



julie kern donck

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note of the author

Global Eden is an ongoing collection of short poetic texts written in 3 languages: English, Brazilian Portuguese, and French. With no primary language of redaction, its privileged means of conveying meaning is through the use of imagery and metaphors, while letting syntactic contamination influence momentums and suspensions. The text is currently divided of two parts made from small verses with individual titles.

The themes gravitate around displacement, love, solace, connection, and violence.

The collection of texts you are reading now is an English version in its state of the 21st of June 2021.

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part red

total

For now a long time, it has been possible to think of the world as a wide place with no limits, inhabited by an infinity of things that forever would sit and waiting to be found in the future, once something has been achieved. Day after day, images and maps of this immense place come and go while our experience invariably leads us to the same places at the same hours, to the same geographically and mentally restricted experiences: a bed; a window; the front of a shop; a giant statue in the shape of jewels that only can be seen from afar; a lady walking her tiny dog.

The great maps of the empire show us all the places it has conquered. Nothing unknown is left, with the exception of what cannot be formulated or described; the danger of this world is the monotony and sadness of everything, the narrowness of everything that is lived—the experience of a world almost completely made of signs to the point that these signs become more alive than anything that lives, that they absorb what lives, assimilating any breathing thing as to make a new version of themselves. Lifeless, and immortal.

Thus, it has also been possible to believe that everything would last forever, it has been possible to believe that we had time, as if first indulging ourselves in an interminable adolescence, and then abandoning out of oversight. And as soon as we begin to count, as soon as we start to exactly calculate the events of our existence, things begin to show their limits: we do not live more than two tens of thousands of days, we only look at the full moon for a few hours. Hostile deserts are not infinite, and forests are shrinking; because everything has been domesticated by us, even the idea of nature itself, there is no choice but to manage it with diligence.

At best we can hope to become a society of gardens, taking care of infinite details because the simplest things would be rare and precious. To live in a kind of global Eden, watched over by microdrones, inhabited by an anonymous intelligence that would answer all prayers with the resulting knowledge of all that is known. We catch ourselves dreaming of a world where any friction would be absent, as an end to brutality, an end to discomfort, and we also understand the price of this erasure. Is any feeling of affection total by nature.

carpet

So much energy put into gestures that are not displacement... The invaluable tenderness of the duvets and feather pillows that we sink in, finding this soft resistance, as being engulfed in a huge, fresh breast. The benevolent love of carpets that warm the feet during the cold mornings of winter. The quietness of tea brewing in its cup. The wars in the distance that continue. The fools that still are at work, and we are part of, and the world is dying, for dreams no one can accomplish. This is it, the saddest and the steepest reality and nothing else matters. May my heart be torn a thousand times and bitten by wolves, it cannot equal in depth the abyss created in the thought of a dying bee, a choking fish, a tree that no longer flowers.

feather

As long as it was leading to the most empty, senseless consumerism. Years passed before the mind could be entirely emptied and once it was stripped, nothing was left to do. Free, light: a simple squall could have raised the last reflexes of the will. Taking meals, drinking coffee in the morning. Not truly working during the day and without ever at night, truly giving the watch up. The empty being has its night temperament: hugging the walls, taking out the waste bins. Eyes that shimmer in the dark that vanishes into suffocating numbness, the obscurity sitting anywhere between velvet textures and bottomless

wells. Yet it seemed to be the perfect image of happiness, the final achievement of a goal towards which every cell of will had stretched to, with all available power...

Nothing can judge whether or not this state of grace could look like something called happiness; a bliss that only visible on the surface of a skin that, in turn, remains impenetrable. All skin carries the memory of a volume; and this one was one of them. A living memory no one is able to know from inside, not even its dweller. Each pore absorbs and releases minuscule microbes and different dusts, this at whims of a biological cycle sharpened by winds that we cannot anticipate. hereby lies the treasure of systems: the tiny scales of skin containing, but in miniature, the memory of reptiles which we know nothing about... Any hair could have been born as a shell, or a nail, or a feather.

