

Patrick Durantou

News and Poems

OF EVEN AUTHOR

Of day pay of things, Ed. doxa, 1999 Toulouse. The masks of mist,
Ed. doxa, 1999 Toulouse. memoirs future, Ed. doxa, 2000 Toulouse.

In other publishers :

Dawn approached, Ed. Dawn boreal, 1996 Sete.

The paths of dawn, Ed. signs of World, 1997, Toulouse.

A VOICE OF AURORA

A rain delicate covers the plain. he rains since the morning. Today I am going to at the meet of my

editor, more far towards the city. I have completed my latest novel, a artwork who m has occupied a part of Winter. I have deposit previously my companion at his institute pedagogic. The fires tricolor in this small corner of Tarn do end more. he rains slowly as a embrace. Emeline me smiles tardily the a detour property woody. I am in effect writer. Perhaps since always. who know these things ? Since very long time in all case. I born knew not Emeline this great wife Brown the eyes clear, this sphinge discreet the seasons écarquillées of beads of fires the days holidays, the night secrets. I wait this meet with Paul by than I born am not certain of some passages remained blurry or evasive.

Finally the city, Toulouse whose the name resounds in me of the memories childhood, the sounds singing as my midday than I recall often.

- You seem nervous Yves ...
- He do East nothing just press..., this time...,
- However he me seemed ...
- No nothing, at soon !

Yves Barrere rang this day at two occasions the door of Paul Obster it opened.

- How go ! said Paul.
- Also good than possible...
- Enter !

The interview lasted two hours during which Yves presented and defended his manuscript specifying the Alterations likely at to bring the readjustments if thought good.

1

The book entitled *A voice dawn* was in many hundreds of pages Yves had drafted for the essential during the three month winter in her remains. Yves leave Paul.

- We is called, fit Paul.
- As usual, defended Yves.

This evening he waited Emeline at the exit of the institute so than of the drops water is ticked by slowly sure his windshield. he thought back at these climates changing the distant of his age man already Wall, these rains thin of spring splashed to rainbows. When he played child in his garden, sure her lawn under the willow at drag, at " to tackle " of the players imaginary the ball.

This garden, that of his childhood or his parents resident again preserve the charm outdated of the province French. With his hedges, his charcoals, his comings of flowers the two fir trees, he takes a calm a stately serenity it love contemplate. the more fort of her creation the imaginary himself joint the memory and the present as a source inspiration or more exactly a crucible than becomes so " the " garden. Because in all reflection all meditation or in dreaming we have necessarily a place, we keep a picture power plant as landmark at our dawdling creative. So, so " the "Garden, this garden which Yves draws of the resources, his breath writer and it recalls often at of the guests without there look in the conversation in his geometric shapes or of his recesses at as for instil more of life in this it appointed " her " Earth. For him and Emeline already reached at a age who imposed the respect, he should better of speak of Earth, this Earth loves shared or the life seat.

The tomorrow are always these secret attentions than is watchtower the beings and things ; a step bitterly conquered or a duty accomplished at insinuate. sometimes, however we agree a pause girded of beauty when is took the time of see mature at ourselves this wealth of without dry up of love in a unit of places, of times and very whose the destiny features. Also difficult it is of see take place this very Dear

habit of the wonders a certainty unshakeable of self and of his entourage we ask of the contours the distant of the aspects stealth the to become, a surrounding at most close. It is this dream unappeased of the pink in garden qu'exclama Yves the long time of the days at Emeline, this ocean return. Her companion, Emeline, Professor of French had this wisdom of see spill the Creator seasoned without disturbing never this presence split mid-ideational Half nostalgic yet than real. The parents know this powerful stay of the hearts for born more divert this feeling who befits at their children ; Emeline respected by what shared this addiction.

This garden I the keep in me as my memories mixed constant and frayed at the time, this light childhood who born will shut more. I watchtower his detours I observe her cadence present. one born can again qu'agréger thereof until latest without feel the music of the days happy the firmament. Live these moments meet again her youth, rebirth each time of an immeasurable happiness without to cease of y believe. A melody who continues all man the for of her life as a lament secret and inalienable. This chant of blade, me Yves Barrere, I associates at my job, at my love, at my memory because if was of discern the creation, his resonances are always for a wife, of the relatives and a country. The spring of my actions writers I the appointed country childhood and they creep today in this garden or I have past my youth than I resituates of my garden age Wall. Yesterday, Paul Obster my recalled for me mean than my book was accepted. A Ray of Sun flushed covers my remains. The half season East increasing and beautiful. Tomorrow, I think I return at my garden, the or Angels sing if good...

