

RIMBALDIAN POEMS

AUTUMN

Autumn! Tears of a summer rotting in the vile,
Stewing in the black mire, beneath the starry pond,
The beast has awakened, hatred devouring the heart when the friend,
Pleasure, immolates in the still-green garden the radiant child.
Dark is the brother when he sees die in the eyes
Of the sister the innocent light.

Horror! The mourning flowers bathed in blood, purple,
Death rises, bony and evil. On the black altar the bleeding
Bread turns to stone, sabbath of mourners in the silence
Of the father, mute the mother in the darkened room, stony
The gaze of the sister, statues of ruined gods in the garden
Of the old uninhabited castle, the dreams of childhood extinguished
In the house of the fathers.

Nocturne ! Dark the towers that once kissed the sky,
Gray and silent the bells suspended in the falling sky,
Wrath of gods flashing lightning, the walls of dust
Shaken by the storm, shadows of night weeping, stones,
Upon the memory of the brother with a bruised step on the thorny path,
Plucked the branch of the dove, heavy, so heavy, the night
Bending the spine of the lonely one, trembling the trees in the cursed wind,
Blood-stained the angel's veil torn from the bush, cold
The fingers caressing the hawthorn, dead the silver fish

In the waters of the spring, bleeding the heart of the brother prisoner
Of lies, fatal the song on his stone lips
Sealed by the unnamable.

Evil! Metamorphosis of the fruit fallen and rotting on the yellow
Grass of the autumnal garden, pain at the thorns of the bramble,
Dried up the elder tree, corpse hanging above the garden of stars,
Captive the blackbird that once enchanted the forsaken childhood,
Decomposed the smiles with golden hair, time suspended
On that garden of blossoming promises, roses smothered
In the shadow of thistles.

Mutism! Of the sister to the brother's song on the nocturnal path,
Of crystal her gaze when it breaks in tears, in the eyes
Of the toad admiring the captive star, cold the stone on the bank
Of the brook where blends the friend with trembling hands crushed
Under guilt and then walks, slaver, blazing wolf,
On the path of his crimes. Wounded the wanderer in her sullied memory,
On him her blood, the brother to bear the suffering.

Peace! In the mire of the pond the beast has gone back to sleep,
Psalm is the brother's song in the deep silence of the saving night,
In chorus the larks at the edge of the stony field,
Melancholy smile on the sister's face, to the beloved the
Golden hair: dead is life but also life is death...

SEASONS (FAREWELL)

Autumn already! – But why regret
An eternal sun, if we are committed to the discovery
Of divine clarity – far from those who die with the seasons.
Autumn. Our boat raised in the still mists
Turns toward the harbor of misery, the huge city under a sky stained
With fire and mud. Ah! The rotten rags, the bread soaked
With rain, the drunkenness, the thousand loves that crucified me!
Will it never end, that ghoulish queen of millions of souls
And dead bodies that shall be judged! I see myself again, the skin
Gnawed by mud and plague, worms full in my hair

And armpits and even bigger worms in my heart,
Laid among the ageless, feelingless strangers...
I might have died there... the dreadful evocation! I loathe misery.

And I dread winter because it is the season of comfort!

– Sometimes I see in the sky endless beaches covered
With white nations in joy. A great golden vessel,
Above me, waves its multicolored flags under
The morning breezes. I created all the festivals, all the
Triumphs, all the dramas. I tried to invent

New flowers, new stars, new flesh,
New tongues. I thought I had acquired supernatural powers.
Well! I must bury my imagination and my memories!
A fine glory of artist and storyteller swept away!
Me! Me who called myself mage or angel, freed
From all morals, I am brought back to the ground, with a duty
To seek, and the harsh reality to embrace! Peasant!
Was I deceived? Would charity be the sister of death, for me?
At last, I shall ask forgiveness for having fed on lies. Let us go.

But not a friendly hand! And where to find aid?

Yes, the new hour is at least very severe.

For I can say that victory is mine:

The gnashing of teeth, the hissing of fire, the reeking
Sighs subside. All foul memories fade.

My last regrets flee, – jealousies of
Beggars, bandits, death's friends,
All manner of backward ones. – Damned, if I took revenge!
One must be absolutely modern.

No hymns: keep the ground gained. Harsh night!
The dried blood smokes on my face, and behind me,

Nothing but that horrible sapling! The spiritual battle is as
Brutal as a men's war; but the vision of justice
Is the pleasure of God alone. Yet it is the eve.
Let us receive all influxes of strength and true tenderness.
And at dawn, armed with a burning patience, we shall enter
The splendid cities. Why did I speak of a friendly hand!
One fine advantage is that I can laugh at false old loves
And shame these lying couples.
I saw the hell of women down there; – and it shall be granted me
To possess truth in one soul and one body.

