# “Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie.”[[1]](#footnote-2) (16 lines)

Machines unsting the real, remake our dreams in shapes

I'm not able to feel… Outside, our time escapes.

Let's seek the ways of old, may they dispel the fear

long cast on souls unbold, and sharpen all the blear,

incentive glimpses of immaculate despair

extruded from above, narrating primal scare.

Believe the night's soft song, peruse its glyphs in stars;

observe them well: they long and crave for blood and scars

behind their hypocrite, deceptive brightness, fake

benignity. The pit eternal, wakeless lake

you sense and feel in you, lies at our being's core.

Below, remain the few pristine delights of yore,

remains a speck of hope entwined in the old roots

of trees blooming up slope. Under, rot other fruits

writhing and stinking high, ceaselessly, to our heads.

Now, I'll rest on your thigh. Hold me… Bind us with threads…

1. “The eternal silence of these infinite spaces frightens me.” —Blaise Pascal, *Pensées*. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)