progress big baby

ah i am so abandoned that i will oer to any divine image my impulse to perfection

ah it is he who should cut o his nose lip ears

belgian engraving in dazzling colours on sale at charleroi centimes

coachmen and dream-beasts will continue through the most suocating thickets and make me sink up to the eyes in the source of silk

far from the old retreats and the old flames which are heard which are felt

o palms diamondlove strengthhigher than any joy or gloryof every kind everywheredemon godyouth of this being here and now myself

obligatory well-filled blouse and eyes that say she wouldnt mind one bit brought in my plate of rolls freshly made

paul de cassagnac le pays

were only human after all of what god gives

and take ourselves in hand

my small change of reason has run outthe mind is authority it demands i be of the west i would have to silence it if i want things to work out my way

your breast against mine

and risk my job

die in barbarous waves

lets go drink with the cows

ah empty all the urns

leave those landscapes friends what is drunkenness id as soonno rather rot in the pond

no enough of those pure drinks these water-flowers for vases

and if im unlucky

phrases

im not complaining just a bit of idle chat tell me if ive got it wrong but

ah i am in pain i yell such real pain yet i am allowed every-thing encumbered as i am with the contempt of the most contempt-ible hearts

ah i have never been jealous of him i believe he will never leave me what could he do he knows nobody at all he will never do a stroke of work he wants to go through life like a sleepwalker would his kindness and charity be enough to grant him any favours in the real world at odd moments i forget the lamentable state i have got into he will make me strong we will travel go hunting in virgin lands sleep on the paving in unknown cities carefree and light-hearted or else i shall wake up and find that laws and customs have been changed by his magic powerthe world though still the same will leave me to my desires my joys my easy mind oh that life of adventure in the books of childhood will you give it me as recom-pense for all my suering he cannot i do not have the first idea of his ideal world he has told me that he has regrets hopes but that can be no concern of mine does he speak to god i am at the very bottom of the abyss and no longer know how to pray

and so with my pain endlessly renewed finding myself yet more distraughtas would anyone who cared to look at me closely enough had i not been condemned for ever to be forgotten by alli became more and more hungry for his goodness his kisses and warm embraces made it a heaven a dark heaven which i entered and where i would happily have stayed poor deaf dumb blind already i was getting used to it i saw us as a pair of nice children free to wander in the paradise of sorrow we were as one with deep emo-tion we set to work together but after a profoundly moving caress he would say how strange it will seem to you when i have gone all that youve been through when you wont have my arms around your neck nor my heart to rest on nor these lips on your eyes for i will have to go some day go very far away there are others who also need my help that is my task though hardly to my taste my dearest” and straight away i saw myself with him gone sick with dizziness plunged into the most terrible darkness death i made him promise not to leave me twenty times over he made me that

centre the emperor

change our lot wipe out plagues starting with time these children chant at you cherish and nurture the substance of our fortunes and our desires where you please they beg

do you know i made you die i took your mouth your heart all everything men have

does she dance

flowerbeds of amaranth

for my first communion was long ago

forgive me lord of heaven forgive me ah forgive me so much weeping so much more weeping to come i hope

frenchmen of bonapartists republicans remember your forefathers of etc

general if theres an old cannon left on your ruined ramparts bombard us with clods of dried earth direct your fire at the glass in the most luxurious stores at drawing-rooms make the city eat its own dust rust out water-ducts fill boudoirs with blazing ruby-powder

goodbye to here anywhere will do conscripts of good will our attitude will be ferocious knowing nothing about science everything about comforts the world and its ways can go hang this is the true way forward quick march

he says i do not love women love must be reinvented that is clear all they can do now is to seek security once that is achieved beauty and heart are abandoned all that remains is cold disdain the sustenance of marriage today or else i see women who bear the marks of happiness and whom i could have made into real com-panions but too late they have been devoured by brutes as sensitive as stakes”

hear the bellow

hello sodden lands of spicesserving the most monstrous industrial or military exploitation

i am a slave of the infernal bridegroom the one who has been the ruin of the foolish virgins that is the devil i mean no spectre no ghost but how can i a woman no longer reasonable damned and dead to the worldi can scarcely be killedhow can i possibly describe him to you i cannot even speak any more i am in mourn-ing i weep i am scared please lord a little fresh air if you would be so very good

i am a widow i was a widow no i assure you that i was a serious woman once and was not born to become a skeleton as for him he was scarcely more than a child his mysterious care and attention had quite charmed me i forgot all my human responsi-bilities to follow him what a life true life is somewhere else we are not in the real world i follow him wherever he goes i must and often he rants and raves at meme poor soul that i am devilyes he is a devil you know he is not a human being

i could see the whole decor in the midst of which he placed

i listen to him glorifying infamy turning cruelty into a magic charm my origins go a long way back my forebears were scandi-navian they pierced their sides drank their own bloodi shall cut my body all over tattoo myself i want to become as hideous as a mongol youll see ill go screaming down the streets i want to go quite mad with rage never show me jewels id writhe in convul-sions around the carpet i would wish my wealth to be stained with blood all over i shall never do a jot of work” many nights when the devil which possessed him possessed me we rolled together on the ground i fought with himat night often drunk somewhere in the street or in a house he jumps out on me and frightens me to deathsomeone is really going to slit my throat it will be quite sickening” oh those days when he decides he wants to walk around looking like a criminal

i was sitting

i was young christ soured my breath choked me with loathing

im gruyere

if he explained why he is so sad would i understand that any more than his mockery he attacks me he spends hours making me feel ashamed of everything which has ever aected me and then it riles him if i cry

in spring no doubt

in the interior we shall fuel the most cynical prostitution we shall massacre every revolt which makes sense

in time i shall come to know the heavenly bridegroom i was born his servantfor the present the other one can beat me

its so easy with no thought that a woman deeply in love in the frightening filth of her conscience is most prostituted in greatest pain

listen i want to tell you

long live the emperor his neighbour says nothing

nights shenanigans just man have marked your card find a roof say your prayer mouth finding sweet atonement in your sheet and if some lost soul knocks at your door say brother try elsewhere im lame”

no thats our fathers martyrdom

nothing is vanity onwards to knowledge cries the modern ecclesiastes that is everyone and yet the corpses of the wicked and the idle still fall on the hearts of others ah quickly quickly now over there the other side of darkness those future and eternal recompenses are we going to miss them

now sire you remember how we sang tra la la as our oxen worked the owners fields for them the canon paternostered in the sun fingering bright rosaries threaded with gold coins our master rode by rooty-tooting

now i am in the very depths of the world o you women my friends no not my friends never have there been ravings and torment like this too ridiculous

now ive understood since ive got two good hands a brain a hammer i wont allow any man to approach me brandishing

o heavenly bridegroom my lord do not refuse the confession of one of the most unhappy of your handmaidens i am undone i am unclean what a life

o seasons o chateaux

o the ashen face

oh all the poor unhappy people those whose backs fry in the fierce sun who struggle on

oh the airs full of the smell of battle

on summer nights

on the great day choosing her from all the catechists god will shower her with blessings like snow

once animals spewed

one day perhaps he will disappear as if by magic but i must know it if he is to go to some heaven i must be able to get at least a glimpse of my little friends assumption

our buttocks

pater famili-ass the citys fist

scum

since then weve been like men possessed the hordes of workers in the street have grown and all those dark figures of the night have gone to haunt the portals of the rich

so then let me confide this even if i have to repeat it twenty timessuch dreariness such insignificance

so then would you sell your knee-pads

sometimes in a kind of soft patois he speaks of death which brings repentance of the all-too-real existence of the wretched the harshness of certain work the heartbreak of departure in the dives where we got drunk he wept with sympathy for those around us the lowest cattle of humanity in dark streets he would help drunkards to their feet his was the pity a severe mother has for small childrenhe went full of the benevolence of a little girl learning her catechismhe pretended to know about everything com-merce art medicinei followed him what else

stupid on my stomach i weep and laugh at it the famous hope of your forgiveness

thats life

the child who picked up bullets

the dead of and

the flag moves through a disgusting landscape and our patois drowns out the drum

the just man is you and thats enough its true your serene tenderness and reason void their blow-holes in the night like whales true you get yourself banished spout threnodies to ghastly broken door-locks

the stars wept

to my bedside reading

were done for im gruyere

what do they mean to us

you dont have to be mad to work here etc and when the barmaid

you youre the eye of god coward should the cold footprints of divinity walk across my neck

youll go on being a hyena etc yells the demon who had placed on my head a crown of the most lovely poppies meet death with all your appetites your selfishness and all the deadly sins ah too much and too manybut dear satan i beg you look less annoyed and while we are waiting for the final few shabby deeds as you like in writers a total lack of descriptive or instructive ability let me oer you this handful of hideous pages torn from my

baccy juices

you see that stylish young man going into that beautiful calm house his name is duval dufour armand maurice or some such some woman has dedicated herself to loving that nasty buoon she is now dead without doubt a saint in heaven you will be the death of me as he was of her that is the destiny of us generous hearts” alas he had days when their antics made all men seem to him like puppets of grotesque deliriums he would laugh long and horribly then he would start acting again like a young mother an adored sister if he were less wild we would be saved but even his sweetness is deadly i am in his powerah i am going mad

a black e white i red u green o blue vowels

a blacksmith addressed louis xvi one day as the people pressed and thronged

a boat frail as a butterfly in may

a breath that twisted your heavy hair

a brightly buttoned bourgeois flemish gut

a calmer cruder shame was when

a cherub falters black as pitch hes overdosed on liquorice

a cleaned-up paris where gold and snow-white ns

a clutch of antique noses lies drying

a door opened onto evening up

a door slammed shut and on the village square the child whirled his arms recognized by weathervanes and steeplecocks everywhere under the brilliant sudden shower

a fat baby

a fly on a rose

a full week id been on the road feet

a fussy deep-ridged beer-mug in my hand

a great fire used to crackle brightly in the grate

a great mad skeleton frenzied wild

a gully of green a laughing river where silver tatters snag

a hare stopped among the clover and the moving flower-bells and said its prayer to the rainbow through the spiders web

a helmet rises like a black sun centre

a helping of some belgian dish

a helpless tremble under my lips she threw her fine head back ah yes thats nicer still

a horse charges o on the suburban race-course away through the fields and woodlands riddled with carbonic plague a sorry woman out of some drama somewhere in the world sighs for improbable surrenders to love the desperadoes long for storms drunkenness and wounds little children along river-banks utter curses under their breath

a host of subjects white sugars

a huge distance above my subterranean sitting-room houses plant themselves down mists assemble the mud is red or black monstrous city night without end

a kiss rising to the seas eyes slowly

a little kiss brief as a startled spider

a long wooden pier from one end to the other of a rock-strewn field where the crowd of barbarians moves about beneath the bare trees

a million men on smoking heaps

a mother dreams of wools warmth

a pile of bloody dirty shite

a prayer in their eyes but never in their souls

a prince was vexed that he had only ever spent his time perfecting acts of banal generosity he envisaged astounding revolutions in love and suspected his wives of being able to do better than their usual accommodations enhanced by heaven and luxury he wanted to see the truth the hour of essential desire and gratification whether or not this was an aberration of piety he wanted at least he had sucient human power

a quiver of flesh

a salient whipped by whirlpool-light

a scarcely human shiver which wont go im dying

a senseless and infinite impetus towards invisible splendours

a shadow squats detailed against a backdrop of pink snow like a hollyhock

a single piece of seabird shit

a single tear dripping from a candle what i said i meant

a spent hunting-horn

a splash of populace

a start when some people

a startled faun shows two eyes

a storm burst and cleared the sky by evening wood-water vanished on virgin sands

a sweetness of skies butters your stamens

a thousand bereavements

a thousand years or more her sweet song of madness has charmed the evening air

a touching and wonderful openness as found

a weapon and say you out into my fields now” or come and snatch away my boy to hell with your wars

a winner but the place where clapped-out

a young soldier mouth open head bare

a black fur-clad brilliant flies clustering round every cruel stench

A r

a r

a rimbaud

able both of us to sob what we cant say

abodes

about the great desert rapturous

above all free laughing spirit at me your lover

above ditches over holes

accompaniedlike so many elephant-minders

acrid love has pumped me with drugged torpor let my keel burst let me go to the sea

active as furnaces

adonai among latin endings green-mottled skies bathe crimson brows stained with pure blood from heavenly breasts great snowy whiteness drapes the suns

advancing tools weapons time

after the bending rosebush branches

after the flood

after the six dark days god makes them suer

after the time of the woodcutter womens tunes sung to the sound of the torrent beneath the ruin of the wood of the bells of the cattle in the valleys echo and of the cries from the steppes

after this vaguely hygienic diversion i stretched out on a straw mattress and almost every night as soon as sleep had come the poor brother got up his mouth stinking his eyes mere socketsjust as he saw himself in his dreamsand dragged me into the room howling his dream of idiot pain

afterwards cider or milk

afterwards moonlight across the open plain

against dark walls stamp and stamp their twisted feet

against snow a tall being of beauty hisses of death and circles of muted music make this worshipped body rise expand and tremble like a ghost black and scarlet wounds burst in superb flesh the colours clearly those of life grow dark dance stand out against the vision taking shape and the shudders rise and rumble and the frenzied flavour of these eects as they accept deadly hisses and raucous music which the world far behind us hurls at our mother of beautyshe moves back makes herself tall oh our bones now wear a new and loving body

against the grating sing-

ah ive finished with wanting

ah my lungs burn my head throbs night rolls in my eyes

ah roll on the day

ah that life of my childhood the high road in all weathers super-naturally sober more indierent than the best of beggars proud to have neither country nor friends what stupidity it all wasand ive only just seen it

ah there is more i am dancing at a witches sabbath in a red clearing with ancient women and children

ah

ah dreaming is shameful

ah new years day what a splendid morning

ah sometimes sacred hands round your wrists hands brushed by our ever-drunken trembling lips a chain of brilliant links cries out

ah the powder shaken by a wing from willows

ah to return to life cast eyes on our deformities and that poi-son that kiss damned a thousand times my weakness the cruelty of the world mercy my god hide me i cannot look out for myselfi am hidden and not hidden

aims

al godillot gambier

albert mérat

alchemy of the word

alcide bava

all around jumbled furniture sleeps stupid

all became dark and burning aquarium in the morninga quar-relsome june dawni ran into the fields an ass trumpeting and brandishing my grievance until the sabine women from the suburbs arrived and threw themselves on my breast

all day he sweated obedience such

all decent instincts come from the powerless people

all moons are atrocious all suns bitter

all suering and fear

all that is finished today i have learned to wave my hand at beauty

all that is unnatural violates the atrocious gestures of hortense her solitude is erotic mechanics her weariness loves dynamic under a childhoods supervision she has been in several eras the ardent hygiene of the races her door is open to destitution there the morality of present beings is disembodied in her passion or her actiono terrible trembling of novice loves on the blood-soaked ground and in the milky hydrogen work out who is hortense

all the women he had known were done to death what havoc in the garden of beauty as the blade fell they blessed him he summoned no further womenwomen reappeared

all-out war vengeance terror

already shirt-sleeved carpenters

already work

altar-cloths incense great gold chalices

always angelic

always seeking frightful designs of sunflowers or blue lotuses pink printed cards holy scenes

always thirsting for splendour and calm abandoned by the two unyielding sisters whimpering softly for knowledge its embrace of life he oers full-blown nature his bloodstained brow

am i deceived could charity be for me the sister of death ah well i shall seek forgiveness for a life of lies onwards but no helping hand and where to search for help

amid the most astonishing atmospheric activity standing apart on the ark two young people past savagery pardoned perhaps and sing and take up their stations

among old workmens songs coming from canteens

among outlandish lights

among the catechists whove gathered

among the general bustle the big faded hats

among the lime-trees bright branches

an african fairy puts mulberry

an echo of swirling dances

an enemy caught his sainted ear

an old servant-woman has taken charge

an old woman by the dying fire spinning

an overcast morning in july a taste of ashes wafts through the airthe smell of smoke seeping in the hearthwell-soaked flowersthe wrecked walksthe drizzle of canals across the fieldsindeed why not toys and incense now

and dont you agree warms the heart

and a million waves

and all dribble their stupid pleading faith their non-stop supplication to jesus

and bites the red flowers with white teeth

and burning day

and call you into his soul his ailing limbs you mysterious death you sister of charity

and chemical invention

and chickweed

and crowned him with the red of revolution

and darkwood chests

and dawn exalted like a host of doves

and die more easily

and distances tumbling into nothing

and dribbles shadows fill houses and yards

and drift towards the stone-dressed pavilion

and everything grows everything rises

and fail to get them drunk

and field after field of wheat bursting with grain soon to fill the shelves with bread

and finally when you are hungry or thirsty there is someone who chases you o

and finding you wonderfully naive

and flows into the kedron

and from dawn to dusk ripe goitres

and great backs

and her eyes and her dancing still superior to the precious bursts of light to the eects of the cold to the pleasure of the unique scene and moment

and how it enfolds plump with sap and sunlight

and i go too hunting down your spies

and id like to wash down your milky sides

and im brie etc

and icy fingers crawl across your open love

and if once more i am

and if faced by our shrieking vengeance

and in the evening well take

and in the great courtyard in the palace rooms where paris panted and yelled

and in the old house all is flushed with warmth

and indeed monarchs they were for a whole morning during which crimson hangings were raised up the house façades and for the entire afternoon of their progress towards the gardens of palms

and its your family

and its your family etc

and keep out of sight

and knew my haulers had let go the ropes

and large trees blatantly

and let us think of me all this scarcely makes me regret the world i am lucky not to suer more my life was only sweet mad-ness and that is a shame

and liana play in this enclosure

and like a clown who must go on

and like a rocky mountain cat must make every place stink but when he dies dear god let at least some prayers be said

and may this misfortune live free

and my brutal desires sink hooks into their lips

and my heart and flesh which your flesh has known crawl with the putrid kiss of christ

and my hunger all my thirst

and nailed them nude to technicolour posts

and nets of cobwebs in corners

and night comes black pirate on a sky of gold

and not one sole eleison

and now im sick i want to be laid out among the dead refreshed by waters of night

and now you lie there a remnant of wild

and now its right we should bolt the door

and pulverized them into scorching winds

and puts happy dreams into heavy sleep

and rave in a pool of ceiling light

and returns to oer man

and rhyming verse among the phantom shadows

and rosemary wild

and run enchanting slender awful

and saw summer in a splendid head

and savage in her cotton frock jumped

and see this the clock of life stopped a while ago i am no longer of the worldtheology means it hell is certainly down belowand heaven is aboveecstasy nightmare sleep in a nest of flames

and send us whipped across the choppy waters and the spilled drinks to roll on the bulldogs bark

and shall i see the yellow wood the lit-up valley the blue-eyed bride the red-faced man gaul

and so i went hands thrust in torn pockets

and so victim both and little bride

and soupy juices

and spring has brought me the idiots hideous laugh

and stay without much thought

and still i am here alive could damnation be eternal a man who wants to mutilate himself is truly damned no i think i am in hell therefore i am that is the catechism in action i am the slave of my baptism parents you have caused my unhappiness and your own poor innocenthell cannot touch the heathenstill i am alive later the delights of damnation will get deeper quick a crime so that i may plunge into nothingness according to human law