When the weather is nice

I remember that old song
At the first dawn of years when we bordonions
A light wind children huddled under snow
Falling by wonderful flakes in the palm of a hearth
The mountains always go for a walk
The mysterious mountain bathed silence there
Our names keep quiet if they were not my qu'encor '
Sinuous and charming we outline, oh oh poetry lives
Melodious care after unison lyrics
Mingle our eyes taped splinters ? P araboles
Days, years feasting the height of the peaks, finally see
The ardor rhymes ourselves irradiated morning
In that distant ages and endless enlisting to infinity
This same song in the distance of our love of life

How we ignore the gold time
What EGR è to do during the season
As a long prayer to the years
Or once already fades then comes the summer
Because the spring gives way to another
Often forgotten and it is better so that we have
I sometimes see those distant names I think
I recognize to be the bay that offers here and there
And that looks like the same as I saw
Formerly in other distant lands or
Is it not the one that made me feel the
But this woman I loved and I see
Or see him in that other wise i v fortuitously offered
But it's not you but it's always you
That resemble landscapes and sights that time
From the back and even in his race
How much more time will EGR è not in season
As a long prayer to friends
Where once fades because the spring gives way to summer

Play a serenade to the time that lasts its
 love and richness of life is to say the
 poem accomplished at the speed of a past period
 who claims in a new successor as
 roses are changing from day to live together. Often
 to iridescent splendor writers and creators draw a new
 sesame on the edge of the heart when nothing has even as a short, lentem ent and fervently trimesgist es
 an unsuspected art they call the imagination without
 nothing means. Suffice it to this wealth
 without the two will become accustomed to pursue this
 systole of the ages to come, for a listed eternity
 bluntly of our memories of my mind for it
 not finally reaches the other region that would be intelligence.
 Undoubtedly these and like Alcyon flying over
 immensity we ons ir i meet

With the turning of the pages

Shadows of days according to dodge a halt, a quiet, obscure an hour, a r e pos we virevoltons in its stars siding. I do not know how often tell those moments when we ourselves silent silence for better invite a dizzy enhance those moments of tenderness vested in the quiet summer in her blue fragility ... I guess surprise you with these few words may say -you they do anything or alert signs that infinite intersections. Perhaps they are the watchmen of a new living room, swoons happiness. The one does not see too much in the season it instills a time, a break when our tunes so different not mean the change s the spl e ndide you out there have only met as a sovereign response, the momentum year, a dispute at random. I can not express to preserve it now before you this thrill that I have to see you again after this common end trip on the dock where indolent I asked you to help you with your luggage too heavy.

Yes today day and will evade new shadows that only you would know stress as pearl dotted, promised a return to the shelter itself sometimes without intemp e stivité beings and things. For indeed I would like to see and endless review your face which is anchored me now in my memory even detect it the focus of your actions, that look, nagging pleading unarmed stretched to the unique business card that we we tend î my, when we parted distraught.

When I see you still I would like as much as you would cross the Acheron us both a tender map postponed but desiring to make iridescent the season, evening hours this recognition, this song stars as you fi t me are noticing. These common landscapes that we share now owned by us, they will be our mystery departing this love chapter initiated this round share. So, so far as this word that I intended you to become itself the moment of stars in which I can tell you " I love you "That blue sky shine for us innocence gardens ...

Childhood snow

This was the time when the snow in December was gathering his golden crystals in the firmament of heaven. We were going to my brother and me by e r s i feel humble flush out surprised sparrows. Christmas framed these festoons of mingled joy and impatience with placid and relatives. The frosts of winter swirled around in the Garonne valley to prepare a white virgin procession former as the noisy street youth to leave school. Our escape away from home by the immaculate fields were taking bravura arias when other larger birds and stronger étamaient bare trees. These childhood memories from the parental home or on our walks I remember the light reflections games. White glow of the rising day, light lunch, slow agonizing last rays of sun light in our eyes wide open ... We also apprehend time in its duration or in its flow with these imperceptible moments of brightness which surrounds it. Our past harmonizes even in our heart of hearts of these milestones and strengthened in our memory.

