

EYES LOOKING INTO EYES LOOKING INTO EYES

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INTRODUCTION

What we can do? Think about and occupy ourselves with what we can do? And should we say what we are able to say? "Slaves, let us not curse life!" (Rimbaud) To remain inside the order of knowledge is to become nauseated in the monotonous circle, without becoming anything at all. The sad condition of the motionless. The dejected voice which never blesses life. To think only of what we can do, to do only what we are able to do--*to do*--is to remain who we are, the absence of the obscure void we are not. Where there is no color. Where the chambers of our hearts are without bird songs.

My love, our evening among the fragrant hyacinths: there were bird songs.

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From the Greenhouse

So many moments of anonymous and aimless wandering, when we admired the windowpane from the outside.

In the abandonment of our night, we went behind the windowpane. Fragrant steam greeted us.

Caressing your immaculate face with the petal of a white flower. Your eyes were tranquil. Returning to the foundation of the world. Never-ending blooms fascinating beyond belief. Everything we love.

We are this night in the calm shade. And we made it possible.

I followed you, as you followed me. Dazzling attraction guided us.

The distance where we are most near.

The heights where we are at the bottom of things.

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