

2020-2023

MOTS - WORDS

An era

Maybe modern times will bring us into the world of technology, and emotions
will be expressed by captors
mining robots
but today, In the metro
Your hair
blond
Long,
Very carefully tossed into a ponytail
reminds me of us
people,
of now

human, earthy
Alife

Today

In the metro
In the very corner
An orange sleeping tent,
moving -
life inside it

winter cold

In-between the metro rails a little
mouse is Running
fast escaping the next train

Going up to Belle - ville

Yiribana

means "this way" in the aborigine language of Sydney
Burbangana means take hold of my hand and [help.me](#) up, with generosity and care,
emphasising connection between all the living and things

Accepting the others with in their differences make the human carpet will knitted tied together

The power of the arts is to connect, to heal, to share and to act with generosity
providing improvised resilience collectives of residence , solidarity and celebration of lives

Me

When I look at my self at the
mirror I see what you maybe
see
And I can maybe think what you maybe
feel

but I cannot see myself most of the time

La place de la

republique On the
main street
In the place de la
Republic,
A thin tent is posed
the winds are cold

Joy

We call them
prostitute
The Chinese ladies
On the corner
standing around the corn vendor
His Kohl are red and warm,
the day is gray
a rainy morning
They are laughing with joy
pretty women and an old street man
it feels together

how can you understand

how can we understand the chaos
Being each repressed by their belonging to another
The complexity of contemporary worlds
meetings with old notions of civilization

our profuseness is our diversities
but constant flow of information
producing misinformation stimulating confusion, hate, revenge

The theatre stage exposed Ahead is covered with red rivers
weaving patters
the bloods are mixing with the same exact colour

and pluralities generate beauty

you hope to gain knowledge
undo the paradox of epistemology that exist between the act of force and the
force of justice

maybe than you can better understand

People

Only one elements of the rest
People see the world
and tell about
People Do things
and than can portrait the horrors they conduct

Is the world exist otherwise

Fracture

May be concordance can conduct life
seamlessly integrating aesthetics and ethics into one tell.

At War

Can I grow beautiful
or
can I grow broken
and it is happening

People of The world are in pain,
Exposed with terror to horrors

Your photos are strong
even beautiful,

and elsewhere the mountains grow into the skies
Painting the blue with proud yellow
pointed rhymes

Light

The light on the green leaves
Expose the colours of the South

65 years passed
I have been walking so many
streets
65 years passes
Seeing, looking, hearing, smelling

But I do not remember the 23725 days gone

Just impressions traced my mind
drawing my portrait

This moment

A whole world and only a moment within
time...

Voice note

Passing

Time has this quality that is passing
What we expect to, to come,
Then it passed
and simply was

Hearing

You say my voice is loud
You say my voice is angry
When I hear my voice it is soft and welcome

Is it why you are angry with what you hear

The night

Wake up
senses
All looks so much more
Even thinking and doings

In the morning

All went back to normal
In-order

Daylight

Fears worries and mouses are gone

At early morning

Every day
The bright light paints the huge square stone wall yellow,
In-front of my bed,
every morning,
the background skies are only blue
A perfect and repetitive painting

My windows are empty

You are dressing them with lines growing into the empty
rectangular
The branches are drawing the space
with geometric abstraction
It is you,
The jasmine,
filling in the emptiness

Yellow

is the colour of today

Bright

You sit at my windows looking up to the 2nd floor

You look from your window

in the second floor right to his eyes

Two cats are silently friends

A Rose

I see the very summary bright light from my window,

in-between the thin wood screen,

thin slats,

still a bright scene

I can also see the rose hidden between the leaves,

it is so bright pink,

making my brown bamboo poetic,

And my day have changed from pain to maybe pretty summer day...

Possibilities

So many of mine

To accomplish all that are I

And I cannot,

time is not enough

i am Limited within myself

So long for the one side of the coin

Of

Protection, safety, security

Liberty freedom respect

justices and fairness

between all

why have we created Chaos

Spring

I cannot celebrate all this beauty

generously shared when mine was failed

I Pained my efforts,

Lonely in a one road

But To where ?

This last second

Singing life hiding birds

In A beautiful cemetery

spring colours

A cycle

To somewhere

Colours

Long blue warms going away on
yellow rays
A railroad to somewhere
Busy to get on time

The purple covered the bright yellow

spring sun
warming the chilly winds of April
shadowing the eyes staring on the fields

Greens are- going into far away horizon
Where I never could see

Insignificant things

These are little things
Insignificant
That could have been trashed
They become my inspiration
For a new paintings ..

Be each other

I thought
But it could not be fulfilled
As closed within one self,
each,
for prosperity...
Empty

Death as an issue

I had a dream he had
Be each other he said
But it was a dream

FREDONIA

I want to cry
Loud
But I cannot
I sit in a foetus position
Protecting my heartfelt from spontaneous cry
But my mussels are contracted
Searching a relief

Morning Stroll

I ended the small street into the big place,

In-between the 2 trees,
in the rive of the concrete ground I saw you,

So tall, beautiful, proud stare
fetching your arms up touching the sky with a bouquet of flowers,

looking straight a head
determined
I always hoped to have 10 more cm,

The square of concrete is the place de la Republic....

At exactly the same time

You and you
and you live so differently
And I am on my sofa
Watching endless stories and lives
there,
and there,
and there...
War, hurricanes,
shooting sounds,

The old lady walking slowly on the dirt road,
reaching very slowly a shelter
You
on my road asked me for some pennies,
Cold
You smell from an old cheap
alcohol
I am still strolling. ...counting lives

Watching you,
and you, and you, and
you
Different lives,
all so different.