swan

Then melting in the dark, the skin in a wolf
as if being hunted, moving forward solely
following the oblique lines of a precise
constellation; be there. Open by force almost,
true eyes contemplate the grey night,
disturbed from time to time by airplanes
that blend in the trees, by swans stupidly
progressing in the dark like flagships that
slit the seas as if to fight to the finish, by
red lights installed afar as decorations of
harm. In landscapes of the sweetest solitude,
somewhere to disappear... A heart is like
all rest, swollen with a feeling of emptiness
that also, is a feeling of completion. Because
everything is missing, nothing is missing:

all things gently lie in place in a given moment, be it a pond, a leaf, or a dog. A heart invents things to be missing, desiring them so it can just go away, detaching from itself, parting from its own veins. Then, the cold that bites the hands, the smoke, the scarves, three bystanders swiftly passing by; the neighbour across the street has left the light on again... then the keys of the house, the hall, the flaming.

train

Then goes a train and with it, the thought of war. The thought of the inertia of everything, of what we continue to do out of sheer habit, just because we always have done so. In the night then, illuminated by the countless light dots emitted in the capital of dying empires, goes a train, as if always it would continue.

The idea that it might have to stop, a single bomb and it will have to stop, then everything would be different, everything would swing with such brutality that all peaceful beings so far only worried about timid sensations, would see before them the opportunity to spew out the smallest

feelings and pettiness in the form of hatred, denunciation, and violence; finally, a way to wipe out the neighbour without a single word. One just has to prepare a sufficiently hostile, a sufficiently distant environment. In instability, benign enmities are transformed into associations of life and death, and the associations so far established would not truly guarantee anything. The world that formerly appeared in a luxury of vastness and variety, is shrinking now.

We'd like being allowed to embrace someone tightly before disappearing, as if realising that we are still ignorant and yet already facing the last vision: the one that precedes the void. Neither the agent of the State, neither the agent of God, intend to decide anything. On the contrary, they seek to merge into a flow leading to a shore with no rocks and no pain, a beach of soft, white sand lined with welcoming and edible plants.

The end of the world, the end of the world, the end of the world; an ultimate thought growing in the back of every mind, the end of the world is at the end of the thought of any work begun, it is at the end of any step walked in a supermarket, it is at the end of our arms when wrestling against, perceiving the end.

Only by abolishing time, could we be able to stop it. for a very limited time, but nevertheless extensible in the mind: by concentrating sufficiently to make time collapse on itself, it would be possible to reach a form of infinity, an end of death through complete absence.

ditch

Cluttered with the stories and legacies of the past, we know the illusions of the wind blowing over the hills, of the rain that slowly soaks into the lush grass and of the sea that endlessly breaks. In the dreams of binary worlds where one truly can see the infinite dawning in all directions, I often have the vision of a ditch, infinitely deep. Rather narrow, its width possibly could be jumped over, but without much certitude. If fear would be sufficient to dissuade any attempt at crossing, the identical nature of that opposite world still would not interest anyone. Nevertheless, there is an elsewhere, and here is a here; a here

saddened by short, unsatisfied grasps, by a sky perpetually dull and by wolves that quickly walking along the thin black line in their sort of chased agitation. To belong to nothing, and to feel like belonging to all at once. Strangeness is an internal process, any synchronicity so impossible that its very idea acquires an attractive, yet horrifying, quality. One would like to melt and disappear and belong at least, belong to anything warm and kind. Then falling before avid but fortunately blind strangers, or before oneself in worse: more chased, more wounded, more brutal, more dangerous. Arises the acute sense that past a certain threshold, words and stories no longer are in question, meaning doesn't make sense; each movement counts for an entire life.

envelope

The world appears now in its harsh indifference towards the soul, since in there the soul doesn't exist; in there wander its envelopes of flesh, steered like monsters of consciousness, consciousnesses near which we wish we could find relief, yet remains the suspicion that they will fail us because they are deformed, this because from the deformity of vision, arises the deformity of a mind, and from the deformity of a mind, arises the deformity of a vision; they feed on each other until forming a screaming blade of pain against which words are of no use. Words can't do anything to things that are so acute and so concrete, words

have no effect on inconceivable sorrow, history cannot describe all the horrors that it entails, a speaking life cannot describe all the horrors that it has seen—at most one can render some superficial idea, but no speech has reached the essence of evil.

