

Self-Shadowing prey

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At the edge of a forest
 whose trees are slender ideas
 and each leaf a thought at bay
 the vegetal reveals to us
 the damned depths of an animal sect
 or more precisely
 an old insect anguish
 waking up as man
 the only way
 the only basic weapon
 to animate a mental state
 that I hurry to write mantil

 like a mantis

 if only to mark

with a dry warning laugh
 the devouring word
 Entity and antithesis of the bush
 a sort of wild and organic brush

 grows in the head of that man
 ravaged
 by the heresy of parks and greenhouses

 like the orgasm of a key

 a lovely door

So the legendary passivity
 the famous and ample passivity of plants
 changes here to idle hate

 to mad rage

 to sex brawl and dare

 luring by sap blood lava . . .
 as rapid as the passage of woman
 to beast
 she empties us of a foul ancestral

wound
 which in a spurt relieves us
 of these fixed plaints
 and these false death rattles plumbing us
 our calm gestures of the interred

Now only terror
 is still able to insert
 in the tropism of body and of guilty

spirit
 this prism as doubled echo

where brains and senses capture
 the violent innocence
 of a flora and a fauna
 whose marriage is a long seizure
 and a rape as slow as gold
 in the implacable lead

And it's around the mental equator
 in the space delimited by the tropics
 of a head
 at the angle of the eye and what surrounds it
 that the myth of a kind of utopian
 jungle surges into the world

As virgin as the unknowable
 or the other "face" of the moon
 and never in the reach of a gun

or an axe
 its prey is the snow
 sand ball hip if not the trap
 that the diffuse breath of a dream
 lights up

For tangled
 soldered to massive corkscrew keys
 the vines

the branches stoves and rituals
 fuse

around the forms placed
 as if by miracle
 at the crossroads of dryads
 of druids and of man

So many points to aim at
 all these yes and nos that
 outside outside of time
 of space and weight
 select a sort of coupled oasis

and hamlet
 to descend in these gods
 from before the ages
 the gods-place-beast-island-ash-fire

come forth as from the coupling of bird
 and branch
 and those exiled from the center
 and from the shade of a golden foliage
 will adore one day
 between the walls of their somber cities



