

PLEDGE OF THE ABYSS

1

(God gives death the dimensions of His absence.)

2

(To write as if addressing God. But what to expect from nothingness where any word is disarmed?)

There is no far-off death.

Anchored in the night like one single diamond.

"What is memory?"

*"A marvelous flight where all is black,
"a beautiful, luminous bird, soon to be black too."*

Being means questioning. Means interrogating yourself in the labyrinths of the Question put to others and to God, and which does not expect any answer.

*Night of mystery, total night.
Dawn will be a shock.*

Night is the last to speak to absence.

Only what disappears will have called for us.

What did you hope for, what, if not to die the death of the lips in the word voted in.

If ever you should judge my book pernicious you

could, according to rabbinical recommendation, burn one half and bury the other.

But it will nonetheless stay written in space, as if each of its syllables were lit up by day or kindled by the dark in order to die of the dawn and rebound from a star.

All I know has come to me from reading the book, from its omens of nakedness, its nightly legibility.

The man who questions takes part in a universal interrogation with an abyss at its center. The book's configuration allows for this: it is the last circle of softened words.

No doubt your God needed a name in upper case to be struck honorably high.

Name too large for my mouth, will I never pronounce you? You are spared by your illicit absence.

"If You are able to punish, O Lord," said an insane mystic, "You should be able to punish Yourself.

"At the sight of evil whose very idea I cannot bear, do no longer veil Your face, but bruise Yourself without mercy.

"I shall be washed in Your guilty blood."

Vulnerable through whatever lays me open or smothers me, like the night, like the morning.

When it is time to leave the book I go back to it, as if from the pit of my resolution there emerged an irresistible command of the besieged page to reconsider it.

Thus we go into the death our feet had unwittingly trod on.

Through such repeated renewals, in night's slow rhythm, the light reaches the day.

*Hope is bound to writing. And what greater hope
than that of the feverish, hungry man for whom read-
ing and adventures are selective seeds?*

*In my search for origins I have never really known
which roads I took. They are so varied, so many.
Any beginning ends when it is marked.
The exordium finds its conclusion in tomorrow's
stubborn silence.*

We were walking along the Seine, Yaël. I remember it well. Near the Pont-Neuf, some weeks before my crime.

You suddenly said to me: "My stillborn child was in the image of the world. God's life is a life surrounded by emptiness. We daily watch how the forbidden flora of universal death, which precedes our own, blossoms on our banks."

The glory of the book is posthumous.