

RIMBADLIAN SONGS

PROLOGUE

Twisted blood runs through my veins of clay.
The elders bequeathed me a hollow eye, a narrow brow, a useless hand.
They covered me with fireless clothes. I wear no crown —
Their skull grease no longer touches me.
They killed to warm their ruins, scraped beasts, burned the harvest.
From their night, I kept the love of useless gestures,
The worship of the fallen idol, and the intoxication of desecration.
Anger, yes, the brief embrace, yes;
But above all: the quiet lie,
And the sleep we prolong to forget we were born.

I hate every trade. Masters, laborers — same filth.
The pen and the plow — same hand.
A century of tools — and not a single living hand.
I want no hand. To serve leads to the rope.
Stealing repulses me. Begging destroys me.
And the murderers: statues without nerves.
Me, I am intact — and I take no pride in it.
But who — who tied my dry tongue
To this laziness that has preserved me?
Without even selling my flesh, without even pretending,
I passed through peoples like a lizard in the cracks.
I have no family. But I've seen them all —
Reciting human rights just to better extinguish their sons.

I've known them all — the sons.
Raised on dogma and shame.

SONG OF ORIGIN

All I inherited was a blood dried out, out of tune,
A blood beyond appeal, pulsing weakly in my sealed temples,
And the eye of my fathers, dry, turned to the ground, with no sky and no pupil.
They left me the broken use of their mute tools,
Hands too full to grasp, too hollowed to give,
Gestures learned deep in loveless rooms,
And silences so harsh they still echo in my bones.
They spoke in commandments, I kept their invectives,
They prayed to dead idols, I inherited their ashes,
They walked in the dark, I gathered their extinguished torches.
I am the son of an extinguished fire, and yet I still burn,
With a black fire, without light, that does not warm.

I hate every trade, every function, every assigned order.
The master's hand is sister to the laborer's,
Their palm the same, open to force or to beg,
And their gestures no longer create — they repeat, they repeat.
The pen, the plow, the weapon: same extensions of failure.
I want no hand. I reject the outstretched hand.
I do not extend mine: it is closed, useless, bare.
To serve, to beg, to steal — all are postures of the same slave.
And the just, the saints, the kings: blind statues.
I am intact — but not pure.
Intact like the wound not yet opened,
Like the child not yet killed.

I passed through peoples like a lizard crawling under ruins,
Without name, without cry, without trace.
I have no family.
But I have seen all their laws, their prayers, their rites,
And their sons kneeling before spectral inheritances.

I saw them grow up in shame, beneath the weight of an absent father,
And speak of Good as a pain to be deserved.

AWAKENING

I was not born, I awoke,
In a room without walls, without watching, without light,
Where even the air trembled, not knowing where to place its voice.
No first cry, no cord to cut,
Only this naked awareness, thrown raw
Into a world already full of noise and knives.
I rose from sleep like one leaves a wounded body,
And every thing seemed twisted, misplaced, too heavy.
Even the day slapped me, even shadow fled me.
I walked on grounds that no one had ever blessed,
I stepped into footprints without feet, without impulse.
Water never refreshed me, bread never nourished me,
And my first gestures were refusals, withdrawals, vanishings.
I possessed nothing without corrupting it, learned nothing without betraying it,
All knowledge burned my mouth like a fire without flame,
And all tenderness wounded me in advance, because of its promised end.
There were no words, not even silence:
Only that thick murmur of a world in collapse,
And me in the middle, motionless, weightless, nameless,
Like an eye in a corpse,
Or a breath still alive in a skyless land.

REFUSAL

I refused everything offered as bread or promise,
The open hands bore only the trace of other chains,
And even kisses carried the scent of ancient traps.
They showed me paths, crowns, laws,
But every arrow stuck in the earth pulsed with blood already spilled.

I did not want to enter.
Not their homes, not their names, not their wars.
I would not play their role, nor inherit their words.
They spoke of country as a blessed womb,
But I saw the throat-slit within the fold of the flag,
The brother held by the neck in the name of soil too narrow.
I believed in nothing that shines under order:
Neither the cross nor the star, neither the square nor the sword.
I gave allegiance only to silence
And to the fire that stands upright in the throat.
They called me traitor, impure, deserter.
But I know my refusal was a love too vast for their walls.
I did not want to destroy — only to have nothing to defend.
And that alone enraged them.
I left with no door, no farewell, no proof,
And I learned to walk through a world without refuge,
Where each stone holds the memory of an exile,
Where every tree mourns what man tried to bend.

SOLITUDE

There is no longer center, nor circle, nor name I can bear without wounding myself,
I am alone like a tree hollowed from within,
Upright by miracle, hollow like a throat with no cry.
Faces fade around me before they even smile,
And the love I attempted left only a burn in the silence,
A hand withdrawn too quickly, a breath denied without cause.
Solitude is not a state, it is a substance,
It seeps into the flesh, it replaces the blood,
It makes the heart a vacant room echoing with the steps of the dead.
People think being alone means waiting.
But there is a threshold where even waiting becomes an insult,
Where desire is no more than a shameful memory.