and strong hearts thumping like

and suddenly sings

and sweeping forest pines lean

and talking as sweetly as cretins and if catching him in flagrante

and telegraph-poles like singing

and terrible infinity lit your wild blue eyes

and the air fills with distant snatches of a dance

and the baker with his jowly smile

and the buttons on their clothes are wild beasts eyes

and the chairs are good to them brown-seated

and the crickets

and the dream grows cold

and the fat cats lying through long days of abject sloth will hear boughs break among disturbances coloured red

and the fragrance of the vine the smell of beer

and the heroism of discovery

and the idol where you set virginity up

and the just man stood there in the blue

and the litany blooms with choice phrases insistent mysticities

and the mother shutting his homework

and the new year dragging mist

and the old boys nose lit up like lacquer

and the ox have reined in their passions no one will dare run a flag up his genital pole

and the room is freezing round the beds mourning clothes lie scattered on the floor the fierce winter wind moaning at the door blows dismal breath into the house theres a sense somethings missing

and the white paschal lamb at their worshipped feet michael and christineand christthe idylls end

and the whole thing stirs proering hindquarters hideously jewelled with an ulcer on the anus

and their old age that their life-span must be many times shorter than certain wild statistics show about the people of the continent and so i see from my window new spectres rolling through the thick eternal coal-smokeour woodland shade our summer nightnew erinyes in front of the cottage which is my country and all my heart as everything here looks like thisdry-eyed death our busy daughter and servant a desperate love and a nice crime whimpering in the muck of the street

and their vague eyes look around

and then

and then a voice

and then i explained my magic sophisms by turning words into hallucinations

and then ive seen what men believe theyve seen

and then my mother

and then their shirt-tails wave in the winter wind

and then theyll confront the wily rat

and then you see startled by a bullfinch

and thenallow me to address the lord why the slow puberty the curse

and there the flames rise up again with the damned soul

and unhealthy thirsting

and warm floral waistcoats old dress-coats

and was gone and in sacred woods in the horror of great trees dark majestic marble

and washed me clean of vomit and cheap wine

and wasted every eort

and we cradle you grave and charming passion

and we recall him and he travels on and if adoration moves o rings his promise rings away with these superstitions these erst-while bodies this home-making these ages these are the times that have gone under

and wed work all day long with pride

and well take the time it takes to find that creature which loves to travel

and vengeance none at all but yes

and when hes fledlike a squirrel

and when we arrived outside that hell-hole

and when wed turned the land neatly into rows put some of our flesh into

and when you leave their gaze oozes black poison

and when you see him sound the whole horizon throw o old chains free of all fear

and when youre laid low just a gutful of moans dead meat crying out for cash frantic

and when youre stretched out in the valley you feel

and when on the stroke of midnight

and whereas the strip at the top of the picture is formed by the spinning leaping whisper of conches and human nights

and while cypris goes by strangely beautiful bending splendid curves proudly

and while in the soft recesses

and who wakes when mothers huddled in the black of grief tie a small coin in their handkerchief and give it him

and wild woodland violets

and womens clothing tired lace

and yellow as a piece of fruit

and yet today i think i have completed the account of my hell it was hell indeed the ancient one whose gates were opened by the son of man

and you listen to them bump their baldness

and you sweat sucked into an awful vortex

and accompanied by the grave belching of buoons

and as i watched them splash happy as sandboys ive noted the eect of our arses geometry

and born in heaven hell scan the great skies

and down a pale ray of light sends him a kiss

and goddess of huge eyes triumphant dark

and like a cowering dog took without complaint

and like love stolen from her stupid sisters exhausted her hands crossed over her heart she counts angels gleaming virgins jesuses see her soul has calmly drunk the lord

and noses scavenging old prayer-books the blind guided into courtyards by a dog

and seated on roadsides i heard them

and sensing the lasso still round his neck

andterrible gentlestrides towards the sky

angels revellingno the current of flowing gold moves its dark heavy cool arms of grass it sinks with the blue sky as canopy it calls down the curtain of the hills and archs shadow

anguish

anne anne my hunger

anne anne my hunger

antique

anyway man is like the proudest mammals

aphrodite of the lovely buttocks and little eros

aprilaugust

arcs and curves enormous heaving no disasters

ard is too they dead-head heliotropes

are at their work

are choosing me from among the castaways arent those who remain my friends

are heady with wax from a sun-drenched floor

are insects laying eggs

are lost in the air

are nothings next to the tari soldiers who hack at azure frontiers with great axes

are ready for picking

are rinsed red by the storm

are scorched by a sun blind-drunk on tar

are these the hands of juana

are too simple my pointless pains

arm on gigantic hammer drunk

armand silvestre

around her jostling water-lilies sigh

arrows him a migraine so he cant see straight

as a child certain skies sharpened the way i saw every character very subtly changed my features phenomena were movednow the unending inflection of moments and the infinity of mathematics send me scurrying through this world where i endure every civil success respected by strange childhood and by vast aectioni dream of a war of justice or of might of logic quite unforeseen

as a convict marching to his death

as a row of bottle-corks

as for settled happiness domestic or otherwise no i simply cannot i am too dissipated too weak work makes life blossom an old truth me though my life lacks solidity it flits and floats way up above action that focus the world holds so dear

as if a fairy had flitted through

as if mahoganies

as soon as the idea of the flood had subsided

as sugar lodged in rotting teeth

as the blade hasnt done its work

as the vampires of night couldnt darken

as youre delving into womans belly

as silent beneath azure portals laying out comets and the universes

asleep in the valley

astride their slow pale horses

at bluebeards blood flowedin abattoirsin circuses where the seal of god blanched the windows blood and milk flowed

at certain points on the copper footbridges the platforms the stairs which run round the covered markets and the pillars i thought i could judge the depth of the city this is the prodigy i was not able to pin down how far below or above the acropolis are the other districts for the stranger of our time reconnaissance is impossible the commercial district is a circus done in a single style with arched galleries no shops to be seen but the snow on the streets has been trampled a handful of nabobs as rare as a sunday-morning stroller in london make their way towards a car-riage of diamonds a few divans of red velvet polar drinks are served whose prices go from eight hundred to eight thousand rupees i consider searching out some theatres in this circus but tell myself that the shops themselves must house some decidedly murky dramas i think there exists a police force but the laws must be so strange that i give up trying to imagine what the citys shady characters are like

at country fairs

at laughing latin girls and blushing

at least our death will wash them clean

at the far end

at the forest edgedream flowers tinkle splinter flarethe orange-lip girl knees crossed in the clear flood welling from the meadows nakedness shaded traversed and costumed by the rain-bows flora sea

at the green inn five pm

at the moon nestling in the skys green cotton-wool despite the curfew the tricky hour and as

at the open window the man shows all this

at the top of the road by a laurel grove her veils gathered i

at the whiteness of their necks the wisps the curls beneath bodices and flimsy frocks i trace

at the wild rose tangling

at times i flew on ineable winds

autumn this soon but why hanker after an eternal sun if our quest is divine light far away from those who die with the seasons

autumn our boat high in the still mists turns towards the har-bour of poverty the huge city its filth-stained fire-streaked sky ah the rotted rags the rain-soaked bread the drunkenness the thou-sand loves that crucified me will she never have done this queen of the night monarch of a million dead who will now be judged i see once more my filthy pestilential skin my hair and armpits rank with worms and bigger worms still in my heart me stretched out among ageless unknown people who feel nothing i could have died there

away from the centre it is as elegant as a fine parisian street and graced by an air of light the democratic element numbers about one hundred souls here again the houses are not arranged in rows the last part of the city dissolves strangely into the countryside the county which fills the unending west with the forests and colossal plantations where savage gentlefolk hunt down its newspaper columns by man-made light

b s roses come down like snow

back to our studies to the noise of the consuming work which gathers and swells again among the masses

bad blood

bad and frozen to the bone

bah why not pull every conceivable face

banners of may

barbaric

bare feet hardly touching the ground

be the cry of duty

be wild you mad and gaunt comedians

beads of love down their spines notch by notch

beavers built in bars and cafés fierce coees steamed

because great norway mountain winds moaned their message of harsh freedom

because he was strong man was pure and gentle

before she left the room calling out forgive me she hadnt thought it might get cold next morning hadnt closed the door against the winter wind

before this stretch of splendour where we should feel the breath of the city in bloom

being beauteous

belmontet

beneath skirts now stop it

beneath the curtains movement the children

beneath the holey lunar light

beneath the long white curtain stirring slightly

beneath the skymy muse my liegei went oh my what dreams of splendid loves i had

beneath the undeceiving sun

beneath this sunlight my heart my limbs

beneath walls which some maid defended

bent down towards the lights

bent on quiet open-nostril thought

beside a friendly heating-duct

beside that man

bethesda the five porches of its pool was a place of troubles it was like a sinister wash-house rotting and forever rain-rinsed and the beggars stirred on the inner steps bleached by those storm-flashes which announced the lightning of hell and made jokes about their blind blue eyes and the white or blue bindings round their stumps o military laundry o bath-house of the people the water was always filthy and no invalid fell in even in their dreams

better to guard against the lawthe hard life moronic with exhaustionto lift the con-lid with a scrawny hand sit down inside and suocate in this way no old age nor dangers run terror is not known to the french

between the rose-bay and the busy laurel

between your round breasts

birds from mystery plays alight on a stone pontoon moved by the archipelago teeming with boatloads of spectators

bizarre dream of asias

bizarre flowers of old salons

black against the snow and fog

black dog brown shepherd in smothering cloak flee from the vault of lightning

black herald funeral bird

black organ-pipes their uncaged ribs

blackberry tangles and dog-rose

blackcurrant river

blackens my veins

blasted awful words at him ripped

blaze and foam music twisting gulfs collision of icicles and stars

blazing coals raining squalls of frostsweetnessthe fires in the winds rain of diamonds thrown out by the earths entrails eternally burnt for us to cinderso world

blindbut who knows policemen your own spa cure at homeact like christians

blond flock when the sulphur darkness billows in try to huddle down in better shelters

blood

blubber-lip by belly he feels his thighs slip firewards

blue-yellow wakefulness of phosphorsongs

bluish roofs and whitened doorways as youd see on lateish sundays

board up dead palaces cosset them in wood

body galvanized for colossal pains

boiled liquid spills down the rust

boo

bottom

bottom poor private soldiers napping

boulevard without movement or commerce soundless all drama all comedy

bourgeois weve seen what you treat us to

braying donkeys showed that long red tube of blood

bread sown in grey valleys

breathing full air

breeches scorch pipe go out

bright buds

bring the workers eau-de-vie

brother milotus one eye on the skylight

brought strange sounds to your absent thoughts your heart heard natures song

bruised all over by her heels and fists he took her taste back into his room

brussels boulevard du regent

brutalities suered in the past

brute

bugle laughter scything

burst your young breast too soft too human

but always its the same story

but ardent full

but dark alchemy saintly study

but here its a cold unfeathered nest of shivering children unsleeping scared a nest frozen by cruel winds

but how its changed this home from another age

but i see that my mind sleeps

but lively spring songs

but me i want nothing nothing

but me lord now my spirit flies once the skies have frozen red beneath celestial clouds scudding and racing across so many solognes long as a railway

but neither renan nor tomcat murr has seen the huge blue thyrsuses

but no nothing

but no i believe that so long

but now the virgins just the virgin of the book

but on the vast site stretching up

but orgies and the company of women were forbidden me not even a companion i saw myself before an ugly mob facing a firing squad weeping miserably because they had not understood and

but soft as a prayer

but still they stay

but the hedge spider

but the vampire who makes us behave correctly commands

but their guardian angel wipes their tears

but this prince passed away in his palace at a normal age the prince was the genie the genie was the prince

but through the leaves the sun wakes up

but you will apply yourself to this task all harmonic and archi-tectural possibilities will move about your seat perfect unforeseen beings will oer themselves for your experiments around you there will gather dreamily the curiosity of ancient crowds and of idle lux-uries your memory and your senses will be no more than the nour-ishment of your creative impetus and the world when you move

but ive finished with wanting its taken my life over

but who what has made my tongue so treacherous that it has been able up to now to guide and guard my indolence without using even my body to make a living lazier than a toad i have lived everywhere not a single family in europe i dont knowby that i mean families like mine who owe everything to the declaration of the rights of man i have known each young man of good family

but like a fisher for gold a seeker of shells

but more than water-lilies more than all confections queen of sion your pardon is pure ice

but over by a boundary-stone

but respected sir the truth is arts no more a matter of hexameter boas constricting fantastic eucalyptuses

but vanish where the unleashed cloud dissolves

but you saints of heaven high in the oak

butwomen heap of innards sweet softness youre never the sister of charity never

by a freak in black wearing rotted shoes

by dark formations of speeding sea-horse

by females in flounces flapping like billboards

by lascivious tigers and scarlet panthers turns sombre mosses red along blue rivers

by making all your fingers bleed

by phoebe you can see

by the acacias

by the floating wood

by the gilded drums and red cannons

by the mothers bed in a lovely rinse of rosy light there on the great carpet something shines splendidly

cabbage skies

caesars rage

calculations set to one side the inevitable descent from the sky the visit paid by memories and the seance of rhythms take over the house the head and the world of the mind

calm houses old passions

calm in their deserts of moss

can be seen rolling like a dyke beyond the roads hydraulic motive power

can it be that she might forgive my continually ruined ambitions that a comfortable end might compensate the ages of povertythat one days success might lull us into forgetting the shame of our fatal incompetence

candle in hand she went down to the courtyard

cap

caressing tides the childs need to cry

carriages trundled through the narrow streets movement sig-nificant enough for this town everything that evening seemed just too content

carved his latin nickname meagre as prose

cassagnac and co have dug you up again

cast spells instead on the blue of their window

centre the emperor apotheosis

chap

charleroi october

chest in his right side two red holes

chesty bourgeois stifling in thursday-evening

child of labour note wellmy full-thighed mother with huge hips making tucks in her clothes caused me fevers one keeps quiet about

child that so stupid creature

childhood

chilled butter soft pink ham and a slice

christ eternal thief of energy

circle away to the east

circulation of undiscovered saps

cities i

cities ii

cities open landwell be crushed

citing new laws they finger certain nymphs they strong-arm fausts and diavolos

citizens what fell the day we stormed that tower was a dark past choked to death

city

city elect your work comes to the boil death rumbles gather stridencies into your great trumpet

city which a sombre past might bless

clack and clatter in acts of hideous love

clear water salty as childhood tears

closed brown chintz drapery

closer come closer

coach ›

cold sweat raised his huge hand proud with grime

cold winds blast your nests

collapse of water in the midst of calm

colonnades under blue night railway stations

come here across my lap

come the wines are heading for the sea

comedy of thirst

comes down into the street oh you desolate drinkers

conclusion

confederate and watches as in the st cloud

cool dark

copiously streams

covered in snow-showers of roses

covered in the cold sweat

cow-eyes stopped their tears we ground on

crash from twisted trees reeking with blackness

crawling around sticking its snout

crimes and bereavements the world your fortune and your peril but now that toil rewarded you your calculations

crimson reflections leapt from the flames danced over polished furniture

crowds of the crazed those epileptics neatly ignored in the street yesterday

crows

crows on cracked heads perching plumes

cunning

curious close hard by

curled shivering in the sunlight which slaps yellows

cut out his stomach abandon

cybele great mother of gods and men

damned cherub

dancing and the voices which are only now esteemed

dark and distant on the edge of her chair ghastly profile

dark clothes no longer strew the ground

dark clutter of rags bloody with liberty caps

dark hands which summer tanned

dark misfortune

dark tics showed a sharp hypocrisy

dark with dreadful revolt

dawn

dawn squirts you full of its detergent love

days of childhoodthe body a treasure to wasteoh loving the peril or the strength of psyche the earth had slopes rich in princes and artists and lineage and race drove us to

days smoke drift from his cigar in thin blue clouds

de profundis domine can i be so stupid

decencies shall be exiled so that we may introduce our love of utmost purity it began in some disgust and it finishedunable as we are to seize this eternity here and nowit finished in a riot of scents

deep down among soft hazel-trees

defiles of darkness e blank spread of mists and tents proud glacier spears white kings sigh of umbel

delightful railway station

delirium of harmonica sigh on slow

demented prince sat with you saying nothing

democracy

departure

despite pure night

despite your showers of flames

destined one day for some noble study

devotions

dierent drapes from those you get on thrones and cribs besides his refined features werent made to go

diary of damnation

did i not once have a pleasant childhood heroic and fabulous to be written on leaves of goldtoo much to ask what crime what error has led me to my present weakness you who claim that beasts can weep with grief the sick abandon hope the dead have bad dreams try to tell the story of my fall and my sleeping for my part i can no more explain myself than can a beggar with his endless pater nosters and ave marias i no longer know how to speak

did their worstour bewildered

did they drink barbaric skies

did they swim among moons

did they turn a creamy chocolate

did they winnow golden flowers

die mostly by the world

dinn dinn dinn dinn i eat air

disperse regroup

divine backs starting with shoulders heading south

do i understand nature yet do i know myselfno more words i bury the dead in my stomach shouts drums dance dance dance dance i cannot even envisage the time when as the white men disembark i shall plummet into nothingness

do we say prayers

do you sleep banished in the pit of night

does she dance in the first blue hours will she perish like dead flowers

doesnt it warm the heart to see in june great carts of hay enter storage-barns or smell things growing

dolls that gulped the coloured milk

dont make them rise instant shipwreck

dont speak of springtime pampas

donkeys try to slip

dorados golden fish and fish that sing

down in the woods that stink of factories

down the path

down there because well women are weak

down yellow rivers

dr venettis treatise on conjugal love

dream

dreaming of the pale young man plunged in her waves love sighed in the night

dreaming ill feel the cool on my feet

dresser of bygone days youve seen some things and could tell a tale or two which begin whenever your great dark doors slowly open

dribbling golden pomade

drink it down for the queen of the tumbling arse

drink what from those yellow gourds far from

drink when wild intense light streams down

drowned men descended backwards into sleep

drunk

drunk on the blood

drunken boat

drunken coachman

dung with every step

dungeons inspected substantial parks on these banks you hear

each one has dreamt of gifts to come

early saints

easy round

easy round

eat the stones that they break

eats only violets

eats up her lovely body you manic priests

ebbs and flows and flows and ebbs

elegant beasts moved about the clouds were gathering over the high sea an eternity of warm tears

emanations explosions a genie

embers of silk

endless collection of scenes

enfolded her and got some sense of her enormous body in the depths of the wood dawn and the child fell

enjoys a smoke his filthy pipe spilling

enough had distant sounds of cities in the evening and in the sun and always

enough known lifes injunctions o sounds and visions departure in new aection and new noise

enough seen the vision has been met in every air

enough this is the punishmentforward march

equally to all denominations in whatever place of memorial wor-ship and among whatever events it might be necessary to witness depending on the aspirations of the moment or our own major vice this evening to circeto of the heights of ice fat as fish and illuminated like the ten months of the red nighther heart amber and spunk for my only prayer silent as these regions of night and