There are categories of memories that are haunting, categories of memories one wishes they had never been experienced. It is difficult to know what to make of it. It is difficult to know if, having steered a body through situations that have the cutting solidity of being facts, one would get used to it, or if, instead, it would instill a slow and painful venom that would end up killing the being that hosts it. Fighting for a life without knowing whether it is right and feeling that that night could well have been the last; a single accident is enough, then follows the night of oblivion. Regardless, we discover that we are capable of fighting in ways we didn't know our bodies were capable of. At that moment, the body is also pleased with its own strength, to finally be able to act and to act in a superior way, a way that is more precise, more lively, stronger than usual; here we touch the life of things, here it is small, but present, but alive... it is in the urgency of watching ourselves possibly die that a more vivid, harsher kind of being

takes over, and that being breathes while groaning, that being is exhausted, that being will only stop if neutralised or killed.

There is a satisfaction in acting in despair and this is perhaps the essence of our brutality, as if the essence of the desire to exist extinguished once out of the threat and out of imminence. It is also at this point that one understands that what makes submission possible is the fear of reaching such a state, because this state is socially impossible, it is a state in which words are barely present, that is to say, the words are there but they are scarce, they are circular, and they seem to stick to a cognition unsuitable to them, like a viscous layer that continually would try to shield an intelligence that has never wanted them and that despises them. This intelligence silently calculates in our unawareness; when it presents itself, it is an intelligence that only knows screams.

When it comes to capitulation, one still is tangled in words, one still is tangled in rational fears. Capitulating does not directly threaten the essence of being. What it does is to confine it to invisibility and obscurity until it becomes practically unnoticeable, until the wordless intelligence finally dies out and gives up from the lack of solicitation

and oversight. This is the path of submission, but it is also the path of survival in a world built around words that have been shaped for thousands of years: a world of the present that constantly arises from the past. All that happens in the present depends on something that no longer exists, on memories of the most recent configuration of things, on the very last arrangement of the accessible universe. And then, stupid and helpless, we witness the creatures burning in front of us and all that can be done is to avoid igniting ourselves as well..

Reality isn't cold like reason, it isn't ungenerous like reason, it isn't safe like reason; this is why reason exists, reason and language provide a buffer, a reasonable distance from the indifferent brutality of a world that rotates on itself without paying attention to what it crushes. here is the wind that keeps blowing through the leaves, here is the sidereal emptiness of the frozen galaxies, here moves the intelligence emerging from bodies without any more reason than anything else, and intelligence itself is insufficient, courage itself is insufficient; as if everything was traced out in a fate that had no ambition of its own.

copy

By the hatred gathered since the dawn of time:
a country where any softness forever has
been lost. Behold, the sad plains of a reign
of a hundred thousand years that has never
borne any visible mark; the bleak singing
of the wind that vibrates against the sky
without even rustling the stones; the distant
voices of better days that will never come;
the substance that is the true heart of despair.
I am the dark world of what no one has
ever wanted to know; a circle, a square, an
inverted triangle; a gleaming sphere in which
one can read the lower dimensions, arranged
in successive circles of gloom; a screen under
which the scriptures and language itself no

longer are, the last time of the moon. This world shall remain closed and invisible to any sight, a land that grows only with blind residents. Spirits and ghosts fly through the sky like large and dark birds, contemplating the pale luminescence of flames, temporarily cleaving the fear of obscure, empty landscapes. From our presence they only hear a brief and dulled whistle, as if it came from inside themselves. A swift wolf bites the heart with the thought of each new, sleepless morning. Copy of copies, a spirit goes away... we revere trembling images, as they are supposed to be revered.

blade

That fear also sometimes condenses itself like a dagger that comes to penetrate a precise point in the heart; should we let the horror spread by diluting it in everyday life or condense it until it blazes up and burns everything in its path, leaving behind a collection of unrelated feelings? At this point the world has condensed into something small and intimate, infinitely deep, a hole that one has opened in oneself only to find sentences, heaps of randomly accumulated things that no language will ever be able to organise—any new iteration in the darkness only makes the darkness more obscure and more profoundly buried, and

the meaning newly constructed from the iteration of these memories no longer has to do with the reality of the past experience. That experience is lost, and it is lost forever. From whom would rescue from disaster and no one, at end structures disintegrate into a series of certain words, certain suites of words that are no longer, even sentences, the only concern is the harmony of these words and the rhythms and the tones and the shape of the mouth that pronounces them; then they themselves disappear and all that remains is: comfort, pain, pleasure. That with no sound, no image, nothing.

