

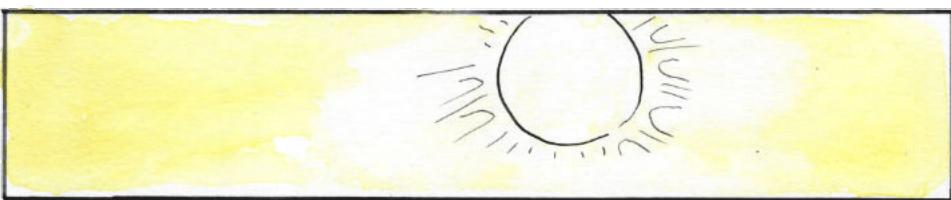
RÊVÉ DÉ CROCO

La solitude
s'est
endormie
au soleil sur
un crocodile
de piscine.

L'après-
midi se
consumait
sans vent.

L'odeur a
attiré un
voisin
curieux.

Le petit monstre
de sport est garé
depuis trop
longtemps devant.



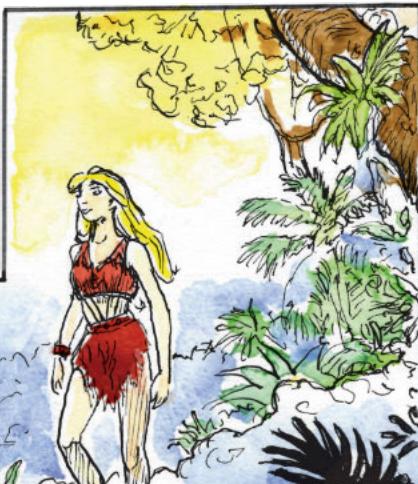


Elle semble seulement dormir dans la chaleur.

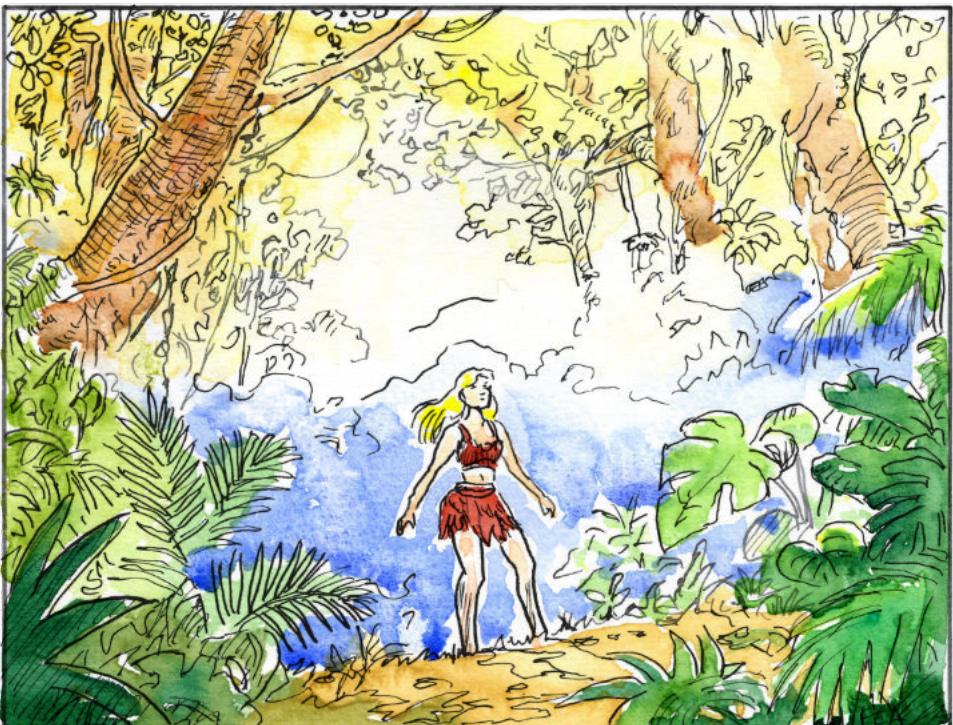
Le silence du soleil, fait battre son cœur



La mort tranquille, s'écoule doucement. Le doute léger, s'effleure, luxuriant.



