseless labor of the earth. His gestures were
Those of a life lived in struggle against
Nature, against the relentless march of time.
And in the glare of the day, beneath the sun's mighty rays...

From the sun, the horsehair signs — marks of
An old suffering, of a harsh existence —
Were etched on everything around him,
Like the imprints of a forgotten past.

But when evening fell, another silence
Settled over the house. The shadow of the dead, heavy
And mute, slipped into the circle of
The living. Its step, nearly inaudible, echoed
Like crystal, a fragile and strange melody,
Marked by the unreal, crossed the garden, gliding
Over the green grass like a lost dream. It was there,
Without being there, between memory and oblivion.

THE SHADOW

Silence, yes — but what a silence, heavy with meaning,
With mystery and torment. That silence was not
Peace, but a burden. The father is gone,
But he leaves behind a tangible presence,
Like a giant shadow devouring
The space. The house, seemingly empty,
Is filled with his remnants, with what remains
Of him in the corners, in the objects,

In the very air. And yet, what truly remains
Of him? His departure only underscores
The emptiness of his absence, an absence
Greater than his very existence.
The fruit ripening on the tree symbolizes
The flight of time — an inexorable time that
Devours each moment. Its purple glow,
Shining in daylight,
Withers, as all things wither
That are born. The gardener, soldier of the earth,
Is but a powerless witness to this
Unstoppable march. His hands, hard and scarred,
Cannot halt the passage of time,
Nor prevent things from crumbling.
And these horsehair signs in the radiant sun,
They are reflections of an ancient suffering,
Of a struggle repeated endlessly, without end.
And when night falls upon all, the shadow of
The dead returns — but it is no comforting shadow.
It enters the house, among
His kin, but it is not there to console.
It is there to remind of absence, to show

That even in the circle of the living, there exists
A fracture, an empty space that nothing can
Fill. Its step, echoing like crystal,
Tears the silence and resounds through the verdant
Meadow — but it is not an echo of beauty.
It is a cry, a muffled cry that crosses the ages,
A painful memory, a cold marble
That nothing can warm.

THE LIGHT

You see silence as a heavy shadow,
But perhaps it is also a space where
All things can be reborn. The father is gone,
But he left something in us,
Something that transcends his mere
Physical presence. It is not a void,
But a passage, a transition, a moment
Of metamorphosis. The purple fruit
On the tree is not merely the end of a cycle,
But also the sign of another beginning.
The harvest is not an act of loss, but
Of renewal. And even if the gardener's
Hands are hard and furrowed by
Time, his work is never in vain.
He sows, he cultivates, and every act he performs,
No matter how laborious, contributes to the continuity
Of life. These horsehair signs, these marks of
Suffering, are also testimonies of human effort,
Of perseverance, of the bond with the earth.
The shadow of the dead, which slips silently
Into the house, is not merely a sign

Of absence, but of a continuous presence —
Invisible but palpable. It is not there to frighten us,
But to remind us that all living things
Are destined to disappear, and that this disappearance
Is part of our essence. The crystal of its step,
Fragile and pure, reflects life itself —
Beautiful and broken, eternal in its transience.
Even in the darkness of night, there is
Light. Even in the memory of the past,
There is hope.

THE SHADOW

You speak of hope, but what of truth,
Of what is real in this world? The shadow
Of the dead is not a gentle presence,
It is a warning, a hard lesson.
It tells us that we are condemned
To live in a world of passage, where everything
We build ends up collapsing.
You speak of the harvest — but what fruit
Are we speaking of? That of human effort, certainly,
But also of suffering, of ceaseless labor
For something that ultimately never
Lasts. The house, empty, is not a place of peace,
But a space of frozen pain, a place where
The memories of the absent haunt every room,
Every object. The gardener's torments, the horsehair signs
In the light — they are the stigmas
Of a life of struggle, of resistance against
A world that does not belong to us,
A world that swallows us, a world that
Slips through our fingers. And what of the crystal step of the dead?

It shatters the stillness of this world, like
A truth we'd rather ignore. It is not
A gentle melody, but a bell that tolls
The end — a final warning no one
Can hear until it is too late.

THE LIGHT

That heavy silence, almost palpable,
Like a frozen presence around the table.
Those bodies, gathered there, side by side,
Seeming to merge into a single silent suffering,
As if the simple act of eating had become
An unbearable burden. Bread — that symbol of life —
Becomes agony. Their breath, shallow,
Almost imperceptible, mingles with the dry noise
Of hands that, like wax, decompose with each effort.
It is the end of a cycle, the end of a once
Simple and comforting daily life. And when the bite of bread,
Once thought to nourish, becomes pain —
What remains then? Flesh withers, souls
Extinguish in the cold hunger that settles in.
The table is no longer a place of sharing,
But an altar where each bite is a painful offering.

THE SHADOW

The meal is no longer a sacred rite,
But a final act of despair, a macabre repetition
Of what has already been lost. Bread,

The most human of foods, becomes the stone
Of the tomb. And suffering, in this scene,
Is not only physical — it is the soul
Gnawed by helplessness.

The sister, her gaze as hard as stone,
Eyes emptied of all hope, watches the scene
Like a powerless witness to her own
Loss. Madness creeps in quietly,
Invading the room, slipping between bodies
Like a curse. When the brother,
Caught in the dark grip of inner night,
Loses hold of himself, it is a rupture
That echoes in the silence of the room.
The mother, too, succumbs to this invisible poison.
Her hands, once full of tenderness,
Can no longer nourish — they tighten,
Barely brushing the bread that has become rock.
She, who once embodied life,
Becomes in turn a powerless witness,
Spectator of the fall.
It is in that tragic and indelible moment
That humanity touches rock bottom,
Where hands go empty, where bodies go hollow,
Where even bread turns to stone.

THE LIGHT

But perhaps this is the true challenge
Of existence — to accept that everything
We cherish, even the most elemental
Nourishment, can become a source
Of pain. It is not just hunger
That devours the spirit, but also the inability
To fill that void, to offer what is most essential.
And in that moment of loss, the table becomes
A mirror of our deepest humanity:
Both vulnerable and resilient, lost and

Still seeking redemption. The stone of bread
Can be broken; perhaps that same stone
Will one day again nourish the spirit.

THE SHADOW

The hope you seem to find in this devastation
Is nothing but a mirage. The table, the bread,
The mother, the brother, the sister...
All are witnesses to the great dissonance
Of human existence.

Pain is neither redemption nor triumph — it
Is what swallows us before

We even accept its reality. Madness is not
An escape, but an abyss without end.
And when the mother's hand can no longer
Feed, when tenderness becomes inert,
What remains but the stone?
Love freezes.
Desire dies. Everything disintegrates
In one last breath.

THE LIGHT

Oh, these decomposed souls, who, in the dust
Of the world, let slip silver murmurs,
Voices that are now only the echo of the abyss.
Their silence, heavy with suffering, spreads
Like a dark mist, imprisoning
All forms of light. In the frozen room,
The lamps go out, not by will,
But as the end of an irreversible cycle.
Faces, beneath their purple masks,
Freeze in an expression of irreversible resignation.

What a terrible mirror they have become!
Their pain, suspended in the air,
Becomes sharper in the calm.
And in this silence,
They look at one another without speaking,
As if everything there was to say had been said

Long before this night, long before their souls
Were marked forever by what
They could no longer escape.

