

Like a cup of tea
overflowing

she keeps going places
unexpected
beyond will and power

drawing silhouettes
of sweet fragrance
on the white morning

and I can't help but clutch
at the burning tablecloth

again and again

I drape my heart
like a make-believe ghost

hiding the silhouette
of sweet romance
in the white morning

And I keep going places
unexpected
beyond will and power

haunting every cup of tea
with a trembling face

Without a thought
you hand me a second jar

Without a thought
I open it and you smile
in profile
at this intimacy
like a wife

I wish we were them

Hidden in plain sight
secret delights
that can touch
and be open
without a thought

Among the guests
beaming and laughing
at brilliant jokes
we share a drink
with two ice cubes

Side by side
complicit and beautiful

fatal icebergs
float in a world of silence

short-changing the suns
ninety percent

Her dangling arms
abandoned to the wind
like lianas

gently beat
to the rhythm of her steps

The choir of the forest
around us
murmurs while staring
at the divine pendulums

waiting for a sign

Hear the wild deer
invisible yet so close

Hear its deep chest
darkly drumming
an untamed song

about you

What a waste
I tell myself

This whole bread
stale
which you forgot
at the back of the cupboard

I remember the loaf
warm and tender
like a promise
of young love

and

— Let's make French toasts!
you say

When you go through my lines
with me

sometimes
I slip in my own words
and you want to slip too

with me

a blank page

In this waltz
of oblivion
and regrets

I step forwards
and I forget
all the lessons
I swore to remember

You step backwards
and you regret
learning so much
about me

Come

The third beat
is not here yet
we don't have to repeat
the same mistakes

spinning
against each other

Let us stand still
like that afternoon
in the pouring rain
when I warmed you
in my arms

Blinded

you guide my hands
to the clear waters
of the fountain

Thirsty

from your lips
the gulp
eclipses the sun

Away

birch trees
bathed
in warm sunlight

Close

your white fingers
combing
your golden hair

Those clear eyes

clearer yet this morning
to have loved another

A clearer sky

whose rising sun
left two puddles
where I seek my reflection
amid the dew

Life asleep under the ermine coat
offers to the cristalline air echos
scattered away

on the snow field sowed
with crows where drops anchor
the night flooding the horizon

Under the shroud and vermine
the yearning soul cries in echos
scattered away

on the blank page sowed
with full stops where the inkwell
overturns like the horizon

streaming meltwater
carries faraway echos
— I soak my sleeves

Sleds rushing down a hill,
each bump threading a note
to the braids of their life lines,
to the necklaces of their laughter.

Like them,
I draw on immaculate pages
invisible parallels
that conjure up your silhouette.

Hide and seek in the mist,
your white hands over my eyes,
your panting for breath
sends a long shiver down,
blending with that of winter.

I caress the blank pages
of a book open to the invisible,
invoking your pale face
under my fingers trembling
from soft and familiar hills,
naked under the ermine coat,
my breath taken away
at each descent,
so impatient at each ascent!

Exhausted, lying on the snow
we watch passing clouds
and I quench my thirst
in the calm stream of your words
lest they drop into oblivion
like a frozen cataract.

Beloved phantom,
was it a word too pure,
a heart too warm
that made you evaporate?

You only left,
in a margin
of the white grimoire,
a golden hair.

A prod to the tiny spring
has my heart palpitating
like a watch.

Bent over those pages
in the corner of a table
we used to admire... what?

The smile erases the memory,
like an overexposed film,
and only remain these verses
in braille
where I feel your steps
towards the white paradise.

Perigee of Mercury

My eyes wander in the firmament,
that same sky that separates lovers,
and I ponder with gravity a detour,
like a winged thief without return.

I lower my gaze towards the earth.
Will you forgive me
after this season in hell?

With the tip of my tongue
I used to carve furrows in your hair,
like a ploughman sowing wheat
in the shiver of dawn.

When the quicksilver descended
you swallowed tears of rage
for not being free to follow me.
You wanted to write
but your ink spilt on the page
and became evening
on the frosted fields.

But the time has come and I am back.

The alchemy between us is not dead,
only asleep and frozen.
I will revive the fire under the crucible
until the terracota cracks.

Already
mounts arise, springs gush,
continents smash into each other!

Already
you sigh like bellows
on the furnace renewed,
on the origin of the world.

Finally
our lips join and I taste
the vermilion flesh
of a pomegranate
under the moonlight.

You lay hands on my head
and crown me witness
of the mystical union
of water and fire.

I lay hands on a mute book,
on the celestial geography
of your beauty spots.
Like braille I decipher
a secret zodiac
on your body of soft amber
where I die and am reborn.