Who made of my mouth such a fine harrow that it traces
And protects to this day my inner folds? Without ever
Spilling my blood, more reclusive than a lizard, I crossed
All the houses of the century. No cell
From which I have not watched the dogmas. — I mean by that:
The houses full of phrases. — I have seen every child of doubt!

If I had a thread in the weave of some mystery,
A sign upon the stone. But no, nothing. It is
Clear that I was born of an obscure breath, without lineage.
I do not understand anger. My blood has never
Cried for anything but fire. Like wolves
Around a corpse they did not hunt.
I remember the believers' memory.
France, daughter of the Church. I could have, wandering,
Touched the ashes of saints, wept on
The ramparts of a forgotten heaven. Within me dance
Erased maps, golden domes, dreams
Of virgins in flames. But all of that fades.
I sit, tainted, among ruins and grass,
Against a wall eaten by light. — Later,
I might have slept, nameless, under the Western stars.

Again: I see red clearings where people turn,
Old men, children, a crowd of shadows.
But I go no further than this soil and this cross.
I am dried up by the centuries. Always alone.
Without roots. Even, what prayer had I?
I do not hear myself in the Messiah's words,
Nor in the sentences of kings — bearers
Of His image. What was I in the former age?
I appear only today. There are no more

Begging men without cause, no more mad crusades.
Dark blood has drowned all — the people,
They say, the truth; the homeland, the thought.
Oh! The thought! They have reclaimed everything. For flesh
And for breath — the host — they give
Diagnoses, systems, midwife poultices,
And sterilized chants.
The pleasures of the powerful, the games
They once forbade — all has returned, whitewashed.
Cartography, logic, calculation, atoms!...
Thought, new royalty! Progress. Movement.
The world advances! Why would it collapse? It is the
Reign of numbers. We are gliding toward Spirit.
It is written, it is oracle, what I proclaim.
I perceive, but I can only formulate
In a pagan tongue. Then I would rather be silent.

The old flow returns! Spirit approaches, why
Does the Word not sustain me, not engrave
In my breath a clarity or a deliverance?
Alas! the promise has died!
The promise! the promise... I watch for God with
Dry hunger. I was born of a vain seed, since the beginning.

Here I am alone before the black ocean. Let the cities
Burn afar. My vigil is over;
I flee Europe. The salty air will erode my veins;
Nameless winds will tan my being. To walk,
Graze the grass, bite, burn; drink fevers
As acidic as live fire — like
Those ancients dancing around ashes. I shall return,
Nerves of steel, shadow under my skin, slit eyes:

On my face will be read the hardness of a forgotten people.
I will carry gold; I will live in brutal idleness.
Women tend the returnees from burning lands.
I will speak to the mighty. I will be saved.
But for now I am cursed; I hate borders.
The sweetest remains a drunken sleep, facing the wind.

But one does not leave. — Let us retrace the faded paths,
With that stain, that vice planted like a nail
In the side, since bright childhood —
It rises, beats me, extinguishes me, seizes me.
The ultimate modesty, the final innocence. It is said.
Do not vomit to the world my wounds and betrayals.
Let's go! The road, the burden, the weariness and
The rage. To whom offer myself? What beast to worship?
What icon to defile? What hearts
To split? What truth to embody? — And toward where
To go? Better to flee all justice. — Raw life,
Calm stupefaction — to raise, with a dry hand,
The coffin lid, to sit, to choke.
Thus, neither old age, nor fall: fear
Is not local. — Ah! I am so abandoned
That I offer to every celestial form my impulses
Toward the ideal. Oh my submission! Oh my

Stupefying pity! Here below, however! De profundis Domine...

How ridiculous I am!

Still a child, I admired the silent damned one

Whom no wall ever truly shut in. I followed

His shadow through the defiled rooms, the shelters

He made sacred by his mere absence. I looked

At the sky through his eye, the field through

His fall. I breathed his curse in the streets.

He was truer than a prophet,

More lucid than an exile — and alone!

As a witness to his own light.

On the roads, through frozen nights, without fire, without voice,

A word pierced my frozen heart: "Weakness or strength,

You were born without reason. Go, enter, answer,

You will not be erased more than a dead man."

And dawn would find me emptied, without gaze,

Already so far that no one has perhaps

Ever seen me. In the cities, the mud would suddenly

Shine like congealed blood, like

A stained glass pierced by an adjacent fire.

Like a cave full of gold in the dark.

