



Now waves of roses are blanketing memory, but childhood's desire to enter time's core remains. Nothing is stirring. Grass grows differently than words. In those roses, infinity's infinity.

The wish to inhabit storms leads to cities in flames. Traces turn into signs and thinking precedes itself in the deep recesses of the brain. Bodies are always naked under their clothes.

Words melt in reflections; that's why there's a uselessness to this night, to my missing the river, to the delaying of love... light is picking up momentum in the vicinity of the oaks that cover this property, this silence.

Not to be able to climb up a mountain, run from this place to the next, see things improving for friends or nations, or even desire a clear day, not to stop the torture...

but this late afternoon, the fallen leaves were soft, walking on them didn't seem to hurt any, they were friendly. I went a long way. What happened later was of no importance.

Born in a sealed womb, where night is origin, I will say that something always remains from anything, even from nothingness.

Bitter bitterness. Thoughts worming in, as we move on smooth surfaces, though derailed here and there, or swim against the current, see the brain create lines of strawberries, banks of whales, angels, in profusion...

The world came into being, and didn't ask for maintenance; was it then pure mind? Those early hours still resonate as an echo, a breeze under the apple-trees. There was no need to rebel.

The deer, at this moment, is capering all over the fields.

Eternity is non evident. There's this endless rotation of the sun in the skull, the stillness outside, and a storm within. At least a river is always flowing in some part of the country. Winds, always gathering speed, shatter the order of things. We return home, in tears.

We leave for wherever History takes us. Preceded. Followed.

I peeled every trace of light off the walls. Withdrew into blurred definitions.



Today is a beautiful day. The gods are drunk, and the girls staggering with exhaustion. It's time to gather the poppies spread around, wave to the boats born so happy.



Yes, Tamalpais starts at the center. I recently climbed it, reached a soft spot and laid down. There was friendliness. As the sun was setting I moved up again. Suddenly, it was dark. The stars appeared, one by one. My capacities to think started to sink, making room for a strange contentment. Besides the many things they are, mountains are a language, probably the one most familiar to me.

When facing a mirror, a head resembles a lit planet. I wonder: can one spend time within a flower? Imagination moves in circles, as a sole piece of luggage on the tarmac.

With each bird flying, time is passing.

Night is an exhalation rising from a darkness foreign to it: a long eclipse.

I entered once someone's memory, I say through his brain, the seat of his illuminations. The place was planted with olive trees, and mathematical equations. On one of the trees was hanging a Van Gogh painting. The ground of that house of memory had been once the bed of a river that had run through still another person's brain. All this constitutes my spirit.

In its will to protect the living from the maddening effect of a constant present, nature created memory. An escape. A rest. Everything I do is memory. Even everything I am.

Knowledge doesn't kill as surely as love. We spoke at lunch of a guy who had driven three women to suicide. He was smaller in size than any of them, and perverse enough to boast about his deeds.

Our mind has a border line with the universe, there, where we promenade, and where tragedy resides.

Within bits of time volcanic eruptions sprout, and fall. Of all the energies we breathe, it's best to follow the ones that spring out of dreams. This season is cold, as cold as my soul.

Memory, and time, both immaterial, are rivers with no banks, and constantly merging. Both escape our will, though we depend on them. Measured, but measured by whom or by what? The one is inside, the other, outside, or so it seems, but is that true? Time seems also buried deep in us, but where? Memory is right here, in the head, but it can exit, abandon that head, leave it behind, disappear. Memory, a sanctuary of infinite patience.

Is memory produced by us, or is it us? Our identity is very likely whatever our memory decides to retain. But let's not presume that memory is a storage room. It's not a tool for being able to think, it's thinking, before thinking. It also makes an (apparently) simple thing like crossing the room, possible. It's impossible to separate it from what it remembers.

We can admit that memory resurrects the dead, but these remain within their world, not ours'. The universe covers the whole, a warm blanket.

But this memory is the glue that keeps the universe as one: although immaterial, it makes being possible, it is being. If an idea didn't remember to think, it wouldn't be. If a chair wasn't there, it wouldn't be tomorrow. If I didn't remember that I am, I won't be. We can also say that the universe is

itself the glue that keeps it going, therefore it is memory in action and in essence, in becoming and in being. Because it remembers itself, it exists. Because it exists, it remembers.

To see something is to remember it; otherwise there's no seeing.

Memory is intelligent. It's a knowledge seated neither in the senses, nor in the spirit, but in collective memory. It is communal, though deeply personal. Involved with the self, though autonomous. At war with death.

It helps us rampage through the old self, hang on the certitude that it has to be.

But what about the ocean's intensity that echoes our own, the fever in cold weather, the soul's descent? What about the weight of the angels' wings?



And the night is an island covered with snow, life, always in the present tense,

in the nonchalance of a stream.