Elle respire ?
Non...
...Sans doute, je délire.
Oui...
...Elle a cessé de souffrir.

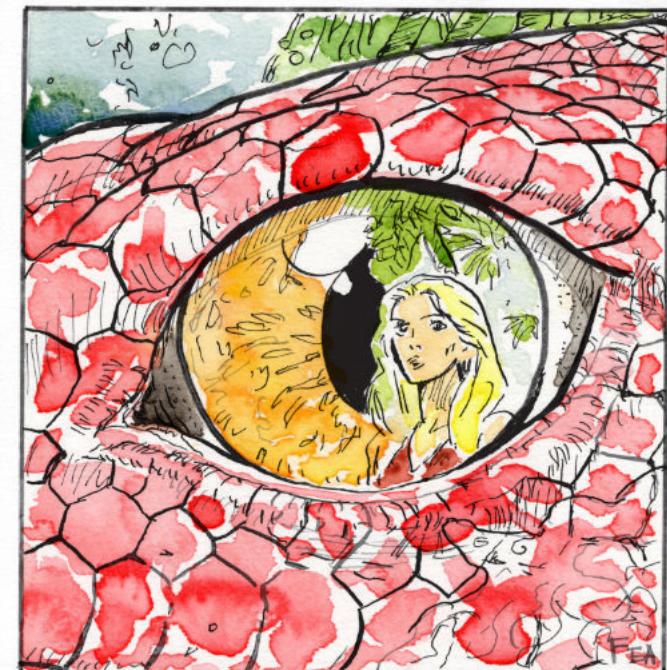


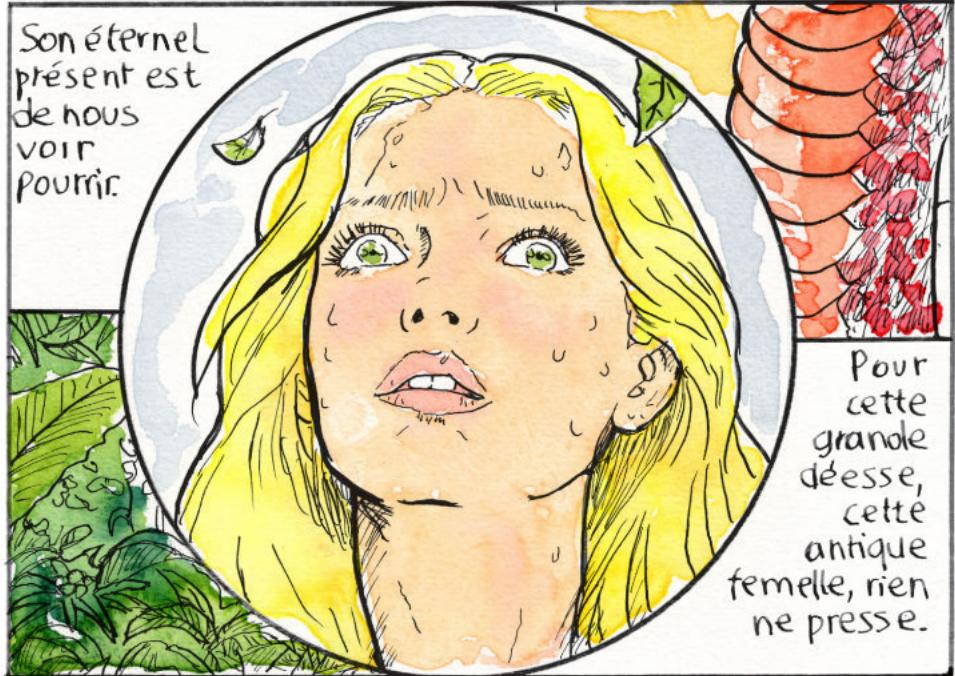


Elle est sans doute déjà ailleurs découvrant une vie meilleure.