I cried: luck! and I saw a sea

Of ash and smoke in the heavens;

And on the sides, shards, riches,

Storms frozen in flames. But never

The wedding, never the laughter of bodies, never

A companion's gaze. Always alone.

I saw myself before a faceless people,

Facing the execution wall,

Weeping that I had not been heard,

And forgiving. — Like a thunderstruck being. —

“Guides, priests, doctors, you are wrong:
I do not come from your race;
I have not recognized your laws; I have not
Shared your symbols. I come from an older song,
I do not understand your pacts, I am a naked cry:
You are mistaken...”
Yes, my eyes are closed to your light.

I am raw, wild. But I can still be saved.
You, you are masks —
Merchant, priest, general, king —
You have drunk the same ash,
You tremble in the same night.
This world reeks of gangrene and dogma.
The old men have become so sacred
That they should be burned in temples of forgetting.
The wisest would be to leave this place,
This theater, this continent of screaming children.
I go toward another kingdom,
A darker, purer realm.
Have I ever known the real?
Am I myself? — Enough of words.
I devour the dead.
Tremors, drums, silence, silence,
Silence, silence!
I no longer even see the instant when,
Forms will come to tear me away.
Hunger, thirst, silence, silence, silence, silence...

Here return the white figures. The thunder.
One must kneel, wash, obey.
I received in the chest a shock of light.
Ah! I did not expect it!

I committed no outrage. The days grow light,
And remorse is spared me.
I have not known those lukewarm abysses where the soul
Slowly turns toward a stern light,
Like a flame placed on a coffin.
The fate of the ordained son, tomb...

Precocious one drowned in clear tears.
The fall is vain, vice is hollow;
Flesh must be laid to rest.
But the clock has not stopped
On the bare hour of pure pain!
Am I taken up like a child,
To play in forgetfulness at the edge of the sky? Quickly!
Are there other lives? — Sleeping in the bosom of wealth
Is impossible. Wealth is a shared shadow.
Only burning love grants access to knowledge.
I see: nature is a theatre of indulgence.
Farewell figures, dogmas, visions.
A gentle song rises from the watchers' ship: it is pure love.
Two flames! I may die of earthly fire,
Die from giving. I left behind souls
Whose sorrow will grow at my departure.
You choose me out of the wreck —
But those who remain? Are they not
My brothers? Save them! The light rises.
The world is gentle. I accept.
I give thanks to life. I open my arms.
It is not a child's dream,
Nor the mad hope of escaping time.

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Nor the mad hope of escaping time.

Something remains, without name, without direction.

A breath passes.

And I still doubt.

Boredom grips me no longer. The rages, the wanderings,

Madness, of which I know the hearths and ruins,

All that weight has fallen. I contemplate without vertigo

What clarity remains. I could no longer crave

The brutal relief of torment.

I do not believe myself invited to weddings

Where silence would bear witness with a messiah.

I am not held by the rope of the spirit.

I whispered: God. But I want naked freedom:

Where could it be hiding?

The hollow tastes have gone.

I expect no aid, no sacred breath.

I do not miss the tender era of weepers.

Each his own gaze, his pity, his pride:

I remain here, suspended on this ladder of reason.

As for regulated happiness, chained or not... No,

I cannot. I am too elusive, too porous.

Life takes root in effort, they say: I,

I float, I fade, I am above

This harsh world, the angle where one acts.

How I dry out, not knowing

How to love even the end! If a hand gave me

Airy calm, silence in prayer —

Like the saints once did,

Those harsh ones! The hermits, poets

As no longer tolerated!

All of that is farce.

I could cry from remaining intact.
Life is a farce, to be pulled in silence.

Enough! Let the burning come. — Stand up! Ah! My lungs
Burst, my temples pound! Night descends
Into my eyes, pierced by this impious sun! My heart...
My nerves... Where are we going? To the trial? I am too light!
The others move forward. Tools? Blades?
Time!... Fire! Fire on me!
Or I fall. — Cowards! — I fall! I collapse
Under the hooves of the real! Ah!... — I will learn.
Is this the straight path? The sacred slope?
I drank a mouthful of hell, slow and heavy.
Thrice damned, the message from the depths!
My veins twist. The poison carves my bones,
Crushes me, tears me. I suffocate. I scream inside.
That is it, yes, the trial, the endless pain!
See the embers rise! I blaze
As one must blaze. Go, dark breath!
I had glimpsed the other shore, the calm, the gift.
How to describe it? Here, the air scrapes praise!
I saw a people of pure forms,
A song that no longer weighed,
Strength and silence mingled, nobility...
I no longer know. Nobility! And is this still life?
If the fall is eternal! He who wishes
To unmake himself — is he cursed? Then I am cursed.
I am below, so I am. That is enough, says doctrine.
I am caught in the murky waters of baptism.
Father, mother, you cast me into the river.
You drowned with me. Innocence crushed.
Hell has no hold on those who have not