We keep these remote ages sweetness dating back to ourselves and sometimes to return back from the depths. So while expensive regions moments resolved resurface one bound for empanacher this nostalgia and conducive to presumed innocence mood.

For our memory I would say conforms to two different pins. Often indeed situations stain the first city index. Feelings often combine with another of our senses, hearing for which speech and music are the second. How many times a given period is exhumed at the hearing of a musical piece !

When we returned to the snowy countryside, the pallor of the day and the cold outside crowned our palaver of the strongest, the m eilleur and ... What about this metamorphosis, this set of lights between daytime whiteness and colorful shivering household around the glittering tree, silence outside, the noisy warmth of home ? As far as I remember to sign our winter childhood this aspect hypermnesia when I type a toy handed me my brother, occurrent phenomenon perhaps to capture diverse realities in their sensory oppositions.

These short transient escapes the " outside "The approach of the holiday season, I pursued a sweet child r é rebellion in the winter. It can not come as much patience, frantic race to the landscape or inventiveness that to complete a dream, always draw a new adventure. Then the new spring and danced along an inalienable and imperturbable order to the next foaming walls.

How to combine all those memories thought the heart of childhood coloring otherwise green and an ocean Britain, heights and expensive Pyrenees resources, sounds, noises, the various elements that entrench a season ?

This was the time when snow covered the crystals countries Garonne to bury the height of heaven imagined their height. This was the time when the snow in December was gathering its crystals in the firmament of heaven when we were going to my brother and me flush birds surprised ...

I have a friend. I know I can count on him and that matters to me. I also know that he has for some time been much need me. He did not tell me, did not say never because always discreet and modest about his problems and rather introverted. I have trouble believing it ignores its value but it is directed by others. This is why it is dear to me. Me and him we know since adolescence. We have not always shown sympathy towards each other. We became friends after rancor or about various lengths. At the entrance to the high school he proclaimed punk. Over the years I see him more as a rebel, bittersweet as the nihilist provocation. He told me too legalistic, conformist to diverse views. I resented him a little because I admired him for his early originality.

That night the firmament joutait with the convex sea and one forgot the steel gray clouds of the day. My companion and I, under the sky flared, discussing our past escapades. We côtoyions alone with the infinite. Sometimes shells hurt our feet and we walked towards the distant city guided by the bottom of the still warm sand and neither cold wind coming from the sea, nor the fatigue affect our momentum. We rivaied memory to exhume the name of such a class that was with it, playing soccer with the other. We often stopped looking for a name or a place, an evanescent thought to leave immediately after a mutual brilliance in each of our memories in the maze of the past. My friend sometimes interspersed our common memories of the name of a girl I had later found the name. He said it to me that night with all his poetic verve and narrator she was miraculous purity, proud, affable at once, the link with his adolescent emotions and those of its interwar ages. I listened fascinated and irritated both by his digressions, moved by the search for love of my friend under these myriads of stars.

That morning Jeremiah did not get up right away. He walked around the bed alone lost an instant he was outside by the cries of birds. When he decided he prepared for the day that came very quickly. He took his car and went to the center of the city. The day was calm. This quiet summer oozing walls, in the streets. He was going to join her friend Claire with whom he had an ongoing relationship for nearly two years. When he saw she was drinking a cappuccino at Cafe de Paris. They had to decide a vacation.

Questions of the poem, poem in question

Seriality forced the poem opens with two semiotic sense the scope of the work itself. Will we " towards " or " this "In the statement of the only poetic tradition-typology (by itself the renewed tradition) and the lyrical optical machadienne as Unamuno double littéair e and / or the language does it fit in concealment (the trace) and she is a body sui - generis defend to discern that no other considerations ? In order synonymous ideas, can we classify the genre in a one to-axial-lexical approach as ownership which combines the imagination in what to name the manner of Heidegger ar r aisonnement text to the detriment of the intercession of the writing subject ? We can not cross the boundaries of these two modes of questioning (not operating) to continue to question the economics of contemporary philosophical or literary text and poetic text to meet with these two movements we say art (within the meaning of p o ï in Greek), useful to our research congruence. We began our statement cited by A. Machado and M. de Unamuno. We bet that their peninsular aspects, do ent Chent nor cross their fame or their posthumous fame. One more poet than philosopher but also playwright loved yet further excel in philosophy that what made him known, the other polygraph exercised his gifts as a writer in several registers.