Elle plonge dans les brumes des limbes.
Ses yeux ne regardent pas: ils se souviennent
Et dans ce souvenir, il y a son visage.



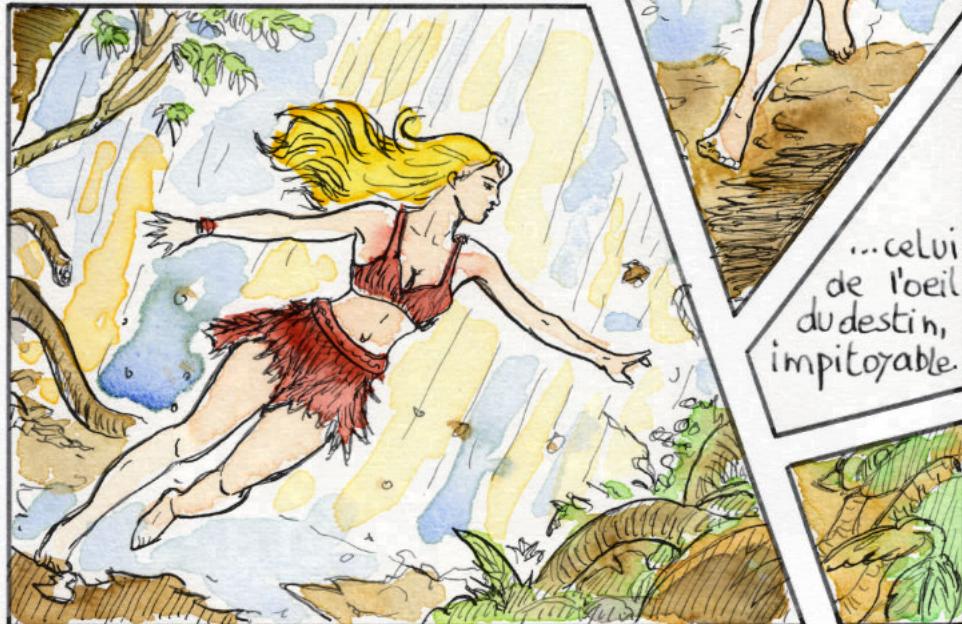


Reve de crocodile





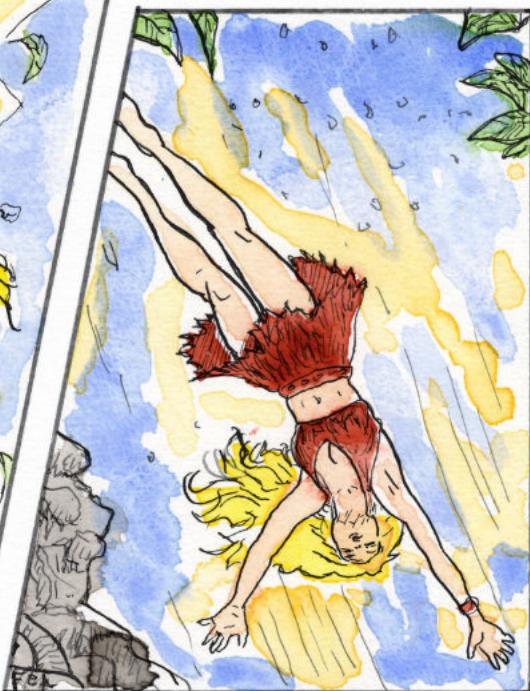
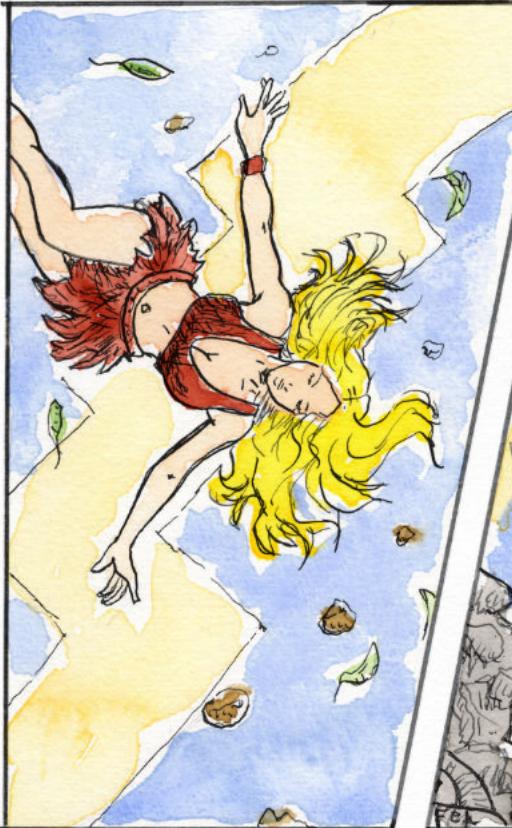
La jungle du monde
même disparaît.
Sur ses écailles, un
sombre reflet...

