

SOME WOLVES

That's hard for them
They doesn't grow sheep
for looking at them

Magic howling
Earth call screaming
Warmth living howl

That's hard for them
They doesn't grow sheep
for looking at them
been...

That's hard, for them... That's hard

| You hear the sound is growing loud
| like thousand of birds calling
| feel the day, feel the love

~~~~~

You know...  
Nature never done  
anything  
anything by chance  
SPLIT doesn't exist  
we all are part of it  
Everything she does  
has deep reasons  
is bound deeply  
and we are linked to it

You know...  
Nature never done  
anything by chance  
Everything she does  
has deep reasons  
Why would we understand ?  
How could we understand ?

Magic howling  
Earth call screaming  
Warm living howl  
Empty, vanity, haze, mist, breath,  
Draft, illusive, fragile, MAYFLY

Magic howling  
Earth call screaming  
Warmth living howl

~~~~~

Feel like roaring out
Wolf down me you and all
No harmony here
They learned
They learned harmony with poetry, dance
and
to become human, to become citizen
You hear the sound is growing loud
like thousand of birds calling
feel love

Ground doesn't belong
you do and you are and
And that's wild dreams will save you?
What are you tuned to?

Magic howling
Earth call screaming
Warm living howl

Onts of Bactrian
That look shows close at hand contact
And the brilliant density of Bestiary
When I came out and hear
I thought
We've empty everything
wear out
gone and silent
Like
Like death.