escaping from her tight pink other lips

especially give an account

essential tears wash green

eternal soul

eternal spinner of blue stillnesses

eternal sprites

eternity

eternity

eternity the sea lost

europe asia america disappear

even a kléber whose pants perhaps flattered

even malicious water-sprites

evening prayers

evenings headiness

evenings in saliva circles

every hundred years these barns are spruced up with a mix of blue water and sour milk

every morning schismatic

every order and still the north wind across the wreck

everything rolls with the sickening mysteries of olden-day lands

everywhere in paris rising up

evil

evil at work beneath the august smile

exalt us upwards towards candours

exalted men made great by suering

ex-belmontet

excrement and blood smeared their glans

exiles

exotic harvest-times

explodes

eyes bright the same as special days

eyes rubbed joyful expectation

f c

f coppée

face turned towards the loved ones glory

facing the worlds ugliness

faint whispering of two little ones

fainting almost

fairy

fanning his amorous eagerness inside

far from birds and flocks and village girls

far from birds flocks from village girls

far from bright headland

far from the smell of meat and mouldy cloths the dark ugly grovellings of this puppet-show

farce without end my innocence is enough to make me cry life is the farce we all of us must act out

farewell

far-o noise vague happy murmur

father have back

fauns head

fecundity of mind vastness of the universe

feel how things open

feels his close-cropped scalp prickle and yells

feet among the flags he sleeps smiling how a sick child might he takes a nap

female buttocks like to wear the benches smooth

festivals of hunger

festivals of patience

fete galante

field of bran

fiercer than alcohol vaster than lyres

filaments like streaks of milk have wept in cruel winds

fill the sea of sorrento

filled with slow breathing

filling out the air like ghostly sails

filth is funnelled

finally i came to consider my minds disorder as sacred i was idle prey to oppressive fever i envied the happiness of beasts caterpillars who represent the innocence of limbo moles the sleep of virginity

finally o reason and happiness i excised from the sky the blue which is blackness and lived as a golden spangle of natural light full of joy i put on the wildest most clownish expression

find cotton-down thistles

find flowers that could be chairs

find at the sleeping woods edge

fingers through his hair weighted with dew

fire fire at me go on or ill surrendercowardsi shall kill myself i shall throw myself under the horses hooves

firmer and often pale our arses have

first comes a shiver a better one bed helps

first communions

first delirium

first night

first i made a study i wrote down silences nights i noted the ineable i nailed vertigo

five children kneelingsad sight

flattening his balloon-bum on a bench

flee on your donkey

flee bright flood heres the shadow of the roads in the willows in the old courtyard

flesh marble flower venus its you i believe in

flies smelling sweetly of stables and inns

flit among currant-bushes

floating island where the brawls and guano

flocks of birds o iaio iaio

floridas in place of every norway

flower nor the other not the yellow one bothering me there nor the blue friend to the ash-coloured water

flowerbeds of amaranth as far as the pleasant palace of jupiter

flowers

flowers blossom under drowsy kisses suddenly the exquisite tapestry is pierced

flowers like slobbering snouts

flowers that could be famous stones

fluttering a tiny scrap of life

fly where you can

fly where you can

foam down from summits

foaming among big-bowled pipes

foam-sprays of flowers cradled my drifting

for a fathers frighteningand the things

for a long time i had boasted that i held every possible scene in my hands and i thought laughable the great figures of modern paint-ing and poetry

for a thousand years or more sad white phantom ophelia has moved down the long black river

for having loved

for helen the ornamental saps conspired in the virgin shades and the impassive brightness in the silence of stars the summer heat was entrusted to mute birds and the required indolence to a funeral barge beyond price in among bays of dead loves and faded perfumes

for helens childhood the furs and shadows shiveredand the breast of the poor and the legends of the sky

for her virginities future present she bites the cold of your remission

for i can say that victory is mine grinding teeth hissing fire pestilential sighs are on the wane all vile memories dissolve my last regrets make themselves scarce let beggars brigands those in love with death the retarded of every kind squabble over themand they would know damnation should i take revenge

for mans had his day played all his roles

for night impalpable virgin mother bathing every young emotion in grey silences

for peas in april

for sale anarchy for the masses irrepressible satisfaction for true connoisseurs atrocious death for the faithful and for lovers

for sale applications of calculus and harmonic ranges never heard before unsuspected finds and terms immediate possession

for sale dwelling-places and migrations sports perfect magic perfect comforts and the noise the movement and the future they create

for sale the bodies the voices the huge unquestionable opu-lence what will never be sold the vendors still have goods to clear travellers will not have to settle up just yet

for sale the priceless bodies belonging to no race no world no sex no lineage riches gushing forth at every step unrestricted sale of diamonds

for sale what the jews have not sold what neither nobility nor crime has tasted what cursed love and the damnable integrity of the masses do not know what neither time nor knowledge needs to recognize

for since they have dispersedoh the precious stones burying themselves and the opened flowersall excitement has gone and the queen the witch who lights her charcoal fire in the earthen pot will never deign to tell us what she knows and we do not

for some reason she thinks theres bread in the tuileries the bakers shops wont let us in

for the emperors drunk on two decades of excess hed told himself ill snu out freedom

for the fishermaid and the corsairs song and because since the last masks still wanted midnight carnivals on pure seas

for the young in his fastness when prayers are done

for these charming workers

for those deep in the wood

for today

for whole months on end i followed the swell charging the reefs like hysterical beasts not thinking that luminous maryfeet could force a muzzle onto breathy seas

for young girls at their first communion

for your souls your bodies your poisons your rags shell throw you o you foul-tempered wrecks

for from the talk among the machinerythe blood the flowers the fire the jewels

forests flesh-flowers in star-studded woods

forget any promise

forgive me father

forgiven

forgiving themlike joan of arcpriests teachers masters you are making a mistake in delivering me up to justice i have never been one of you i have never been a christian i belong to the race which sang on the scaold i understand nothing of laws i have no moral sense i am an animal you are making a mistake

fork quantities of ham into mouths

forms the gods their brow the bullfinch-nest

found againwhat

found again what

four am in summertime

four am in summertime

four-year-old orphans a smiling memory

fragment of a verse epistle on napoleon iii

fragrant madder-wort for us

françois coppée

frank laughter which said yes

free smoking got up in violet spume

fried eggs piled in old hats lilies asokas lilacs roses

friends

friends desert you youre out of fashion

friendship lives o the brother

from a golden tieramong the silk ropes grey gauzes green vel-vets and crystal discs darkening like bronze in the suni see fox-gloves open on a carpet of silver filigree eyes and hair

from an ancient bathtub emerges

from every branch green drops

from faubourgs and smart districts the priests spotted this little unknown girl with sad eyes under sallow brow her parents might be quiet janitors

from her nose and feeling chaste and full of feebleness and to savour in god her love returning

from his meal of fowl

from my ancestors the gauls i have inherited pale blue eyes a narrow skull and clumsiness in fighting i consider my apparel as barbaric as theirs but i dont rub butter into my hair

from peoples praise

from that time on i bathed in the poem of the sea lactescent and steeped in stars devouring green azures where a drowned man like bleached flotsam sometimes sinks in a trance

from the agitated reckonings on these fugitive boards

from the bitumen desert flee in headlong disarray with sheets of fog spread out in ghastly layers in the curving receding falling sky formed by the most sinister black smoke which the grieving ocean can produce the helmets the wheels the boats the rumps battle

from the indigo straits to ossians seas on the orange-pink sand which the wine-sky has washed crystal boulevards have just risen and met settled straightaway by poor young families who get their food from the fruiterers no riches herethe city

from the prison of earth to the beauty of day woman no longer knows how to be a courtesan even a farce and the whole world laughs at the sweet sacred name of great venus

from the sky the wind pelted ponds with ice

from them i have inherited idolatry and love of sacrilegeoh all the vices anger lustsplendid magnificent lustabove all lying and indolence

from then on the moon heard jackals howling across the deserts of thymeand eclogues in their wooden shoes grumbling in the orchard then in the violet budding grove eucharis told me it was spring

from your religious bits of prose

fugitive light play

full of heavy ochre skies and drowned

full of stale steam

full of tears i saw goldand could not drink

full-cock

galopeau volf-pleyel

game on the run seeing night

gather bright poisons

gather him close nature rock him hes cold

generously unforgiving

genie

genie im brie

genieim roquefort

gentle believer heart cupped in chalices majesty virtues love blindness

gigantically beautiful said to ride

gill mendes manuel

girl

giving up on the cretinous crowd ill be able

glaciers silver suns pearl seas firecoal skies

glinting round the base of slender chestnut-trees

go do your tricks

go in greetings good wishes

go on well stop old fires relighting

god sent a wind to cast ice over ponds

god who for two thousand years made suering women worship your pallor face to the ground

goes down the left bank with his heavy omnibus

goitre-studded ovaries

golden age

golden dawn and trembling dusk find our brig lying o the coast opposite that villa and its outbuildings a promontory as long as epirus and the peloponnese or the great island of japan or arabia shrines lit up by returning processions huge views of modern coastal defences dunes coloured by incandescent flowers and bac-chanals great carthaginian canals embankments of a shifty venice feeble eruptions of etnas crevasses of flowers and glacier water wash-houses ringed with german poplars slopes of strange parks where trees of japan hang their heads the curving frontage of royals and grands in scarborough and brooklyn their railways run beside and under and over the planes and surfaces of this hotel chosen from the history of the most elegant most colossal buildings of italy america asia its windows and terraces bathed now in precious lights drinks sweet air are open to the spirit of the travel-lers and the nobilityand they permit in daylight hours every tarantella of the coasts and even the ritornelli of arts illustrious valleys to cover in splendour the façades of the palace promontory

gold-wrapped sweets spangled jewels

good for airborne monkeys

good for you cheery dancers rid of those stomachs swing your hips this platform can take it

good pilgrims lets find

good voice of angels

good shed received the blue lookwhich lies

graceful son of pan around your head crowned with little flowers and berries your eyes precious spheres move stained with brown dregs your cheeks grow hollow your fangs gleam your chest is like a cithara a trickle of notes runs round your blond arms your heart beats in that belly where the double sex lies still walk at night gently moving that thigh that second thigh and that left leg

grandmas glasses and

grandmas headscarves printed with grins

great bosom lifting with breath

green bench where to a guitar the white irish girl sings to the paradise of storms

green nights i dreamed bedazzlements of snow

green water slid inside my pine-clad hull

grey crystal skies a bizarre pattern of bridges some straight some curved yet others sloping down or angled in obliquely at the first and these figures repeated in the other lit-up stretches of canal but all so long and light that the banks heavy with domes sink and grow smaller some of these bridges are still crowded with hovels others sprout masts signals frail parapets minor chords meet and melt strands of rope rise from the banks a red coat can be discerned other costumes too perhaps and musical instruments are these well-known airs snatches of lordly concerts remnants of public anthems the water is grey and blue wide as an arm of the seaa ray of white light falling from high up in the sky clears away this charade

ground to a fine dust

growing splendours spread

guido goninbasket

h

hair with women its only in the lovely

ham rolls and a tall glass of draught beer

hands as pale as dead hands

hands that never cause harm

hands which chase two-winged insects

hands which measure poison out

hanged men dance

happiness its bite sweet unto death called me to attention at cockcrowin the morning at the christ is comingin the most sombre cities

hard by the heavy corn in ochre lanes

hard heels no wear and tear on shoes

harrowing misfortune

harsh

has displaced the cabmen the parks exemplify primitive nature shaped with marvellous art the better district of the town has inexplicable details an arm of the sea empty of boats unfolds its gauze sheet of blue hail between quays stacked with giant candel-abra a short bridge leads to a postern right underneath the dome of the sainte-chapelle this dome is an armature of artistically worked steel some fifteen thousand feet in diameter

hats o to them you bourgeois these are what you call men we are workers sire workers ours is the great day of new knowledge

have never known such carnivals of triumph

having found some loose change of good sensesoon spenti now see that my woes come from not having realized soon enough that we belong to the west the western swamps not that i think that the light is dierent or forms worn out or movement gone astray right my mind is determined to take on all the cruel developments which the mind has borne since the collapse of the east resentful my mind

he beats and kicks them in the head

he feels atrocious solitude bear down on him

he felt his hands between hands weighted with rings on the mouth of an ocer the ocer was kneeling in the dirt and his head was pleasing though half-bald

he gives a shudder as the hunts and hordes go past the play drips onto the grass staging and the embarrassment of the poor and the frail on these stupid levels

he grabs the royal arm yanks back the velvet curtain shows him the great courtyards below where the mob seethes seethes and rises the terrifying mob an ocean-roar

he has a dump and disappears his cursed caca now appears

he has known us all and loved us all let us know this winter night from cape to cape from the tumultuous pole to the chateau from the crowd to the shore from glance to glance wearied strength and feelings how to greet him and see him send him away and beneath the tides and at the crest of the snow-deserts follow his eyes his breathing his body his light

he hears the hairs growing under his damp skin

he is aection and the present since he has opened the house to frothy winter and the murmur of summer he who has purified drink and food he who has charmed elusive places who has been the superhuman delight of resting-places he is aection and the future the strength and love which we standing in rage and ennui see pass through the stormy sky and among the pennants of ecstasy

he is love perfectly measured and reinvented marvellous and unforeseen reason and eternity machine beloved of everything inevitable we have all known the terror of his concession and of ours our health pleasure free flight of our faculties selfish aection and passion for him for him who loves us will love us for all of his endless life

he killed everyone who followed him after the hunt or after drinkstill the hordes the golden rooftops the fine beasts continued to exist

he listens to the edgy music of their breath

he read his endlessly planned romance

he shouldered his hammer again

he sleeps in the sun one hand on his still

he starts to desire his sister of charity

he will not go away he will not come down again from any heaven he will not address the redemption of womens anger or mens joys and all that sin it is done because he is and because he is loved

he wriggles under his grey blanket

hed fear decembers ghostly sundays hair smarmed down at a mahogany table hed read a green-edged bible dreams crowded him each night in his bed he had no time for god but rather dirt-stained working men in overalls homeward-bound on evenings of huge light through the criers shouts and drums hed dream of fields of love where swelling light wholesome smells and gold pubescent down calmly sway and take to the wing

hed once been head padre to some royal or other sentenced yet again

hed run by sticking out his tongue fists

hes been caught and what name trembles

hes squatting now feeling the cold toes

head and breasts thrust towards the future

head on arms they dream of well-shagged seats

heads held high we marched through paris in the sun

heads moving

heads still heavy with dreams

hear the bellow

hear the stupid rip of hiccups

hears the dark beat of eyelashes in the scented

hearts of filth god-awful mouths

heat parade their small-town spite and jealousy

heave the thorn-stumps out

hefty pen-pushers drag hefty spouses along

henrika was wearing a brown-and-white check cotton shirt the sort of thing which must have been in fashion last century a bonnet with ribbons and a silk scarf it was sadder than a funeral we were strolling round the outskirts of the city the sky was overcast and the south wind conjured all the ugly smells of the ravaged gardens and dried-up fields

her clogs worn thin by the ice underfoot

her great breasts poured through vastness

her long nose

her lover musing on a million white marys

her milk-white belly braided with black moss heracles beast-tamer strong covers his vast body with the lion-skin golden token of victory

her pixie boots take mincing steps

her soul in distress her face in the pillow

here are a thousand wolves a thousand wild seeds

here come their troops picking o whatever moves

here comes the hip-wriggling red-head gang

here she is you cowards pile out onto station platforms the suns fierce breath has purified

here they come helmet sabre drum not driven by ancient candle-power

here take

here we will whistle up the storms and the sodoms and solymas and the wild beasts and the armies

heres the holy city established in the west

heres the riverside the boulevards here

heres to the emperors peasants heres to the peasants emperor heres to the son of mars

hideous wreckages down in brown depths

hiding bone-yellow filth-covered shit-

high on a hill like an orchards end

him us pride more kindly than all that wasted charity

himself in his imagination clothes drapery furniture i lent him weapons a dierent countenance i could see everything which aected him the way he would have wanted to make it whenever he seemed to me at his most lethargic i would follow him far into strange and complicated ventures for better or for worse i could be certain i would never enter his world next to his dear sleeping body how many hours of how many nights have i stayed awake trying to work out why he wanted so much to escape reality no man ever had such a wish i realizedwithout being afraid for himthat he could become a serious threat to societyperhaps he has secrets which would change life itself no he is just trying to uncover them i told myself the fact is that his charity is a thing bewitched and i am its prisoner no other being would have the strengththe strength of despairto bear itto be cherished and loved by him and besides i could not imagine him with someone else we see our own angel never other peoplesi think i existed in his soul as if in a palace which has been emptied so that no one as inferior as oneself might be seen that is all but alas i was so dependent on him but what did he want with my gutless drab existence he did not make me a better person though neither did he finish me o sad vexed i said to him sometimes i understand you” he would shrug his shoulders

hire myself out to whom worship which beast savage which holy image break which hearts which lie maintain walk in which blood

his black robe of chastity well-pleased gloved sliding along one day sickly saccharine

his body the dreamt release the smashing of grace crossed with new violence

his breaths his heads his flights the terrible swiftness taking forms and action to perfection

his cheating his lies his betrayal

his insides churning at the sight

his laugh remains trembling in the leaves

his legs marvel

his little black puppets leering at the sky

his mouth cracks with laughter under trees

his olympian splendour reduced

his stanzas will leap there deal with that you bandits

his step migrations more enormous than ancient invasions

his toes tingle with pleasure his foot tap the beat

historic evening

holy white spectres of bethlehem

hoo

horrify pure-blue dreams startled to find

how full of light your life

how he relished dark things above all

how nubile the earth is brimful of blood

how sad new years day will be for them and lost in thought silent tears stinging from their large blue eyes

how the mind plays up in the country satan old nick runs with the wild seed jesus walks on crimson tangles of thorn and does not bend them jesus walked on troubled waters once in the lantern-light we saw him robed in white his hair brown and lank standing on an emerald wave

how to go on

huge lines scored by back-tracking tides

huge frightening vast forehead full-bell

hum the swarms of asteroids

human labour the explosion which illuminates my abyss from time to time

hundred lambs the idylls blond soldiers

hunger

hunger stalks the mess

hunger thirst shouts dance dance dance dance

hungrily i await god i have belonged to an inferior race since time itself began

hunter we want you to find

hurled high by hurricanes through birdless space whom no protection-vessel in the world

hurled

i abhor every trade owners and workers peasants the lot of them mean and petty the hand which writes is as good as the hand which ploughswhat a century of hands i shall never get my hand in then servitude takes you too far the honesty of begging is too much for me criminals revolt me as much as men without balls i have mine and that is fine by me

i alone have the key to this wild parade

i am an ephemeral and none-too-discontented citizen of a metro-polis thought to be modern because all established taste has been avoided in the furnishings and on the outsides of houses as well as in the city plan here you will find no trace of any monument to super-stition so morals and language finally have been reduced to their simplest expression these myriad people who have no need to know one another carry on in such similar ways their education their work