THE SHADOW

Their silence is a curse, not a comfort.
When the lamps go out, it is not the end
Of darkness — it is its reaffirmation.
The sound of rain, that faint drumming
On cold rooftops, is the illusion of solace.
Yes, it refreshes the earth, but it does not erase
The poison of the heart. The thorny bushes are not
Refuges, but traps, and the paths
Through the wheat are also roads to ruin.
The song of the lark, so light and pure,
Echoes in a world where purity
No longer has its place. It does not find peace,
But the illusion of peace, a fleeting calm
That hides in the forest of nothingness,
Just as the shadow of the dark one slips by,
Unconscious or all too aware
Of the decay that follows him everywhere.
Peace is but a broken promise, lost
In this field of desolation.

THE LIGHT

But, despite it all, in this slow disappearance,
A form of redemption seems to be born. For
Rain, though cold, always symbolizes
The hope of purification. Perhaps in
The crash of night, a soul is freed, a
Suffering dissolves into the cool air. There is no
Absolute peace, true. But in the frenzied race
Of the dark one along paths bursting
From shadow, there is still movement,
A desire, a search. Perhaps he seeks
A bit of light in the lark's song,
In the branches of a tree which, despite everything,
Offers its coolness. Peace, then, might
Not be a destination, but a fleeting
Breeze, an ephemeral glimmer, that brushes
Just enough so the soul remembers
It still has the capacity to feel.

THE SHADOW

But that hope you see in the breeze, that
Quest for light, is only a mirage fleeing
With every step. The dark one finds no
Peace — he sinks deeper into darkness with each
Turn. The lark's song, those green branches,
All of it is but mockery.
Nature continues, of course, to breathe,
To grow, to bloom. But it does so without
Compassion, without care for the soul that,
Lost in turmoil, can no longer
Understand the beauty around it. Suffering
Is the only thing that remains tangible, and silence

Is not relief, but an invitation
To gaze upon the inevitable: the crumbling of what remains.

THE LIGHT

Oh, forgotten villages, hidden beneath veils
Of shadow, where moss swallows time,
Where light struggles to find a path.
The view burns, not with the fire of passion,
But with a dying heat, the warmth
Of what slowly erodes. Steps stagger,
Bone-thin, as though the weight of years has made
Bodies more fragile than the earth beneath their feet.
And yet those steps — they move forward. They persist.
Over sleeping snakes, signs of a wild
Nature entangled in its own breath.
These snakes, though seemingly still, are
Ready to awaken, to slip between shadows,
Like unspoken fears hiding
In the corners of the soul. The ear still follows,
Always, that furious cry of the vulture, that call
That tears through the night, that echo of a suffering
Without end. What does this vulture cry? What does it seek,
If not the carcass of what is left to devour —
As man devours his own madness, endlessly?

THE SHADOW

You see in these villages an echo of what
Once was, but the shadow of memory
Covers everything — even the traces
Of what existed before. The steps do not falter
Only because the body is weakened,
But because the soul itself trembles

Under the weight of time, under the weight of
Disillusion. There is no true path left,
No sure direction. The ground, made of soil
And dead stones, offers no support.
The snakes, far from being inert, symbolize
The constant threat of the unknown, the menace
Hiding in silence, ready to strike
The moment one believes they've found peace.
The cry of the vulture is not only furious —
It is a cry of warning, a cry of agony,
A cry that announces the end of all things.
And yet, even in this agony, there is a kind
Of terrifying beauty. It is a macabre dance,
An invitation to turn toward the abyss
And accept it. Yes, the vulture cries, but it cries
The truth of human existence: the immense void
Awaiting each of us at the end of our road.

THE LIGHT

At dusk, when the horizon blends with the dark
And light withdraws to make way
For darkness, he finds himself alone, wandering in
A stony desert, as though all around him
Had been petrified by time. There, in that abyssal silence,
He crosses paths with the procession of a dead man
Entering, heavily, the shadowy house of his father.
That house, once filled with cries, with laughter,
With promises, is now nothing but an endless abyss.
It devours everything, even the purest memories,
The most innocent. A purple cloud, heavy with sorrow
And oblivion, wraps around his head, plunges him into a
Dizzying spiral, until he throws himself,

Wordless, upon his own blood. His moonlike face
Reflects in the darkness, frozen in an expression
Of suffering and resignation. He becomes stone —
Motionless, fixed in the inertia of the world, in the indifference
Of forces beyond us. Everything collapses around
Him, everything dissolves into eternal emptiness, as
The shattered mirror reveals to him, in a terrible
And sublime vision, the image of the sister. A dying adolescent,
Her presence is a final gleam, a star
Fading into the endless night. And thus, in the black night
Of this existence, the accursed race sinks, swallowed,
Irrevocably.

THE SHADOW

He walks, like a specter, through this desert
Of stone and ash, where even the wind
Seems to have abandoned its path.
This desert, his own inner world,
Where everything slowly burns away, like a
Dying flame feeding on the very suffering
It creates. The procession of a dead man — not merely
A body, but the symbol of all that is
Lost, of all that could not withstand
The inexorable weight of time — enters
The dark house. That house, once
A home, a sanctuary, becomes a tomb,
And there is no more light to guide it,
Only shadow. The vision of the purple cloud
Is but a hallucination of his shattered mind,
Yet it is also a cruel reality,
A metaphor for the pain crushing his head
And his heart. In that state of madness, he throws himself upon

His own blood, blood that is both his
And that of others, the very essence of his existence
Devoured by guilt. He sees himself in the broken mirror —
And it is not a reflection, but a revelation,

A terrible awakening. The sister,
That other self, dying like him, her image
Shattered in the fractured glass, reveals all he
Could have been, all he has lost.
She is the mirror of his own downfall.
And the night, cold and unending, devours everything.
The cursed race — that of man, of the lost soul —
Vanishes into the void, like a
Falling star consumed in the dark.
There is nothing left. Nothing but oblivion.
And within that oblivion, there is a kind of icy peace,
A peace that is not redemption,
But simply erasure — the crumbling of what
Never managed to rise above suffering.

THE LIGHT

Oh, fragile glow, incarnation of pure breath,
Of the light that barely shines, piercing darkness
Like a golden ray falling into the black night,
You are the sister, and yet, you are not me,
You are not him. How were you born of this darkness,
How are you the glimmer of a hope I can never
Fully grasp?

In the shadow of this shattered mirror, I saw your face
Slip away like a dream too radiant,
And yet, when I rush toward it, you fade.

Why do you flee the light, Grete, when you seem to be
The fragile soul who carries it?

THE SHADOW

She slips away from me, yes, she seems,
Like a fragile butterfly, ephemeral in
Her glow. But you see, Light, she belongs
To darkness just as much as you are rooted in it.
Every glimmer, every ray you see,
Every smile she gives you, fades
Into the hollow of a world that devours her.
She is me and you — she is shadow and brightness
Intertwined. Don't you see? She is the fragile creature,
You, her reflection — yet she feeds
On what destroys her. The darkness feeds
On her glow to survive. And you seek her,
You desire yourself in her clarity — but I am
The one who slowly crushes her light.
She will never be more than a spark in this night,
Never more.

THE LIGHT

Perhaps. But oh, Shadow, can you understand
The beauty of that glow? That fragile light
That illuminates, even for a moment, the depths
Of my abyss. She is not what I am,
She is not all that you can be, but
In her fleeting escape, she offers what
I cannot: the purity of beginning, the song
Of life. You, in your endless darkness, consume
All. But she... She lights, even if only

For a moment, the possibility of a world
Otherwise. Even for the briefest instant, she illuminates me.

THE SHADOW

But don't you see she is an illusion,
A glimmer doomed to be lost again
And again in the darkness? She collapses into
The same night from which she emerged. She is but a
Breath, a promise that the shadow destroys.
You see her as redemption, as truth,
But she is a sweet poison that always
Returns to oblivion. And you, poor soul,

You follow her, you lose yourself in that senseless quest,
Deceiving yourself with a purity that never existed.

