

Open
you see it is not
so complicated
it is long for sure
long, long transition
written in
optima or futura
here the trees are cut
to support the rain
It is a flat country
but I am lucky
I have four trees
they make noises
thanks to the wishes
I can forget
that the ground is made by
powder, sand and crumble
Millions of apples
are investigating my mouth
sometimes I find some rhubarb
to make this taste more
punchy
Monotony is fine
repeat the same thing
in the early morning
surrounding him with my arms
he eats my knees today
it is what we do
together for a couple of hours
repeated all the time
and the day becomes the day
I am facing the day
I do what I want to do
waste, explore, stay silent

wear the silence as a necklace
cut a slice of fresh fish
watch the skin become reddish
exquisite gin tonic
lemon grass shakes it up
He wakes up at 6
he uses his knees
his belly, his arms, his legs,
his shoulders, his mouth, his head
to move and turn around
he has a spinning body
on the ground he stretches
his armature
and catches everything
a little bit of light
a little bit of crumb
a little bit of bit
the fragments are his own
again and again
hidden hello
hello hidden
hidden hello
hello hidden
hello hidden
hello hidden
hello hidden
His constellation
made of dust, slices and splitters
builds a panorama
where he can move
where I can dream
I miss you
but I have to be alone
to live this situation
to feel that a crumb is a mountain

That I am climbing every single morning
Oh, you here
it's been a while
I forgot I was alone
I don't need to be with someone
if I have a public
I don't need to be with someone
if I have a public
You are blushing
we said the cheeks are blushing
but for you it is all your face
Red face with thin closed mouth
and dark gold nugget eyes
it is how I remember you
when you were looking at me
when you realized that
A hot-air balloon in the desert
was waiting for us
and then the wind did the rest
I remember my eyes were crossing
one was looking at you
the other was looking at the cactus
this is it
this is how it starts
I miss you
but I have to be alone
to live this situation
to feel that a crumb is a mountain
That I am climbing every single morning
You are all my comrades
my double, triple echos
laying down in my brain
I can see you jumping
from the cortex to my clavicle

It tickles
It is full of love
refreshing
after all
My body is multiple
several voices in one
we are saying the same thing at the same time
with different words
same maze
same base
I am curious
to see where
you will
drift along
and where
we will meet