i am an inventor with quite dierent virtues from all those who have gone before me a musician in fact who has found something like the keynote of love at present a country gentleman in a harsh stretch of land under sober sky i try to be moved by the memory of a beggar childhood of apprenticeship or arrival in clogs of polemics of my five or six widowhoods and of a few orgies of alcohol when a strong head stopped me reaching the same fever-pitch as my drinking-companions i do not regret my erstwhile share of divine gaiety the sober air of that harsh landscape feeds most actively my atrocious scepticism but as this scepticism cannot be put to use any longer and as anyway i am engrossed in a new uneasinessi expect to go mad in a particularly vicious way

i am dying of fatigue this is the grave i am headed for the

i am no longer in love with listlessness anger debauchery madness whose surges and crashes i know full wellall my burden is laid down let us assess with composure the extent of my innocence

i am not a prisoner of my own reason i have said god i want freedom in salvation how to set about the search my taste for frivolity has left me no further need for devotion or divine love i would not want back the century of emotion and fine feelings con-tempt and charity each has reason on its side i keep my place at the top of this angelic ladder of good sense

i am the one who walks the high road through the stunted woods the noise of the sluice-gates drowns out my footsteps for a good while i can see the melancholy golden wash of sunset

i am the saint at prayer on the terraceas the gentle beasts graze their way down to the sea of palestine

i am the scholar in the dark armchair the rain and branches crash against the windows of the library

i armed myself against justice

i ate listening to the clock happy quiet then a sudden draught and from the kitchen why i dont know a button undone hair nicely mismanaged in came the maid

i became a fabulous opera i saw that happiness is the fate of every-one action is not life but a way of destroying a particular strength a trial of the nerves morality is a weakness of the brain

i believe in you yes divine mother aphrodite of the seas oh the road is pitiless

i can see in that my loathsome upbringing well what does it matter reach twenty if the others are going to

i cannot remember anything beyond this land and christianity i could never stop seeing myself in this past but always alone without family i even have to ask what language i spoke i never see myself as a disciple of christ nor of the great lords christs representatives

i didnt give a damn about the crews

i dont even remember her face properly nor can i see her arm whose skin i rolled between my fingers nor her mouth onto which i poured my lips like a despairing little wave no doubt eroding some-thing i wrestled her into a basket of cushions and paintings of ships in some dark corner all i remember now are her white frilly knickers

i dont mind that the seasons use me

i drank squatting in heather

i dreamed of crusades unlogged journeys of discovery republics with no history wars of religion put down revolutions in manners races and continents on the move i believed in each and every piece of magic

i feed always on air

i fled o witches poverty hatred it was to you my treasure was entrusted

i followed deadpan rivers down and down

i give myself up nature to you

i got used to hallucination pure and simple i would see fair and square a mosque where there was a factory a drum-corps of angels coaches on the roads in the sky a drawing-room at the bottom of a lake monsters mysteries horrors leaped up before me from the titles of some vaudeville

i had glimpsed once the conversion to goodness and happiness salvation i might want to describe the vision but the air of hell does not suer hymns there were a myriad charming creatures a mel-lifluous spiritual concert strength and peace noble ambitions and more no doubt

i had the current take me where i wished

i had to travel to scatter the enchantments gathered on my brain over the sea which i adored as though it was the thing to cleanse me of impurity i saw the cross of consolation rise i had been damned by the rainbow happiness was my fate my remorse my worm my life would always be too vast for any strength and beauty

i harped on the laces of my wounded boots

i have all the talentsthere is no one here and there is someone i do not want to spill my treasurewhat would you like negro songs eastern dancing-girls or shall i disappear or dive in search of the ring ask and i shall make gold cures

i have been dawns summer lord

i have done nothing evil my days will be easy i shall be spared repentance i shall not have endured the torments of the soul half-dead to goodness light rising bleak as funeral candles the fate of the son of good family a premature con covered with limpid tears debauchery is stupid no doubt vice is stupid rottenness must be cast out but the clock cannot yet have reached the point when it will strike only the hour of pure pain will i now be carried o like a child to play in paradise all unhappiness forgotten

i have hung ropes from belfry to belfry garlands from window to window golden chains from star to star and i dance

i have swallowed a mighty gulp of poisonthrice blessed be the counsel i was givenmy insides burn the violence of the poi-son racks my limbs renders me deformed lays me out i die of thirst i choke i cannot cry out this is hell the eternal torment see how the fire burns more fiercely i am roasting nicely so there demon

i hope in my dotage when at last it comes to add dr venettis disquisition

i invented the colour of vowelsa black e white i red o blue u greeni organized the shape and movement of every consonant and by means of instinctive rhythms flattered myself that i was the inventor of a poetic language accessible sooner or later to all the senses interpretation i kept for myself

i kissed her eyes so gently

i kissed her slender ankles

i know skies splintered by lightning breakers

i know you admire you in silence

i laughed at the wasserfall which tossed its blond cascade down through the pines at the silver summit i recognized the goddess

i lean my elbows on the table the lamp casts fierce light on these newspapers i am stupid enough to reread these books empty of interest

i leave those black bunches of people stay-at-home

i lifted my head the ghost had fled

i live life seated like an angel in a barbers chair

i loathe you

i long for europes ancient parapets

i long for the days when the world was young lecherous satyrs animal fauns

i long for the time of great cybele

i love this objects devastated flavour

i love you come youve never dreamt

i loved empty places burnt orchards faded shops tepid drinks i hauled myself through stinking lanes and eyes shut gave myself up to the sun god of fire

i might well be the child abandoned on the jetty heading out to sea the little farmboy following the lane which rises up to touch the sky

i move through paris hammer slung on shoulder black wild flushing human vermin out

i ran and unanchored peninsulas

i reconstruct their bodies flames of fine fever they find me odd and whisper behind hands

i remember the history of france eldest of the church i serf would have made the journey to the holy land i have in my head the routes across the swabian plain views of constantinople ram-parts of solyma the cult of the virgin mary compassion for the man on the cross stir in me among a thousand profane enchantmentsi sit stricken with leprosy on the broken pots and the nettles at the foot of a wall eaten by the sunlater on become a mercenary i would have bivouacked under the stars in germany

i replied by sneering at this satanic man of learning and ended up moving to the window i created beyond the tract of land traversed by ribbons of distant music the phantoms of the luxury to come by night

i sailed while down among my fraying ropes

i saw great swamps seethe like nets laid in reeds

i say not a word i go on looking

i scorn all those eyes of the fat chinaman singing nanana like a bunch of children soon to die simple idiots fluting sudden songs

i seemed a suspect inn-sign

i shall explain

i shall return with limbs of iron dark skin furious eyes from my mask it will be thought i belong to a mighty race i shall have gold i shall be idle and brutal women nurse ferocious invalids like these on their return from hot countries i shall be involved in politics saved

i shall unveil every mystery religious or natural mysteries death birth future past cosmogony the void i am the master of phantasmagoria

i shant speak ill clear out all my thoughts but love without end shall fill my soul and ill travel far very far natures vagabondhappy as with a woman

i should have a hell for my anger a hell for my pridethere should be a hell for sex a symphony of hells

i sing too

i struck you know amazing floridas

i succeeded in making all human hope disappear from my mind

i summoned the executioners so that i could bite their rifle-butts as i died i have summoned up plagues to suocate myself with sand with blood misfortune has been my god i have stretched out in the mud i have dried o in the air heavy with crime and i have played fine tricks on madness

i thought sometimes of my father

i told myself leave

i used to say to hell with martyrs palms the radiancy of art inventors pride plunderers frenzy i turned back to the east and to original eternal wisdomit seems that it is a dream of vulgar laziness

i want dramatic summer

i was in a darkened room doing what a serving-girl came near she was id say a puppy dog though beautiful and with a maternal

i was in an unlit room her arrival was announced and i saw her in my bed completely mine no light i was very moved the more so as it was the family home and then i became agonized i was dressed in rags and she the woman of the world was oering herself she had to go distress beyond words i took her and let her fall from the bed half-naked and in my indescribable weakness i fell on her and we rolled around the carpets in the dark the family light reddened the adjoining rooms one by one then the woman disappeared i shed more tears than god has ever asked for

i was right to despise those fellows who would never throw up the chance of an embrace parasites on the cleanliness and health of our women these days when women are so much at odds with us

i was right to scorn everything i did because im leaving running away

i was sitting in a third-class carriage an old priest took out his pipe and stuck his calm head

i was at the foot of the canopy supporting her adored jewels and her physical masterpieces a huge bear with violet gums and fur shagreened by suering my eyes on the crystal and the silver on the console-tables

i watched wax-pale

i went into the endless city fatigue immersed in mued night and in the flight of happiness it was like a winters night and with a fall of snow enough to bury the world friends to whom i shouted my question where is she answered me with lies i was in front of the windows of where she goes every evening i ran through a sunken garden i was rebued all this made me cry and cry and cry in the end i went down into a place full of dust and sitting on timbers i wept every tear in my body in time with the nightand yet exhaustion still would not release its hold

i wont speak

i would no longer be capable of asking for the consolation of a beating i do not imagine myself o to celebrate a wedding with jesus christ for father-in-law

i yelled this on earth and calm white

i purples blood spat lovely lips laughing in anger or penitential ecstasies

i who holed the sky like a wall in flames

id carry your throbbing body

id curse if the sun left these shores

id have been a poor inn-sign like this

id have liked to show children blue-water

id laugh at the keen wind kissing you

id spoil your hips

id walk hugging

ill expire on the moss

ill get used to it

ill surely know ruin

im a man youre a king so you think

im damned you know drunk mad drained white what you want but o to bed with you

im for the soft mush of fruit

im o should a ray of light wound me

im the one who suers the one who rebelled

ive always been aghast what can i know

ive got three children im scum i know old women wandering around in their bonnets weeping because a son or daughters disappeared

ive made the magic study

ive puked on your brilliantine

ive seen low suns smeared with mystic horrors set fire to monster scars of violet

ive seen star-sown islands cluster others

ive shown such great patience

ive understood that she was at her daily tasks and that goodness would take longer than a star to come round again she hasnt returned nor will she again ever the adored woman whod entered my roomsomething id never have dared to hope but true this time ive wept more than all the children of the world

ive wasted my life

ive wept too much its true dawn breaks my heart

ive written verse

if i can ever get gold

if i could spare him some tobaccoseems

if i have a taste its for scarcely more

if i ignore my pain

if i want europe its a dark cold pond

if it pleases you nourish and quench

if it were properly awake from now on we would soon arrive at truth which even now perhaps is all around us with its angels weeping if it had been awake up to this moment then i would not have yielded to pernicious instincts to time beyond all memory if it had always been wide awake i would now be sailing the high seas of wisdom

if no pale will-o-the-wisp happens by like gunshot after evensong

if not us and those we call our brothers

if only god would grant me celestial calm ethereal calm prayerlike the old saintsthe saints strong men anchorites artists such as we no longer need

if only hed not abandoned immortal astarte who once rising from the vast glare

if only i had antecedents at some point or other in the history of france

if only those times came back times that have been

if we were sure wed get our share

imaginedhis knee sometimes welcoming his trouser-fly my fingers wanted to unbuttonno

imitate willows where birds hop freely

imperceptible delightsand its hair-raising secrets for every vice and its frightening gaiety for the crowd

impetuous youth glowing darkly virginal

in a bamboo hutshutters

in a drowsy alder when sometimes she disturbs a nest theres a quick flurry of wings

in a holy embrace and the murmuring water sprays gold into her hair

in a splendid purple dish

in a warm green mist of afternoon

in a warm green afternoon mist

in an attic where i was locked up when i was twelve i came to know the world i illustrated the human comedy in a store-cupboard i learnt history at some night-time festival in a city of the north i met all the women of the old painters in an ancient paris passage-way i was taught the classical sciences in a magnificent dwelling ringed round by the whole orient i finished my huge work and spent my illustrious retirement i brewed my blood i have been exempted from my duty no need to think of it any more even i am truly from beyond the grave and completely unbeholden

in aureoles of bliss

in books bound in red morocco alas he like a thousand angels dispersing down the road fades beyond the mountain she utterly cold and dark runs after the man has left

in cheeks

in circling dark

in corridors of black gauze following the footsteps of the walkers with their lanterns and leaves

in cosy corners

in crisp light

in crotch eyes shut tight seeing stars

in dark corners sideboards open wide as singers throats mouths agape in the sleep of ghastly greed

in epileptic acts of love theyve grafted ghostly bones onto the black skeletons

in every ancient furrows to make you live again

in eye of rabbit

in flurries specked with blood

in funny coats they try to cradle

in gardens dawn dispels last

in her prayer-book a pint

in his tummy peaceable as tripe

in its crystal globe and chiming again

in its dirty rags bellied out in filth

in its neat haze

in little ramponneau more than the triumphant uncle

in love with the country

in mad fields where the silver of pubescence trembles on blue find chalices filled with eggs of fire cooking among essences

in my big chair hands clasped

in my bitter hours i imagine balls of sapphire metal i am master of the silence why should something which resembles a tunnel of light gleam weakly at the corner of the arch

in plaited ears of too-ripe corn

in rhymeof potato-blight and to put together poems full of mystery

in samaria many people have shown their faith in him he has not seen them samaria the perfidious egotistical parvenu pued up with pride more inflexible in its protestant law than judea with its ancient tables widespread wealth was conducive to virtually no enlightened discussion sophistry the slave and soldier of routine first flattered then butchered several prophets there

in silence down one end of town

in smiling night the honeymoon

in sober

in some ancient city

in spring no doubt i prefer the drinking-place where dwarf chestnut-trees stir with new life by that little strip of pleasure-ground in may chastised puppies sni around the drinkers trample neatly planted hyacinths and until purple evenings fragrances

in that event ohmy poor dear soul eternity would not be lost to us would it

in that sepia living-room with its smell

in that sweet reflex of waking they proer their faces

in the breath of the glowing duct

in the bright hole

in the calm black stream where stars sleep

in the cities the mud suddenly seemed red and black to me like a mirror when a lamp moves around in the next room like treasure in the forest good luck i would shout and i saw an ocean of flames and smoke in the sky and to left and right every kind of wealth blazing like a billion thunderbolts

in the dark glade where the mosses spangle

in the diluvian light

in the dirty main street the stalls were set up and the boats were dragged towards the sea moving up in shelves as in old prints

in the end bring only

in the fertile properties

in the foliage verdant jewel-case splashed with gold among uncertain leaves where splendid

in the full light tired of wrecking idols hell live again free of all his gods

in the furious riptides last winter

in the furrows heart i pluck

in the gardens as they play the fife waltz

in the great house of window-panes still running with water the children in mourning looked at the marvellous pictures

in the huge sun filled with love

in the meantime i am damned i abhor my country the best thing to do is to fall into a really drunken sleep on the shore

in the mildew gloom of corridors

in the ripple-spread of a great kiss

in the rutting countrysides solemn shiver

in the sadnesses of happiness shell find

in the summer moons insipid light

in the sun

in the trees lament and the sigh of night

in the wood there is a bird its song makes you stop and blush

in this our tapioca age

in those blue eyes on that raging brow

in those cottages

in those thickets where ludicrous children swarm

in waters of serenity

in winter well travel in a small pink coach

in yellow skeletons and insult first beauty

in your fields and forests

in your sky therell be the functioning

in your thousands above frances fields

inanities no more bird-brained rhetoricians

indeed in all sincerity of mind i had made the commitment to restore him to his original state as a child of the sunso we wan-dered nourished on the wine of caverns and the travellers crust with me hurrying to find the place and the key

indolent youth

indolent youth

infinitys rolled white from your nape to your hips

ink flowers spurting seed like commas

inside his jeans

inside their rags

insults hurt its hard to bear theyre broken

intelligence but those give-away

into cups

into its tari-zonesuch cant

into long grass

into the rivers of luxury beside you

into their mystic aridity

intriguing fragrances flood like vintage wine

investigate the bed

is a flower rosemary lily live or dead worth

is blackening my veins

is for earth and stones

is it possible to be delirious with destruction to find youth again in cruelty there was not a murmur from the people no one oered to endorse his views

is just a great calvary cross placed

is made of love like god of flesh like woman

is my mad need to drink

is neither of stars

isnt it because we have decided to live in a fog we ingest fever with our watery vegetables and drink tobacco ignorance utter blind faithisnt all of that a bit far from the thought and wisdom of the east our cradle why then a modern world if poisons of this sort are invented

it cannot have wearied my wife as much as it did me in a little pool left behind by last months floods on a path quite high up she pointed out to me some tiny fish

it is as simple as a musical phrase

it is necessary to be absolutely modern

it is quite obvious to me that i have always belonged to an inferior race i cannot understand rebellion my race never rose up except to pillage like wolves tearing at the animal they have not killed

it is the vision of numbers we are moving towards the spirit what i am saying is absolutely true the voice of the oracle i under-stand and incapable of expressing myself without pagan words i would rather say nothing

it is there that jesus performed his first serious action with the dreadful invalids a day in february or march or april when the sun of early afternoon scythed a swathe of light across the dark water over there far behind the sick i could have seen everything that this single ray awoke of buds and crystal and verse in that reflection like a white angel lying on its side every infinitely pale reflection shimmered

it is this minute of wakefulness which has given me the vision of puritythrough the mind to god

it resembles a green tin con

it was all black lands and lakes and poles

its a wide dresser carved in old dark oak

its about me

its about me

its as if ive never known your touch

its black belladonna blood

its just a humble broom too sti

its laughable

its merely wave flower

its nothing im here im still here

its taken my life over

its the ecstatic olive the enchanted flute

its the nymph one elbow on her vase

its too beautiful we must stay silent

its very late sick to his stomach

its brown and ebony door watched

its coat of filth against the golden panelling

its disregard alas

its doors are open from its depths

its mane of hair lies drying its handle has bleached

its tobaccosmuggled in for me you know

ivory

jeanne-marie has strong hands

jesus entered shortly after noon no one was washing nor bring-ing cattle to drink the light in the pool was yellow like the last leaves on the vine the divine master stood against a pillar watching the sons of sin the devil stuck out his tongue in their tongue and laughed or

jesus said go your way your son lives the ocer left as if bearing some small remedy and jesus continued on his way down the side streets bindweed and borage lit their magic lights among the paving-stones at last in the distance he saw the dusty meadow and daisies and buttercups beneath the sun bent in supplication

jesus was incapable of saying anything in samaria

jesus withdrew his hand then a sudden gesture of childish femi-nine pride those of you who see no wonder you will not believe jesus had performed no miracle thus far at a wedding in a green and pink dining-hall he had raised his voice a little to the blessed virgin mary and no one in capernaum had spoken of the cana wine not in the marketplace not on the quays the town-dwellers

jesuses and all the socrates saints just men disgust

joker serve us upyour way

journeysbut no more then

juliet calls henriette to mind

juliets balcony very low and cast in shade

july a r

july

july

jump be my ballerinas

june

june

june nights seventeen it goes to your head

just man i want none of your brain-dead wits

just man more stupid and disgusting than a bitch

just outside the foreign town unable to threaten it significantly were he taken for a prophet having appeared there in such a strange light what would he have done