That day he took one last book shelves of his library, opened it and then put away. His day finished writing his last novel had sold. He just put an end to this work which took him much to heart that in recent weeks he devoted all his energy to this task. He wrote from out of the thirties and beginning to reap the fruit of his tireless work ten years later. His melee ardor of an atavistic passion browse books, to draw an imaginary world, sprinkle until late the race indefinitely brought him to see only the substance of the content of things the expense of action. This existential duality saw the sovereign in its decisions why it favored an exaggerated reflection.

Mathieu Louvin was his name, already possessed and already some fame in the golden world of Letters. His many awards, his already substantial work, the procession of its media interventions augured a brilliant career that was not disputed. His growing readership parachuted among the notable authors of the country, until evening when the urge took him out into the city and breathe the atmosphere of a summer night.

The city fanned by its electrical fumes. Streets, high buildings ministered their golds as far as he could cross the rebellious people to immobility, wild movement. In this world march in its luxury and fragility so full Mathieu went to a cafe downtown that formerly frequented. The hotel was half empty and adorned with the essential parts of the ancient city. The server was chatting with a couple of regulars when he commanded an e draft beer. Through the crystal windows of Central Café troops of young men roamed the sidewalks heckling thoughtlessly. Mathieu took stock of these last days to finish his latest book, his chance encounters between two chapters to flirt with life without ever really marry. He certainly thought about Emeline he had left the day before returning home after a common meal and drunk Bordeaux old périgourdines sauces. Emeline knew and appreciated at the height not im m iscer beyond reason in its work without adding the moments of relaxation and recreation together ; it would review the ap probably tomorrow lmost a passage in the editor ...

I**The only votes [\[1\]](#)**

I do not consider that the rays of a landscape
These ephemeral flicker to believe
Beauty, speed and size
You know my starting points, from my
My sole desire to own

The immanence as a sudden candor the days that
A First View of confusing the absolute height
The deciphering of lines that appear rays
Darted here and there to the corners of the time, even your face,
When it comes to distance itself, the world call

To his final meeting with our childhood reveries
In their loving hearts of poetry and infinite.

II

Impromptu February

Revois you these waters blades fogged tears
Sources paid to our slowness to be
As a rricière nou speech today, our slopes
night also ? Or do you simply acknowledge the bitterness
circles agreed as an unfinished epigraph ?

Aucamville on 01.02.2002 (Thursday)

III

How would people say these blooms winds, fog
a winter evening when we often creeps in spring ?
I know your patience as latent shared sum.

IV

From around when we meet to sudden encounters
a friend lost the breeze and excitement of space devoted and
breaks the passenger anxiety. So if I ask the time
in a way, it will meet the time it has undulates
move his watch devers itself. How then make a quantum
sufficiently defined between the actual distance that imagined or
forgotten and stated volume ? I think that answer yet
little known in the gap of availability with anonymity.

V

I can not think today's statement " off-season "
at those times of old silent to rustic countryside
marveling our distant memories to the first snow of winter
the sense of being the party offering
child a crossover fate. How ignorant we still
Between the two landscapes, the relativity of distances as a
new trade to summer hidden water, theft or
outlined in the renewed mountain.

VI

dialogues III [2]

" When Imagination [of " However, she said I would tell you ... " Moreover,...]

A man a woman in the only meeting recreates

Often, és clar t e s d minor tunes are back as beautiful as her silences

- Him (aside) " The days are mirrors as I guess, "...

- It (sometimes) " The golds are my silences, ... "

- He (finally) " I know you ... ? "

- She " The deal would it be this time ? "

- Him " I saw the standard agreement, sometimes ... "

Then both cross suspense yet ...

Relating to the ultimate

VII

Flowers

The flowers have this future and primitive memory to another presence today or once only surprise sometimes to see a sense of eternity makes rich and prosperous at a time. We can not detect a way that whiteness which continues through age than that of one of the variables approach and Relativity thoughts to the number of Time.