THE LIGHT

You are right, perhaps. She fades, she breaks
Like a flower in the wind, she disappears into
The darkness, but each time she shines, even
For a second, she reminds me that somewhere,
A glimmer can always be reborn. She carries
The promise of another world, even if
That world is fleeting. And if I follow her, it is
Because she is all I can hope for:
A light that needs nothing more than to be.

THE SHADOW

Then follow her, and be lost, like all those
Who chase mirages. But know this:
Even in your light, you will always return
To shadow. It is the cradle of everything — the end

And the beginning. It swallows what you believe yourself to be,
It swallows your hope.

THE LIGHT

I know, Shadow. But perhaps that ephemeral light
Is all that remains of the love I could
Never grasp. Perhaps in this suspended moment,
Where everything merges into night,
That light is my only truth.

THE SHADOW

And you will fade with it. That is how
The world goes. Cold always ends up swallowing
Warmth, light always ends
In darkness. But in your quest
For a fleeting glow, you forget that this world
Lives only through the shadow we carry
Within us. That this light, however fragile,
Leaves us merely a trace, an illusion,
Which dissipates with the dawn.

THE LIGHT

Look, Shadow, at that incandescent thread
Cutting through the abyss. It has neither beginning
Nor end that we can grasp, and yet it bursts forth,
Tears through the fabric of the void and inscribes
Its fiery trail. No one knows where it comes from,
No one knows where it goes,
But it dances, despite the night that tries to drown it.
Like a wound in the stillness, a breach
Opened in the closed vastness. It crosses the darkness
As if something in it refused to fade,
As if an unknown thirst drove it. It is

A golden lament thrown into silence, a burning arrow
That strikes the very heart of the abyss, before
Disappearing. But is that disappearance an end?
Or is it the announcement of a deeper
New beginning?

THE SHADOW

You speak as if the ephemeral could overcome
The infinite. But look closer, Light: those stars
You celebrate, those flames you admire —
They fall one by one into the void.

They consume themselves as if they had been
Thrown there to suffer, to burn out. Night
Does not need to fight — it waits.
It knows that each gleam is only
A rebellion with no tomorrow. A spasm
Of light instantly reclaimed by the void.
The wind erases the imprint of the step, the wave
Covers the shore, and everything sinks into
The indifference of centuries. Do you believe that night
Emerges changed? Do you think a single surge
Can overturn the unchanging order of things?

THE LIGHT

And yet, Shadow, despite your boundless reign,
Despite your silence that always thinks it has
The final word — they return. Again
And again, those flashes pierce the veil of your
Immensity. Yes, night consumes them,
But it does not stop them from existing.
They rise from you and pass through you.
They carry within themselves

The testimony of what you are not. They are born
From your black womb and illuminate it for a moment —
And that moment is enough. Look at the sister,

Shadow. Look at her. She is that fragile gleam,
That escape from night. She does not seek
To defeat you — she passes through you.
She is not your opposite, but your most hidden secret.

THE SHADOW

The sister... She was born in the same darkness
As he was, she still carries its shadow
In the depths of her gaze. But she fled, she rose,
She believed she could escape the night
That fed her. And yet look at what she became:
A trembling spark, a flame at the mercy
Of the wind. She cannot break free, she only
Dances on the edge of the abyss, always threatened,
Always at the threshold of the void. In summer, she is violated
In the garden, and the madness of the other imprints
Itself on her face. Around the table, she freezes,
And her gaze turns to stone, goes dark. Don't you see
That light is but a lure, a breath
Brief within the world's asphyxiation? A shiver
Of warmth that has not the strength to stand
Against infinite cold?

THE LIGHT

And yet she is there. She exists. Even
Betrayed, even violated, even broken. She still
Rises, she tears herself away from shadow and defies it
By her mere presence. Yes, she falls again. Yes,
She fades. But as long as she is reborn,

Darkness has not triumphed. For the true night
Would not be the absence of light — it would be
The absence of even the possibility of light.
And that, Shadow, you can never take.

THE SHADOW

And yet she disappears. Like a footprint
In the snow, like a lost cry in the wind.
Her radiance is a torment, a beauty condemned
To collapse. She keeps crashing into the inevitable,
Like a wave that believes it can touch the sky
And ends by dying on the cold sand.
Perhaps she is an open wound in my reign,
But she is only a wound. Night waits,
Patient and still, and the sands of time
Always end up covering everything.

THE LIGHT

You say she fades, but you know
That's not true. A single glimmer, a single flame
In the night, and the shadow wavers. It always believes
It remains whole, but it is crossed, disturbed,
Set in motion by what it cannot stop
From happening. The sister is that movement. She is
The crack, the flash, the in-between. Not an illusion,
But a promise. And as long as a shooting star
Carves its trace across the black sky, your reign,
Shadow, is not absolute.

THE LIGHT

Do you see, Shadow, how the night is never
Completely sealed? How, despite your dominion,
There remain fractures where something else

Pulses? You believe you bury all, and yet,
There are those fleeting moments, maybe brief, but real,
Where your dark mass shudders, hollowed
By a breath you cannot contain. That is where
The light seeps in, like an insistent whisper,
A breach where your silence wavers.

THE SHADOW

You speak of a wound, a crack, as if
My darkness could fracture. But
Don't you see that those gleams are only
Flashes without a future, that your radiance
Is but a fragile reflection, an illusion doomed
To extinguish in my depths? Nothing endures,
Light, nothing lasts. Even your sister, whom you praise
As a torch, is but a passing specter.
Yes, she flares up, but she always falls back into me.
She always fades.

THE LIGHT

And yet, she begins again. Always she
Rises, always she crosses through, unyielding,
Even for an instant. Isn't that
What frightens you, Shadow? Not that I might
Destroy you, but that, despite everything, something
In you remains porous, vulnerable to this
Fragile clarity. You cover it, you crush it,
But never can you fully smother it.
The light dies, but it returns. It fades,
But it awakens elsewhere. And you, despite your reign,
Carry it within you like a fire
You cannot extinguish.

THE SHADOW

And what if it's all a cruel game? A useless dance,
A pitiful shudder before the final night?
Tell me, Light, what does your persistence amount to,
If not a reprieve without a future? What's the point
Of shining, if it's only to fall, if it's only to be
Engulfed again and again?

THE LIGHT

At the very instant I exist, Shadow, I triumph.
Not by overthrowing you, but by passing through you.
My victory is not in destroying you, but
In forcing you to acknowledge my presence.
I am what you never entirely erase.
And if I fall, if I go out, then I know that
I will be reborn, elsewhere, differently. Because as long as there is

A crack, as long as a beat of shadow falters,
There will be a gleam to inhabit it. And you, Shadow,
You know it: you carry within you the indelible trace of every
Light that passed through you. It's true the night will never be
Defeated — but each time it wavers,
A little redemption is granted to us,
A fragment of eternity...

THE SEVENTH SEAL

The train doors finally close and we can depart;
we are comfortably seated, and the calm already
soothes us: no doubt it is too early for most travelers.
The conductor approaches and greets us very politely.

"Tickets, please," he says with a flat smile.

— "Here they are, Mr. Conductor, fresh and without a single fold..."

— "You're heading to Brussels?"

— "Indeed, my wife and I decided to spend the weekend in Brussels..."

— "Brussels! But what is there to do in Brussels? What a strange idea to go to Brussels and spend a whole weekend there..."

— "There are plenty of things to do in such a big city, aren't there, darling?"

— "Of course! You can visit museums, go to the cinema or the theatre, indulge in some pleasure at one of those restaurants lining the Grand Place, meet people, or simply take a walk..."

— You see! As my wife just told you, there are a thousand things to do in Brussels, things we don't usually do since the countryside is so remote.

