

The caterpillar

I once felt I was
your own ocean,
your star, fallen to Earth
right at your feet...

I was more
than a dying flower:
the flower was a cocoon
from which would soon awaken
a mesmerizing and rare butterfly-
a wild and graceful one.

I thought 'I am nothing' -
you said 'you are everything
this world lacks'.

With each breath I took, you
were nearby, counting them,
hoping they would keep on
making me true and alive.

Then -
 my wings got broken.
I couldn't fly anymore. Anywhere.

I was in a prison of everyone else's sins.
Staying still, terrified, while the world began
to crackle around me and eventually, even the sky
fell on my weak and scarred body.

I wasn't a star, fallen on the ground:
I was merely an ant watching
the whole of reality collapsing
from the bottom of my hole.

I would hear your beautiful words and think
they were untrue. It wasn't possible for me
to be your wild ocean, nor could I ever be a star...
I wasn't bright enough.
But you made me believe. You made those dreams
my reality.

And now... I am a mere ugly and crawling
caterpillar,
the sky is dark everyday,
if there is a sky at all. And no one
is there
to whisper dreams
to the very sad caterpillar,
crushed by the weight of shoes,
walking, ignorant, on its body,
on my body.

Where did the dreams go?
Were they a lie?
Were they just simple
thoughts of the caterpillar,
like billions of others destined
to be turned into dust?

If so, I just hope it is star dust
and that the remains are scattered
in an endless ocean reflecting a sky filled with possibilities.
Filled with shining dreams.

Miracles

I have no more
words. They have been stripped
from my slightly bitten
lips, taken away by the exploding reddish
lightning of life.

The heartache is transformed, becoming
a living rage, an urge of sensations, a storm
of feelings bringing me down to my knees,
almost praying, thanking, piously thinking
of the caresses that living grants me now.

For this break - this crack through my reality,
this incoming and never ending wind of life -
seems utterly real, and yet I'm troubled,
almost sceptical of its magnificent beauty.

How does anyone stop being, feeling,
living this way after tasting the forbidden fruit:
the one that comes from the Tree of Pleasure?

I was born as a shadow of a shadow,
so numb and yet so torn apart by its woe.
And now... becoming a night creature,
exploring and imploding all
of what life could have been all this time.

Would I go back in time? I'm not sure anymore.

The music flows into my limbs, my nerves, my blood:
a sound so pure and intense it strengthens the more I hear it,
going right through my bones. And the more I feel it,

the more the colours twist inside of me,
steam explodes all around me,
touching and overwhelming everyone.
This dance will never end, as I will not.

Shadow of shadow of my blood, you are now
a mere echo of my true being.
Go back in time? For what? Survival?
Deprivation of choice ? This little girl deserves
every single beat - her own heartbeats
and the one coming from the whole Universe.
Music becomes colour, a rainbow of red,
the blues are missing for now...
the colours begins to dance and
to feel
almost blinded
by the splendour all around. The blinded opens her
eyes wide, and almost faints
because of the love,
the tension, the attraction, the impulsivity. A miracle is forming itself:

born from the ashes of an old dark and ghostly figure,
ashes turned into a living breathing
complete human being.
As star dust and gravity formed the Earth,
she stands on it at this very moment.

A miracle saying 'No, I will not go back in Time'.

Oh daddy

So many nightmares
in which you are haunting me,
tracking me, beating me, bringing me down.
I am an animal, a beast strayed from the herd,
to be either brought back or put out of its misery,
an insect without the voice to defend itself.

in life events too, where you reach me
through the voice of others,
like an evil wizard I feel I can never escape.
You even come to mind when I am looking
into the eyes of someone else's dad. I see
their love or closeness and remember
you never looked at me this way.

You are everywhere when I wish you were nowhere.
You are in my soul, in my body, in my features,
in my eyes when I wish I had turned you to dust.
How does anyone destroy the idea of 'father',
burn to the ground the memories,
this horror mansion - sincerely atrocious -
and make of it a magnetic and magnificent graveyard?