VIII

Walking at night, heavier shade, light as digging
an old picture darkens the lack of clarity in a church
enshrine the forest imagined new beauties as a day
renewed and reborn in the year, such parties should be our friends
and meetings to dispel the lights of their whiteness irrational.

IX

The poet [3] prophesied the burning cross in June lyre
Paris, I finally promulgates lyres reviving this crossroads
Capital énamou r ed poems, flower women,
Summer sketches never embellished years
back in return offered.

X

Paris lights bristles. In days, we call
 Nothing, pause the collection ie, we record the star
 alerted to our times. How many how many Grenelle
 Segur to harvest walks prescribe another
 dance, a new â moison p. Like to see all around
 the premises of a year hatched the sense of being,
 panacea expired, returning finally appointed, rose plucked
 of morning. Rue girls, boulevards in those innocent parties
 we will proudly as a new year supply
 crucibles, offer long nights ripened to siding
 sails happy days ...

XI

Violate any evidence, feed
 the unspeakable, transcend reality, such must
 be the reasons of the poem with this incompressible ardor
 to establish ages, traveling the time, shape
 the beauty. How do we know this task out
 of achievement in our slowness dizziness, stubbornness
 to achieve without this constant concern of a heart é o l the
 muse as a job worries away others.
 Today we claim innocence, a measured candor
 the weight of experience, membership in this situation.
 But tomorrow we shall be the heralds of carelessness, not
 have loves and links to always forge and
 never ours work with warm shadow of the dreams of the ocean ?
 What we now believe will be stained again
 this element that makes the poem : The grace of the work,
 Energy eloquence.

XII

Auroras are often like waving evening
with calm morning calm under the first fires
of the West, these tepid shades of night.
I pursue this embrace already won in the streets
aura to the sovereign nixes é pronounced in Paris.

XIII

" How revive a pleasure, understanding
 better the heights of the spirit "Smell test
 the giant shadows of the freedom fronds
 sometimes the only source of fertility, rotate
 conquered hopes, advances step by step, looking
 the failure of our permissions ; the past probably not
 réfreine anything it should be, according to the ages, years, this
 march towards the future in easing sense, experience
 the turmoil, fluctuations future.
 Let us stop this book in the next few landscapes
 as far as they are demanding h a vre of peace, prosperity and
 conquest as Firenze gently in the rain ...

XIV

I go, I go back
Landscapes bypassed ;
I go, I come back,
In those distant countries.

haiku

The ocean is expected,
The sea sometimes comes back,
In that one return.

XV**Presence or**

We often smash a departure, an adventure
new graces in the welcoming accents.
Departures are roads of evanescence and back
without re n v oi apogee. At the shows we sign, a v ive he,
Welcome silences and respects but what are they
What happens to and in circularity world. Round
seasons, cities, streets, shops, lights
sensations fibers always alert to eternity
our stays here. How oh how the poles of
me dian e terrestrial landscapes of c ia l and God
always have and we can report the recognition
love, as a direct look and a golden word, ...

XVI**One Saturday in dreams upstream shares**

Épitâlam e sinuous, impenetrable fortress
treasure of ingenuity as the gall to star
North chanting the meeting with the loved tenderness
the seasons, the fire covered. I know your expectations, I insinuated
a party, I sprinkled a possibility reached. You know
atz the first century, you look in the world of roaring quarters
savannas, endless sands. Yet the center is
my eternity hours, hours of your dreams in my
scabious dreams ... to life " goldfish "Slowly, bathed mirrors, ...

XVII

Returns

In late we often conceal the memories
when the hours of November herald a night
meeting, a reunion of tomorrow.
In love penetrating references evil dissipate
the months passed forget unwavering memories
when people and things confuse their
as to repeat itself. Renewal they
are promised joys, sprinkle a twirl
days souvenirs, also regrets ; however
if n e o n raise be thinking this is the distant presence
that we recognize the host, the lover e, the watchman, then
it is appropriate to glorify this mix in a return
unconfessed the time still ...

XVIII

O how circularity refers to the unspeakable of the moment ;
Unnamed fractions of the more distant of dreams seasons.
No u s coast along the habits of days to hand a dumb
return to the premises of the gap-between auroras sometimes.
But we know, do we know the real dream of cross orients to ourselves
even always the median brightness of noon that power to subordinate
tenderness agreed to sigh and still maintain omniscient
until the last dawn silence that fraction of the hatcher or dashed
light in a poly g n sies everyday ?
I think we bercerions us innocence too if latent
each fraction was unaware his interview ...