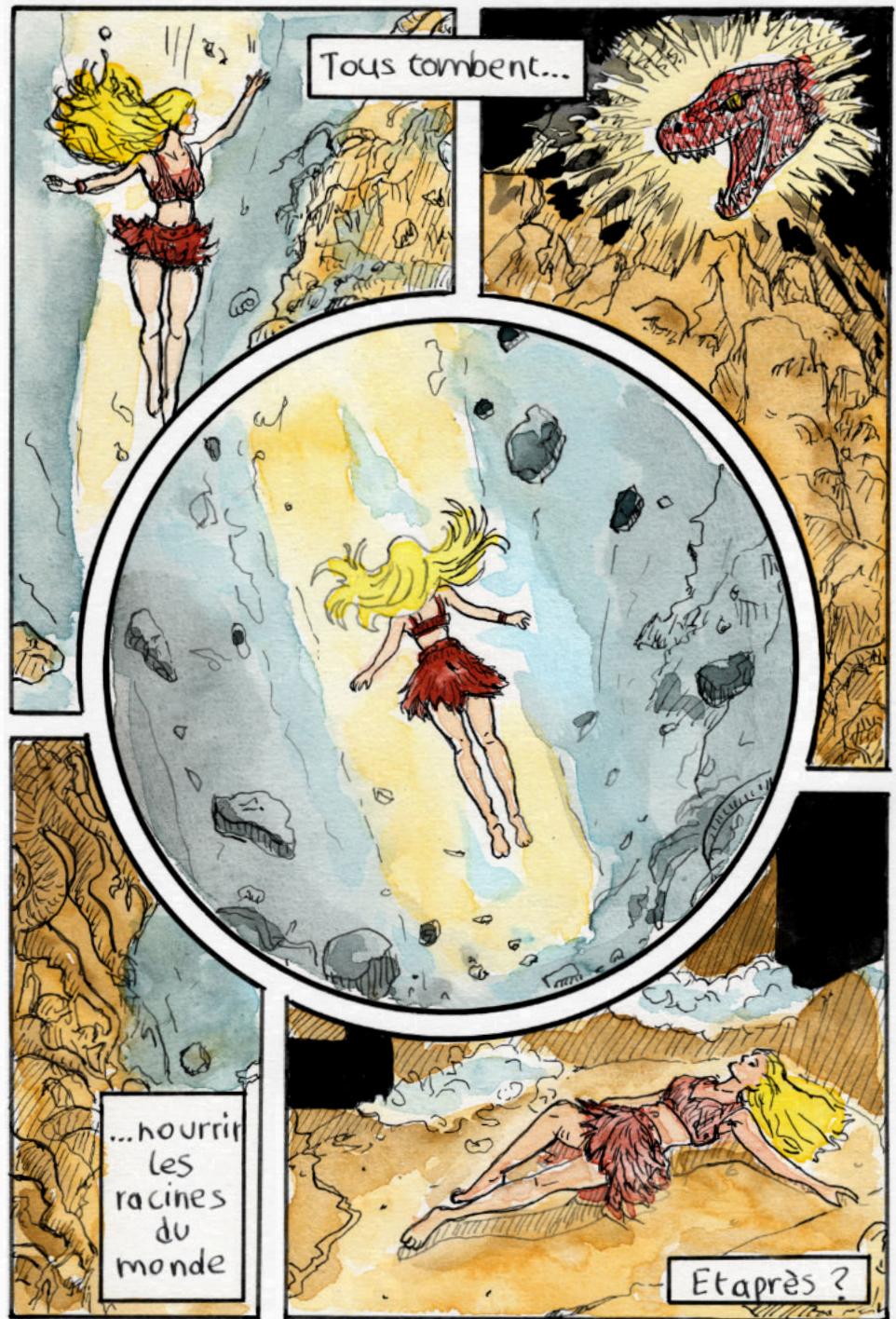


...celui
de l'oeil
du destin,
impitoyable.