Received the words! — And yet I am still here!
The deep abyss is only on the surface.
A crime, quickly, that I be reduced to nothing!
Be silent. Be silent!... Here is the echo: shame, return,
Satan who says to me: “Your fire is mud,
Your anger, laughable.” — Enough!
They gave me false fevers,
Faint incense, hollow music.
And I, I! I hold a clear truth!
I see straight! I judge! I am ready!
For what?... To shine? Pride again.
My skull retracts. Mercy!
I am afraid. I am so thirsty! Thirst! Childhood,
Grass, rain, the dancing lake,
The bell, over there... noon strikes twelve.
The devil is perched, snickering.
Mary! Gentle mother!... — I am ashamed.
Over there, those souls who wish me well?
They pass... I call them,
But I have a pillow on my mouth.
They hear nothing.
They are dreams.
No one thinks of anyone. Do not come near.
I feel the fire. I am sure of it.
The visions no longer stop.
It is what I have always carried:
The refusal of stories, the erasure of laws.
I shall be silent. Other poets would envy me.
I am vaster than all of them.
Keep it all. Let no one come.
I am rich like the ocean.
And yet... the clock has stopped.

I am no longer of this world. — The dogmas are grave.

The abyss is truly beneath us.

And awakening? A dream in the flames.

So much malice in the harvests...

Satan, Ferdinand, dances among the seeds.

Jesus walks on thorns that do not bend.

He walked upon the angry sea. A lamp

Showed him upright, white, black hair,

On a green wave, like a rock.

I will open every drawer:

Faith, chaos, birth, death,

Origins, end, void.

I am master of shadows.

Listen! I have it all! — But there is no one,

Or maybe someone. I want to give nothing.

Do you want burnt songs? Nameless dances?

Do you want me to vanish? That I search

The ring in the depths? That I forge

Gold and healing? Then believe in me.

Faith lightens, guides, heals.

Come all, children, blow into this heart

That beats for you! Poor men!

Workers! I ask

Neither prayers nor altars, just a bit of trust.

And... think of me. I think of you too.

I regret the world. A little.

I was lucky: I barely suffer.

My life? A sweet, useless spark. So be it.

Let us make a thousand grimaces.

We are elsewhere. Nothing speaks anymore.

I feel nothing.

Ah! My castle! My trees! My Saxony!

The mornings, the evenings, the days... the days...

I am so weary. I would need

A hell for every flaw:

One for rage, one for pride,

One for tenderness! All together!

I die from having lived too much. Here is the pit.

I return my nerves to the worms.

This is the end. Horror! Horror of horror!

Satan, buffoon, you want to scatter me

With your traps.

But no. I demand! I still demand!

Give me a spark, a cry, a fire.

Enough! To rise again to life would be to turn one's eyes from what we are,

Flesh opened to the wind, bodies bent in shame,

Pulsing veins under the slanted light of mute evenings,

And that poison drunk slowly, without fever, without cry,

That black kiss offered a thousand times, reclaimed a thousand times,

Remains fixed on the lips like a weld of ash,

A seal against forgetting, a bite set forever.

My weakness has no name, as has not the calm cruelty of the world,

And I no longer ask for anything, I no longer reach out, I no longer wait,

Let no one approach, let no one lay hand or voice,

I am not worthy, no, I am no longer judged, for I have fallen below the threshold of judgment,

I am what is left behind, what is forgotten, what was never even worthy of being denied.

Did I hide? No, I vanished in broad daylight, dissolved,

And the fire returns, but it is no longer a devouring flame,

It is an invisible law, a faceless commandment, a weight without author,

It is the line of my fault, the trace of my straying,

I am its burn, I am its mark, and yet I am not cursed,

I do not cry out, I do not beg, I regret nothing,

The fire is there, it works in me, it hollows me, it returns me to slow dust,
It erases me from the world as one erases a name written on a stone already cracked,
I was here only a cast shadow, a rumor of body,
Never a man, never a name, never me,
And this fire — this fire that says nothing, that does not judge,
This fire is just.

DESOLATION

At the hour when the world fades, my being is devastated;
I move forward without a face, lost in the absence of things,
Dasein deserted whose speech no longer answers,
A silent wanderer at the borders of gray nothingness,
Breath suspended on the lips of a starless sky,
I carry in my flesh the imprint of a nameless void,
Abandoned here, in this vast desolation,
In search of solid ground I know I shall not find again.

