

Everything, deprived of everything.

Fleeing as quickly as possible, leaving clothing, furniture,
closet doors open, chairs overturned,
no matter.

Running,
books piled up, child carried, and one left behind in the ground,
race toward the north, in winter.

From the bottom toward the bottom.

From sundown to sundown.
From blackness toward blackness.

Every line of the day dissolved.

Driving quickly as always, and my eyes face the mountains as always.

*When all the customs are lifted, the inspectors gone, there's always one that ends up staying behind to frisk and brainwash:
"Halt! Stop! Don't tell anymore tales!"*

Severed.

Ancient welts that nothing has diminished
and which rising,

swerve.

That which has always been
separates us
all.

“Dazzled and then nothing,” he told me after having fallen.