— Precisely! It's because it's remote that the countryside lends itself to peace and happiness. In Brussels, even on weekends, everything is noise and haste...

— Well, it'll be a change from our routine: after all, one must dare take risks...

— I'm only saying this to warn you...

— Warn us?

— Country folk aren't used to big cities and the dangers that hide in the corners of alleys; be careful, and have, if possible, a good weekend: here are your tickets...

The conductor walked off to continue his duties, no doubt pleased that the car was nearly empty.

My wife and I looked at each other, surprised by the conductor's words...

— It's strange, don't you think? said Martine.

— Strange indeed, but in the end, it's our business — what does he care where we go?

— You're probably right, but still, it struck me...

— Are you afraid? If you want, we can get off at the next station and go home on the first train...

— No! Let's stick to the plan — it would be silly to let ourselves be rattled by such talk. And what does he know? All he knows of Brussels is the station and the trains: like us, he's from the countryside. He's afraid of the city, obviously, but he should keep that fear to himself

instead of spreading worry among travelers.

— We've nothing to fear, I'm sure of it. Brussels isn't exactly the jungle.

An hour later, we arrived in Brussels.

During the trip we spoke little — not because of the conductor's remarks, but because we were each absorbed in a book we couldn't put down. We disembarked swiftly, left the station, and walked to the nearby hotel where a room awaited us.

The hotel was very welcoming, the room spacious — but by mutual agreement, we left right away to begin our city adventure. Everything was planned: lunch in a typical restaurant tucked in the alleys off the Grand Place, then a visit to the Magritte Museum. We'd enjoy the sunny day with a drink at a café terrace, then head to a neighborhood cinema showing *Bergman's The Seventh Seal*. After the film, we'd stop at a tavern for dinner before returning to the hotel.

Everything went exactly as planned: a delicious meal in an old Brussels eatery, a fascinating visit to the René Magritte museum — a painter we both deeply appreciate. On a café terrace we drank in the sunshine as if it were raining down, along with a few glasses of Alsace wine that we both love. The screening of the film drew only a handful of people, scattered throughout the room: the silence bore witness to the audience's intense attention.

When the film ended, we left the theatre without trouble and decided to walk back to the hotel, convinced that the evening stroll would do us good after the film's heavy, unsettling atmosphere. We walked in silence, hand in hand. I don't think either of us wanted to talk about the film — we needed distance first, so disturbing, thought-provoking, and dark it had been.

Naively, we believed we would easily find our way back to the hotel, and that somewhere along the way — in a well-lit, lively spot — we'd come across a charming tavern where we could eat dinner. We truly believed it — the naïveté of country folk who know only two or three streets and are clueless about the labyrinths of cosmopolitan cities.

Back to reality! We wandered through the dimness of a narrow alleyway, crossing only the occasional silhouette — or rather, shadow — moving with determined steps. No streetlights, no lights from the windows of buildings: the neighborhood seemed asleep. Martine clutched my hand more tightly as we hurried along; though not hostile, the place was far from

reassuring, especially given how little we could see. From time to time, faceless shadows brushed past us like gusts of air. Was it an Angel passing? For there was no wind, nothing stirred, except these shadows that brushed by and vanished into the night.

Martine squeezed my hand tighter:

— This place is sinister! The silence is heavy, and these shadows brushing past like soft winds...

— And the gloom, too, slows our pace. Did you notice that on this beautiful summer evening there are no stars in the sky, not even the moon? Where has it gone?

— We could see it so clearly when we left the cinema, and the stars too — but here, none of it remains, as if the sky above us had suddenly vanished, swallowed into the dark night.

— Put your arm around my shoulder. I'm afraid — more and more afraid — and this alley never ends. How much farther must we walk through this soulless place? The train conductor was probably right: many dangers lurk in city alleyways. Don't you think?

— We're just lost, that's all! But don't worry — we'll find our way out of this black hole. This path must lead somewhere. Have you ever heard of a path that leads nowhere?

— There are such paths — a philosopher wrote about them: forest paths where Sunday strollers lose their way, which is what we are, in the end. We should never have come; we should have listened to the conductor and gotten off at the first station.

— Look, there's a light ahead — I think it's a tavern, we can hear music from here. We'll stop in, eat, and most importantly ask how to get back to the hotel. See? We're saved...

— You really think so?

— Of course! Surely there are honest, helpful people there who can point us the way.

A few more steps, and we found ourselves at the tavern's glass door. We entered quickly. The atmosphere inside was strange. We greeted the patrons, but no one seemed inclined to reply.

In a corner of the room, a free table caught our eye and we went to sit down without hesitation.

No sooner had we sat than the tavern keeper approached us.

— Welcome! You're not from the city, am I right?

— Indeed, I replied, we're from the countryside, just here for the weekend. But tell me, how did you know we're not locals?

— Only country folk come here, people who don't know the city or its alleys. I've never seen a Brussels native come this far — they know the place too well.

— Well then! Could we get something to eat?

— Of course! But here we only serve the dish of the day — the dish of every day, I should say...

— Then make it two of those; we don't plan to stay long anyway. That music I heard earlier — it's *Hotel California* by the Eagles, isn't it?

— That's the one! I hope you like it. Would you like something to drink with your meal?

— How about a good bottle of Alsace wine...

— We don't serve wine here, sir, only champagne.

— Champagne? Why no wine?

— We haven't served wine since 1969, but I don't know why. You're welcome to something other than champagne...

— Then bring us two good beers... But tell me, who are these people?

— Provincials, I told you...

— And they live in the neighborhood?

— Some stay here at the inn, others live in the buildings nearby...

— In the alley that led us here, we didn't see a single light on — is that normal?

— Nothing's normal here! Unless those who aren't here are already asleep — there's not much to do in this part of town, except come kill time here at the inn. People drink beer, others champagne — but what matters is that they enjoy themselves, that they indulge, and above all, that they forget...

— That they forget?

— That they forget they once came here. Why do they come? I have no idea. It's like the night itself draws them in...

— But you, who serve them drinks, are you from here?

— I was, until 1969. Then I had to get used to it, to them, become like them, if you will...

— But what happened in 1969? No more wine, city folks who seem to ignore this district, all these provincials who, like us, come here and get lost — and then you, who become like them...

— I don't know what happened, as I said. But soon the Watchman will come for his drink, like every evening, and you can ask him. If anyone knows, it's him...

— And what's his name?

— Around here, they call him "Impossible"...

— "Impossible"? But that's not a name — no one's named that...

— The first time he came in, a regular turned to him and exclaimed, "It's Impossible!" Ever since, that's what we call him. If it wasn't his name, why would the guy have said "It's Impossible"?

— Well, I suppose that makes sense...

— I'll be back with the beers — the dish of the day will be about ten minutes...

— That's perfect.

Martine and I exchanged surprised glances. Where had we ended up? Who are these people who came one day and never left? Who is this Watchman they call "Impossible"? What happened in 1969? Why has the sky disappeared? Why do the locals have nothing to do? Why do the neighborhood residents sneak around like shadows barely perceived?

Here comes the innkeeper again with our beers — two beers without a head, as if all pressure had vanished from the place. I call out to him:

— Tell me, why are there Colitas everywhere?

— Because they're plants that only bloom at night...

— Their pungent smell doesn't bother you?

— No more than the smell of my regulars...

— And what do your regulars smell like?

— They smell of forgetting, of abandonment, of the present without history — of death, if you prefer. None of these people have a past...

— But surely they came from somewhere when they ended up here, a "somewhere" that's part of their story; where they come from is their past...

— But they've forgotten it! You see, life's pleasures end up burning out your brain. All these people know only one thing: carefreeness.

— But they must die eventually...