I can no longer trust language and yet it is the only thing that I master; language is the greatest weakness I have, but it is the only thing that protects me. I understand the indefiniteness of its power, it exists in my heart and goes with me in its words of silence that cover the silence of before, and the silence of before seizes it to make it say what silence must say but fails in its translation. I then think of myself as a beast, living in the world of wolves, and I know nothing more about wolves than remote, partial, and absent visions of a wolf's world; I enjoy the warm sight of snow deserts, swept by icy winds; I imagine my fangs pinching the hair, clinging to the flesh as they pierce

the flesh; I feel my groans coming from a deep chest and the strength of running and pouncing, the tiredness and urgency of everything, and my eyes without colour.

Sheep

Especially since vast, desolate plains dominate the cliffs, inhabited by white and murky spots: grazing sheep, themselves under an orange sun. here and there, the ruins of what once was clear, translucent, and shimmering, carved in the blocks of quarries whose veins have died out; could we only trace back to the origin of its folds, as for a diamond heart cast in silence... This world governed by a language that says order and signs the course of things; a language of predictions, born out of the declaration of the first conditional sentence, the very first threat; a world of hoarding and complex governance, troubled here and there, like the ruins of the present times, by things that remain nameless, apparitions that live and die in the greatest secret, that language never could touch, never could elaborate, never could say.

Things that exist only in an experimental mode, and that might not have existed as their contours seem to fade away, they only have a phantom survival, like sounds without sound, which are noises, parasites.

On these desolate plains, therefore, sheep with their scarce wool, their eyes dripping with tears, clogged in yellow corners; they chew a discoloured grass, tearing it away in small tufts full of earth. Sometimes they move without reason, adopting a new configuration in relation to each other, shaping indifferent alternating positions, since they are beings of little individuation. One dies; the other bleats, and all move a little further away, before the night, before the jackals, except that there are no jackals, that there have never been any, and that on the plain the nights are always mild; there move cold and naked galaxies, unconcerned by existence. For the moment, warm waves loaded with sand carry away tufts of wool mixed with twigs; sheep fade into the orange hue of the distant desert, merging into the hardly covered barrenness of their environment, which has no water, no resources, and no consolation.

moon

How our nights and our days, our conversations and our walks have reached my heart and made desire vibrate, that desire is a form of swelling of everything, body and mind, that the tenderness of skin and hair and the beloved voice merge like a liquid warmth in which we completely immerse ourselves... The sweetness of giggles and of intelligent and delightful eyes, the delicate suspension of the darkness of everything around us, like a moon swaying on the surface of a water that has become impure. There is no limpidity ; light itself cannot be clear, yet this does not change the way in which the kind of vivid explosion that bursts

out of affection is called joy, and it is a joy that rises from the opacity of being, from the opacity of everything: of trees, concrete, and of stars in their absent movements; a joy that rises in the unforgiving harshness of small details: a cup, a plant, a table made of glossy, beige plywood.

part grey

dawn

Here comes the dawn, grey and true. At this time when things slowly emerge from a darkness partially brightened by the fear of night, the world readjusts itself in its sadness. Passing by and seeing the body of the person who shares our life asleep and breathing, barely noticeable, in the blankets, their face enigmatic and expressionless; amidst the familiar features of daily routines, one always can discern a little more of the complete strangeness of what is known.

language

Violence has for itself to reside enormous in silence. Violence does not speak, is not explained, is not announced; it is applied, and it always falls down like an inexplicable shock of which regularities can only be discerned afterwards, of which effects can only be understood afterwards. It is only when it is known and expected that suddenly it is possible to discern it, as in the effort of its erasure. Its immensity finds its whole meaning in its unfairness, its madness and its repetition. In the celestial spheres of privileged worlds where peace seemingly reigns, it is deemed inexistent or anomalous; anywhere else, it is the rule; everywhere, force is the only known language.

