

DOOR II

Non-writing vies to spread from oblivion to death. The word will come in time to teach it.

Starting from oblivion, I carved a path which death was in favor of. I took the lesson of the second commandment literally. I abolished the world in the word to come. You were dead, Yaël. With you gone, I could advance where you had led and then left me. It was my chance to force the book to close and, reconciling word and step, to glimpse my dead name, your name, Yaël, with its innumerable dry branches.

You talked, devoured by the word kicking in your womb. And your speech was as if beheaded at its birth. What will be built is what was torn from you, easily or with effort.

Ah, how many times did you die for the Book? Killing you, I identified with each of its pages, I appropriated Elya.

*(Keystone of the vault, key of the void,
Elya: finally the key?)*

After-night of the act. Behind us the night intact.)

If we never knew who we were, Yaël, it was because we had forgotten. On the other side of the wall stretches the domain of oblivion. We knocked down the obstacle. A past we canceled struggles in our abandoned writings.

The book is always recognition of the book.

*(We turned around the abyss, Yaël.
The abyss was your child.)*

Hence a stillborn child. Stillborn, that is to say: dead in order to be born. Life refused even at its birth and stiff at this moment whose breath and inertia were ours.

Hence a sadistic truth which you gave the manifold face of your love. I would have been your son without being so, to the point of drowning in his night in turn. I would have been your lover without being so, to the point of dying in his skin.

This way we completed the cycle of death, O word to which I have given hope by throwing it into the chasm. Falling, the flower perfumes space. On such a persistent scent we will have built our last dwelling: not a tomb, but the book.

Thus, you could say, on a page-size barry field, there lined up a secret embryogeny with a bend for words (wing, appendix, bract, calyx, spur, sepal) which we seized and hastened to destroy. Probably from fear of being read in the unbearable bloom of our sedentary wanderings.

Once and for all, did we not ransack the garden?
The book really is fire under the axe.

Oblivion, fearful flower plucked at the hour of heaviest sleep. The bonded screams of the earth mingle with ours when dawn quickens its colors, when the corolla rivals the solar disk in short-lived beauty.

Any flower has the worth of oblivion.
Equivalence of rites.
Any flower has the warmth of oblivion.