keeping his moneybag clear of his swollen groin

khenghavars or sions

kinck jacob bonbonnel

kiosk for the woman crazed with love

knew such frequent torments was so surprised

knock your knee-pads together

knowing we were strong we wanted to be kind

lack of space boxes bins

ladies promenading on terraces next to the sea little girls and giantesses superb black women in grey-green moss jewels tall on the rich soil of the unfrozen little gardens and grovesyoung mothers big sisters their eyes deep with pilgrimage sultans wives princesses of tyrannical demeanour and dress little foreign girls people full of soft unhappiness

lady columbine

lambs lettuce and violets

last poems

laugh at me and ill kill you

laugh fit to bust and shit all over us

laughter like a chandelier

laughter of the children discretion of the slaves the virgins austerity the horror of the faces and objects which belong here may you be hallowed by the memory of this wake it began in utter boorishness here it is ending in angels of fire and ice

law

law-abiding folk now theyre free theyve become

leant nicely over me to set some plates then like this to get a kiss murmured feel my cheek i come over all cold

leaps at crimson skies like a bucking horse

leave the warbling birds of may

lefebvre keller

left in neglect

legends and faces

léon dierx

less lonely less useless

lest passers-by forget

let her weep now beneath the ramparts the breath of tall poplars is the only breeze

let him believe in vast purposes immense walks and dreams across nights of truth

let him hold forth on squalid charity and progress

let me have accomplished all your memorieslet me be the woman who knows how to bind you hand and footi shall suocate you

let me rent this tomb in the end whitewashed cement-lines in reliefdeep underground

let me sleep let me boil

let nothing impede

let our blood laugh in our veins

let that one go wearing round his neck the choker

let the walker look through this lattice-work hell proceed with more courage

let there remain here below just a single old man calm and beautiful surrounded by untold richesand i shall be at your feet

let us listen to the confession of a companion in hell

lets go down into our stores

lets spill our tear-bottles brimming with pain

lice-seekers

lichen of sun and cerulean snot

licking the moon-round face

lift up and save

light of freedom forests savannahs

light returns to the central beam from the two ends of the room unremarkable scenes harmonic elevations connect the wall facing the watcher is a psychological succession of cross-sections of friezes atmospheric layers and geological strataintense and fleeting dream of sentimental groups with every kind of being in every possible manifestation

lighter than a cork i danced on the waves

lightning

like a baby on her knee

like a flock grazing

like a god with enormous blue eyes the shapes of snow the sky and the sea draw to the marble terraces the host of vigorous young roses

like a mongrel after the pedigrees assault licking wounds her insides hang from

like a rosary during prayers

like a sister of air

like a thief

like a whoosh of sodium

like actors in the very oldest plays

like champagne bubbles

like choux-pastry onto papery window-panes

like dogs insults enrage themwell

like dragonflies working their way down the gladioli and they stir into life pricked by barbs of wheat

like him i devour myself

like island timber left out in too much sun

like leprous growths sprouting on old walls

like pretty birds on swaying branches

like snorting horses we advanced proud

like the great meadow

like the wretched eye of a beaten dog

like them down there people fought to touch our filthy coats at last we knew we were men we were pale

like warm droppings on a dovecote floor my thousand dreams softly incandesce

like young seas tears on a summers night

lilacs the hidden window

lilies

lilies swaying lillicrap silver clyster-pumps

lilies lilies none to be seen in your verse like the sleeves of soft-treading sinner women these white flowers tremble still

liqueurs from our cupboards

listen to the bible-babble uvulated

listen

little black frames set round with glass scrolls their three words traced in gold

little tumbles of brightness

live and bequeath to the fire

lives

living nature answer him

loaves lying in grey valleys

long after the days and seasons and the creatures and countries the pavilion of bleeding meat on the silk of the seas and arctic flowers they do not exist

long live happiness each time the gallic cockerel crows

look at the sky im returning to the crowd

look now at the sorry state man says i know and goes his way ears shut eyes closed the gods are dead long live man

look the humid square oers limpid bubbles water gives the ready beds fathomless pale gold little girls faded green dresses

louis ratisbonne

louis-xavier de ricard

love allows only lilies

love stays fast asleep

love wants to live o the sister

loved one

lovely morning thought

lovers promise it was as empty as my telling him i understand you”

lowering clasped hands to your young necks

lull them in their rows of folded flower-cups

lush as oise pasturelands

lyrical scenes to the accompaniment of flute and drum slope down into recesses worked in under the ceilings round the meeting-rooms of modern clubs or the great rooms of the ancient east

mad plank streaked with electric crescents flanked

madame installed a piano in the alps mass and first com-munions were celebrated at the cathedrals hundred thousand altars

madame holds herself too sti in the next field where sons of toil flurry like snow clutching parasol trampling umbels too proud for her children in the flower-strewn grass their noses

made confession prayed chattering with fear

made nightingales sing in woods love in human hearts

made white by a lantern

madly in grasses where from the proud mountain the sun shines foaming trough of light

madness and intoxication

magic flowers were humming the slopes cradled him fabulously

magical waves

make no mistake the actions of your men in black

make priceless glucoses

make the dear delicious crows

make your stanzas advertise

making more questions

making them dance to carol-tunes

man is king and god but love thats true faith

man of ordinary constitution was not the flesh a fruit hanging in the orchardoh

man sucked her blessed breast in bliss

mangrove-swamps like oal-piles

mapping the ground

march

may

may a r

may

may what a carnival of bare arses sevres meudon bagneux asnieres just listen to welcome spring bursting out all over

mazas prison september

me too i sing

me i was abandoned in this endless country cottage reading in the kitchen drying my muddy clothes in front of the guests convers-ing in the drawing-room moved to death by the murmur of the morning milk and of the night of the last century

me im like a scruy student i find quick little girls under chestnut-trees

mehawho thought myself a magus an angel above moral-ity i am back on the ground looking out a task with raw reality to embrace peasant

meadows of flame leap up to the top of the knoll to the left the vegetable-mould on the ridge is trampled by every homicide and every battle and all the noises of disaster curve away behind the ridge to the right the line of orients of progress

meandering where it will

meant for beetles not for snakes

meanwhile the pastor chooses pictures

meanwhile all around old dears sni whine complain their necks as loose as turkeys

medieval woman sinner or saint

memory

men they think theyre damned forever thats why

mess-room by night

metropolitan

michael and christine

might see hearing the stunted trees growl

mile after mile

milord beelzebub pulls the string that works

mimics the cheek dimpled by a smile

minstrel let strange flowers and electric butterflies refractive reds whites greens flutter from your black poems

misery i feel myself shake the old earth on me more and more yours earth melts

moist with recent lovewhich lines the buttocks white and gentle slopes right to the ridge

monstrous endlessly illuminatedtheir stock of studies

more deadly than machines

more of figuiers illustrated tomes

morning

morning of drunkenness

morning out of sleep out of bed

mostly the childs duty is to home to the family

mouthless hydra deep inside

movement

muing sobs she tries to make

much

music broken sometimes by a hiss saliva

must be the task

must bring me instant death

must not stop for one moment

my beloved hut some sweat-provoking liquid gold

my black ugly

my blond ugly

my blue ugly

my boat still tied fast and its chain hauled deep in this rimless round of waterinto what mud

my bohemia fantasy

my character was turning sour i said my farewells to the world in ballads of a sort

my cheated heart

my coat was more idea than fact

my companion beggar-girl monster child how these unfortunate women and these manoeuvres and my diculties leave you unmoved attach yourself to us with your impossible voice your voice the one emollient for this vile despair

my health was threatened terror was advancing i fell into sleep which lasted days and once i was up again continued with the saddest dreams i was ripe for death and my weakness led me down the perilous path to the utmost edges of the world and of cimmeria home of shadow and whirlwinds

my hungers scraps of black air

my hungers turn hungers graze

my knotted gut

my life is worn out so come on then let us pretend let us do nothing o pity and we shall live by amusing ourselves by dream-ing of monstrous loves and fantastic universes by complaining and challenging the way the world appears clown beggar artist banditand priest on my hospital bed the smell of incense came

my lips against yours id murmur

my little lovebirds

my little lovebirds

my little sister coming home from school

my lords arent they a smile for everyone

my lovely things

my mandolin

my mother who noisily climbed the stairs to bed

my mouth plunged to her breast she said

my one and only trousers were hugely holed

my pitching was stilled by the sobbing sea

my pooped heart oozes

my redhead ugly

my soul made it a wild moist eye its nest of tears

my soul well writhe among the teeth vanish republics of this world no more emperors regiments settlers people

my tainted heart

my turn the history of one of my madnesses

my uglies

myself to answer natures urgent call

mysterious music tumbles from the golden stars

mystic élans sometimes come crashing

mystical

nailed by shame and migraine or simply knocked down

naked and dreaming her gold-tinged pallor

nations from castles of bone unknown music comes every legend circulates and waves of impulse pour into the settlements the para-dise of storms is breaking up the savages celebrate the night in endless dance and in an hour i have come down into the life of a baghdad boulevard where gathered people have sung the joy of the new work in a heavy breeze moving about unable to avoid the fabulous phantoms of the mountains which must have been their meeting place

natural goodness still in your eyes

nature wakes up and is heady with light

nature let me die so much by you

neck and hypogastrium bent my pipe-smoke

neck on a pillow of cool cress

needed her man to be properly endowed

nervous white selene lets her veil

never mind what heaven says he feels

nice and relaxed i stretched out my legs cast my eye over the usual wit

night in hell

night occupied the sky as my fever raged

nightmare thought i hate poverty how i fear winter season of slippers

nina answers back

no hymns of thanksgiving yield not one inch a tough night dried blood smokes on my face and there is nothing behind me save that small terrible tree the spiritual fight is as brutal as men in battle but the vision of justice is for gods pleasure alone

no key strange frequent imaginings

no more evil whats unknown may yet be terrible

no more tomorrow

no mother in the house and father far away

no new start

no one leaves let us take again to the roads round here weighed down by my vice the vice which has forced its roots of suering into my side when i attained the age of reasonand which rises to the sky beats me knocks me to the ground drags me along

no one would bring us to our knees

no ones serious when theyre seventeen and lime-trees flower on the promenade

no ones serious when theyre seventeen

no scent makes his nostril quiver

no no for the time being i rebel against death work seems too slight a business for pride of my sort to betray myself to the world would be torture too brief at the last moment i would lash out left and right

nothe day of the steam-room of seas removed of under-ground conflagrations of the planet borne away and the resultant exterminations certainties indicated so mildly by the bible and the norns and which it will be the serious persons lot to watch over but in no way will this be the stu of legend

no no one

nobility i cant explain pure familiar utterly charming she pinched my arm

noble ambitions

noble ladies your vile hands covered in carmine and white

noise carries on the windthe towns not far

noise imagined deep in the gaping lock

nor dark look nor belly where an auburn shadow sleeps nor lightest touch nor splendid breasts

nor festive days

nor is it bad the worms the white worms

noses of theban ascetics and canons of the holy grail in which white night congealed and the old tomb-gloom plainsong

not like loversstrangewho

not one of the sophistries of madnessthe kind of madness which gets locked awaydid i forget i could repeat them all i know them inside out

not quite so high are drains all around just the thickness of the globe perhaps the azure gulfs wells of fire it is on these planes perhaps that moons and comets meet seas and fables

not sliced that brain

not the silly rifle-range where everyones

not to be broadcast

nothing at all deceives me

nothing but again she laughed

now and then my sad hearts like alburnum wood bloodied by the dark young gold of oozing sap

now his splendid godlike bodys tainted

now i am here on the brittany shore let the cities light up in the evening my day is done i am leaving europe sea air will burn into my lungs the furthest climates will tan my skin to swim trample the grass hunt most of all smoke drink alcohol as strong as molten metalas did my dear ancestors around their fires

now its got that lovely look old folk have

now that the other god has strapped us to his cross

now i boat tangled in the hair of bights

now may i be forgiven

now recently finding myself on the point of my final croak i had the idea that i would look for the key of the former banquet where perhaps my appetite would return

now the children sleep in sadness

now the mist-breath

O queen of shepherds bring the workers eau-de-vie to calm their strength

o most violent paradise of the furious grimace no comparison with your fakirs and the other buooneries of the stage in costumes as if in an improvised bad dream they act out sad stories tragedies of brigands and demigods more spirited than history or religion ever were chinese hottentots gypsies dimwits hyenas molochs antique lunacies sinister demons they mix popular turns stories heard at mothers knee with bestial poses and blandishments they would happily do new plays sentimental songs master-jugglers that they are they transform place and person using hypnotic make-believe eyes flame blood sings bones expand tears run and strands of red their jeers their terror last a few seconds or months and months

o my abnegation my marvellous charity and yet i am down here still

o omega the violet radiance of those eyes

o pale ophelia beautiful as snow yes poor child downstream you died

o queen of shepherds

o seasons o chateaux

o seasons o chateaux which soul has no flaw

o seasons o chateaux

o splendour of flesh splendour of the idea

o sweetness o world o music and there the shapes sweats heads of hair the eyes floating and the white tears boilingo sweetnessand the female voice reaching the volcanoes fundament and the arctic caves

o tapsmenier

o that childhood

o that warm february morning the inopportune south wind came to rekindle the memories of our absurdly penniless condition our juvenile destitution

o the ashen face the horsehair escutcheon the crystal arms the cannon on which i must fall through the fray of trees and buoyant air

o the enormous avenues of the holy land the temple terraces what has become of the brahmin who explained to me the proverbs of that time that place i still see even the old women i remember hours of silver and sun towards the river the landscapes hand on my shoulder and our caresses as we stood on the spiced plainsa flight of scarlet pigeons clamours round my thoughtsexiled here once i had a stage on which to perform the great dramatic works of all literatures i would show you unbelievable riches i observe the his-tory of the treasures which once you found i can see what will follow my wisdom is as despised as chaos what is my nothingness compared to the stupor which awaits you

o you just man well shit in your earthenware guts

o beautiful chateau

o the last trumpet strange crescendo blast navigated silences of worlds and angels

o they go their wolf-hounds on a lead

o to the parents room scarcely daring

oering the gold of her huge breasts

obediently get up pitou buttons his tunic

october

october

odd couple

of a woman loved with noble love

of barrack-rooms now taunt the tos in cafés sporting new shirts chanting filthy songs

of bindweed

of bindweed

of blue and gold riding o sti as a board on his dazzling nag radiant seeing the world

of blue water sea-scented flower of flesh

of cosy nests where snuggling children

of dark blue framed by a small branch

of fevering flies

of fierce albino birds bounced o my sides

of fruit and varnish i settled in and took

of graces lhérissé

of happiness no one evades

of lilies those enemas of ecstasy

of living simply intensely saying nothing

of loftier joys

of moon and greenery

of moonlight dribbling onto his arse

of morning chiming a metal message

of my feelings

of mysteries hibernating in those wooden walls

of open fields

of our older brother etc

of peoples praise

of races classes beasts on this vessel

of rage tears of all the hells upsetting

of rutting behemoths and swirling storms

of shame still musing on my disgust sweet

of simple cares and good mind-numbing work

of snowy peaks near tropics

of swarming black flies

of the days of girlfriends and her incomplete education for men to madame

of the little dear

of the mother of christ

of the nark-infested bus good citizens stare

of the over-consulted stubborn glans why

of the poison of snails and of the boxwood

of the pot the plate with its handle glimpsed in the attic the red-covered almanacs

of the workers next door came in wild

of their chairs morning noon and night their feet wrap themselves round breaking legs and rods

of this new heaven

of this nocturne

of this widowed soul

of townjesus weptliver complainants dip long

of vacant night

of vicious vizored stars

of vivid stakes

often shudder at the clear gold voice

often it sucked in my murmured dream jealous of coitus that merits the name

oh city of pain city close to death

oh my good my beauty atrocious fanfare in which i do not waver magical torture-rack salute the unheard-of work and the marvellous body for the first time it began amid the laughter of the children it will finish with them this poison will stay in all our veins even when the fanfare changes and brings us back to the old disharmony o now let us who so deserve these tortures fervently gather that superhuman promise made to our created bodies that promise that madness elegance knowledge violence we have the promise that the tree of good and evil shall be buried in darkness that tyrannical

oh yes wed go o and start the furnace up

oh science everything has been appropriated for the body and the soulthe viaticumwe have medicine and philosophyold wives remedies and popular songs arranged and princes entertainments and the games which they forbade geography cosmography mechanics chemistry

oh the gnat drunk in the tavern urinal crazed with borage dissolved in a shaft of sun-light

oh the pavilion of bleeding meat on the silk of the seas and arctic flowers they do not exist

oh the precious stones hidingthe flowers looking round already

oh and id savour

oh for the time when the sap of the world

oh honour went streaming down your male moustache

oh if only man still drank at your breast

oh my friends my heart for sure they are brothers dark strangers lets go come

oh please forgive me

oh then walk road desert boredom anger

oh to be naked like that and find peace and joy

oh yes

oiled brown hair ill-concealing bald patches

oily waxes

old and dear exiles

old bread spirits

old calvary roads

old colours in uneven windows

old europe where a hundred hordes are on the move

old greenery old bits of rag

old ladys old men

old man holy pilgrim breton bard

old splendours cascading star-gold tears from blue skies

old stones of churches

old startled daylight cools your gaze

old-fashioned notions of poetry played an important part in my alchemy of the word

on and on like so in the azure black

on black gallows one-armed friend first crusaders dance and dance the devils wasted paladins the skeletons of sultans

on black gallows one-armed friend first crusaders dance and dance the devils wasted paladins the skeletons of sultans

on blue evenings in summer down paths

on each one snow settles a skullcap

on each savoury finger-joint

on earth leaves have appeared

on fervent nights hear the agitation of lunatics lackeys empty vessels

on green benches federations of retired grocers

on her breast and in her smile

on her shoulder willows weep and shiver over her wide dreaming face rushes lean

on him suddenly onto his back

on his body the flame

on his guts the troublesome

on his head the stones

on his heart st tartufe blanched

on his hunting-horn ropes and riding-crops

on his silent lips what regret wont let him go

on lakes of sensuality

on lovely evenings in september feeling dew drop on my face like invigorating wine

on reddened walls sinister gaslight leaps in frenzy up towards the bloodless blue

on some evening shall we say when the innocent tourist away from our economic horrors the hand of a master touches into life the harpsichord of the meadows there a card game is going on at the bottom of the pond a mirror which evokes queens and favourites there are the women saints the veils the threads of harmony and the legendary chromatics against the sunset

on summer nights under the shopfronts piercing eyes

on terrible nights of study

on the altars of solomon

on the back of these hands every

on the bronze muzzle of machine-guns

on the day of knowledge two maps will be added the sole warm memories theyll have of that great day

on the enormous site stretching up

on the eve of the great day the child makes herself ill

on the evening air

on the floor her dainty little feet

on the madonnas burning feet

on the murky hair of bualoes

on the roads on winter nights no shelter no clothes no bread a voice would clutch at my frozen heart weakness or strength you are here that is strength you dont know where youre going or why go in everywhere respond to everything you wont be killed any more than if you were a corpse in the morning my eyes were so vacant my expression so lifeless that the people i met perhaps did not even see me