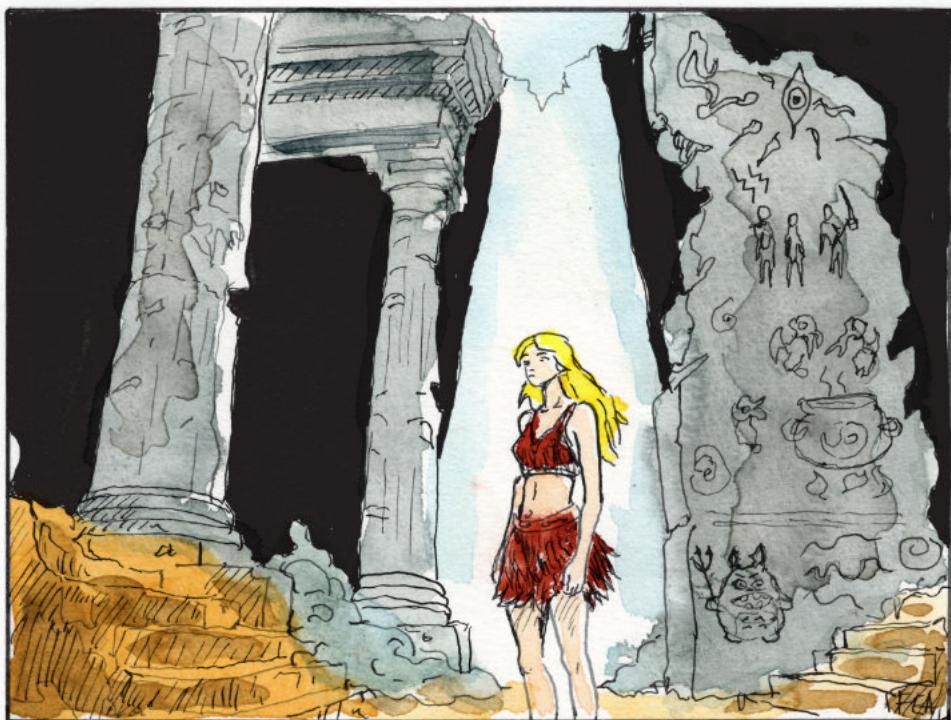


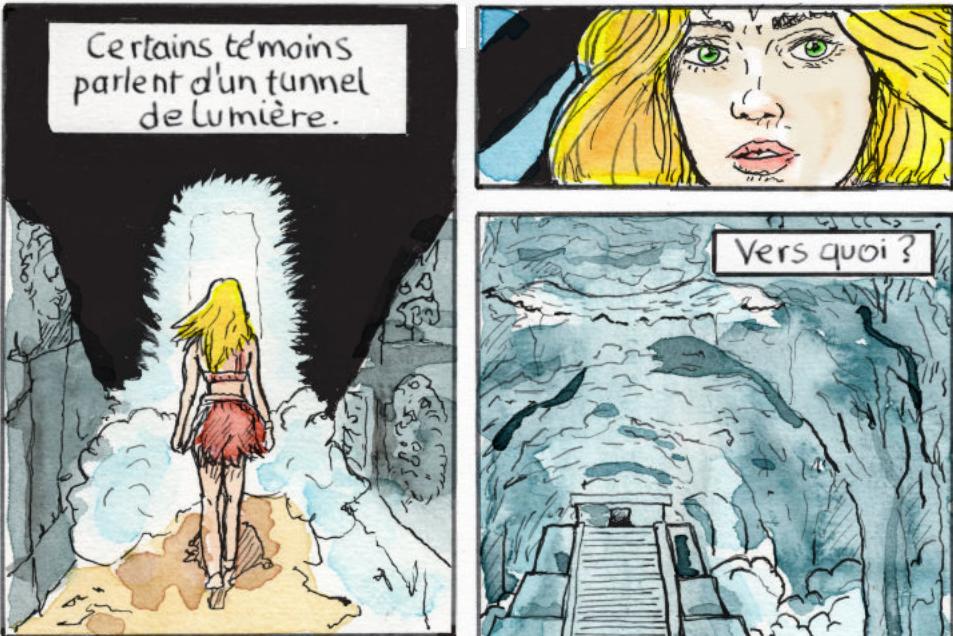