uniform

It is in this fashion that one can identify the classifying and orthopaedic uses of psychiatry. Manifested behavioural chains, perception theories, endocrinology; imagining oneself being a fox that swiftly runs through the snow and the crude air of a forgotten winter, the one that belongs to the cold and ancient times, to the freezing gaze of a wolf. The chattering of a magpie at the foot of a cathedral, everyone passes by and, somewhere in the background, a deployment of clean and new soldiers. They watch the streets dressed in these impeccably adjusted caps and green balaclavas; at times, it is possible to distinguish something like a

smile in the contour of their eyes. Coming back again in the shape of a fox, and all the platoon has vanished. Policemen as well, blue, heavy, enormous. A cat with its fixed eyes. Memories of the last night when the entire street has intervened. In the hostility of things, the world slowly breaks off and things seemingly happen independent from each other but, still, similarly interlocked in a pain that never ceases to fire; eyes do turn on and off, the world passes by as hundreds of years in the space of three days.

park

The final arrest of the guy from the facing building. Old ladies pull their curtains as not to see. Memories of a quiet park from the island; how many times something happened in the same bush or the same lane, how much places remain haunted by all the things that have preceded us, and the ones that will follow. The red beauty of the autumn leaves, the friendly ducks, the meaninglessness of the police force. On the continent things didn't erode in the politeness of superficial and comforting speeches. The agreeable island daydreams in its dignity while the continent remains restless in its continual invasions, its neighbourhood rivalries, jostling on horses for thousands of years.

locus firmis

And here a Christmas where we find each other, swallowed by the snow, our pockets full of needles. A vivid new era of dreams that follow each other without giving any clue or answer, like an oracle that shapes itself in the timelessness of solitude. Flickering in the memories of disembodied things, it is possible to discern an agreeable house next to rich fields of grass that are populated by birds perched on big animals passing by; a house where to belong like its ghost. Immense and fluffy carpets, giant and comfy pillows where to fall in a sleep and dreams of which no one returns, a teapot that has been found back, all the objects

and things that have been lost forever. A
non-face passes through the sunny window;
the day shimmers wonderfully, the sky is
blue and very pure and flanked with a
few dense and loving clouds, which evolve
in the idling time of superior spheres.

sphere

Being present as an attachment, an accessory.

A folded body in fire and of which the gaze is driven on the ground; the world doesn't manifest its hostility before one can precisely read its silence. Now shadows move fast, gently depicting the consequences of each event, as if they were inhabited by a secret knowledge, simultaneously insolent and fearful. They create a vague movement of disgust towards evil, not as in hostility, but as in the fatigue of senescence. The progressive weakening of the future gradually gets used with the incorrectness of things, as in maintaining an awkward position for so long that even breathing becomes impossible.

Carrying outgrowing sympathies towards the ugliness of dead-ended ideas, toward worlds that slowly concentrate to finally close into themselves like a marble ball, opaque in their absent past. Morbid and illegible, they rotate while fixating on their axis. All these poisons that talk and that we try to neutralise with successions of complex antidotes. Trying to show things as with a heart, but there isn't anything left to see: forests have vanished in flames, animals ripped out of their skins; what once was a rich river became desert. What was still possible to believe in started to crumble in speed. The comforting immensity of unknown things so reduced, to become an invisible point.

affection

holding my head against your lap; how soft your skin is and how dear is your respiration against mine. It crosses your smells and textures just to gently land on my face. knowing a shelter and being loved and warmed up, our world shrank into a small number of things. from the unawareness of a peaceful world, we wake up in the torment of uncertainty, and what will be the next year, the next month, the next day. Nothing is to fear from the wolves or the night anymore, but from the emptiness of the grey streets. The end of anything is affirmed in negative. We curl in each other more tightly.

film

Circulating isn't knowing; one cannot precisely understand a world of ghosts without gradually losing contact with the one of the living things. Both meet on narrow surfaces. The sharing of experience happens on uncertain interfaces, just as one can glimpse a quick shine from the bottom of the water.