on the slate-table where in a deacon

on the slope of the bank angels turn their robes of wool in pastures of steel and emerald

on the square tailored into meagre lawns

on the volcano of nations

on the yard where low skies plastered purple gold

on waking it was noon

on windows paving stones reeked of laundry-water

on what will it have become at all events it will not remotely resemble the way it is now

once more unto that breach the futurehes outgrown the old playthinghis sweet dream lovely spa bath in your home his eyes a pool of great loneliness poor young man hes no doubt got the habit

once the shindig with my haulers finished

once weve acted smashing sceptres and croziers

once animals spewed sperm as they charged

once if i remember well my life was a banquet where all hearts opened all wines flowed

once men and women believed in prophets today they believe in statesmen

one april morning a pale handsome strange

one beautiful morning in a country of very gentle people a mag-nificent man and woman were shouting in the public square my friends i want her to be queen i want to be queen she was laugh-ing and trembling he was telling their friends about a revelation an ordeal completed they were swooning one against the other

one blue morning awash

one breath opens operatic breaches in the wallsblurs the pivoting motion of the worn-down roofsscatters the limits of the hearthseclipses the windowsthe length of the vine one foot resting on a gargoylei have travelled down in this carriage whose vintage is shown clearly enough by the convex window-glass the bulging panels and elaborately-designed seatinghearse of my sleep alone shepherds hut of my empty-headedness the vehicle swerves along the grass of the buried highway and in a flaw high up on the right-hand window pale lunar figures leaves and breasts spin rounddeepest green and blue invade the picture unharnessing near a patch of gravel

one breath scatters the limits of the hearth

one day ill tell your embryonic births

one evening he was galloping along proudly a genie appeared of ineable beauty too much even to admit from his look his bearing there emerged the promise of a multiple and complex love of happiness beyond words unbearable even the prince and the genie probably blotted themselves out in essential health how could they not have died of it so together they died

one evening i sat beauty on my kneesand i found her sour and i insulted her

one fine night you turn your back on beer lemonade rowdy cafés their glittering lights

one foot by my heart

one night you crowned me poet

one of the voices

one shoulder gold with sun i started

one touch of your finger on the drum sets o every sound and starts the new harmony

only on angels faces in religious art

only one thing now for you

only yesterday i sighed god there are quite enough of our sort down here the damned ive been one of their number for far too long i know them all we always recognize one another and we disgust one another charity is not in our vocabulary but we are

onto bare nature

open your nostrils to the greatest nauseas

opened to passengers near soissons a town in aisne

ophelia

or

or a spread of oozing rubber

or microscopic lichens

or the flemish wheat and english cotton

or the land of vines

or trade in diamonds

or two of onion i raised my glass

or working women whose broad brows

orphans new year gifts

our bugles and oak-branches held aloft

our buttocks arent like theirs many times ive seen men behind some bush trousers down

our children roasted to a crisp

our desire lacks knowing music

our dry wines had heart

our fathers members stood out proud

our forests would smell of sap and the sun

our kind representatives find that we stink theres nothing to fear except bayonets

our man just grabbed his garb and stole away

our march of revenge has taken everything

our revels now are never-ending

our turn now romantic friends joy now

our whole embrace is just a question

our voices one

out of the same desert on the same night my weary eyes open always to the silver star always without a flicker from the kings of life the three wise men the heart the soul the mind when beyond the shores and mountains shall we go to greet the birth of the new work the new wisdom the flight of tyrants and demons the end of superstition andthe very firstworship christmas on earth

outside the birthwort-covered walls

outside birds cluster for warmth

outside cold hunger rabble-rousing drunks

over panic pastures

over there are they not honest souls who wish me well come a pillow stops my mouth they cannot hear me they are ghosts and then no one ever thinks of others do not come near i stink of burnt flesh for sure

overwhelmed by summer hed stomp o

p va r

packs of dogs on heat devouring cataplasms the cry from golden houses calls you steal eat the deeply shuddering night of joy

pagan blood returns the spirit is nearby why does christ not help me by giving my soul nobility and freedom alas the gospel has come and gone the gospel the gospel

pah he was naked our tartufe head to toe

paint corots with their petrol-bombs

painting degrades

pale on his green bed where light teems down

parade

parents

paris

paris filling up again

paris war-cry

paris when you received such knife-wounds

parisian orgy

parked among oak pews in church corners warmed by their vile breath all eyes as one

parnassian archetype

part the gossamer waters

parting that the long and tufted satin grows

patience boredom

paul eyes the

paul verlaine

peace of pastures grazed by cattle peace of high

peaceful photographers

pebbles from old floods

pebbles children of floods

pedro velasquez of havanas worth

peevish chesty ridiculous

pensive foreheads rucked by alchemy

people of the church will say yes but you really mean eden there is nothing for you in the history of eastern peoplesall right i was thinking of eden what does the purity of ancient races have to do with my dream

peoples good name destroyed on a whim noses held when we come too close

perched above his belly the king was as white

perhaps an evening awaits me

perhaps he recalls his old bespectacled

perhaps

philosophers will say the world is without age all that happens is that humanity moves from place to place you are in the west but

phrases

pikes at the ready we felt no hate

pinned by some wandering star perfectly

pipes in mouth knives ready deeply unconcerned

pissed and watched the slender thread

pitiful brother what atrocious nights of wakefulness i owed him i was not mad to embark on this venture i scoed at his infirmity if we went back into exile into slavery it would be my fault he attributed to me the strangest ill-luck and innocence and added worrying explanations

pity his only companions were

placed calmly on delicious knees

plain deserts meadow horizons

planes and elevations underneath the matted

plaster your nasty tits

plastered everywhere

plays notes and beams

plaything of this dull eye of water boat becalmed arms too short i can reach neither one

poems from album zutique

poet this ways not just arrogant

poets what if you had

poking at the sand with pommelled walking-sticks

polite our dealings with people are strictly by the book surprising is it people merchants and cretinswe are not disgracedbut how would the elect receive us now there are churlish people and happy people the false elect in fact since it requires daring or humil-ity to confront them these are the only elect they do not give blessings

poor people in church

poor swallowed heart

preceding deeds of daring more violent than this polar chaos whatever the cost whatever shape or form even on metaphysical

pressed leaves against her window

pressing little pink snouts

princely nature

private means in pince-nez underscore bum-notes

privates parade

progress big baby wore shoes by humanity

promontory

proud of his first obsessions

proud revolutionary placed a kiss

pung fat awful lips

puckered and obscure like a violets eye it breathes humbly bedded down in moss

pullings of my stomach misery

punishment all his buttons were undone

purer than a gold coin warm and yellow eyelid the marsh marigoldyour conjugal vow wife at noon sharp from its dull mirror envies the dear and rosy orb in a fuddled grey sky

purity purity

pus-filled growths cratered skin green rings under the eyes puy fingers clasping thigh-bones skull splashed with vague liver-spots

put on a little-girlie pout

put on finery dance laughi shall never be able to send love out of the window

pyjamas kiss upon kiss laughter allowed

quick are there other livessound sleep is impossible for the rich wealth has always been a public asset only divine love can bestow the keys to knowledge i see that nature is merely a show of goodness farewell chimeras ideals mistakes

quick go hair uncombed

quid-spitting done

quiet in his golden chariot braided with dark grapes lysios carried through phrygian fields

raise your eyes the wooden bridge arched the last vegetable gardens of samaria those masks lit up the lantern lashed by the cold night the mindless water-nymph in the noisy dress deep in the river the luminous skulls in the rows of peasand the other phantasmagoriathe countryside

read by church-glass light black bottles splutter

reality being too thorny for my my great characteri found myself nevertheless at my ladys in the guise of a big blue-grey bird soaring towards the mouldings on the ceiling and dragging my wings among the shadows of the evening

really too stupid those village churches

rears rounded

reason is born in me the world is good i shall bless life i shall love my brothers these are not childhood promises any more nor the hope of escaping old age and death god is my strength and i praise god

recognize this happy

recollection

red on laurel stems

reddened warriors face black skies

regret for the thick young arms of pure green growth gold of april moons deep in the sacred bed joy of abandoned riverside yards prey

rejoins the dance to the music of bones

remembrances of senility

remonstrates

remonstrates

renewal of love triumphant dawn

repel the wounded boy dark expert in pride

rescued from lips longing for more lips

resolutely

respect the one whos most damned on nights of blood

respect your vow

respected sir always when you take a bath your shirt of the yellow armpits

rest and vertigo

restored from the old fanfares of heroismwhich still attack our hearts and headsfar from the old assassins

revealed her pink navel white with spray

ribboned with red white and blue

right dumanet leans on his rifle-butt

ring me round

ringing blue

rise and fall beneath spent chins about to burst

rises the task

river water rose blood of green trees

roads lined with railings and walls able hardly to contain their clumps of trees and the atrocious flowers which might be called hearts and sisters damascus damning with tiresomenessthe property of fairy-tale aristocracies from beyond the rhine japanese guaranis still fit to receive the music of the old traditionsand there are inns which have already closed their doors and which will not reopenthere are princesses and if you are not too over-whelmed the study of the starsthe sky

rock earth iron

rock iron coals

roll cigars

roll on the day

rolling on their bed of diamonds

romance

root ripped from some ancient meadow

ropes that ten hot-eye

roses blown roses

round swollen backsides trousers balloon

round the water-washed castle

round their chairs feeling bright suns threadbaring

royalist kerdrels fleur-de-lis

royalty

rumble round the nectaries

run from the aqueducts the meagre bracken

ruts

sad pooped heart

salads fruit

sale

salute it then each time

saturnian hypotyposes

savage music

save them

saving grace has stabbed my heart ah this i had not foreseen

say how many dollars

scapins not with it

scared as some veteran choking on snu

scattering about

scenes

scented with the long rose-honey of plants

science the new nobility progress the world strides on why might it not also spin

scorched shrubs of blue sloes

scored deep by a wound which never heals

scornful of hard work of famines

sculpted popping yellow

scum you see there are dishonoured girls

scum you see this man was in the bastille

sealed lips

seascape

seated

second delirium

see it flow in the moat

see o the cunning peasant raising a glass in his old stump

see the portraits flowers were back from the graveyard

see the vines tangle

see wild bitter beer

seeing there scudding away on the waves

seeking their own chemical fortune

seem to murmur something

seen in rome

sees

sensation

sentinel soul

september

settle on the feet of handsome endymion

seven years old writing romances

seventeen you so happy

seven-year-old poets

several displeased godmothers

several other lives it seemed to me were owed to every being

several sisters voices

shadow-flowersand i like a woman knelt

shake these macabre villains down

shaking like tremors their flesh

shame

shaped the great hymn of love beneath the sky

sharpening a pleasant flavour of india ink a mist of black powder falls gently on my vigili lower the gas-mantle i throw myself on the bed and turned towards the shadow i see you my girls my queens

she hungered for night when the heart rises and falls watched by gentle guessed-at skies

she kept her holy vigil in the latrines

she laughed brutal and low

she lays her cheek like pale blossom on zeuss brow eyes closed she dies

she raised ghosts from roofs seen by her star

she ran one dinky finger down the pink

she saw visions of sundays candour shed been dreaming red blood poured

she scolded her laugh saying

she thirsted for strong night when the bleeding heart oozes mute rebellion seen by none

she turns round bright as a dart

she was less than scantily dressed

she was scantily dressed

shed not minded one little bit

shifts his sacerdotal guts beneath the covers

shine from palace railings carousels

shock of lawns after the sun died

shoulder-blades open so achingly slow

shudders with pleasure at the suns embrace

shut up shut up here everything is shame and reproach satan who says that hellfire lacks nobility that my anger is impos-sibly stupidenough untruths whispered to me magic false scents puerile musicand to think i have the truth and see justice my judgement is sane and sound i am ready for perfec-tion pride the skin on my head is drying up mercy lord i am afraid i am thirsty so thirsty ah childhood the grass the rain the lake on the stones the moonlight as the church clock struck twelve the devil is in the belfry at this very momentmary holy virgin the horror of my stupidity

shuttered room sharp with humidity

sicily germany in this sad bland fog just so

sickly crew-cut kids bland-eyed pale-cheeked

silence and in his grey narcotic letting-go

silent as the predator i pounced on every joy to strangle it

silent with love

silks green smiles the ladies from the smart part

silky

silver chariots and copper

simple boquillon prostrate in red and blue lifts himself up and end-first says emperor my arse

since from just you

since im patient

since its utter loss

since vile flesh has scored its victory i confess my youthful crimes

sing an old tune

sing cheery songs to the sound of our hammers

sings out the marseillaise

sinister words those he heard from the woman at the well you are a prophet you know what i have done

sisters of charity

skies and from his burning dragnet lets stars shoot

skunk

sky love freedom what dreams poor child you melted into him snow in his fire

slatted light shimmered away on the waves

sleep in peace dream in white

sleeping blindness with enormous eyes

sleeping down here in the sun

sleeps stretched out in the grass sky above

sliding along one day deep in prayer

slow and stupid a womans head her thickly

slow deliriums in shimmering light

slowly fills their thoughts

slowly wed reach the gully

smack in the unversed readers wild eye

smack the foam

small drunken wake holy if only for the mask you have bestowed on us method we confirm you we do not forget that yesterday you glorified each of our ages we have faith in the poison we know how to give our life whole every day

small feet vanished

smear my sad heart

smiled on by what is fresh expire among moist violets here whose burgeonings fill these forests

smiles through tears and shivers a song

smiling there

smoking standard-issue cigarettes turn

smoking still

snarling monster droves of black demons packs of black wolves

snied at tickled by a lowing

snis at the sun a spread of polyps

so angelic

so earnestly they split their pants

so happy that their half-closed smiling lips

so happy so easy

so he can let all these faces burn in the sun

so i can hit you

so long as the blade has

so much the intrigues of genies

so powerfully back to me keeper of the sacred aromatics confessor martyr

so that man could lighten his sorry soul and slowly ascend in vast love

so then the rotted soul and the soul desolated will feel your curses pouring down

so you are free

so was it this

so whats this sombre and opaque mystery

soak your neck-cords in violent poisons

soaking up the smell of wax as if it was new bread happy and cowed as whipped dogs

society all is restored orgies weep their hoarse ancient tears in the lupanars of old

soft rain in orchards sunny grass

softly make small lice crackle as they die

soldiers grab bread wield knife

some nights when the garden-patch behind the house was washed clean by winter moons hed lie by a wall covered in clay stabbing his cod-eye to see what he

some pale and golden liquid to make me sweat

some wild purple-black vine straggled

someone will tell of the great love usurper of dark indulgences

something bird-like twitters

something like love filled us

sometimes i see in the sky beaches without end swarming with enraptured white nations above me a great golden ship flutters flags of every colour in the morning breeze i have created every carnival every triumph every drama i have sought to invent new flowers new stars new bodies new tongues i thought i could acquire super-natural powers well no i must lay my memories and imaginings in the earth no fame no glory artist and storyteller manqué

sometimes takes his leave upsetting his wobbly stool

sometimes the airs so soft you shut your eyes

sometimes we have that great and moving dream

sometimes martyr tired of poles and wastelands

song from the highest tower

songing through apertures

songster your godchild

sonnet

soon ive laid bare a shoe a stocking

sounding germanic

spangled with light go into cupboards

spawning sweet baby chairs edged with piping

speak low as happens on dark nights

speak of tobaccos cotton-fields

spiked by sharp corn ill trample new grass

spiral spins routs collapse and pity

spitting fine feathers

splendid radiant in the belly of great seas youll burst free and shower infinite love infinitely smiling on the vast universe

sport and comfort travel with them

spread carelessly across my massive chair

spreading desolation

spreading sulphur over dark dream-crowded walls

springs in the air from deep

squalidly on her breast and horribly crushed

squatting down

stacks fine rooftops

stained brown with blood like old wine

stained by her heavy hairs long blue cascade

stains them brown like yesterdays breast

stand and hear the flow of milky stars

staring at you down long corridors

starry-eyed tom thumb i strewed my path with verse i laid my head at great bear inn my stars swished softly in the sky

stars

star-sewn limping rump

state of siege

station square charleville

steel lyres will grace

steel prows and silver

steeped in your slow wine waves no more can i cadge rides in the cotton-freighters slipstream nor brave proud lines of ensigns and streamers nor face the prison-ships terrible eyes

steer the travellers through the valleys waterspouts and the riptide

still spreads germs down the trench

stinking fingers inside their old rags

stir the pure wave

stomach-turning heat gorges the narrow room the old boys head is stued full of rags

stones a poor man breaks

stones ring beneath this proud procession

stools like weird toads squat unseen

stopped o at the green inn ordered some

strange and strong and many oddities

strange army of raucous cries

strange dreams of toys

straw yields to their rears fixed angles

stripped flesh dangles from meagre chins

stroking a rabbit

stronger than a horse

stued full its a ragbag of olden-day old things

stupidities

stupiditiessecond series

such beauty come

such sensitive hearts these tiny children

such things well see my angel

suit

sun and skin

sunday

suns hed plunder magazines looking

surge up pondfoam roll across the bridge over the woods black drapes and organslightnings thunderrise and roll waters and sorrows rise and heighten the floods

surrounded by woods of young hazel

sweating you want to see meteors glow

sweeping away rudder-post and grapnel

sweet as the lord of cedar and hyssop i piss into brown skies very high very far complicit with great heliotropes

sweet virgin child broken in one night

sweeter than sour apple-flesh to children

sweetness

swelled pans veins into a universe

swelling into endless eight-foot lines

swells up in the morning air over revolting forget-me-nots

swinging back and forth in dark encounters

swirl about in winter

swollen and blistered made it to charleroi

swoop down from huge skies

syphilitics madmen dummies kings ventriloquists do you think that paristartcares a rap

syrupy compotes of lily fierce enough

take care my mind no headlong rushes at salvation be on your mettle ah science does not move fast enough for us

take snu remarking the long and short of it is

taking o my words awful irony

tale

talk weightily of treaties then out of silver boxes

talking a frank language to you

tangled with hydras and sheeted with water

tankard pewter-rimmed

tartufes punishment

tear

teardrop roundnesses

tear-drop roundnesses

teas coees the rarest

tell me the sea

tell me the snow

tell us if the blondnesses

telling us the whole grim story

ten blind nights free of idiot guiding flares

tennis balls sneering at our stupidity

th september

than earth and stones

than in the tall church with its sombre sounds

that accidents of scientific magic and movements of social brotherhood might be cherished as the progressive restitution of first freedom

that blow them back through little red clots to disappear where theyre inclined

that chaste black robe o that oleaginy

that eternal watchman order rows down luminous

that family is a litter of dogs in front of several men i chatted very audibly with a moment from one of their other livesin this way i fell in love with a pig