XVIX

Who will tell the winters in their shopping plumed ?
The long strands fell silent to cross oceans.
D 'h gold-season thus we often.
So as better repair these interlacing we raise a
Star trails to fire orients ...

XX

One knows accept doubt,
 bloom memories, thank an offer when
 remains soft echo retain nightly from
 proclaim a break. When would say it ourselves
 gentle stirrings of the year in shares, these round self
 this quiet night sample the multitude to us two
 as a fragile hope. I do not know economics
 words, chant this enough for what he refers
 Welcome to the promise of the wind. Perhaps
 should we imagine that our new songs
 halt this break to radiation more specifically to
 our almost dance to be rich certitude thinking
 tomorrow if we guarantee it better.

XXI

To distant, or or ?
Shall we go along once in a smile
bathed song rich scents at once
flower of innocence, absolute mirror of the senses,
mind and tomorrow in jingle ?
Comblérons us both the offering to pass
generations to come to a sudden enthusiasm our
unfailing generosity ? Seasons say
scintent each common size.

XXII

When eyes are silent wind
By coincidence region in befallen lights
 Towards a new racing
 A shadow collected
When the actual shade frequently to the region
As such innocence countries
 Neither the color
 Or perfume
Are in respect of the firmament shine
Distant where our dreams will quench
Where the woman buried
 The absolutely true woman
Pours palm in chiselled in this true
Light collected body.

XXIII

Watch a firefly, swoon as
fan themselves shells, smell the cold return
the sea. Often for fun women
distant golden clothe themselves to wrap
the horizon of a fringe love the feeling blossomed.
The poet is sometimes similar to air princes
it flies so high that plumed men.

haiku

The sea is great
The horizon flies
The hurricane roars

XXIV

Often the poem refers to another
 thing that lucidity of the poet
 in the inaccessible that upstream grazes day.
 We see this in writing
 prospect of future splits double
 reality in two. But this in-between of poetic creation
 should not make us glimpse the reader
 only two distinct realities and infranchissa bl es nor a
 any priority of one over the other.
 This is sort of a idiocratique
 poetics of the mass that must subsume
 the writer to this perfect cohesion of all
 where the spirit and idea are the lifeblood of poetry.
 This is when we finally glimpse dizziness
 This poetic mass offered in each
 a kind of recognition of the idea-poem
 through these interlacing implemented the
 poem itself.
 And we see the conquest of similar
 (author-reader) to the other one isostémie [\[4\]](#)
 relative and subsequent.

XXV

It often be sub s umer data experience
 poetic and the everyday when we look back in retrospect
 to the set of n o be experienced without separating lexically
 in n o be thought that his dream semantics.
 N o be semantic desiring clogs in no respect
 Life undulating passages so as to better
 spawn new perspectives of life, anchored in
 n o s meandering and help us live better :
 mix n o be daily and his subsequent poetry must
 be non-dogmatic stereotype of our lives
 and feed n o ability you desiring and enjoying
 its pleasures. These limits should certainly curb notwithstanding
 have to be ethics without which we can not manage
 a common presence in their effects ; but this
 as everything is in patience proved that all
 happens and is concretized in poetic thought and
 in the experience.

XXVI

Haiku easy to fall

Sheets to the Wind
That touch parterre
The ground time

II

Haiku single winter
Ice and frost
I do not know where there are dancing
Winter flakes

III

mere haiku of spring
Flowers and roses
Offered a hand of love
Shine all day

IV

Simple Summer Haiku
The sea and undulates
I bathe at the beach
Only summer

Mingling memories child
When my will spread out to your home
Twirl as a time of innocence
Which is so pleasantly in s tiller
According to our desires, the heart of our impulses ;
You know the long stay of my loves

The tree has exhausted the forest and birds of days
The rose languid dance quantities clarity
Suddenly in water and silver beads ; we are desiring

How the day sounds
How oh how sound the years
I go chant this evening
In his fire coat pledged loves

Tercet

When winter wrapper unit
New blowguns
This is for the lady spring

Often the approaches seasons alert us
gently with a decision to make a challenge
ahead, a duty to perform (etc.). So
we know how important it is to do
keep only the essential : the project and its realization.
Then happens a matter given the poetic act
of this embodiment, its majesty, its elegance
What gain is quite carried away.
In this, as in everything, should be accompanied by
thinking and appropriate for all of my
acts so that even their effects still resonate and
always long for our efforts.