Desolation: a wound that does not heal,
It inhabits me entirely like a stubborn shadow,
Each thought breaks there in shards of disappointed hope,
Time slips away beneath my uncertain, fragile steps,
An original void encloses me in its icy circle,
I search in vain for the echo of a voice that would name me,
But nothing speaks anymore in this world stripped of brilliance,
Only exile remains where I am endlessly cast.

Nothing here holds me; all has lost its form,
The world is reduced to elusive presence,
My existence wanders in the cold of a waiting,
Being itself seems withdrawn, in its silence,
It abandons me at the heart of extreme solitude,
Each instant returns me to the void of my horizon,

I am a prisoner of this funereal transparency,
Where each gaze strikes the absence of a final meaning.

Anguish passes through me like a ruthless winter wind,
It is the vertigo of having no place to stand,
Desolation is my only truth,
The one that speaks of the impossible belonging to the world,
A being without support, handed over to the abyss of nothingness,
My face dissolves in the space without bearings,
I am the shadow of a man lost outside his fate,
Wandering among the ruins of the real, without hope or end.

Being-in-the-world knows nothing now but desolation,
The lost Dasein bears its irreparable trace,
It walks endlessly the paths of distress,
No longer knowing how to name or receive its own self,
Each gesture dissolves in the opacity of the void,
Nothing arises anymore but the heavy feeling of loss,
I am cast, without recourse, into this collapsed world,
With no horizon but the withdrawal of all presence.

In this desolation, time has stopped,
It floats like a specter at the edges of my existence,
Memory itself crumbles, loses its way,
Memories are but fragments, scattered ashes,
My story drains at the edge of absolute silence,
I walk like a tightrope walker on a wire without direction,
Suspended above the void that consumes me,
Seeking in vain an anchor point that does not exist.

Those who once surrounded me have become shadows,
Their voices silenced, carried away by desolation,
I am alone before this immense and frozen desert,
No echo answers my silent cry,

I gaze into the abyss beneath my hesitant steps,
My thought spins in circles, captive of the endless void,
Dasein fades slowly, like a shallow breath,
Desolation reigns sovereign over my fate.

Every hope dissolves like a light mist,
The clarity once familiar is now just a memory,
Reality itself seems veiled,
Offering to my eyes only infinite indifference,
Desolation takes up all the space within me,
My being is seized in an unrelenting grip,
I stand here, motionless, before absolute nothingness,
No longer awaiting any gesture to set me free.

In total abandonment, my existence evaporates,
I no longer grasp anything, not even my own presence,
All that was once alive seems to have withdrawn,
I am lost in the thickness of non-being,
Each instant digs in me an unfathomable abyss,
I see myself reduced to a mere fleeting reflection,
Caught in the weave of a world undone,
Where only desolation guides my lost steps.

The sky itself no longer offers any reference point,
The stars have gone silent, silence reigns,
My gaze gets lost in the vast obscurity,
Where I vainly search for a faint light,
But the world now refuses to answer,
Desolation is my only horizon,
I am condemned to wander endlessly, alone,
Bearing the weight of a void nothing can fill.

Each step I take resounds in indifference,
A dull echo throws back my own absence,

The ground beneath my feet becomes a surface without anchor,
Where being falters without finding its image again.
I reach out to the air, but nothing joins my hand,
Neither presence, nor breath, nor divine breath,
My thought is lost in the thickness of silence,
And the world becomes this enigma without distance.

The days pass and repeat in their void,
Relentless like the pendulum of sorrow,
They pile up, dull, in the bleak brightness of the sky,
And I remain, castaway from myself.
Light no longer illuminates but to underline
The strangeness of a world from which I am estranged,
As if being, weary, had withdrawn
And left behind only its sigh.

Speech can no longer find its way to being,
It wanders in the throat like a broken breath,
Words fall heavy, unable to name
What lurks in the depths of despair.
I speak and language itself betrays me,
Each phrase dies out before it can even emerge...

As if truth refused to be born
In a world emptied of all possibility.
Boredom gnaws at me, not like mere empty time,
But like a stone laid upon the soul's chest,
It suffocates even the fire of becoming,
And renders every promise bitter and derisory.
It is no longer waiting, but the nothingness of the possible,
A cold inertia that dissolves the will,
Being fades into a horizon of indifference,
And Dasein sinks into its own fall.

I look at the world as if through a veil,
Nothing moves me, everything slides off the skin of the mind,
I am a spectator of a scene without actors,
Of a theatre without drama, of an erased tale.
Even pain no longer truly reaches me,
It drifts away in a mist of torpor,
And I remain, body upright but soul absent,
Witness to the intimate ruin of lost meaning.

