

TO THE RHYTHM OF THE BLUES

Grandpa Charles, trapped in the spiral of eternity,
Parades before the unknown soldier's tomb like a robot,
But Paris is already a party from dawn onwards
And Bugs Bunny learns economics in the basement of the University.

How you defy gravity wriggling your body to the rhythm of the blues!

They don't know the way back to school
And, after losing my chair in the tangle of corridors,
I end up isolated in a bathroom eight metres above the floor
Where I have a good chance of breaking my foot.
So, you are late for school and don't understand why.

The stubbornness of your car knows no bounds.
Wide open on the esplanade of the shopping centre
It waits impatiently for my arrival under such a blue and metallic sky
That the retina declares itself unsubmissive and refuses to look.
A foggy night in Los Angeles
And in Liverpool it looks like it's going to snow.

When I come back from Iraq, after my long stay in Vietnam,
You greet me with a flower between your lips
And your hair still waves over your nude torso to the rhythm of the blues.

Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen look down on us from the stage
And say something about the levity of being,
Perhaps because Lou Reed, from the New York subway tunnels,
Has said goodbye to them for good.

“Adrift. Winter Days” ((2005-2014))