

Hundred thousand years old
A gesture
has just fallen down into the future.

Am I not as old as it is
through all its ages?

... There sailed up fantastical fireships
towards the massive galleys of our slaveries.
In the heart of careens and smothering all desires
the slaves have no more room nor port light,
and the whips no more
stream along the living flesh

Our chest contracted by this drought
could no more
let flow the words about the last rains
the blocks were grinding exasperately.

The shoulders of the world bent over
following this too long procession. . .

1
1 1

- I tried to evoke the ancient sortileges. . .

. . . Wise from the upperlands, death is your only shore
for in this last empire we left
the confidence of wing in the long stroke of air
and the sovereign docility of eras
Wise from the upper lands, you are no more from here
O Wise you are no more
The Words are uttered
The games are lost.

1
1 1

I knew that I were as the others
We labour all at the same bench
The religion of iron chains its own apostles

Watch on Lazare, the stranger in your ranks,
He shall revive again among your existence.