Morning rises without promise or light,
One more day that only prolongs the night,
I expect nothing from the hours to come,
Except the repetition of a familiar void.
The walls enclose me in a space without air,
Where the windows open only onto false skies,
And the sun, even shining, warms nothing
But the cold certainty of a deserted world.

I strain my ear, but all sound is foreign to me,
Even my own voice no longer seems to belong to me,
It echoes like the voice of another,
Of a former self, of a being I've lost.
Desolation has stolen my intimate memory,
I no longer know who I am, nor where I come from,
I float in a present without ties,
Where each moment is a silent shipwreck.

Night surprises me before the day has begun,
It descends gently into my veins,
Not as a promise of rest,
But as a slow absorption of my being.
I no longer resist it: I welcome it,
For even resistance still requires hope,

And hope has withdrawn into a fold too distant,
Where my gaze can no longer reach.

The world speaks a language I no longer understand,
Its signs have emptied of all meaning,
I walk the streets like a quiet ghost,
Invisible among those who still pretend to live.
I have no assigned place on this stage,
I am the forgotten one in the tale that repeats,
The passerby no one greets,
The voice smothered in the cacophony of the real.

Yet I remain, I persist in the shadows,
Not by will, but by force of inertia,
I am here, residue of a disaffected being,
Whose very absence no longer moves the world.
And perhaps that is the greatest desolation:
To be neither looked at nor ignored,
But to exist without trace, without effect,
As if one had never been there.

Objects freeze in their austere muteness,
They speak only in discordant signs,
Each thing is present, yet says nothing of being,
The world, turned into thing, is but a heap of forms.
I pass through without touching, I see without recognizing,
And light falls on what cannot be illuminated,
I am the wanderer in a dispossessed landscape,
A witness with nothing left to witness.

The hand that once wrote to find itself
Has no more ink nor table to lay down its silence.
The book remains open to the erased page,
And every word flees the moment one tries to read.

Desolation eats the lines of meaning,
And the poem becomes a lost lament,
Like an ancient breath that no longer knows how to return,
Prisoner of language that no longer wants to mean.

Fatigue has become second nature,
It inhabits gestures before they appear,
Like a heaviness of life that precedes the will,
And renders each day a shadow of itself.
Even sleep no longer relieves the mind,
It prolongs the wandering through formless dreams,
Where night repeats itself in useless spirals,
Murky reflections of a world that no longer welcomes anything.

The gaze I cast upon the other is absent,
Not from indifference, but from dissolution,
I can no longer reach the beloved faces,
They have become mist, figures without contour.
Desolation has stolen communion from me,
I am separated from the other as from myself,
And love, that great fire, is nothing but a memory
Of a hearth extinguished by the black wind of forgetfulness.
Each heartbeat reminds me of the lack,
Like a dull echo of an unreachable meaning,
Being is there, but its light is veiled,
I walk through the density of an absent world.
Desolation does not scream, it whispers,
And that whisper is the sound of erasure,
Of the slow fall into a bottomless forgetting,
Where Dasein is lost without ever finding itself.

At times I listen for the breath of the earth,
But even the wind seems turned away from me,
It caresses without warmth the mute stones,

And passes without leaving trace, complaint, or answer.
Even roots no longer anchor me to the ground,
I am uprooted down to my most intimate being,
And each step, even steady, wavers,
As if gravity itself were retreating.

The body, that former place of habit and bond,
Becomes foreign to its own movements,
I feel it without sensing it, like a burden,
A carcass I drag by sheer duty to exist.
It no longer speaks the language of presence,
But exhausts itself in the inertia of survival,
And I carry it forward without joy, without real breath,
Toward days that have nothing left to offer.

All calling is now without recipient,
I speak into the void, to invisible doors,
Desolation is a world without others,
A desert where signs are lost mid-voice.
Even the gods have withdrawn without farewell,
And the sky remains deaf to my invocations,
I am that supplicant without faith, without temple,
Who kneels on a stone too cold.

Nothing truly begins, nothing truly ends,
Each moment floats in a frozen in-between,
Like a waiting without end or content,
A vigil where dawn never rises.
I am not dead, yet I no longer inhabit life,
I was not born, yet already disappearing,
This suspension hurts more than falling,
For it denies even the possibility of ground.

Thought itself grows sterile and weary,
It circles endlessly around the same empty core,
And can no longer pierce the shell of the world.

I am exhausted from having wanted to understand too much,
But everything slips away, scatters in mirages,
Reality is no more than a surface without depth,
And being, once a center, has become absence,
Like a word never spoken.