I walked without witness, without echo,
I passed through streets like a garment fallen from another body.
The walls do not remember me,
And the sky, each night, looks at me without recognition.
I tried to inhabit the beasts, the stones, the shadows,
But nothing let me in,
Even the wind told me: "You're not from here."
So I stopped knocking, I stopped writing my name on doors,
And I learned to love this form of emptiness,
This absence that does not judge, does not lie, does not betray.
That is my solitude:
Not a desert, but a world without false oaths.

VISION

I saw the world open like a wound in the side of the real,
Not in the beauty of bright skies or gentle gestures,
But in the slow twisting of what suffers in silence,
In the shadows lying beneath bridges, in eyes that ask for nothing.
I saw the fire that consumes without noise,
Not the fire of apocalypses or prayers,
But the discreet fire of souls retreating day by day,
The fire that seeks no converts,
But snuffs out all faith like a candle of shame.
I saw children grow old before they ever spoke,
Their games contaminated by the echo of sealed rooms,
And women lay ash-filled hands on their bellies.
I saw men sink into their gestures as into tombs,
Exhausted from having been sons, lovers, soldiers,
No longer knowing how to stand otherwise.
I saw angels blacken beneath the tar of the world,
Their wings stuck with the screams no one hears,
And prophets cast their books into bottomless wells.

But I also saw, deep in gazes split by fear,
A glint that did not lie,
Something like an ember, a mute insurrection,
That said: "I am here, despite all, even broken, even erased."
And I stood there, in the midst of that vision,
Not to understand, nor to save,
But to bear witness — like holding a lamp
Before a body still warm,
Or a name one failed to speak before the end.

BODY

My body is no longer a refuge, nor a weapon, nor a temple,
But an abandoned territory haunted by ancient presences.
It carries the memory of gestures I did not choose,
Of mute violences inscribed beneath the skin like erased names.
It walks, it eats, it sleeps,
But each movement is an effort against abandonment,
Each step a struggle against dissolution.
My body is no longer me — it precedes me and betrays me,
It is the animal I carry, breathless,
The one that moans in the night when thought goes silent.
It was once desired, then defiled, then forgotten,
And I inhabit it like one lives in a house with walls too thin,
Where screams pass through, where shame clings to the corners.
I did not flee the flesh — I was cast out of it,
Banished from that kingdom where love could still exist without burning.
Now, every caress wounds me in advance,
And pleasure is nothing but a memory of falling,
A slow, gentle fall — but always into the same void.
I look at myself and I don't recognize me,
The mirror does not lie: this is me, this hollowed face,
But it's a self I did not choose,

A self the world carved out with its teeth.
I no longer dream of a free body,
Only of a little silence in its limbs,
A little peace in this loyal carcass.
I wish it would go quiet, stop demanding,
And finally let me be just a breath —
Weightless, fleshless, fearless.

SPEECH

There was a time when speaking seemed possible,
When the word was a bridge, a hand, a flame,
But that time gave way like dikes under black rain.
Today speech is a reversed knife,
It cuts before it reaches, it bleeds instead of linking.
Each word I place on the page staggers,
Not from weakness, but from too much lucidity.
For what can be said when everything has already been betrayed,
When even silence is suspected of lying?
I no longer want to name.
I no longer want to point at what flees, betrays, devours.
And yet I speak, for silence would be consent,
But I speak from the edge,
From the abyss where language falters.
My speech demands nothing, it seeks no converts,
It is what remains when nothing is enough,
A bare, thin voice,
A fireless vigil among ruins.
I tried writing to understand,
Then to survive,
And now I write like letting a wound bleed.
Sentences don't heal me,
But they keep me standing in the wind.

So I go on, despite the absurd,
Tracing these lines on the dust of the world,
Knowing they will fade,
But hoping — without believing — that one day an eye will read them
And say: “Someone here did not give in.”

EPILOGUE

There will be no return,
No light at the end, no restored dawn.
The world will not close its wounds,
And I expect only the wind to pass through my bones
As it passes over a nameless stone.
I no longer seek a way out,
I walk in a straight line that leads nowhere,
And that is enough: to walk.
Not to flee, not to reach,
But because movement is still an act,
And a step into the void
Is worth more than a thousand prayers turned to the sky.
I have no message, no testament,
What I leave is this silence in me
That I could not break,
And these words, laid down like dry stones.
I did not change the world,
I did not even change myself.
But I remained,
In winter, in absence, in exhaustion.
I remained where so many others fled,
Not out of strength, but from weariness —
And maybe that,
Is the barest form of courage.

There will be no epilogue.

The fire did not consume me.

It hollowed me out.

And I became that furrow nothing can fill,

But which the wind, sometimes, crosses

Like a very ancient voice

Simply saying: "I was."