Landscapes transparents
souls surprises
present desires ? look
 breaths
O Life, hope always
Chanting our stays
In gaieté straightforward

Review these fresh blades
Feel these nocturnal seas
State a next dream,
Mumble an upcoming stop,
These are the words of the poem,
Enact the impossible and the true.

The days remain in the distance as we
perceive a distance to our joint stays
a decision to make, one about to hold.
We often know the statement of a r é promised rebellion
the flavor of a laughing dict, the intelligence of a written
if the commotion learned the firmament of hearts shines
full truth to his tiara binder and about.
Often, alas imbecility where laziness encourages déjuger
or misjudge a particular act, the exact content
the poem at the epicenter of warmth and steadiness.
So for the next few days here and there,
promulgate a new harmony let us discern it
truth all their chips to make, to hold, to designate.

haiku

Feel blueberries
Gently brush
Evenings a straw

We would go to inaugurate evenings beautifully
the magnificent columns of the cities, later dancing
under the lights of the cities where I dreamed.
Fire rubies, celebrate the victories
unfulfilled dreams as ourselves together when
I came under the lights of dawn dawn
the new day in the shade of our faces
a smile returned to grace,
other evenings.

Words and silences

Freshen silences, decorate the purple shores
evening draw a calm day.
Reviewing a flash or feel a promise ; have a
forest in the hollow of a break in the season started again.
When my words of welcome fueling the idea
di s laying a flexuosité tenacious and long pleasure
some sharing the words offer us all a mischievous pink
in silence, with purple edges in the evening,
a quiet and peaceful day.

Quatrain

Because these morning found
where iridescent trees
Remplumés a season
I say the distant horizons

Autumn Haiku

As these beaded roses
On the morning when you discover
Love the words say years

future III

Do you know my nascent rivers to unusual night
 I stay with a thousand lights gleaming sunsets
 And abyss me to your rock s a rebel veil
 The conscious traveler crews to your desires cats
 I do, however, that appeals discern
 The night
 An ephemeral revolt
 In your tenderness grooves
 In my languor aurora often
 Nymphs, joint votes of water, O poem
 On inhabitude, cross your speed impulses
 Diamonds to combine the beauty of beings
 The immeasurable discern the world
 In a new round the year, harmony seasons
 For the poles of adventures
 South, west, turns to the north is
 Dazzling crusade ages of tree leaves
 Then buried jaillantes
 dancing suddenly
 The song of the night, the renewal of spring

In the fall season

Sometimes return to childhood landscapes

Watch a rose

Flexuosities its apparent e s

Jump a bright mirror

His grace encor

The seas have said the heart soothing memory

Between us started again when love dance silence

I then interleave the pink

And discover together mutinous

The Thanksgiving always

youths

Where to approach the edge of fervor
As you think of beauty
O deep youth
At the weapon of intoxication

You surely going towards your dreams unsolved
As a loving languor
Delays outstanding
Where bays return
promised the futures, new departures, tenderized breaks ...

Continue central clearing. Designate the tree
follow a summer shade. Alert a day at noon.
The seasons are hidden to ourselves to better inform
our words when they surprise us with a dict the heart.
It is as the years elapse without late
we défaillions of a rose, rain, night
love for her only in its height set to this pro xim ity
to feel feverish all the possible limit of a
Pearl enamored to cities, fields, mirrors, to
the surprise of a radiant dawn.

Triplet Winter

Sounding a semaison
That's state
A new season

Haikus before morning

I

Regard e mirrors
They di s ent your love
Emp e sé of ourselves

II

The night is this councilor
That dictates our love
Our common wisdom

III

The long night if u e is
It looks good
The dawn of grace

Westerly winds are like our love
Common distant when the March rains
inflect people capsized a speed unfathomable
truth of the rose. Meet a woman, announce
one morning denounce sirens blaring ; love spring
it is going to the movies of the heart to the music of a lifetime
in short, to the city of triumph Gold Award.
A elucidate p â moison is finally waving in ocean
dizziness in a plural and eternal wisdom
recollection of the day of the year, always.