You are everywhere when I wish you were gone,
for ever, for the rest of Eternity. You are nothing to me...
you do not deserve to be considered...you are not allowed
into my tears nor my life any longer.
But you always find your way back
into my head,
a magician of thought,
devious and perverse
manipulative being.

Would you be willing to finally let me go?
Would you please, I am begging, let me sleep in peace?
I am no longer your daughter so, let me be fatherless.

The desire -
of escaping you, your gaze,
your spying, your violence and your grasp of my very core -
as strong as the Hell you've put me through all these years,
hollow of love and life.
A mere transposed nightmare:
in a different time, with a different tune but always
carrying the same words, the same meaning:
'Get the fuck away from him'.

You are in my relations - you are watching me
sleep or make love with a sweet and tender girl -
you are in my being, in who I am deeply -
even if I wished these resemblances away,
I couldn't -
they are a part of
my personality. This split being
I've tried so hard to mend over the years:
a broken jar, put back together
piece by piece, making a puzzle
of my own psyche.

I am begging you : let me go. Let me live.
Set me free. Never try to worm your way back
in my head, in my words, in my house,
in the drops of rain or in the ray of sunlight,
in nightmare or in life, in Hell or in Heaven.

One day, you *shall* be departed,
so please : let it be so.

Thirst

Never going back there
where the silence lies.
Never drowning in the sphere
of endless loveless ties.
Always breathing new memories
as long as I have these reveries
never forget the fragility
of these mayflies I captured
to release them into eternity
and see them in your eyes, raptured.
Always breathe through new firsts
For I was dying of thirst.

Embers

Light... love...

never close and yet so present:
a fire in my hearth, in my heart,
a reflection shifting from reddish to crimson,
sometimes green and blue when wet.

How so, a fire wet ?
By your tears, I reckon,
burning like these present embers belonging to the dark and fierce past.
Is it my tears that lend the fire, so ardently crushed, the shades I now
see?
Is it my heart that shines of green, staring at
my relations, these mayflies: gone
so soon to enjoy any moment – for it is the last
one already.

I would love a wildfire,
dazzling and bursting in a million shreds,
touching every single part
of my body and mind. The light,
whole, finally coming to me. How I would love
to be touched, like one would touch a precious jewel,
with the delicacy of a craftsman and the innocence of an infant.
With such smoothness that silk would perish from jealousy, and
a wisdom that would provoke the envy of a philosopher.
To live as fast as light goes, in a roller-coaster and to stop time,
hanging on to lips, give what I have to admit, forget what needs to
continue, immerse myself
into a chaos of endless mayflies.
I would offer my soul to the Devil for this frozen time,
lit by a fiery light.

Future wouldn't have relevance anymore,
the past would have no room to live,
the present: confined in a shining soap bubble.
A snap of the finger and reality would only mean your eyes and smile,
a clap of the hands and the world would be
at your feet. My world, so imagined,
so distant, filled with magic and myths.
Nymphs would step out of the darkness,
from behind the trees, gracious and aethereal,
Ariadne would stretch her red string
to my hand and I would hang onto it
until the end of times. The muse would sing me lullabies,
sparkled with crimson letters, and in this instant
reality, I would be whole, I would be
myself, I would be happy and filled
with Love.

But the fire keeps silent,
dries up like the water
of my hours. I lost the string,
seeing no more leaves, and the darkness
so overwhelms that the world no longer
exists. My shining bubble disappears
for it has never existed in the first place.
The past keeps on going, the future
is menacing, and your empty eyes
are ignoring me. Though,
am I not beautiful? Dressed
with my delusions and my dream? I will leave
crumbles of me, on the way, leading
to a fire neither red, nor blue, nor green,
nor anything. A fire dying
from the absence of a spark's stroke.