— I suppose so, but I wouldn't know. I imagine those who've stopped coming are no longer

from the neighborhood — maybe they're dead. You'll have to ask the Watchman your questions. I don't know anything — I never leave this place.

With that, the owner retreated behind the bar to take more orders. Then appeared a woman, lavishly dressed, who placed our two dishes on the table:

— Bon appétit...

I took the opportunity to question her:

— Are you the owner's wife, perhaps?

— Truthfully, I have no idea! I have many friends here, you know; you'll hear them when you go upstairs to bed — they party every night in one of the rooms. But don't worry, you won't hear a thing. They're very discreet...

— But who says we're staying the night here? We booked a room in a hotel a few steps from here, but as we were walking back, we got lost...

— They all say the same thing, but I see that none of them ever leave. Some have been here for over ten years — they must like it. No fuss here, everyone does as they please. The important thing is to forget...

— And why must one forget?

— Because this is paradise — even if the people seem dull to you. Everything is taken care of. What more could you want than a worry-free place?

— And yet we have to leave, go back to the hotel to rest — we have a train to catch in the morning...

— You should eat while it's still warm; in any case, I can't answer your questions...

— You can't, or you won't?

— Believe me, dear sir, I wish I could — but I forgot everything when I came here. You'll have to ask the Watchman when he comes by later...

There was nothing to be learned from this luxury-loving woman, nor from the innkeeper. Are they husband and wife? She doesn't know, and perhaps he doesn't either. It's as if something emptied their minds — pleasure, champagne, carefreeness, or maybe 1969. We'll see if the Watchman is more talkative.

Martine, who hadn't touched her food yet, turned to me:

— This place is bleak, sly, unsettling — just like the words of the innkeeper and that woman who doesn't even know who she is. I feel like we've accidentally walked into an asylum, and all these people are so odd they must be missing a screw. They all wear the same outfit, and have you noticed how much they look alike? It's as if each one is a copy of all the others.

— That's normal, darling! After staying here so long, they've lost their souls — and their histories too. They're all the same, interchangeable. Forgetting erases not only memory, but faces too. They no longer know who they are...

— Because they're no longer anyone! This place has stripped them of themselves — even their substance. That's why outside they look like shadows, and when they brush past us, it feels like a breeze: they are so "no one" that we could pass through them and they wouldn't notice.

— So what do you suggest?

— We'll wait for the Watchman to arrive and hope he's more talkative. Meanwhile, let's stay on our guard — this place is a trap. Have you noticed how the Eagles' song keeps looping, as if the place intends to enchant us, to intoxicate us with base pleasures so we forget who we are and where we come from? It's their carefreeness and devotion to the lowest pleasures that emptied them of all substance. They are nothing now — just gestures repeated mechanically day after day. Constant contact wears the bodies away until only skin remains. They have no expression, their gazes are vacant — that's why they look so much alike they're indistinguishable.

— You're right, darling — let's be careful and stick together. This place doesn't sit right with me. Let's hope the Watchman tells us more about this place — and how to get out. Like the knight in *The Seventh Seal*, I feel like I'm playing chess against an unknown opponent: at least he knew—

...dealing with death. You haven't touched your plate, yet you should eat — who knows what strength we'll need...

— I can't swallow a thing, my throat is tight like a guinea fowl being strangled; fear paralyzes me, I'm cold and at the same time hot — look at the sweat beading on my forehead. I'd feel no worse with a terrible flu. I have the sense that we're trapped, like rats, that this stifling, oppressive atmosphere will eventually swallow us whole, throwing us into a bottomless pit from which we'll never climb back out.

— We need to hold ourselves together and be patient; if the Watchman can't help us, we'll find another way to escape this vice that's choking us. We must be strong, cling to each other, and never let go — not even for a second...

— Do you really think we'll make it out? I feel like that damned innkeeper is already sharpening the blade he plans to use to slit our throats...

— You said it yourself — these people have no substance, they're shadows. Besides brushing against us, what could they possibly do? These people are barely real, closer to illusions than anything. Could a shadow actually stop us from leaving, from retracing our steps and leaving this cursed district behind?

— I don't know, but I'm scared — terribly scared — a fear I've never known before...

— Then we must pull ourselves together, not play their game — because that's what it is, a game, do you understand?

— A game that feels like a trap: the door shut like a mouse trap, and we're inside, a show for all these people devouring us with their eyes. I feel like they've already started eating us...

— On the contrary! They sense our fears and anxieties — that's what keeps us out of their reach. The moment we stop fearing them, they'll have won, because we'll become like them. That's what they're waiting for — for us to become one of them. But we don't belong here. This world is not ours.

— Someone just came in, maybe it's that Watchman the innkeeper and the woman mentioned...

— No! If it were the Watchman, he'd be carrying a lantern. It must be someone else; let's wait and see what happens...

The newcomer speaks to the innkeeper, who points toward our table. The stranger crosses the room slowly, greeting the patrons along the way. He finally reaches our table and, without bothering to sit, speaks to me:

— So, you got lost? Took the wrong path — the one of delights and the forgetting of all that overwhelms us? What do you plan to do now? I see the lady hasn't touched her meal: tight throat, my dear, and the food won't go down?

Martine is frozen in her chair, unable to answer, and tears fall from her eyes; that's enough — this insolent man will swallow his words...

— Sir, I don't know you, and I ask you to leave my wife alone! If she hasn't touched her plate, it's simply because it's not to her liking. While we do come from the countryside, we're not used to dining with livestock.

— And yet she'll have to get used to it, poor thing, because that's all that's served here.

— She won't have the chance to, because we fully intend to leave as soon as possible...

— Then go ahead, dear sir! I've no intention of stopping you — but how do you plan to find your way back through this thick night? You'd need a knife at the very least to cut through it. And don't forget the corners and the dangers hiding in them — the train conductor did warn you, I believe. No, sir, you'll never leave this place! At most, you'll cross the door, take a step or two, but you'll return right away. Who did you pass on the way here? Just shadows — nothing but shadows!

— And you think we're afraid of shadows?

— Of course not! Only fools are afraid of such things. But what might scare you is never reaching the other end — the one through which you entered — or getting trapped in a corner. Have you noticed there are no cats here? And yet everyone knows cats can see at night — except here: the night is too thick for a cat to cross it without risking its life.

— Leave whenever you wish, and don't worry about your meal — I'll pay the bill for you. The innkeeper's a friend, you know, and he calls me whenever he senses even the shadow of a doubt — “the shadow of a doubt,” quite fitting for this situation.

— We're waiting for the Watchman...

— He won't be long, I passed him on the way...

— How can you know it was him when there's nothing but shadows outside, all identical? And besides, I suppose you're one of them too...

— That's what you become, staying here long enough — but how could it be otherwise? For the Watchman, it's different...

— How is it different?

— It just is — otherwise he wouldn't be a Watchman but simply another shadow like the rest of us...

— You haven't answered my question...

— Why should I? I promised not to keep you here, but don't expect me to help you leave. I wish you both a very good night...

— I doubt it'll be a good one — things look grim — but I haven't given up hope that we'll get home tomorrow...

The stranger eventually left — good riddance! But I can tell Martine isn't reassured — far from it. Her anxiety is palpable, her hands are trembling. I've never seen her like this before. That stranger only deepened her fears; she must pull herself together, regain confidence. Nothing is lost until the game is played. The game! It makes me think of the knight facing Death — he won only a reprieve, for there's no cheating death. But here, maybe it's different: maybe this game is worth the candle...

Of course! The candle — that's the key to this whole story.

Martine noticed I was thinking — she always knows.

— What are you thinking about, my love?

— I'm thinking about what that stranger said...

— He was terribly rude, but if he doesn't stop us from leaving, he won't help either; he did say even a cat couldn't find its way out.