Sometimes a tear rises without clear reason,
Like a remnant of humanity refusing to die,
But it dries before even touching the cheek,
Swallowed by the dry air of a room without memory.
I weep for what I no longer know how to name,
Perhaps the very idea of lost consolation,
Or the erased memory of what once was a face,
Before absence took over all things.

The walls enclose me without truly crushing me,
They are made of that gray matter of boredom,
A cement of habits and hollow gestures,
Where one lives without existing, passes without being.
The window opens onto an abstract landscape,
Not empty, but devoid of any call,
And I remain there, looking without seeing,
Like a forgotten reflection in a one-way mirror.

I remember the trees, their forgotten names,
Their leaves like ever-renewed promises,
But today their shadow no longer reaches me,
They are over there, in a world that has left me.
Even the seasons have ceased their turning,
There are only indistinct days now,

And I wonder whether it is I who have vanished,
Or the whole world that has dissolved around me.

I still speak to the child I once was,
But he does not answer, or else with a silence
More cruel than a thousand rejections or forgettings,
For it says that even hope was betrayed.
His eyes fix me with a strange wisdom,
As if he already knew what the adult would flee,
And in that gaze condenses all my fall,
All the desolation of having betrayed my own name.

The dream too has withered, it no longer visits my nights,
Or else comes disguised as mute nightmare,
A shadow theatre without dialogue or end,
Where I search for myself in a labyrinth without walls.
I wake not knowing if I was still asleep,
For everything merges into one same gray matter,
And morning no longer has the force of a beginning,
It is only a repetition without design.

Words flee from me like frightened birds,
I reach out, but they scatter in the wind,
The verb no longer obeys me, it slips away,
And silence imposes its sovereign law.
I become a spectator of my own muteness,
A consciousness without words or form,
Wandering through a desert of dead language,
Without a story to inhabit the shadow I am.

Each morning is a renewed ruin,
I rise with the heaviness of a condemned man,
The day weighs on me before it even begins,
And my gestures are nothing but emptied automatons.

I eat without taste, I look without desire,
I speak without belief, I listen without hearing,
And my whole being fades in this wear,
Where life becomes its own absence.

I question the stones, the trees, the birds,
But none answer me — or else in a language
I no longer know how to decipher without trembling,
As if the world had fallen silent without warning.
Symbols have become empty shells,
And each sign closes upon its mystery.
I remain here, exiled from a land without name,
Without shelter but this endless question.

Time passes through me without shaping me,
It goes like a current of cold air,
And I retain nothing of its imprint.
No yesterday, no tomorrow, barely a today,
Just this thin thread stretched between two absences,
On which I walk without balance or aim,
Suspended in the emptiness of a duration
That nothing inhabits anymore but lack.

And yet I continue — by habit,
By resistance perhaps, or by forgetting.
I am that walker whose step awakens nothing,
That watcher whose eyes no longer see the dawn.
Desolation has no end, it settles in,
Like a second skin, a cold dwelling,
And I inhabit it without revolt or consent,
Just with this strange lucidity that does not save.

Days pass like stretching shadows,
Without ever touching or truly crossing me,

They are there, but without density or resonance,
As if time flowed outside of me.

I am spectator of a present void of future,
A witness with nothing left to hope for,
And memory closes in on itself,
Refusing to open its doors onto the past.

Desolation is a cold without season,
It seeps into every fold of breath,
It does not scream, it weighs, it invades,
Like a fog that never lifts.

The world has no more colors but dead tones,
And every gaze crashes on dull surfaces,
I walk in a frozen landscape,
Where even the stones seem desperate.

I no longer speak of myself — there is no more “me,”
Only this empty presence that persists,
A consciousness without center or contour,
A being without property but lack.
I have dissolved in this great distance,
And the inner voice has become echo,
A murmur of absence no one hears,
Not even I who hear it without understanding.

Desolation is not a scream, it is a layer,
A veil laid on being, day after day,
It erodes without pain, but without respite,
Like water that carves stone without sound.
It is not suffering, but its disappearance,
That becomes unbearable in its dullness,
And I live in this grey without edges,
Like a dream from which one cannot wake.

And if I continue, it is not out of hope,
But because being endures even in ruin,
Because one still breathes, even in the void,
And because each step, even vain, is still a step.
Desolation does not kill, it transforms,
It makes of man a specter that still thinks,
And in that thinking, there is perhaps a remnant,
A remnant of being that nothing has stolen.

I look back, but there are no more traces,
Nothing but a blurred wake in memoryless sand,
What I once was no longer has a clear image,
And the future inspires in me no face.
I am this pure instant, stripped of duration,
This heartbeat of void between two absences.

A being suspended without anchor point,
Whose very shadow hesitates to take shape.