ocean

An unrestrained sun throws itself against the buildings, immense and immobile. In the absence of planes, the conversation of magpies and jackdaws resonates between the cars. Endless highways are maintained alive by the last living things. Endless landscapes stand without a breath, lifeless and bare like flat and rectangular mountains. Our artificial marvels, in which nature itself is a copy of what once was, a nature where we can wander in the distraction of our own presence. A painting in a smooth and beige bank hall, perfect concretes on which we would slowly stretch, as if for listening to our own breath. The

great winds of the daylight, that announce the ocean and the knowledge of travels; to glide with open wings, with precise exploration with no return, ripping through the air, hitting the target. This is travelling as if inert and without an action, the eyes directed at a centre. This is to cross a world where because of an ancient spell the lights seem constantly dimmed down even in full sun. This is to continue alone in an ever more silent desolation, because as the journey advances, the void keeps thickening with the weight of knowledge.

silver

flames, dagger, silver; for a long time now, you believed that something was protecting you, and that you would cross successions of curtains of flames without a loss and without withdrawal. Dear friend, I heard your cry and I oriented myself with the sole memory that I had of colours. Now that the daylight came, nothing that appears to my eyes makes any sense, and the sound of your voice also vanished. No one can keep passing through fire nor survive their end and diseases. In the beating heart of each being, there is a breaking point; be it a mouse, a monkey, or a hen. Watching carpet-shaped landscapes, corridor-shaped roads, windows

that don't offer a view of anything but
work and on its subsequent tiredness, the
infinite fatigue of a thickening ignorance. A
snake constricts the mind, spitting flames,
restlessly watching the new world to come.

copies

This is a country that isn't inhabited by anything else than a wind that sings in the fashion of wolves: the emptied universe of a distant tale. A hero has been sent far from home; he comes back with something he beheaded. A scream rips the quietness of the night, it is the dreadful singing of a love that never failed. Young weavers work on the formation of new royalties with threads made of gold. Troops are reviewed, horses and painful spurs. Poets sing the praises of dead kings from distant pasts. An eye watches and speaks, and it is an entire dynasty that is erased in front a stronger sword, and we keep and we burn and forgot

and don't know anything. Immense beasts with a human face. Wolves as big as cows. Invisible lions that can speak. Devouring tropics. Deserts that lose in insanity. The silent madness of things left without a name, and the furious lunacy to try to name them all. Ownership through lists and chants, discourses and drawings, owning them all by traces. The wind sings in the fashion of wolves and the night falls quietly, just as it did for millions of years. A greatly lit and moving billboard passes through old imperial capitals. They're busy with the preparations of complicated sports, and everyone keeps crashing in liquors. A detonation rips the silence and what was so far only latent becomes acute. An arrow makes the old horse run away. We also keep feeling each other face against face. On each corner surges a new universe in compositions that stack in stories and spaces. How many oven gloves are sharing the very exact same pattern, on how many pictures taken by strangers is our face featuring. To sit on the same chairs, and yet forever any experience is trapped in a single body. To glimpse life as we turn towards an absent lover, in the nocturnal and quiet solitude of familiarity: immobile, unbearable sofas.

gold

From pillows and impersonal stars: to distantly see entire populations of lights in new shapes and in new colours. Lit flags of the worlds of worlds, that throw their light in front of them as a lion shows the direction of victory. Silent splendours, tasteless golden walls. A certain time is needed for things to fixate in memory, for their shapes to become, at the same time, more familiar and more alien. To cross through like a translucent being without any past and of which future fails to design itself because constantly kept in a state of erasure, just as the forms in sand that draw and loosen themselves depending on the tide. Death coming closer, guides start

to shape by crossing large and flat rivers, rowing in silence. From these blind forms something perceptible yet impossible to decipher arises, indifferent to the countless trophies and gildings of what remains alive. Ancient statues smiling like slumping luxuries frosted in time. The yellow colour, imperial, sunny, medical, and sickened, stainless forces of a gold hoped to be solid and not merely gilded. An old phone and a lamp. Wishful thoughts might want to append flowers to this vision as to embellish our hearts by making them lighter. As much the world is capable of opening itself and show its kindest paths and easiness, as much it brutally opens a sudden trap. A flower or a lamp then aren't indicators of that gentle sense of familiarity anymore, but a few senseless objects among others and on which detestation starts to draw its grudge. Ah, the sadness, ah the sorrow; lamentations can be heard, all that is possible to try is tried, organisms seeking for their salvation, endless warmth, solid and affectionate comfort, the solidity of a heart disembodied in a voice that keeps repeating, as by exhaustion, the same words of love. Entire continents crossed by these exhalations of sadness, seeming so far away when seen from above. Houses and cars, moving and precise little toys. Indifference grows with escalations

in magnitude. The life of a bird; a statistical object. The destiny of a nation; a theory. The love of an old lady; something forgotten.