— That's not what I'm thinking about! He said he recognized the Watchman a few steps from here, in the dense night, even though there's nothing outside but shadows, all indistinguishable...

— So?

— How could he recognize the Watchman and not confuse him with a shadow like all the others?

— I don't know! You asked him, but he refused to answer...

— Because answering would've given us the solution...

— I don't follow...

— It's simple! If he recognized the Watchman, it's because the Watchman bore a distinctive sign — one that can be seen even in the darkest night...

— A lantern...

— Exactly! A Watchman always carries a lantern, allowing him to see what others cannot — especially in the corners...

— All right! And you imagine the Watchman will lend you his lantern?

— No! If he gave us his lantern, he'd no longer be the Watchman — just another shadow among the rest.

— Then what do you plan to do?

— We could offer a deal: he leads us to the mouth of the alley by the light of his lantern, he...

(à suivre dans le prochain bloc...)

“...keeps his lantern and, in exchange, he receives a reward...”

— And what if the reward doesn't interest him?

— Then we'll have to find something else — but it's worth trying, don't you think?

— Probably! But if he refuses, what will you do? Steal his lantern?

— No! But maybe he likes to play...

— I see where you're going! You want to wager for the lantern like the crusader gambled for his life — or at least a reprieve...

— Exactly! Let's wait for him to arrive and see what he thinks...

Here comes the door opening again, and the man who enters now is indeed the Watchman, carrying a lantern in one hand and a staff in the other. He heads to the bar, apparently to place an order. The innkeeper says a few words and gestures toward our table. The Watchman walks across the room, without putting down his lantern or staff, and finally reaches us. He's immediately joined by the innkeeper, who speaks:

— This couple arrived a little while ago, like all the others before them. They ordered a meal and two beers, but I noticed the lady hasn't touched her dish. No matter! They asked me questions about this place and related things, but I couldn't answer — and you know very well why. So I told them you'd be coming by this evening, and they could ask you directly, since you alone can answer them.

— That depends on the questions! In the meantime, bring us three beers and reheat the lady's plate since she hasn't touched it — I'll eat it myself; no need to waste food. Sir, I'll sit and listen to you...

— Mr. Watchman, you know better than anyone what it means for us to have wandered in here. We don't intend to stay, but a stranger warned us about the thick night and the dark corners where many dangers hide. So — how do we escape this dead end without a single light?

— Indeed, without a source of light, that seems difficult — even impossible...

— But you have such a source — you're the Watchman, and there it is, hanging from your hand...

— You don't actually think I'll give you my lantern, do you? Without it, I'm nothing — just another indistinct shadow like the rest...

— I'm not asking you to give it away, but perhaps you could accompany us — my wife and me — to the exit?

— And what would I gain from that?

— A reward, which we can negotiate...

— What for? Here, no one needs anything — we have all we want; more would be useless...

— There must be a way...

— Perhaps, but I don't see one...

— We could wager for your help! Do you play chess?

— Sometimes, but I'm not a good player — just a casual one, and a poor one at that...

— I'm no better, but I'm willing to take the risk — we have to get out of here, it's imperative.

— And why is it imperative?

— Because we don't belong in this world; the pleasures consumed here are not for us — and besides, we have our own watching to do...

— And what do you watch over?

— We watch over the Spirit of the World and its light...

— A light that, however, doesn't reach this place — a light that cannot cross the borders of the night that fell over this district...

— And why did such a night descend here? What happened in 1969 when it all began?

— In 1969, the most notable events were the Apollo 11 moon landing and the Woodstock festival. I don't quite see the connection between those events and the sudden darkness that fell over this district...

— So if I understand correctly, in this inn, the lost party until they become only shadows of themselves...

— That's right...

— And then what becomes of them?

— They end up in the street — those are the shadows you passed on your way here...

— And those seated at the bar?

— They're in the process of conversion — not yet full shadows, but it's only a matter of weeks, months at most...

— And those who, like us, get lost, will take their place, won't they?

— Yes, you've understood everything...

— And no one ever tried to escape this hell?

— Those who tried didn't get far — they turned back and returned to the inn...

Until now, Martine had simply listened; she finally decides to speak:

- You're not a gambler, and yet, even if you lose, we wouldn't take your lantern — only borrow it long enough to guide us out of here...
- But if I win, you lose all hope of ever leaving...
- That's true — unless there's another way out...
- Which would be?
- I don't know, and believe me, I regret that!
- I understand you, dear Madam, but what can I do?
- Haven't you ever thought of leaving yourself? After all, a Watchman is of no use here...
- True! Let's just say it's what keeps me from becoming a shadow too... I've thought of leaving, and for me, nothing would be easier — but what's the point? I've been here so long, and the outside world has become unknown to me.
- You're afraid of being here, and I'm afraid of being elsewhere.
- We could trade roles — all you'd have to do is hand me the lantern...
- And I'd become just another shadow... If I stay here, it's as Watchman!
- A Watchman who watches over nothing but himself... By saving yourself with the lantern, you lose everyone else...

I had let Martine speak freely without interrupting, thinking that speaking might help free her, or at least ease her fears. While listening to her and the Watchman, I had been thinking — carried, perhaps, by the song of the Eagles. Suddenly, I lift my head, look straight at the Watchman, and speak:

- We'll play! If you lose, you'll accompany us with your lantern and your staff to the beginning of the alley, so we can leave this cursed place...
- And if I win?
- If you win, we won't lose — and you'll gain more than you think...
- What do you mean?

— Exactly what I said — but don't expect me to lay my cards down before the game begins... Either way, whether you win or lose, nothing changes for you — except that if you lose, you must lead us to the exit...

— But I don't want to be responsible for your loss...

— Why would I agree to lose, if in any case you're the winner?

— I told you: even if you win, we won't lose — and you'll gain much more than just a game. So trust me! Either way, my wife and I are leaving...

Martine, who had followed our conversation, lifts her head, looks me in the eye, and smiles:

— You, my love, you've figured something out...

— I can even tell you I've figured it all out — you just have to listen to the song...

— What do you mean?

— Nothing for now, but as we play, listen closely to the lyrics. I'm certain you'll understand too, because that song is the key to this whole mystery.

— Well then, dear Watchman, shall we play this game of chess?

— I'll ask the innkeeper for a board and be right back.

The Watchman gets up, goes to the counter, exchanges a few words with the innkeeper, and returns with a chessboard in hand.

— The game can begin...

— First, we must draw for color. White moves first — unless you want to play black?

— Let's draw, since it's the rule!

— Lucky me! I drew white, so I'll start...

The innkeeper, his wife, and the patrons gather around the table, watching in silence. Only the Eagles' song plays in the background. Martine, observing the game, looks thoughtful. I open with E2 to E4; the Watchman responds identically, E7 to E5. I then move my bishop from F1 to C4. The Watchman begins a confused attack on his kingside. I respond by moving my queen from D1 to F3. He continues focusing on his flanking attack, ignoring the center. I take advantage and move my queen from F3 to F7, capturing his pawn.

Martine, who has followed every move, smiles. I raise my head and say to the Watchman:

— Checkmate.

— In four moves... I didn't see it coming...

— Because you were focused on your attack on the flank and neglected the central axis of the board. This move is called the “Shepherd’s Mate.” It’s not surprising I used it — after all, I’m a shepherd.

— You’re a shepherd?

— A shepherd of Being, of Nature, of Spirit, and of the souls that belong to it.

— I’ve lost! I’ll accompany you to the exit then...

— No need!

— So you want to stay here in this hell?

— Not at all. But my wife and I won’t be leaving alone...

— I don’t understand!

— That’s normal — you’re too close to this place, so close that it’s become the farthest thing. Don’t you realize that everything here is fake?

