

LE REVENANT

– *Tim Liardet, La Maison tempête*

Ça, la porte
qui s'ouvre de
ma nuque
comme une trappe
sur un gond :
(...tu es si
furtif, louche
et insistant
comme fantôme – tu
utilises le gond
comme une chatière).
Et ça, mon frère,
tes miaulements
pour de la nourriture –
tu t'attends
toujours à ce qu'on
t'accueille encore,
tandis que la chatière
derrière toi
efface le reste
de tes traces.
Je dois me plier,
semble-t-il,
à ta façon de prendre
les marches de la mort
à l'envers,
grim pant les barreaux
de ma colonne vertébrale.
Tu grim pes si sournoisement,
si prudem ment,
comme pour dire :
là où le fantôme
vient se nourrir
à travers la trappe
il y a un bol.

from

INCANTATION FOR US ALL

– *Anna Milani*

I draw a square with compact sentences: that's the house. Inside it dwells a bygone past, vague presences leaving items on the furniture: a fragment of broken crystal, a handful of soil. The walls know the story, they inhale it, exhale it. It belongs to the framework.

A crowd of faces repeat themselves in the broken fragment of crystal. All of them have passed by there, they have walked with their black boots on the hair and the elbows, they have walked on the hips and the ribs. The passage has run out, the house lasts. Silence murders it a bit more every day.

At the end of a room the injured man is sheltering. His presence pulsates and persists in time. He arranges the structure around him. He dictates the survival layout: a wooden table, a leaking sink and the darkness of shut blinds.

Visitors are rare. From the outside they spot the signs of an affinity within disgrace. They come with small presents, to make the hour more beautiful: a wild bouquet, some walnuts. The sentences they utter to announce themselves run out along the corridors, looking for the other one. The inhabitant of the house.

The body occupies all the bedrooms. It conspires with the moths to find a remedy to its lunar illness. It writes its carnal prayer on the house's walls. It repeats the same gestures to unsew itself and let the river carry it to an edge.

Silhouettes wander in the dark. They wear long dresses, they move from one room to the other, picking up the broken glass. They are in charge of closing the doors. They have closed them so much that the outside is a superstition.