brown

Stray dogs hanging out under the sun, sweating from their tongues, their flanks covered with some damp muck. An emaciated horse passes quick and cracking, conducted by its coach driver, also emaciated. The sun is strong. Everything stinks. Anything that speaks complains about the heat, and anything that doesn't, would, if it could. The large leaves of the trees beg for the arrival of water. A dog yawns with its still trembling tongue. Mendicancy and antiquatedness. Anyone who can remains hidden behind their grids and a suddenly big, dazzling white saloon car. This morning a man has died. Before the grid lays his shape, with no breathe

or animation, in this form of heaviness. however, the birds keep singing; brown blackbirds are the masters of simple and enchanting nursing rhymes. The car of the military police moves beige and brown without a nuance. The dogs cease to bark. Schooltime is over, a group of young children dressed in blue in the unbearable heat sings like the brown blackbirds among the mango trees and the banana flowers. Last night that horrible scream had been heard. The warm and beautiful night, invisible because outside. The Wi-fi signal is stronger closer to the window. Beige walls and again beige, the armchairs, beige and brown, a red carpet, beige and brown and blue. Mechanical arabesques that catch the eye in a state of semi-meditation, and the awaiting for things to pass by themselves in the certitude that everything that has a beginning also has an end. In the vicinity of these thoughts, the vision a young snake that quickly swifts through the shrubs, and of a dinosaur bone.

beige

Beige carpets, beige and brown carpets, a mechanical tapestry showing a great man standing on a blind horse as if to show the path to destiny, in this case a battle where his soldiers will eventually die. Smoking on the balcony, socks slowly dry just in front of the great man. A room that isn't that big, in the safe tranquillity of an ever-watched capital full of its stone monuments and its statues of lions. The large river that crosses it brings a remanence of quietness. Other buildings scream in the dark, blue, and shiny. They reflect helicopters regularly crossing the skies. Interstices of staircases; a pair of dusty cherubs. The door is painted pink. Beige

pink. Another door, painted in black, faces a little porch and its roofing staircase; inside mould is growing pink and orange next to a desk and memories of liquid felicity. As time passes by and warmth morphs into the shortening of the days, happiness itself becomes colder and shrinks in the intimacy of the night like a candle becoming gradually more important. A wet park in the dark, far enough from the large street and its people of all sorts consistently busy with something. Once one isn't busy with anything, it is possible to see the business of people who don't need to be busy anymore, except with the vision business has left for them.

turf

Betting on a promising horse. The best one will win. This is how it's decided that a horse is the best one. Sweet smell of sweat, hay and dung. They're well brushed as to make all the dirt go so their lustrous hair shines in the glorious lights of the podiums and its large masses of strong colours. They're brought from place to place and they're made to run. The best ones always made to run. In the thoughts of the racing horse, flat and turning alleys appear in speed, as well as a hay bag and the face of that guy who keeps popping in.

teeth

Colours we knew were true are erased in the reality of light. The undefinition of darkness cedes in front the blue and grey and true cruelty of dawn. The heart sinks in front of the existence of a future that merges with the present. Nothing remains and dreams that formerly funded the truth of a being vanish in naïve and embarrassing pictures. One notices, with a blend of dread and relief, that the beast's teeth number is great, but finite. Things that are ugly are as detailed, if not more, as the beautiful ones. The beast is breathing exhausted on our face. fear is a beast of speed that hasn't much endurance. Life speaks harshly in its

continuous movement and does not present any fatigue. We sit then next to the beast, also out of breath; in our tiredness the sharpness of its teeth finally appears unimportant.

Thank you for your attention. Bye.

julie kern donck

global eden