that flows blue beneath your skin

that mast of evenings enchantment

that night you return to the bursting cafés you order beers lemonade

that now i forget

that now i forget

that often we were interested dear conneau

that one in the galleys both of them

that putrid carcass standing there

that spell has taken soul and body

that spell took soul and body and wasted all eort

that white and green parcel of grease

that would be the french way of life the path of honour

thats fine one more hour then pain without name

thats her the little dead girl behind the rose-bushesthe deceased young mamma descends the flight of stepsthe cousins carriage grates along the sandthe little brother away in the indies there against the sunset in the meadow of pinksthe old people buried upright in the wallflower rampart

the air and world not looked for life

the ancient comedy follows its conventions and shares out its idylls boulevards of stage-planks

the asoka ode squares with stanzas like lorettine glass heavy brilliant butterflies leave droppings on the daisy

the backplate of the blackened heath real suns on strands ah wells of many magics dawn sighted only once this time

the bandsmens peaked caps bob up and down

the beads of pardoned sins threaded

the birds song would lead us by the hazel tree

the bitter rednesses of love ferment

the black soil we got our small reward

the blacksmith

the blue around your dark eyes

the blue footwarmer

the blue grass of good orchards

the blues of rhines with rio gold

the boulevards which barbarians raped one night

the braided strands seem a frozen plait

the bread emerges

the bridges

the broom

the bumping puppets mesh their bony arms

the bus heads towards the odéon a stinking debauchee yelps into the darkened square

the caravans departed and the hotel splendide was built in the chaos of ice and polar night

the cavatinas you were singing die on your lips

the cheery fire sings and crackles in the hearth

the child can take no more she rises reaches and her hand opens the blue curtain

the child who picked up bullets pubescent lad whose veins course with the blood of exile and father illustrious hears the new buds of his life open eager to look the part and wants to see

the city with its smoke and the bustle of its workplaces followed us far along our path o the other world the abode blessed by the sky and the shade of trees the south wind brought back to me the wretched incidents of childhood my summer despairs the horrifying quantity of strength and knowledge from which fate has always kept me at arms length no we shall not spend the summer in this mean land where we can never be anything but betrothed orphans i want this hardened arm no more to drag a cherished image

the citys cobblestones are hot

the clarion call of duty in our ears

the comic opera is divided on a stage at the angle where ten partitions intersect built from the gallery down to the footlights

the crotchs shadow so slowly and those endless fears black gravel coming after pleasure

the crowds soul ignited

the cupboard great cupboard key missing

the currents of the great expanse

the customs men

the dead of and

the dead passions of knights-errant but how the wind restores

the deserts of love

the dresser

the dryad looks up at silent skies

the dukes window which makes me think

the dusty window-panes

the evening hand of cards the smutty talk

the fat man with his gaze

the fields of bran

the final butterflies are thirsty too

the firm kiss of liberty on your brows

the first black suit the special pastry day beneath napoleon or the little drummer boy some picture of joseph or martha tongues hanging out in a surfeit of love

the first enterprise was on the path already live with shards of clean cool light a flower which told me its name

the first to enter the water emerged healed so it was said no their sins threw them back onto the steps and forced them to position themselves elsewhere for their demon allows them to settle only where they are sure to receive alms

the floras about as diverse

the flower-strewn softness of the stars and the sky and of every-thing else drifts down opposite the slope like a basket against our face and makes the flowering blue abyss below

the foolish virgin

the forges glowing splendour the end of evil

the fragrant crusts sing

the full sun puts a ruby

the gallic cockerel crows

the gauls were the most inept flayers of beasts and burners of grass of their age

the girls always go to church happy to hear themselves called sluts after mass or evensong by boys who think they have style those who one day will taste the chic

the glorious th march

the gnarled apple-trees

the gods listen to man and the world without end

the gods of love thiers is one pric-

the grass which covers them for good

the great frightening rabble rolling

the great size of their glans should not surprise us but the sterile hour has struck the horse

the great swan moves past in a dream amorously folding leda in his wingss white kiss

the great swarm of embryos

the green inn will never

the green pillars of absinthe

the grey dough place it

the half-starved earth glad to live again

the hallucinations cannot be counted that is how it has always been for me no more faith in history principles forgotten i shall be silent on this matter poets and visionaries would be jealous i am a thousand times richer than they like the sea i shall store it up

the hands of jeanne-marie

the hate in store for her when leprosy at last

the heart of old suns glows swaddled

the heart understands these children have no mother

the heavy delirium of lianas

the hour of its flight alas

the household leaves and nothings done

the houses set against a blue skys radiance

the huge crowd suddenly shivered as one

the husbands cheated by a bueting wind

the ideal invincible and eternal thought

the idol arsehole sonnet

the impossible

the infernal bridegroom

the joyful children have cried out twice there

the just man

the just man stood upright on firm hips

the lamps and carpets of the vigil make the sound of waves at night along the hull and down below

the lane covered in ribbons

the last rays of tenderness endure

the last remainder of innocence the last timidity it is said and done not to take into the world my loathings and betrayals

the lie of the shaft and the swell of the sack

the light and enchanting air of galilee its inhabitants received him with curious joy they had seen him shaking with saintly rage thrash the moneylenders and the animal-sellers in the temple a miracle performed by youth pale with rage they thought

the light that he is the abolition of all heard and shifting suer-ing in a music more intense

the lily that crowns the bard

the lily will drink blue distaste

the limes smell good on nice june nights

the linen which wraps christs nakedness

the linen-basket bible corners maid the blessed virgin and the crucifix

the little ones are quite alone in the house of ice

the little widows cage

the local dandy struts around near the front

the local lads loiter on the grass sneering

the long angelus has ceased

the love-bites of gods in the bark of trees

the magic event plays at the top of an ampitheatre crowned with thicketsor gets busy and alters itself to suit the boeotians in the shadow of the waving clumps of trees at the top of the cultivated land

the meadows reach up to hamlets where no cockerels are no anvils the sluice-gate is raised oh the calvaries and the mills of emptiness the islands the haystacks

the morning after love in pain

the morning when with her you fought together in the sparkle of snow the green lips the ice the black flags and the blue rays and the purple perfume of the polar sunyour strength

the mother was frightened the boy bathed her astonishment in tenderness

the neighbour me sent packing as id seen too much

the notary hangs from the chain of his watch

the ocial acropolis surpasses the most colossal conceptions of modern barbarity impossible to describe the flat light produced by the grey unchanging sky the imperial glare of the buildings and the eternal snow on the ground with singularly outrageous taste all the marvels of classical architecture have been reproduced i visit ex-hibitions of painting in places twenty times the size of hampton court what painting a norwegian nebuchadnezzar has had made the staircases of the ministries the underlings i managed to see are prouder than brahmins as it is and the look of the men guard-ing the colossi and of the building ocials made me tremble the grouping of buildings into squares enclosed courtyards and terraces

the old boys cooking nicely by the fire arms knotted

the old church-stones

the old room was lit up

the one you know

the open country full of love

the open fire lighting up bunk beds

the others somehow got to hold his night-shirt up

the pale man walks on flower-dotted lawns dressed in black cigar jammed between teeth the pale mans remembering tuileries flowers sometimes his dead eyes flare with life

the paralytic who had been lying on his side rose watching him cross the gallery with a firm step and disappear into the city were the damned

the paths are rough the knolls are covered with broom the air is still how the birds and springs are far away it can only be the end of the world if you go on

the pavilion

the paws of old bronze kings push their regiments across france in their toy-town uniforms

the people arent your whore now one two three and down it tumbled your bastille those walls oozed blood from every stone

the pigeons which tremble in the field

the plaything of all

the poet says that when the stars come out you come looking for flowers you picked he says hes seen lying in her long veils white ophelia like some great lily float by

the poet says to you your beauty is a splendour

the poet says cowards be as mad as you like

the poet will take on the sob of the disgusting the convicts hatred the shouts of the damned his light-beams of love will lash all womankind

the pond high up does not stop steamimg what witch will set herself up against the white sunset what violet foliage will fall

the poor conductor in his tin shelter warming a huge chilblain inside his glove

the poor man dreams

the poor raise up to god our lord and master risible prayers which dont let up

the priest gets gratis his arbour-shaded roof

the problem is while one hand grabs the potty

the promised land of feminine clamminess

the pure stream of unceasing life

the radiance of these loving hands

the red courtesan with battle-heavy breasts will make hard fists far from your stupor

the reed-roses long since eaten up

the room is full of shadow and the sad

the room opens onto a slate-blue sky

the royal nails of their electric fingers

the same bourgeois magic wherever the packet-boat happens to put us ashore the most elementary physicist can feel that it is possible no longer to submit oneself to this private atmosphere this fog of physical remorse to recognize which is in itself an aiction

the sceptre scarcely venerated

the sea gone

the sea of the vigil like amélies breasts

the seas formed russet beads round your vermilion breasts and mans bled black at your sovereign side

the sensible song of angels rises from the rescue ship it is divine lovetwo loves i could die of earthly love die of devotion i have left behind souls whose grief can only grow because i have gone you

the shiny chubby bottom of

the shirt-sleeved carpenters

the shout of mad seas huge growl

the sight the sight of him all the old kneeling the sorrows lifted in his wake

the skys as sweet as angels

the skylight threw a heart-shaped brightness

the smell of cowsheds warm

the smell of milking will carry

the song of the heavens nations on the march we are slaves but let us not curse life

the sonnet of

the speed of the ramp

the spines a touch red and the whole thing smells

the spring sobs its long ecstasy far away

the stars wept pink deep inside your ears

the stone smells always of mother earth

the storm blessed my maritime wakefulness

the storm first rains down great drops

the storm has crowned you poetry supreme the huge stirring of forces rescues you

the street is blank and night comes down

the stunning victory at sarrebrück gained to shouts of long live the emperor

the stupra

the sugar-spit of black larva-nymphs

the sun giver of life and tenderness spills burning love onto ravished earth

the swarm of golden leaves rings the generals residence they are in the southyou take the red road to find the deserted inn the chateau is up for sale shutters hanging othe priest no doubt has removed the key to the churcharound the estate the wardens lodges are unoccupied the fences are so high you see only the bustling tree-tops anyway there is nothing to see in there

the swaying movement by the tumbling riverside

the traveller once i was

the tube that disgorges the heavenly almond

the tumult of its markets its slums

the wall-hangings the lower half thickets of lace emerald-tinted where the doves of the vigil swirl

the vast to-and-fro of the current

the water lies deep in the reeds

the waterfall sounds behind huts out of a comic opera wheeling fireworks in the orchards and avenues alongside the meander prolong the greens and reds of sunset nymphs out of horace wearing their hair in first empire styleround siberian women chinese women a la boucher

the vegetable-minded french always

the weird sight of a nose pursuing planet venus

the white men are landing cannon fire now we will have to accept baptism clothes work

the white road

the whiteness of womens bodies assaulting the sun silk pure lilies massed oriflammes

the whole god inside his mortal clay

the wide fields

the wind kisses her breasts and like a flower opens her long veils gently moving with the water

the wind whistles at the skeletons ball the black gibbet moans like an iron organ howling wolves answer from violet forests the red sky makes a horizon of hell

the wind will bathe my bare head

the winds stopped whistling under the door

the wine of indolence wells up in him

the voices of instruction in exile the bodys ingenuousness bit-terly put in its place adagioah the infinite egotism of adolescence the studious optimism how full of flowers the world was that summer tunes and forms fading a choir to calm down impotence and absence a choir of glass pieces of nocturnal melodies soon indeed the nerves will slip their moorings

the voices reconstituted the brotherly awakening of every choral and orchestral energy and their instantaneous application the opportunity the only one to free our senses

the wolf howled in the greenery

the woods golden kiss settle again

the world thirsts for love youll quench that thirst

the world will tremble like a great harp

the worlds vicious

the vortex at the sternpost

the year the prince imperial was born leaves me with a largely pleasant memory

the young man with bright eyes dark skin copper-laurelled brow twenty-year old beauty meant to go naked which an unknown persian genie might have adored by moonlight

the young mans irritated heart shudders

their big snapped fingers slyly slipping rosary

their booze and smut

their dirty dugs exposed these soup-swallowers

their evening

their eyes are so puy their breathing so strained

their fragrance carried on the air

their frolics with blond nymphs among lilies

their heads bursting as they toil

their killing handshake comes from nowhere

their low-slung bassets quietly

their pandiculation

their skis theyve ne ne never been to sea slice through the bloodied waters of the lake

their skin or eyes glued to windows where snows fade

their windows hung with angel-blinds

themselves among the heavenly robes

themselves driven into harmonic ecstasy

themselves in their misshapen hats

then a ballet of known seas and nights a worthless chemistry and impossible melodies

then all sins the devils easy and tenacious children making these men more frightening than monsters to sensitive souls wanted to hurl themselves into that water the sick descended not jeering now but eager

then gets up knees to trembling belly

then it sings o

then its the grey matt sheet of water without source an old man in a tranquil boat dredging

then more then more

then one by one i raised the veils down the path my arms flailing across the levels where i denounced her to the cock in the city she flitted from belfry to dome and running like a beggar across the marble quays i kept up the chase

then rump roundness rises subcutaneous fat shows like flat leaves

then suddenly our whole being gives

then the fat grey neck the wide-wing shoulder-blades the short back all dents and bumps

then the great woods

then the green muse and burning justice come

then the storm changed the sky until evening

then the vibrant humble poison

then this awesome blacksmith disregarding the fat kings

then this christian ignoring gibes and provocations

then youll feel something scratch against your cheek

then as rose and pine of the sun

then beautiful still untroubled by the grave

then despair the walls became vague tree-shadows and i foundered in nights loving sadness

then from the guiana dining-room the chatter of children and cages

then from the nave where sunlight expires silly

then having downed with care my thousand dreams

then limp as a corpse

then one night the beloved deigns to write

then right there in this danse macabre

then the poverty of images their patina of boredom awful pictures old woodcuts

then tiny and snug among

then under thin lamplight in the cold shadow of her fathers false collar

then up there you catch sight of a tiny scrap

there among the banisters hed rant

there are still informers about racketeers

there can be no doubt we have left the world not a sound anywhere my sense of touch has gone ah my chateau my saxony my willow wood evenings mornings nights days such fatigue

there in the evening goes the emperor clean and dark

there is a cathedral which goes down and a lake which rises

there is a clock which never strikes

there is a god who laughs at patterned

there is a hollow in the ground with a nest of white animals

there is a little vehicle abandoned in the copse or running down

there is a troupe of little costumed actors glimpsed on the road through the limits of the wood

there is in the sistine rome covered in christian emblems a little scarlet box wherein

there she sat half-naked

there they all are

there they sit knees knocking against teeth green pianists ten fingers drum the underside of chairs

there its the century of hell

there no hope

therell be a stately cow the soft clap of

theres never hope

these are cities this is a people for whom these dream alleghenies and these lebanons have risen into being chalets of glass and wood which move on invisible rails and pulleys the ancient craters ringed round by colossi and copper palms roar mellifluously in the flames festivals of love echo over the canals suspended behind the chalets the chase of chiming bells reverberates around the gorges guilds of giant singers hurry in draped in robes and oriflammes as brilliant as the light from mountain-tops on the platforms deep in the gulfs the rolands trumpet their defiance on the footbridges of the abyss and the roofs of the inns the heat of the heavens unfurls flags on the poles the collapse of apotheoses spreads to the highest fields where seraphic centauresses move among the avalanches above the level of the tallest summits a sea agitated by the endless birth of venus shouldering choral fleets singing with precious pearls and conchessea sometimes darkening with deadly shards of light from the slopes comes the bellow of harvested flowers as big as our weapons and goblets processions of mabs in opaline and russet robes climb out of the ravines up there feet in the waterfall and the brambles diana suckles the deer the bacchantes of the suburbs sob and the moon burns and howls venus enters the blacksmiths and the hermits caves clusters of bell-towers sing out the ideas of the

these are hands that bend backbones

these are the conquerors of the world

these arent the hands of cousins

these babylon kings men

these babylon kings men

these dear ancients desire

these hands have sold no oranges nor darkened at the feet of gods these hands have washed no rags of heavy eyeless children

these hands would break your necks bad women crush your hands

these marvellous hands have paled

these old boys have always been like thisbindweed

these poor frozen ragbags

these thousand questions

these writings are those of a young man a very young man whose life has evolved here there and everywhere no mother no country indierent to things that matter avoiding all moral imperatives the way so many wretched young men already were he though was bored and vexed to such a degree that he simply marched on towards death as if towards a terrible and fatal grace not having loved womenyet full-bloodedhis heart his soul all his strength grew up in strange and sad mistakes successive dreamshis loves came to him in his beds or in the streets and from their twists and endings issued soft religious thoughts think perhaps of the unbroken sleep of legendary mahomedansgood men and circum-cised but since this strange suering has a troubling authority we must fervently hope that this soul which has strayed into our midst this soul which seems to yearn to die will find true consolation when death comes and be worthy of it

theseuss sail white against the sun

they bear away the education

they dream that leaning on their small round arms

they feel life pulsing back

they hear the good bread bake

they huddle motionless

they know my game and laugh looking at me eyes wide with indiscretion

they leave putting out of mind their skin bristling

they listen to the morse of sad barcaroles heads bobbing on tides of love

they murmur when will our mother come home

they panel fine ceilings

they sit down again fists retracted into dirty sleeves

they sit the child by an open window

they struggle up growling like tormented cats

they think about the helpers who got them up

they think theyre asleep in a rosy paradise

they torched our hovels in the night

they watch his strong white arm knead

theyll have lain down with your pure hate casting aside true passion in favour of death

theyre down there now screaming in your face

theyre hungry sire thats why theyre beggars im a blacksmith my wifes with them

theyre on first-name terms with his nibs stretched out in beds of irises favre winks to activate his tear-ducts he peppers up his snivels

theyre ramrod knights with cardboard armour

theyre totally transfixed

theyve nearly all removed their skins

thick white bread

things for the throat rubber

this cunning philtre

this expense this vain disorder

this gentleman does not know what he is doing he is an angel

this idol dark eyes yellow mane no family or court nobler than fables mexican and flemish his domain insolent azure and green runs over beaches bearing fierce greek and slav and celtic names given them by waves with no ships

this is enlightened repose neither fever nor languor on the bed or in the meadow

this is the friend neither urgent nor lukewarm the friend this is the loved one neither tormentor nor tormented the

this is the place of medals and lockets white or blond hair portraits the fragrance of dried flowers blending with the smell of fruit

this is the time of the

this key is charitya flash of inspiration which proves i have been dreaming

this religious afternoon of storms bears away

this time its woman whom ive seen in the city ive spoken to her and she to me

this we are owed blood the golden flame

this no doubt is the same countryside the same cottage as my parents the same living-room with rustic scenes above the doors scorched paintings of lions and coats-of-arms at dinner a room of candles and wines and rustic carvings the dining-table is huge maidservants lots of them as many as ive remembered one of my old young friends was there a priest dressed as a priest now in the interests of greater freedom i recall his purple bedroom its yellow paper window-panes and his hidden books which had known the waters of the sea

those blubbing vegetable baby-dolls

those delicious words said again and again

those who say for chrissake others who say get lost soldiers sailors scum of empire pensioned o

though its grim to find you covered in this way though no city ever became a more putrid ulcer in the face of green nature

