

## **and the street**

[excerpt]

the glacial rain chases  
each one in his impasse  
the narrow shore  
along the metal flow  
the clutch of us  
around the electric heater  
come we to warm our buns  
or burn our eyes  
adding up  
rational animals  
non-whole irreducible  
fractions  
with a common denominator  
approaching zero

trivial you're out in the street  
in sandals with your golden  
baguette your bags you're  
seen talking cuisine  
professional relations  
domestic organization  
sports the blurred face of rumors  
heavy with meaning  
I borrow it for few yards  
of sidewalk I sink  
my malaise in vessels  
of insignificance  
shared when the roadblock  
overflows and the stock  
of retorts is exhausted

shame shall survive us  
our descent will say  
stepped over the bodies  
near crouching families  
to go shopping  
or control wizards  
sci-fi heroes  
will recount the era  
when we started to envision  
each other as measures  
of human flesh hardly  
outlined biomass  
and they'll ogle the funny  
accented extras  
of a z period movie

which bowel expulses  
those of strange  
extraction by  
the way why  
would a word, say  
“ violence ” say  
the violence ?  
displayed  
detailed in  
the art of policing

coal block black  
sneakers jeans parka  
scarf swimming  
goggles is utmost  
elegance

unannounced is the beauty  
of workers emerging  
each from the hole he digs  
so is the resurrection of  
the flesh buried in  
its prime the hour  
of release breaks  
with the day

open your mouth  
be waterlogged  
before your utterance  
the wave of newest  
news breaks  
seems to be leaving  
keaton intact  
holding up ?  
run aground surfing ?  
diving ? apnea  
won't last only  
a monster crawls  
before the titans  
of oblivion

for streets to flow  
a song be played  
in earphones  
windows open  
in the palm dubbing  
subtitles push  
away unless  
a face  
arrests



do smirk and sneer  
in a bourgeois town  
at riot's romanticism  
well says the southern neighbor  
I'd rather hear the silliest  
of immature protests  
than the most brilliant praises  
of the status quo – *santé!*

here is not our  
happiness  
yet here is where  
we intersect  
so here is what  
we should think  
so here is where  
we should talk

propeled outside  
by the panting falsetto  
since the time of the impressions  
of curtis mayfield who  
clambers at all  
costs aboard the wagon  
get ready get down  
move on up keep on  
keeping on push more  
as long as light  
has not fallen  
on your head

in your face google earth  
we inhabit disney  
its universe unflinchingly  
fluid with rounded angles  
seen from our cottages  
the bézier curvacious paths do  
not overlap photoshopped  
cellulite soft furniture  
absorb the shocks  
around the designer's village  
the lawn is swaying as 3-  
D animated fur  
but the flood is coming  
let us learn fast to live  
underwater under  
the reign of the gafam beware  
of the fast algae rythm  
of fun facts  
and false faces

tunnel street where  
our shadows yield  
to commun asp-  
irations unnoticed  
screen groove of the  
black and white show  
of gestures noises  
voices and faces  
flap the cards  
put on then  
between exterior irritation  
and mice intimacy  
the saloon door is flipping  
flapping and flipping.

cross-road of choice  
where old and new  
money munches  
oysters near fake  
modigliani  
to make it match  
its image of once  
hemiplegic  
with anti-riot fences  
and a torched canopy  
at the cocktail hour  
and calling the shots  
a crew of hooded  
heads  
is impossible  
as the coincidence  
of the right and left hands

the street is tachy-  
cardiac swells  
thrashes and blocks  
the desert's progress  
breaking the rhythm  
of the cash flow  
managed by state  
police and sometimes  
the street is ours