Quatrain

The only woman
Mourns her love
She sees around her
His life is still dancing

I often suggest around me piling
convolution of trips focused on oneself
dict his love, his song of the soul as the
life of repeated ravanellas night so fragile summer
India when the season bends in the shade
the seasons, the new dating greatness
returned to the scene of my southern systemic
when currents carry the driver to his fate

Signifiers indices hours in travel

" ha ! born again, walk
 the way, having retr oved the
 lost trail. "
 A. Machado (Renaissance)

I promulgate space size
 Door to your moments distil
 The height
 For you last extremity of illness secret sweet voices
 Dreams, languid
 As an invincible balance slicing decisions
 The hardest
 Our memories ;
 O mountains, flights, seas
 You will be fed mythical lands
 Of prestige and eloquence

The teeming mirrors of your days

I do not see the azure flowers berries
 That free song winds
 As a fringe completed my age
 At your age
Dances efflorescentes mordorées sounds
 Cantilènes voice
 I have of you than you self
My mirrors break your agreed trails
 As a loneliness sometimes leads
 Between us gathered
Thy love is really about the regardantes-free
 These shares beribboned night
From May to the ennobled months following
Until new Miss i ons pursued seasons
 Circonvoulue for future
 Between us loving

Our lives beautifully

I go to the shelter of a slow, a fringe of landscapes
That draw from the depth of a margin
The feathers only poets dancing in years remains
As a shimmering shore where flames die
In a swoon, a harbinger of far
 To our eyes s married
 Towards the abyss of our bodies
 In itself hairline
However the songs of nights
 Hoist the beauty in an agreement
 New smooth ages
Do you know, do you know the infinite anthem one on one
 Recreated confused faces
 And how the height travels
By claiming the exchange of unspeakable harmony
The h has vre your eyes to my eyes shining
 Our lives in the doorway paths

Haiku before the last harvest in September

Flights crowned sparrows
The autumn air musical redness
In orchards hand picked balanced

Haiku before October

It is the ultimate stay south winds
These surrounding seeded flights
In sowing until the return of spring

Oh clouds, oh trees cavalades
I see before me finally
Baronies of love stays balanced

ocean serenade

Do you recognize these peninsulas dancing

The seasons mirror

As a stop offered

Fun of ourselves

I refer the vast ocean of summers gone by

Comm e hospitable prayer

Hidden from storms

Decentered Azure

In days of pole ...

Forehead

What do you know of the fresh dawn melee dreams plies
When the silent night withdrew its veils of mist winter winds bronze ?
Or revois- t u these colorful distant azure at the advanced ages
runners ? I follow your haughty revolt proud forehead times !
How many years calling your halo in his heart for his happiness
But the sea is still growing scum.

Quatrains of embellished winters renewed

Never forget the traces of future
Until the winds west so fragile sometimes
To experience a vertigo, as though
Always sail days insinuate brand
At a source of love of our years.
Never forget to meet with roses before
they fall asleep one time and scabious
will draw up a promising break reconnect spring.

When I see the snow crystals winter season
 Falling under my window nothing sometimes warned me of a
 new ed the n which sways my feelings chance
 when evening comes we meet in the perception of time
 often flows through accumulation. N o be new century and millennium
 has forgotten to trade in old hourglasses but
 this another chance mingles with the horizontality of
 Stay r s shifty and contemporary. Digital, digital
 fruit, computerization are modern parents
 the fleeting moment and the melted snow deity
 old of our winters old replaces what
 better days fall within the golden grain, the ear of
 amber, epidermis this metaphoric r e rest
 the in-between time, a captured or time regained
 we feel good and we pr o walk along endless.

[1] See Patrick Durantou " I "In *Paths of the morning* , Ed. Signs of the World, Toulouse, 1996, p. 1 (01.05.95).

[2] Cf. Durantou Patrick, " Dialogue ", in *the mist masks* , Ed. Doxa, Toulouse, 1999, p. 2.

" Dialogue II ", in *memory of the future* , Ed. Doxa, Toulouse, 2009, p. 23.

[3] G. Apollinaire, *alcohols* , Gallimard, Paris.

[4] A. Machado, *Juan de Mairena*.