

drips ! laces, nearly uncountable feet
under flashlight sun II

III. any roughness of excess,°

the new month

I [ME AGAINST THE DIKES]

1

the right leg taut - in my head I had it

I COULD
BRACE AND HOLD IT against them

in harness and helmet I set my face and legs stern,
work of paper, triangles. my scales and my kneecaps.

I posed it against the dikes,
of harsh frontier,

lying in low costumes

ice-cold

they camp voluminous,
torsos, each time headless

but breathing. they breathe, and step by step towards a version of me

in their state

of untouchable solidity OPEN MOUTHED,

2

are they lying
after all over there.

their heavy irremovable blacks
moss-like hold me back,
the steadfast sticky negotiation, look they come to
surround
just an edge of me,

in me they mount

3

against the army did I placed my tiny leg.

swollen lipped I was standing, but for how long that would be
bearable that I did not know

a yellow rolled on me, I stuck
and shook in my shoes, but firm legged

the kneecaps positioned. soon, soon doesn't exist, it's now -

EYELESS FACE OF BONE HERE HOLDING CONDESCENDINGLY.

in calf tightened stride, with heightened attention I took in
that which assaults,

VEINED

it is above the shoulders - my dear, my dear, as in a mouth
with floating teeth

that which nearly assaults shows itself at my leg
in position :

model of muscles and bones,
blue footed

at the ready, the member taut and swollen,

paper member, without moving cracks in my head -

4

no eye can see how we are settled here.

I AM THE GIRL'S BODY, STANDING A PALE AND NUDE IN MY HEAD

without javelin, candle

but I have hands and I feel my way under the earth.

I feel the rail towards a France calming.

what freshness at leg, it smells more and more wet

the waters rise,
the backs in neck-high delirium :

the northeast and its small roads entirely submerged

II IN RESOLUTION

1

I AM UTTERLY BOUYED ON WATER.

NOCTURNAL,

towards the surface I am not pushed,

from body to cries, non silences, status quo – without form or of
form

uncertain

iron screeched chalk on chalk : beached in lobes, in cries
you succeeded in me, in balls around my legs

the engorgement of the breasts

this is nothing but mine, but I can distinguish less than nothing.

a costume is it in me, harness ?

it's during the day nevertheless,
difficult to distinguish,
between the brilliant, the apparent, the cold and the glare
beneath the glimmer of a blue raising, barely a moon,
moves me

a lying, with eyes open, frozen, barely a me
under an unimaginably small current.

2

large eye which does not know how to see, stuck carries me.

your indiscreet navel, seen from within
your eyelashes flutter but do not touch me.

I breathe nevertheless

3

I am in place, almost, without moving low
in the dream of the middle

ball

the unique cheek, pale

attaches to the air of the room, explant reattaches

me,

in suspension

onto the curved, round, of velvet her belly that holds me