thoughtfully they listen to a distant murmur

through cracks in a nearby courtyard wall

through rose-tinted glasses fierce as zeus soppy as papa

through splendid cities in a chariot of bronze

through strange valleys

through the window up there fine blue sky

through too much discretion

through which the saucepan-bright sun

thrown round the gods knotty neck quivering in the water slowly it turns to her its vacant eye

thusfantastic hair

tightens shrunken fingers on cracking femur

to her

to a reason

to august evenings which bred this decay

to be read from tréguier

to be subjected to the microscope

to calm their strength

to deceive must have had what it took

to do a room or paint a wall

to eat the alloy o our spoons

to get to the great hard dark nub of him the man whose hairy hand rocked me

to his enslaved sightgermany scaolds up towards moons the tartar deserts light upthe ancient revolts seethe in the heart of the celestial empire in the stairways and the armchairs of kingsa little world pale and flat africa and occidents is going to be built

to laugh at the sun means laughing at parents

to lessen the boredom of a tunnel dark vein

to let the rooms freshness into her bed down to her belly on to her rioting breast

to love kiss the baby that should get the nurse

to lulua demonwho has preserved her taste for the oratories

to m théodore de banville

to music

to my bedside reading books of sublime artistry vert-vert and lutrin obermann genlis unimpressed by dust-grey vapid novelties

to my sister léonie aubois dashby baouthe buzz and stench of summer grassfor the fevers of mothers and children

to my sister louise vanaen de voringhem her blue coif turned towards the north seafor the shipwrecked

to p demeny

to paramaribo you should obtain

to pile on blankets eiderdowns

to roll towards wounds through the fatiguing air and the sea towards torments through the silence of the murderous waters and air towards tortures which laugh in their hideously surging silence

to savour the antique charm of explanatory drawings

to search juveniles hes after lovely contraband god help the delinquents his hand has frisked

to see them youd say they were crying behind closed lids

to shabby servitude an idol in the fire

to take their awful pleasures every night

to tear him apart with lofty obsession

to that wind children call bari-barou

to the adolescent i once was to that old holy man hermitage or mission

to the cool latrine lock himself in

to the pale unsteady king

to the revolted heart of her boy

to the right the summer dawn wakes the leaves and mists and sounds of this corner of the park and the slopes to the left keep in their violet shadow the thousand rapid ruts on the moistened road parade of enchantments and yes carts laden with animals of golden wood poles and multicoloured canvas the galloping stride of twenty dappled circus horses and the children and men on their most extraordinary mountstwenty vehicles sculpted hung with flags and decorated with flowers like the coaches of old or out of fairy tales full of children got up for suburban pastoralseven cons under their canopy of night flourishing ebony plumes passing by to the trot of the great tall blue-black mares

to the sound of a hundred crows true

to the spirit of the poor and to a very high clergy

to the virgin on high

to think i didnt trouble to drink

to tie me to its chariot of fortune

to work among our torpitudes

today the parents room is quite empty no crimson no hearth no keys collected no farewell kisses no sweet surprises

tongue

too beautiful too beautiful but needed

torture for sure

tortured heart

tossing her hair hed bite her buttocks she didnt believe in underwear

towards the golden apple sun

towards the golden apple sun

towards the limbs of the forest

towards the piers of the jetty

tradesmen colonial medium

trailing its snow-dress on the ground

trample the old shards

tramps

trapped in dead-end defeat

travelling october

treading on spread-out shawls our lady of spain on his arm

trees

tremble in boiling-pans

trembled with pure pleasure

trembling as i heard the faraway groans

trembling the way toads tremble with pain

trombones play and the thoughts of boy-soldiers

troublesome to use its no fun

trousers for our infantry

trumped-up legislation pink-paper edicts

trust me then faith relieves guides heals come everyone even the little childrenlet me console you let someone give his heart for youthe marvellous heartpoor men workers i do not ask for prayers with your trust alone i shall be happy

truth and patience

truth through patience

try to whiten your angelic hands

tuileries palace around august

turn dance into fight fight into dance as wild beelzebub fiddles away

turn my hungers hungers feed

turned and asked me vigour tinged with sadness

turned towards the chancel dripping gold and the throats of twenty choristers bawling pious hymns

turns the skulls of tiny lambs

turns to his co head swimming with great names

twenty years old

twisting the world out of shape

two medallions silver-plated black and white jet and mother-of-pearl darting light

two words are tattooed on the buttocks

types or full of fun pipe-suckers cigar-chewers

u cycles divine shudder of viridian seas

ugh my dried-out spit

under false skies

under frightful scum

under moon rings of

under the wet tendril tree

unhealthy thirsting

unsuspected blackcurrant river rolls

until they can bathe at noon in the sea

up in the woods dogs bark men shout

up on high stained yellow by the glass dreaming far from skeletal sinners pot-bellied rogues

up the road houses are lined

us to amuse ourselves with what she leaves us or else be more amusing

ushering in uncommon dawns

utter stillness on the palace fronts lifeless water the shadow-camps on the woodland road had not yet been struck i walked awakening warm and living breaths and the precious stones looked and the wings lifted without a sound

vaguely indecent curiosities

waltz

wandering norway jews

vanishing under curtains back again

war

warm as a breast

was telling himstrange things old-fashioned words punched straight into his face

watch an evil bunch of little girls display

watch the baker making

water and sky become one

water-creatures bidden beasts

waterspouts undertows i know the dusk

we are free we have electrifying moments

we know through the sieve then brothers forward

we let you slumber with the republic we who cowered under the royal lash

we loved each other then

we picked up our children and kissed them

we shall know hammer in hand lets run everything

we shant know the emperors eyes are dead

we still want it industrialists princes senates die down with power justice history

we used to eat boiled eggs

we wrote batting them back and forth like

wed feel happy and no one

wed have a rifle ready hanging near the fire

wed see all that and say yes we poor folk know our place on our knees our pennies will fund your louvre while you and your hell-raisers get blind drunk

well breathe the truth

well get back to the village

well never toil you waves of fire

were as one lefebvre and me etc

were your grandparents

were your grandparents

were your grandparents

wearing clothes now his puritys lost

wearisome the hour of feeling and fondnesses

weave into corners

weeper in the olive grove hand gloved in pity

vegetable nibbles

weird-looking sturdy types many of them have exploited your worlds wanting for nothing and in no haste to bring into play their brilliant abilities and their knowledge of how you think what mature men eyes bewildered like summer night red and black three-coloured steel pricked out with golden stars deformed fea-tures like lead blanched on fire caprices of hoarseness the cruel swagger of flashy ragsthere are some young peoplewhat would they make of cherubino endowed with frightening voices and dangerous resources they are sent into town to parade themselves got up in disgusting luxury

welcome me with open doors

well installed mad kisses nesting

well no weve had enough no more silver-tongued

well-shagged concubine

went o proud well-pleased and oblivious

venus emerging

venus goddess

venus leave the lovers a moment

venus leave the lovers be

venus sister of the blue

were only even in our guianas

very slowly floats lying in long veils

wet muzzle

veuillot tropmann augier

what

what an old maid im becoming with this lack of courage to welcome death

what appetite i have

what can i do i know about work and science is too slow let prayers gallop light rumble i can see it all quite clearly it is too simple and the weather is too hot they can do without me i have my duty i shall be proud of it the way so many are putting it to one side

what can i have drunk from that young oise

what could i be drinking from that young oise

what did i draw from the colocasias gourd

what did i tell you im one of the rabble

what do they mean to us my heart the sheets of blood and fire the thousand murders the long cries

what does man need to drink

what dream has caught them stretched in

what i liked were absurd paintings decorations over doorways stage scenery travelling fairs backcloths inn-signs cheap coloured prints literature gone out of fashion church latin erotic books with bad spelling novels our grandmothers used to read fairy-tales little books for children old operas meaningless refrains crude rhythms

what kind arms what auspicious hour will restore to me this region from which come my sleeping and my merest movements

what seem like children howling unto death

what that great wardrobe of a blacksmith

what the poet is told on the subject of flowers

what they reveal is less than shocking

what to make of my words it would have them take flight

what was i drinking on my knees in that heather

what was i in the last century i can recognize myself only today no more vagabonds no more vague wars the inferior race spread everywherethe people as they say reason the nation science

when a man will work his forge from dawn to dusk search out great eects great causes

when beneath the smoky beams

when darkness dribbles in woods like a cow

when hell slowly triumph conquer everything ride the world like a thoroughbred

when heaven blessed the fruit of eugénies womb

when his majesty the customs man decides

when i shall quietly drink

when i was still a little child i used to admire the hardened criminal on whom the prison gates must always close i frequented the inns and rented rooms which his presence might have consecrated it was through his eyes i saw the blue sky and the flower-covered work of the countryside through cities i followed the scent of his fate he had more strength than a saint more good sense than any travellerand he he alone witness to his glory and his rightness

when i was young i sought out

when in his tall bare blue and empty

when in the ant-heaps where we live

when in wasted hamlets

when julys bludgeoned ultramarine skies

when love is for real

when plants do work

when sap trembles beneath the dark grilles

when several winds swoop

when she awokemidnightthe window was white before the blue sleep of moonlit curtains

when shes unravelled her hysterias

when silent trees cradling the singing bird earth cradling man and the blue ocean all the animals knew gods love

when stern sleep pulls their eyeshades down

when the boys head full of red torment pleads for white swarms of cloudy dreams two charming big sisters approach his bed dainty fingers and silver nails

when the field is cold lord

when the fires bright flames light up

when the green ground shook beneath his goats hooves

when the sloe-eyed eight-year-old daughter

when the trembling wood bleeds

when the world has been reduced to a single dark wood for our four astonished eyesto a beach for two faithful childrento a house of music for our manifest sympathyi shall find you

when this warm hole breathes life

when we are very strongwho pulls back when we sparkle so who falls down in ridicule when we are full of malice what would they do to us

when we feel that we are great so great just now i was talking of calm duty a home

when woman briefly excited frightens him

when your feet danced such angry steps

when as gods and heroes bow slow to them

when softly kissing the bright syrinx his lips

when standing on the plain all around he heard

where a blouse was drying like a white ghost

where a small child plunged in sadness crouches one fragrant evening at dusk and launches

where a thousand blue devils dance in the air

where a topaz ocean trembles

where a whole leviathan lay rotting

where alls as it should be flowers trees

where are we going into battle i am weak the others are

where blue air bathes a tumult of flowers

where enormous insect-tormented snakes

where fifteen ugly brats besmirching the pillars

where flowers twine with panther eyes inside mens skins rainbows flung like bridles under sea horizons harnessed the glaucous herds

where suddenly tinting the bluities

where the dead of yesterdays lie sleeping

where the priest of christ placed strong fingers

where the town

where the towns wealth will laugh

wheres the mother of these little things sweet-smiling mother with triumphant eyes so last night alone stooping she forgot to stir the fading fire into life

which age is yours

which bears good poets exquisite preserve

which bursts in their palms and sleeps

which grandville would have crayoned in

which may be ordered from hachette

which might smother you again nestling

which nature will dye red

which one night was spangled red with bombs

which opens its million doors to your pallor

which raised to me its yellow-sucker

which some call eternal victim-breakers

which soul has no flaw

which soul is spotless

which still makes no sense to me

which thiers and picard annexed

which well-bred ladies used to hug

which alas made our anger turn sour

whicho the planet

while down in the street the noise went on he lay alone on rough sheets thinking violent thoughts of getting under sail

while grotesque mysticities command attention around a madonna or a stued saint

while hes away here all the time

while nightmare madness stacks

while public funds are being squandered on festivals of brother-hood a bell of rose-coloured fire tolls in the clouds

while the red mouths of machine-guns spit blood and whistle non-stop in the endless blue

while up above there glows an ad for chocolate and i think how winter will blanket tibet

whilescarlet or green beside their sneering king massed battalions are blown to bits

white air streamed through perforated roof

white and small trembling light fading

white face tanned by phoebus

white ophelia floats like a great lily

white velvet of a cheek

white with moon rings of

white worms swarm through your veins

white hints of pink

whiter than the marys

whod stir the furious fires into frenzies

wholl tell these languors the piteous miseries

whos lulled to sleep by hosannas

whove filled your love-nest with our daughters smell and warrants to throw us in your gaols

whooping redskins took my men as targets

whose blouse smelled sour with its frayed hem

whose delirious skies summon sailors

whose first-light blueynotes

why did i speak of a helping hand my great advantage now is that i can laugh at all the old mendacities of love i can strike shame into that charade known as the couplei have seen down there the hell of womenand now i shall be free to possess truth in one soul and one body

why then my friends well shit on the lot of them

why never thrusting its white jib does every

vibrate with gummy goblins

wide-eyed

wielding heavy sticks iron pikes and drums

vigils

wild howl of a dog great howl of the sea

will be the hour of death

will brush flowers and women spread at their lovely feet o great ariadne weeping on the shore

will come home to roostcrumpling up the demands

will gather their smiles and fill the sky

will i choose the north

will paint false skies

will rise arise burn on his brow

will run up your neck

winds of night come to the damned one speak to him

wine for these foul torpors at these tables

wings drooping against the grey sky

winter dream

winter festival

visible to the naked eye

with youre nicked my lad now drop that stu

with a thousand copper crowns

with blossoming darnel

with blue cushions

with carnation and amaranth

with clean pure noisy water stilling the human tide and how the bitter wind snaps every thread of life

with ears as tightly shut as any childs

with fresh manure

with hard light-coloured

with it moon where our dead sisters spirit thrives

with its pale hair out of the window into the wind

with lovethat assertion of life that song of action

with modest glory etc

with no at lasts

with no thought that our love for you is madness

with one small pu like a candle freedoms back and hes worn out

with only the picture

with painful smacks

with some love for the bindweedover

with squeals like sneers

with the blister-fly i fear

with the shit of its myriad swans

with the sun

with the wine of day

with thirty forty foaming tankards i prepare

with us still locked in its dungeons

with worthy causes

with your still mute eyes fixed on distant nothingness

voiceless elms flowerless grass overcast sky

voiceless elms flowerless grass sullen sky

volcanoes will erupt the ocean whipped

woman our clay made a divinity

wont quench my thirst

wont squeeze the breath of progress out of you

wood-water vanished over virgin sands

work harder stinking hell-hole mouths

workers

world and the limpid song of fresh unhappiness

worms horror of horrors satan you joker you want to undo me with your spells i beg i demand you spike me with your pitchfork drop fire on me

would fish up from the drink half-drowned half-crazed

would shade pink

would thread gold through their green and crimson dream

vowels

writers and engravers ink has gilded sexual miseries

vulgar élan

vulgar élan

vulgar nocturne

yelled abuse

yellow fingers in the stoup of holy water

yellow gold coins sown on agate mahogany columns supporting a dome of emeralds bunches of white satin and fine stems of rubies surround the water-rose

yellow hailstorms rain on our heads

yellow gobs of faith dripping from his toothless mouth

yellowing scented linens bits of childrens

yes deep in dark seams find

yes even after death he wants to survive

yes i close my eyes against your light i am an animal a nigger but i can be saved you people are phoney niggers maniacs savages misers tradesman youre a nigger courtroom judge nigger gen-eral nigger emperor you piece of pus nigger youve drunk untaxed liquor from satans distilleryfever and cancer are the inspiration of this people the sick and the old are so respectful that they demand to be boiled the cleverest thing to do is to leave this contin-ent where madness roams searching out hostages for this dismal bunch i am entering the true kingdom of the children of ham

yes man is sad and ugly sad beneath huge skies

yes the new era is certainly hard

yes the panpipes pulings

yes wed go

yet its for these mutton-joints

yet this is the eve accept every wave of strength and true tender-ness and at dawn armed with scorching patience we shall enter the cities of splendour

yet i was scarcely thinking of the pleasure it would be to escape from modern suering i did not have in mind the mongrel wisdom of the koranbut isnt there genuine torture in the fact that since that declaration of knowledge christianity man has been deceiving himself proving the obvious pued up with the pride of repeating these proofs the only life he knows a subtle and crass torture the source of my spiritual ramblings nature might get bored perhaps mr wise-guy was born with christ

you are free to live in your east just as old as you need it to beand to live well there dont be a defeatist philosophers you belong to your world of the west

you bend over us you breast-bearer

you can give me orders you cant

you christsleperdriel

you dead men dont mistake this for a church

you drift you feel on your lips a kiss

you drink again the horrible life you feel

you fear the wild cry of her convulsion

you free yourself

you get dizzy on sap like champagne

you give us back everything night of no ill-will like a monthly overflow of blood

you have not yet left behind the temptation of st anthony wild energy curtailed the tics of puerile pride the collapse and the terror

you heap of faded stars

you i know it is whos mixing a blue that could be saharan

you kissed my hair as thick as wool and i let you for you men

you live in your powdered minions your thousand hangers-on all the strutting peacock bastards

you million christs with soft dark eyes

you myriad golden birds the strength to come

you need a rocket up your

you ought to know

you poor beggars dead in summers grass in your joy nature maker of these saintly men

you see a girl go by all airs and little graces

you soldiers of the forest sent by heaven dear delicious crows

you take one step new men rise and start to march

you think i want to see the sumptuous place

you up in love

you walk beneath the green limes on the promenade

you who have arrived from all time and will leave for every-where

you will come please and even

you wont slobber into your glass

you if you were there seated

you set the hysteria of fragrances

you white hunter running barefoot

you who with your clogs calmly broke the collar clamped tight around humanitys soul and neck

you whose blood washed clean our soiled greatness you the dead of valmy of fleurus of italy

you whose hearts leapt with love beneath your rags soldiers whom death noble lover has sown

you your fits of impatienceare no more than your dancing and your voice not fixed and certainly not forced although an added reason for a double consequence of inventiveness success in brotherly and discreet humanity throughout the universe devoid of imagesforce and justice reflect the

youd ask me to carry you

youd knock out florilegiums

youd laugh and id be drunk direct and catch you

youd replace the russet cricket

youll bow your head and say find it for me

youll close your eyes not to see through the glass the leer of dark evening

youll come to bring him holy redemption

youll die seeing god riddled

youll see on top of piles of earthy stones

youre a coward your brow teems with hatching lice

youre in love booked till august

youre in love your sonnets make her laugh

youre scarcely surprised

youve spat on their souls who cares

young couple

young glutton

young rigged-out royal ski sink

your ancient cannons over dirty cobbles

your body like a bedtime child

your botany much better

your breast against mine

your crazy heart goes crusoeing through books

your elders

your eyes just slits

your flower flesh

your great visions made you speechless

your guts are ripped wide with shame you victors

your hates torpors failings

your head turns away new love your head turns backnew love

your majesty drunk on terrific hope

your majesty it slobbers on walls grows multiplies

your olympian retreat

your own ardour

your pretty girls are down there now scum you see

your quatrain plunges into bloody woods

your rhyme will spurt up pink or white

your sharp forehead would unpick

your shoulder-blades dislocate

your splendid shoulder-blades

your strawberry and raspberry taste

your waterproofs

your white gown would plunge

your wild laugh

youth

zeus the bull cradles on his shoulders europas naked body like a child her white arm