Sometimes there is a spark in the dark,
Not light, but the presence of possibility,
A shiver that passes through without staying,
As if being let its flaw be glimpsed.
I grasp nothing, but I feel that there is there
Something that insists, however faintly,
A murmur of being beneath the cry of absence,
A call without word, without promise, without voice.

Desolation does not speak of the end of the world,
But of its transformation into a sealed enigma,
A world that no longer offers itself as obvious,
And which must now be earned to inhabit.
Perhaps I am here to learn how to remain,
Even when nothing holds or welcomes me,

For one must learn to endure the distance,
To remain in the unfilled interstice.

And in this exile that never ends,
I discover a strange naked dignity,
That of a being who no longer seeks refuge,
But accepts to stand in deprivation.

There are no more certainties, but there is being,
Even if it is a being without guarantee,
And this nakedness becomes full presence,
A silence that speaks louder than the world.

Then desolation is no longer only lack,
It becomes the very place where being is revealed,
Not as plenitude, but as fragile call,
A heartbeat of being in the core of retreat.
I have conquered nothing, resolved nothing, founded nothing,
But I am still here, standing in unknowing,
And in this endless, unsolved abandonment,
Perhaps I am closer than ever to essence.

FAREWELL (VARIANT)

Darkness! Twilight has just erased the day:
Must we regret what already fades, clarity
That darkens the world, absent divine light
Smothered beneath the ashes of a world that burns out.
In the still mists along the lake, abyss,
The boat runs aground on shores of misery, slippery mud
Of an impossible dream, loves crucified on the wood of the forbidden,
Rags of dust on the rotting human, over there
In the swarming of worms spilled over the smoking bones
Of a carrion with no past on the white sands of

A forgotten happiness, barely touched, a joy that never lived.

Corpse with unknown face, nameless humanity carried away

By the wave of that sea with no horizon

To break it, a reef that would wreck the wreck.

Night has smothered the day with her dark arms in thorny

Bushes from which return the murmurs, bloody,

Of what was broken in the garden of tender childhood, beneath

The elder tree raining the last rays of a fading summer.

The rats are merry and intoxicate themselves on the putrefaction of a sun

Dead on the shores of autumn weeping a fallen sky.

Sublime, what irony of a summer invented, marvels at the edge

Of water strewn with buttercups and of gold the ear of wheat under

The caresses of a light breeze, peppered the mint nestled beneath

The linden, and purple the cherries falling on the dead ground,

Where the grass has withered, mute the blackbird asleep on

Its branch stripped of its tears carried off by

The wind toward distant dying-places, stony the path

That leads to the edge of the village without forgiveness, humility

Of a sky chewed by fingers when bodies are bent.

No more of those offerings fallen from a sky too high,

Bursting with light upon a thirsty earth, dry the brooks,

Rotting the fish in their old stone beds, weeping the reeds

Nourished by false hopes, soulless the brother's song

High in the forest, of crystal the gaze

Of the sister lost in the clearing, crushed by bitter

Memories, childhood bruised by the blows of the abominable,

Unforgiven the hunter skinning the beast in the shadow

Of a bush, the priest sacrificing on the black altar of dread

The remains of childhood, a fallen angel, without wings and without

Hope of a morning that might wash away all stains

Of the unnamable, Evil treading the earth with a foot of flame.

But already winter spreads its white shroud over the world,
It is the time of secrets behind closed doors in a motionless world,
Time suspended on the clocks of sleep,
The fire crackles in the hearths of cottages, tribes
Gather around the blessing of the light that
Makes the walls dance and warms the soup in the cauldron
Hung over the firehook, a hint of appeasement
When those who died under autumn are buried
In the cold earth, hands crossed on the slumbering seeds
Of a return to life, patience of dark mornings and
Evenings without light, when the sun hides at the edge
Of snow whirls, erased by the mists with which
Authors clothe themselves and the peaks slip away, icy vapors
Rising from the plain in search of an absent sky, freezing hope
For the new time that will erase nightfall from the rooftops.
From the blackbird silence has broken, the shroud slowly withdraws
And swells the brooks in distress, doors open
To the coming rays, feast day in the stables, and in the belly
Of beasts already stir the coming births, first buds
Blanketing the branches where the snow recedes, timid
Some flowers dare a first step, green of spring that
Clothes the valley in new blood, sorted the plants and
Seeds, outstretched the arms of sowing, flutter the
Tits around the nest where their nuptials will hatch, the bounty
Of bees, suspended from the first flowering trees, awaken
With a shiver the slowworms and salamanders hidden beneath stones
Already filled with the first suns, of laughter the children running
In the garden, and the sister blossoms, angel become in the blue sky
While the brother sings a few verses of human hope.