

From: *The Ink's Path* by Bernard Noël

Translated by Eléna Rivera

Part 6.3

but now that nonsense makes laws what is the meaning of resistance
when the poor are always poorer and the rich always richer
poetry seeks to feel its way along its old subjects then racks its brains
what once was promised lands is already no more than a paradise lost
undoubtedly we gain by putting ourselves in the middle of the present
to challenge one's own desperation with sudden drafts of silence
we know we must sleep off the ashes then grind the shadow to the end
each day swallow the whole bitter thing to find that nothing is served
by anger or revolt not by one of these surges contrary to the times
and we must in the very depth of the night invent the survival of life
spit out the remains of rancor into the air while training for terror
no one knows just how much time remains of the future behind us
the present no longer knows how to go further than the immediate
each touches in this extremity the edge of a condemnation
is it to exile to a detention camp or to a common grave
we are standing under the menace that serves as the new sky
we forget the azure beneath this sky and the pleasure of breathing

6.4

and now to relinquish nothing one has to speak ad nauseam
speak of the blows humiliations arbitrariness and brutality
a head that wants the whole country at its service is corrupt
equality was only a chimera and intimacy was maimed
poetry looks toward its feet to find the appropriate baseness
abjection doesn't come from below it's by order that mud is born
it denatures nature and makes a mess of the organisms
servility is always in readiness for more servitude
what to do to oppose humanity in order to rebuild the species
when speculation serves the function to bless only the deception
the air is full of spittle so much so we have to scrub to see the view
but who wants to see traces of contempt still drooling on their face
hatred is the only way to rinse our eyes as well as our brains
the opening of the mouth needs to go all the way up to the shadow
and what cleans it up is a tear between pus and excrement
extreme anger everywhere clashing and nothing no rescue a cry finally
crap suddenly from above a mucus of images and discourses

6.5

and now those who have need for words only have corpses before them
the putrefaction of the vocabulary has spread to the breath
how can we talk about resistance with all this rotting in the mouth
we don't know anymore if thinking is in us thinking for itself
or if some virus shakes within us its perfect simulacra
when the virtual is stronger than reality everyone pretends
illusion took it into the debate of being and appearing
the enduring has lost its value next to the profit of merchandise
revolution would be fashionable if it was marketable
the present eats everything at once the past and the future
for that matter what is time once it is equal to consumption
use value being less regarded than the speed of wear and tear
or the necessity of having to constantly accelerate change
we expect the same kind of security from a bank and a police station
with hope in the end of an added value of one's life on life
meaning goes round in circles in the ebb of humanist desires
seeing falls to the very bottom under the weight of thick stupidity

6.7

and now a bit of rage still groans is it in the mind or in the heart
the verse stretched out to give itself time to consider its rustling
but there it is already hesitating in the middle of an upsurge of anxiety
what happens nothing new because everywhere the same disaster
it's war and class against class it goes on without being declared
just a look a challenge a gesture of anger and the mouth stutters
full of words that flung one by one change nothing under the horizon
for want of tomorrows we have indigestions of the present
missing in each action is a breath or this je ne sais quoi of hope
this currency of illusion that we squandered laughing at ourselves
from now on what was political is nothing more than poor publicity
we don't know that in doing so nature changed nature and the human
changed its humanity when did we ever know for whom and why
who decided the content and if the container was relative or full
disgust is at present the last of the values that never dries up
too bad for the future vomited up in advance at the same time as I
as we as you as are all the consumers of the current nothing