— What do you mean?

— That all of this is just an illusion — the same one the song speaks of, the one that’s been looping since we arrived. I believe my wife, who took the time to really listen, has understood it too — so let’s let her explain...

Martine shows no surprise at my proposal. She stands and addresses the innkeeper:

— Why haven’t you served wine since 1969?

— I don’t know — that’s just how it happened. People stopped asking, and I stopped serving.

— But you still have some?

— A few cases in the cellar, left since 1969. It was excellent wine — I imagine it aged well...

— Then you and your wife will go and fetch them, and we’ll drink that wine together. But first, I need to rekindle your lantern, which has been dark all this time. You should have listened to that song — it would’ve helped you understand so much.

— What do you mean?

— The song — though it never names it — evokes Las Vegas, a city in the Nevada desert, in the heart of the Mojave. The city of gambling, lust, and every kind of vice. A place where gold pours out from everywhere and dazzles under the glare of artificial lights — just like the gold your wife draped over her body.

— I can never refuse her anything...

— You, the innkeeper's wife — take off all that gold around your neck, your wrists, and your hands. Believe me, you'll feel lighter — and freer. Hand me those jewels — don't worry, I'll give them back. I'm not interested in gold; I prefer the light of the stars.

— I see the wine crates are now stacked on the counter. Innkeeper, you can uncork them and serve the wine to your patrons — all of them. Also open two bottles of champagne and give them to the Colitas.

— Why the Colitas? You don't like their flowers?

— Neither the flowers nor their scent, which bewitches you and keeps you trapped. Water the Colitas so they wilt. And let your patrons drink as much wine as they wish.

— I don't know why, but your deep and luminous eyes tell me I must obey...

— Now, Watchman, my husband has a few things to tell you...

The Watchman, still not quite recovered from his loss, lifts his head and gives me a timid, almost humiliated look. I want to reassure him:

— Don't look like that, Watchman. You've gained much more than you've lost. You owe me a walk — that was the wager.

— I'll accompany you and your wife outside whenever you wish...

— Have you noticed the patrons already look more vibrant? We're starting to make them out more clearly — thanks to the wine they just drank. But it's not enough. They must drink more, until they forget the false taste of all the champagne they've drunk until now. But tell me — have you ever taken the time to listen to the song that's been looping ever since we arrived?

— It plays every night. I only hear the hypnotic music; I barely listen to the words — and even if I did, I don't understand them...

— That's exactly why you must listen closely now, because those lyrics are the key to the night that fell on this neighborhood — and won't let it go.

un jour la peine d'écouter cette chanson qui tourne en boucle depuis que nous sommes là ? -
c'est ainsi tous les soirs mais je n'en perçois que la musique envoutante ; les paroles, je les écoute à peine et de toute manière je ne les comprends pas... - justement écoute attentivement car les paroles qui suivent sont la clé de cette nuit qui s'est abattue sur ce quartier et ne veut pas la quitter ; « écoute bien ces paroles :

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- je les écoute mais je ne les comprends pas, c'est de l'anglais... - alors je vais les traduire pour toi : « Et elle dit Nous ne sommes tous ici que des prisonniers volontaires De nos propres désirs matériels Et dans les chambres des maîtres d'hôtel Ils se réunirent pour le festin Ils la piquent avec leurs couteaux d'acier Mais ils ne peuvent tout simplement pas tuer la bête La dernière chose dont je me souviens 346 Je courais en direction de la porte

— Have you ever taken the time to really listen to that song that's been playing on a loop since we got here?

— It's like that every night, but I only hear the hypnotic melody. I barely pay attention to the lyrics — and besides, I don't understand them...

— That's exactly why you need to listen carefully now, because the lyrics that follow are the key to this night that has fallen over this neighborhood and refuses to lift. Listen closely:

« And she said

We are all just prisoners here

Of our own device

And in the master's chambers

They gathered for the feast

They stab it with their steely knives

But they just can't kill the beast

Last thing I remember

I was running for the door

I had to find the passage back to the place I was before

Relax said the nightman

We are programmed to receive

You can check out any time you like

But you can never leave »

— I'm listening... but I don't understand. It's in English...

— Then I'll translate for you:

« Et elle dit

Nous ne sommes tous ici que des prisonniers volontaires

De nos propres désirs matériels

Et dans les chambres des maîtres d'hôtel

Ils se réunirent pour le festin

Ils la piquent avec leurs couteaux d'acier

Mais ils ne peuvent tout simplement pas tuer la bête

La dernière chose dont je me souviens

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Je courais en direction de la porte

Je devais trouver le chemin du retour vers l'endroit où j'étais

avant

Reste calme me dit un gardien de nuit

Nous sommes programmés pour accueillir

Tu peux régler ta note quand tu veux

Mais tu ne pourras jamais parti »

— The song speaks of a room where the hosts are feasting. According to the lyrics, they've chosen to become prisoners of their material desires. They stab the beast with their steel knives, but they can't kill it. The song adds that the last guest tried to escape, but a night watchman stopped him — he was “programmed to receive”: the guest may pay his bill whenever he wants, but he'll never be able to leave.

— That's exactly what the song says! The watchman is programmed to welcome people in, but never to let them go. Upstairs, they feast and drink champagne. But do you really think they freely chose to become prisoners, surrendering to such futile pleasures and giving up everything bright that life could still offer them?

— I don't know. I think they gave up. They settle for what's at hand. They're too tired to seek something more...

— And what becomes of them after years of feasting?

— They end up here. They dissolve in the beer, then wind up outside among the shadows — having become shadows themselves...

— But as long as they remain in the room, they know nothing of what awaits them. They likely think their idleness will last forever...

— I suppose that's how it is... So this journey through the alley and its deep night — is it coming soon?

— I suggest another journey. And it's the innkeeper's wife who will lead you to that room, the path to which I do not know.

— Once I'm there, what am I supposed to do?

— Tell them all to come down. Let them know a delicate dish of improbable flavor awaits them. Make sure they all descend. Then, you'll break the room's lamp, lock the door with the key the innkeeper's wife carries, and when you return, hand me that key.

— I confess I don't fully understand, but I trust you — you seem to know how the rest of this will unfold...

— Haven't you understood that, to break what seems like a charm here — but is really a curse — we must kill the beast?

— All I can offer is my staff...

— A beast like this isn't killed with a staff or even a rifle, but with words — as long as they're convincing. Now go, and do as I've said.

The Watchman lights his lantern and follows the innkeeper's wife, now free of all jewelry.

They head up the staircase toward the mysterious room — that temple of dark revelry.

Martine looks calm now, with a renewed taste for life. She joins her hands with mine, smiles gently at me, and speaks with tenderness:

— When they come down, I suppose you'll speak to them. You're no magician, just a shepherd of what lies beyond words...

— My love, words only matter in what they don't say. They are signs of a hidden and elusive truth — one that reveals itself where it's least expected.

— You plan to kill the beast inside them — but how will you do it? Do you really think there's a word — a single word — that weighs more than the beast and could crush it?

— Words have weight only through the signs they carry. What matters is not what they say, but what they leave unsaid — what they reveal without knowing it. It's not up to me to convince them. They must persuade themselves. We have nothing to lose — I already won the chess match — but in saving ourselves, we must try everything to save them too, to pull them from this oblivion, this sleep in which the beast holds them captive.

— Here they come! They're expecting a delicate and flavorful dish. What will you offer them?

— Salvation through light...

Indeed, the Watchman returns to the room, followed by the innkeeper's wife and the guests from the mysterious chamber. They approach our table, and one of them speaks:

— So you've promised us a delicate dish with an improbable taste. When will we get to taste it?

