



Titre et date / Title and date: Song of I – Roissy night of 13/12/2000

Extrait de / Extract from: English texts (2001 - 2004)

In the arts were flowing the low imprints of glass.
Pure are the willing grasses, erotic as reverse fires in dew,
Irreversible, moving as in a glide.

Esthetic clouds of broken eroticism,
Sliding as a thigh adversely revealed.

I repeat! I repeat. I repeat.

More as a moving branch,
More as a frozen note.
More resounding again, icy and perfect.

Insects of perfect memory resounding in my mind.
Cruelty, brazen, audacious.

I repeat. I demand. I pray.

Turn reverse acrobatic of dance.
Ballet is black and mauve, as excruciating colors.

I demand. I repeat. I scream.
I repeat. I repeat. I repeat.

This is exigency imperfectly woven.
This is what should have been, but brutally exposed.

Power is running low, Theatrics as movement,
Recurrent, exigent, erotic and solemn.

I insist. I demand. I create.

This is powerful dough, just right for building dreams.