We all are wolves in the deep forest of
eternity
And we are ... burning

~~~~~

| You hear the sound is growing loud  
| like thousand of birds calling  
| feel the day, feel the love

| You hear the sound is growing loud  
| like thousand of birds calling  
| feel the day  
| Trust and hope

We all are wolves in the deep forest of eternity  
and we are burning

Magic howling  
Earth call screaming  
Warm living howl

That's hard for them  
They doesn't grow sheep  
for looking at them  
been killed

You know  
nature never done  
anything by chance

SPLIT doesn't exist  
we all are part of it  
Everything she does has reasons  
and we are linked to it

How could we understand ?  
She does  
Why could we understand ?  
She does

And we are made of it  
And we are part of it  
And we are linked to it  
Everything she does  
and we are linked to it  
and we are part of it  
Everything she does

WE ARE NATURE  
not separate from  
we are part of it  
not separate from  
made of it  
we are part of it  
WE ARE NATURE

## S o m e

living howl living howl earth call screaming call howl screaming earth call living earth  
 vous en avez déjà vu un? oui, ah oui oui, pas loin d'ici hein à 200 mètres J'avais  
 entendu le loup ses cris de la terre ses hurlements magiques je le vois très peu  
 le loup je l'ai vu 3 fois d'une chaleur fantastique ce matin-là plus proche je l'ai  
 vu sortir de la forêt à 200 mètres earth living living howl il va m'entendre à 9  
 kilomètres tout tranquillement lui il va me sentir à 200 mètres il est venu à 20  
 mètres de ma maison il savait que j'étais là mais c'est un animal fantomatique  
 quelques jours après il a tué un chevreuil à 50 mètres de ma maison il y a un  
 déséquilibre on ne sait plus regarder ni la montagne, ni la nature si le loup revient  
 la nature en a besoin les bergers n'élèvent pas des moutons pour les voir mangés par  
 le loup c'est dur pour les bergers c'est leur moutons howl living howl

## W h e r e

living la nature n'a jamais rien fait au hasard si le loup revient, il y a une raison  
 très profonde screaming howl la grotte Chauvet j'ai regardé cela aussi en tant que  
 naturaliste La capacité à produire de l'art dernier point qui semblait distinguer  
 homo sapiens des néandertaliens en voyant toutes ces scènes extraordinaires  
 peintes, représentées sur les parois cette fresque montre qu'il y avait un bestiaire  
 absolument fabuleux au pigment rouge et noir sur trois grottes des groupes  
 d'animaux, des empreintes de mains qui les a vus de très près il y a des détails dans  
 l'oeil d'un animal des points, des cercles il a vécu avec et autres motifs  
 géométriques après plusieurs heures on sort et la c'était criant on ne peut pas  
 admettre que les néandertaliens aient pu faire quelque chose qui relève du  
 symbolique, de l'esthétique je me suis dit, ils sont passés où, il n'y a plus rien  
 on a tout vidé un dernier point qui semblait distinguer un bestiaire absolument  
 fabuleux, on a tout vidé une raison très profonde qui relève du symbolique  
 spell-magic

O N W

Big massive crawler crane  
bagger digger  
F60 sand Excavator  
Crawler space rocket transporter  
grader, truck, lorry  
Tanker  
Loader Tourneau, Komatsu  
Blackhove, Shovel  
Dockwise liner  
Offshore oil rig  
Offshore oil rig  
Offshore oil rig  
Cooool that's big  
Huge Tongue of flame  
Big blow back  
Massive return of  
fire

oooooooooooo

Control illusion  
is throwing you down  
Mastery delirium  
wearing (y)our conscience down under

oooooooooooo

Everything's turned into wares  
connected cars,  
intelligent phones  
fifty five years old  
white men  
white men  
On a SUV listening  
to born to be wild  
geolocalised  
(y)our own ad, for (y)our own life  
AC windows shut  
AC windows shut  
AC windows shut

oooooooooooo

I've heard that  
there is some time while  
you feel better  
before you  
you dive under

oooooooooooo

Fallow is a trove  
Fallow is a trove  
Watchout they are invisible  
Watchout and...  
eat your humble pie

oooooooooooo

This world is  
the shimmering reflection  
of our  
of our  
singular looks  
This world is  
the shimmering reflection  
of our  
of our eyes

oooooooooooo

Fallow is a trove,  
Watchout they are invisible  
Watchout and...  
eat your fucking pie.

oooooooooooo

Your toy is about  
to murder  
the human being  
hiding well  
behind you

oooooooooooo oooooooooooooo oooooooooooooo

I daydream  
People are throwing their cars at the red  
lights  
lights turning in blue ;  
And they're walking, quitting their jobs,  
forgetting about earning, buying and  
performing ;  
People could just be, indolent like birds,  
like mollymawks ; turning in trees ;  
People could just be ; becoming idles,  
loafers  
and losers... and wankers ;  
People could just be ; Feeling life floating  
on  
theirselves, like mollymawks ;  
Feeling life floating.

oooooooooooo

oooooooooooooooo

Like mallemuchs

Flying in the sky like birds do,  
quit their jobs, their fucking cars  
and burn them --  
the traffic light turns to blue  
Same blue like the skies where they fly to  
and land into  
into flowers and trees  
where they whistle gently  
like harmless birds and do things  
differently  
Open their mind and get free  
Open their mind and get free

And burn their cars

and don't give a shit anymore about  
earning, buying and performing  
but follow our dreams,  
leave our jobs, our fucking jobs that make  
us crazy  
decide not to do that anymore and do things  
differently  
something new, like it has never been done  
before  
a world with a place for every living  
being  
where there is no race, no gender, no sis,  
no big, no domination  
fuck domination, fuck hierarchies, fuck  
oppression  
rank and pecking order  
echelon level range and ladder  
and star charmers  
the chain of commands they change into  
into chains of flowers  
and we just fly like birds do whistle in the  
trees  
being friendly to each other  
and stop being asshole in the world  
and being just toxic.  
we decide to be passionate flowers  
and turn into trees and fly away in the sky  
having fucking fun flying,  
and stop putting all that rubbish in the  
world  
from our lives and from our brains  
But open our mind, get free, fly away and  
turn into  
into trees, into mollymawks  
indolents in the sky  
we love it and we fucking love it  
we live very happy, regain our power  
and finally,  
fuck all that shit.

Yet everything is well ordered in human  
society  
Still feeling's intensity could destroy  
this augury,  
even our goals  
we want to overturn it all.

## N O W

Seen them grow there for years  
every day on my way  
observed how they took the space  
might loose though  
during this burning days  
last year  
they came there / one day  
the next  
they were all gone  
all of them I loved  
they were dead on the ground

the waste land

No one refuses  
to shot

the waste land

no one at any step refused

In the boiling heatwaves  
their bodybranches  
burning  
dry carcasses and corpses  
heaps, piled into graves

some survived  
seemed to try  
escaping that HELL

For a long time  
For a long time  
For a long time  
For a long time

heard their screams  
their fears  
their sufferances

J'ai pleuré, j'ai crié, hurlé aussi  
autour de cette friche

now remains only  
a hole field with concrete and silence

massacrés

it is time now  
it is time to change our evil ways

## NOW

sugar love

Spring

1994

Spring

2015

sugar love