In One place

Endless stories coincide
Creating (hi)stories,
generating lives
All of them happens at the same
time
Fully occupied each with details,
Rich
Different
Walking all side by side
And we do not know each others

Relative

At exactly the same moment
You are young
And you are old

Metro 10pm

The voice of the crowd was load
circulating through the metro tunnels
The sound of city printed my mind
with noise

Depression

Spring
It Coloured my heart with these spring colours
- Illusions

But then come summer to dry my hopes
down

In autumn first tears scroll down

And in winter my hear freezes
Looking backwards
reporting memories

Try to Think...

Belonging

Munch, Kierkegaard,
Your cry is not of some one but of everyone

My painting cry motherhood, womanhood human hood,
thinking the essence
of being,
thinking, learning to live.
but death always take over life.
Then I paint what I saw
Subjective
only as through my eyes as I could see and feel

I am

I am two
Man or woman
Live I
side me
Alone
Dialoguing

You

We signed up to be friends
To connect for ever in all
Until life apart us
And life did,
Long ago
And We cannot walk on the same lane

Time

Time goes faster than me
And I try constantly to catch with it
do what I imagine
But the clock is beating faster
Than I get to my pace going
Running from this earn to another
engagements,
looking to catch time before the sun lays it's light off,
brightening the other side if the world with a new day
And I move from one day to another,
Counting
precious minutes ticking
To convince Artist
who don't want to do politic
to stop being only poetic
about why not rather then yes,

MISSED

I walk up
The hour past
The light is domed
Morning is sad
Now

BEING

In between the pink roses I paint you on the transparent background of the plastic table cloth that
I collected from the corner shop in Belleville

living

A tinny black fly set over one of the roses,
And my plastic becomes a living garden,
and you moved out of my wall,
looking, ...

Marseilles 2021

From culture of business to businesses of culture

Days are gone

The days get darker
Could not know when night reached in
This was only just before
Days getting longer
The moaning birds are in my roof
Today is longer
5 pm
Night will be them much later

The 24th eve

24th of December,
just another evening in my
kitchen Cutting vegetables
Many
In my ears the headphone playing majestic music
This of the end of life and the birth of a new one
I am still in my kitchen
My knife repeats it's movement
I could not hear your angry voice
Correcting
And the music spoke of other aces, other times
Majestic notes,
The voices are celebrating
And my kitchen seemed different
The 24th of the moth around the world
Looking at the globe turning away from the longest night of the
year Looking up to a new light of a new day
Longer...

Some words

Some words makes you
Suddenly
Feel

Branches

Small
branches looking into new lands
Springing a way from old units

Another day

Today
Between 10 20 am and 11
The day took its bright Colours are on

silkworm

Or a catkin
 feels like a spin, that can never stop
 Turning over it self
 Taking a worm hostage into its cocoons
 days hold up completed into closed
 chrysalis
 A silkworm spined itself into a
 one single thread that is a life long path
 Mingled into a ball.
 Rolling
 Prisoned a lives of both ,
 if ever solve the Mystery
 The work will complete itself,
 into a pretty fly swinging to reach a way to re born

Folds

Folds of the mind,
 seeking to learn the world,
 navigating between extremes
 In sort of s universal knowledge,

 where all things become the knowledge

 a guide to your own road,

 live between others.

When violence, disasters, pain take over,
 these interconnection between all elements broke,
 and the chain of life is weakened

Critique

Ohhh my god, thank you,
 I appreciate so much to read an honest seeing eyes and true words ,

a dialogue on poetry, art so important, indeed first our senses will provoke emotions;
 i like it or not,
 but then join in our cognitive logic:
 travelling with the movement, colours, lines,
 sometimes words or sound,
 and it speaks,
 the oeuvres communicate,
 and so important to know in which way,

creativity, I think, is not fully controlled,
 but it is born as we go along,
 then of course one will correct or make choices,
 but that intuitive doings is what make something yours
 and not written or painted or played by others...
 that why honest critique
 thanks Jo. 🍀 🌸

Vacations

Sitting, knitting words, looking at the blue ...
letting time pass in pleasantry
the bleu butterfly
inside
me
was suffocating in boredom...
time was passing....

Lost

Don't love yourself through his according eyes
He is only a mirror of your love
Love the world you (can) see
The way you (can) feel
Love your axe from where you stand
A centre of (maybe only own) space
Lonely
If you can only see through your eyes that love you
seek will corresponding with you,
reflecting
transparency
Going beyond walls
-
real.

A day that passed

A day passes
with it another year just flipped over
Like a leaf of a book
Going into another page
New
Other 365 nights
Other 365 days
And I can not for seen tomorrow
The world is caring their fear
spring is tapping our windows with bright rays penetrating the cold air
Heating with joy new leafs piercing the dry branches of my window trees,
Bright orange cappuccino in the mid of fresh greens
You forget to wish me a good new year.

A print

Everything leaves a trace
Even the time in-between
Just where no substantial matters
Just time, sounds, smells, emotions,
Feeling the time
Like a light passing by touch
And disappear
What a fantastic send of liberty
Although brief
It leaves a trace

Changes

Seasons impose changes

I had a hard time to leave you my big seeder you warmed my inside addled

Then I had to take you off,

used

Very cold

I took the grey long couloirs of the metro,

Last minute decision

I wanted to walk up to you Belleville

In Republic an orchestra playing Russian Debbeka,

Young Ecossaise are dancing in circle as fast as the music

The long corridors brighten up

The big pub panels coloured with push of bright

tones

Winter

morning