— To truly appreciate it, you must first drink this wine that the other patrons have enjoyed so much.

— Wine? But it's champagne that puts our conscience at ease...

— This wine is far more precious than you imagine. It has waited since 1969 in a dark cellar to be finally tasted. Drink it, dear friends, and you'll see your faces — like those of everyone gathered here — grow more vibrant with color. Look how they are becoming more distinct...

— Then let this wine be served in abundance — and beware if it doesn't live up to your promises...

— It will, I assure you. And with a few good words, that delicate dish the Watchman mentioned will shine brighter than any light offered by artificial means...

The new arrivals join the other guests and drink the wine the innkeeper serves. Their faces become increasingly luminous — radiating a light that spills outside, as if inviting the shadows on the street to come in and taste the wine that enlightens and warms extinguished souls. That's when I ask the innkeeper to silence the song that keeps repeating like the deepest despair. One guest then turns to him:

— Why did you stop the song that has accompanied us for so long?

— The stranger asked me to. I suppose he has good reasons...

— Good reasons? Then I'll go ask him myself...

The guest walks over to our table, a glass of wine in hand, and addresses me:

— The innkeeper says you had good reasons to stop the music...

— I do. That music has enchanted you for far too long. It's what keeps you prisoner here, held fast in this inn and the idleness you consume within it. Look around — look at the shadows that came in from outside. Don't you see that the wine they share is making them more and more distinct? They are your mirror — the reflection of your carefree lives and untamed indulgence seeking salvation in forgetfulness. I see a wedding ring on your finger — the one you married, she's not here by your side, is she?

— No. She stayed back there. I came alone, let myself be tempted, and since then I haven't been able to retrace my steps — to return to the light at the end of the alley. I suppose my wife and our children have forgotten me...

— You suppose it, and it suits you — but in truth, you don't know. How many mothers, wives, and children waited for prisoners to return after the war? You're a prisoner of the beast inside you — the one this place awakened — but one word is all it takes to silence it forever.

— Then tell me that word, if you believe my family is still waiting for me...

— The others seem to be listening to you — they fall respectfully silent when you speak. Since there's no more music, will you read them a few well-chosen verses?

— Why not — if it might light our lanterns, long extinguished...

— Then here are the verses you must read...

— Listen, all of you, to what the stranger has asked me to read — a few lines that, I hope, will warm your hearts and perhaps restore a glimmer of hope:

“Near,

And hard to grasp, the god.

But where danger lies,

Grows also what saves us.

In shadow dwell

The eagles and the sons of the Alps

Go unafraid over

The abyss on slender bridges...”

Slight of build.

Also, as the peaks of time gather nearby

And the beloveds dwell close, languishing

On mountains far apart,

Grant us an innocent water,

Oh, give us wings to cross

With steady heart, and return.

Thus I spoke — and quicker than I had imagined,

And farther than I had ever thought

I could reach,

A spirit of my own hearth

Carried me away. Shimmering in twilight,

In the twin light, as I walked,

The shadowed forest

And nostalgic streams.

(...)

(Hölderlin, "Patmos")

You read it very well, dear friend, and everyone listened to you

With devotion; look now how their faces

Have become even more luminous...

— You're right. Their faces alone could light this whole room...

— Only this room?

— That's already not so bad, don't you think?

— Perhaps... and yet, it's not enough. Look carefully through the window and tell me what you see...

— It's night, but the darkness has vanished! We can see much better than before, the sky is filled with stars, and up there, the full moon smiles down on us with benevolence. How could this be? Are you a god or a prophet?

— I'm a shepherd, as you've probably heard, and I have nothing to do with this transformation. The dark night you were living in was only an illusion. You just needed to open your eyes, to see things as they are — not as you wish them to be. Now my wife and I can go, and so can you, if you wish: I'm certain that where you come from, your wife and children are still waiting for you. Don't keep them waiting any longer.

— Look, my friends — look through the windows: the street has regained its old lights, we are free now, the shadows have vanished, and those we once feared have returned to their true, radiant forms. Watchman, you can now break your lantern, for never again will the night be so dark. Let us go out, friends, and greet the starry sky and the hospitable moon. Let us bless the light that returns from the night in which it was held captive. I'm going back to those I came from — and everyone should do the same. Haven't we lost enough time?

After these wise words, the man opens the door and disappears into the night's light, followed by all the others.

Only the innkeeper and his wife remain.

Martine and I are about to leave as well,
but I want to call out to them one last time:

— You're not leaving with the others?

— We're from here, and now that everything is back in order,
my wife and I will continue running this inn.

We'll serve wine to anyone who asks,
but from tonight on, I promise you:
champagne is forever banned in this establishment.

— My wife must return the jewelry to yours...

— I don't want those jewels anymore, not ever.
Aren't I beautiful and radiant enough without needing them?
Take them, and give them to a cause of your choosing —
may they bring light to the faces
of those who will benefit from them,
after having sown so much sadness and despair.
Keep them, madam — and use them well...

— First thing tomorrow, we'll visit a gold dealer
who will gladly buy them; the money we receive
will, believe me, ease some suffering.

— Excellent! Come see us again sometime and we promise you:
never again the "dish of the day"...
You opened our eyes to our foolishness,
but also to the beauty of a starry sky
and a benevolent moon — how can we thank you?

— You don't have to thank us!
We only gave you the opportunity to finally open your eyes —
but it was you who opened them.
Remember that the beast is not dead.
It slumbers deep within each of us;

and so we must be vigilant,
lest it emerge from its night
and shut our eyes once again.
Farewell, dear friends...

Martine and Denis finally step through the door
and vanish into the alley,
guided in the dimness by the moon and the stars.
Soon, they arrive at the hotel
where the room they had reserved awaits them.
Before surrendering to the arms of Morpheus
and the dreams she inspires,
they make a stop at the bar to eat,
for Martine still hasn't eaten a thing.

I carried with me the watchman's lantern,
which has never left me since.
It now rests where I placed it upon returning home —
on a low table in my studio.
I often look at it
and think back on that night spent in the tavern of shadows —
I think of that impassable night,
one that even cats could not cross,
of all those faceless beings,
of the night that fell upon the world in 1969
and buried this forgotten district of a vast city.
And I think of all the world's nights
that weigh on our shoulders
far heavier than the boulder of Sisyphus.
I think of all this
and often tell myself that the worst of all nights
is the one behind our closed eyelids.

THE SON WAS :

« On a dark desert highway, cool wind in my hair
Warm smell of colitas rising up through the air
Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim, I had to stop for the night
There she stood in the doorway, I heard the mission bell
And I was thinkin' to myself, "This could be heaven or this could be hell"
Then she lit up a candle and she showed me the way
There were voices down the corridor, I thought I heard them say

"Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place (such a lovely place)
Such a lovely face
Plenty of room at the Hotel California
Any time of year (any time of year)
You can find it here"

Her mind is Tiffany-twisted, she got the Mercedes-Benz, uh
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys that she calls friends
How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat
Some dance to remember, some dance to forget
So I called up the Captain, "Please bring me my wine"
He said, "We haven't had that spirit here since 1969"
And still, those voices are calling from far away
Wake you up in the middle of the night just to hear them say

"Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place (such a lovely place)
Such a lovely face
They're livin' it up at the Hotel California
What a nice surprise (what a nice surprise)
Bring your alibis"

Mirrors on the ceiling, the pink champagne on ice
And she said, "We are all just prisoners here of our own device"
And in the master's chambers, they gathered for the feast
They stab it with their steely knives, but they just can't kill the beast
Last thing I remember, I was running for the door
I had to find the passage back to the place I was before

"Relax, " said the night man, "We are programmed to receive

You can check out any time you like, but you can never leave"

(EAGLES, « Hotel California)