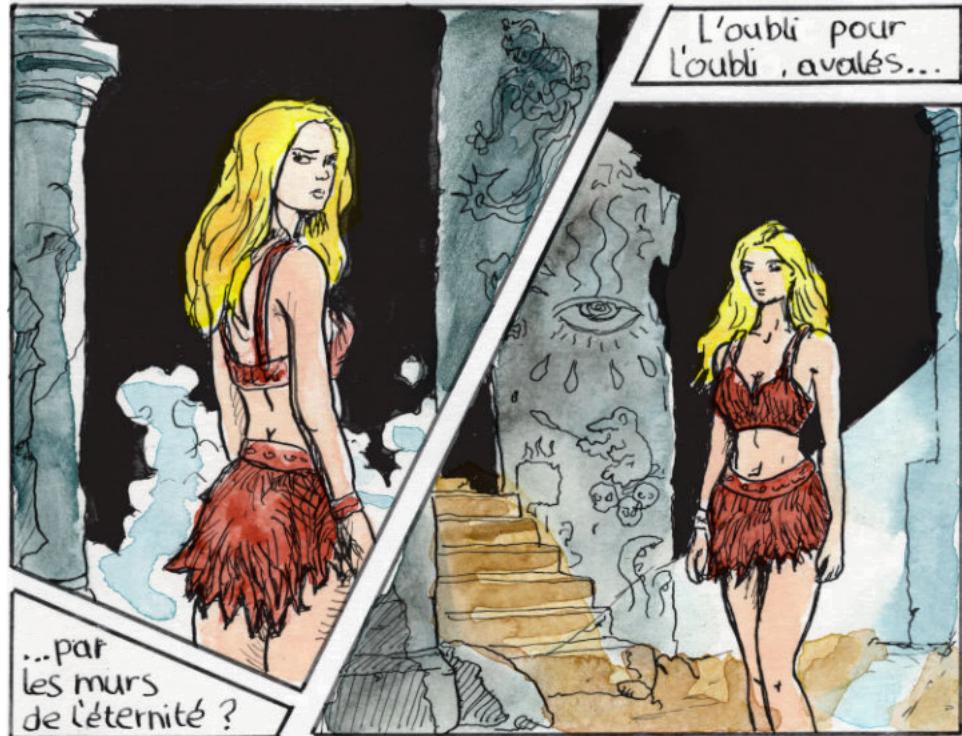
La chute vient,
soudainement
inévitable.





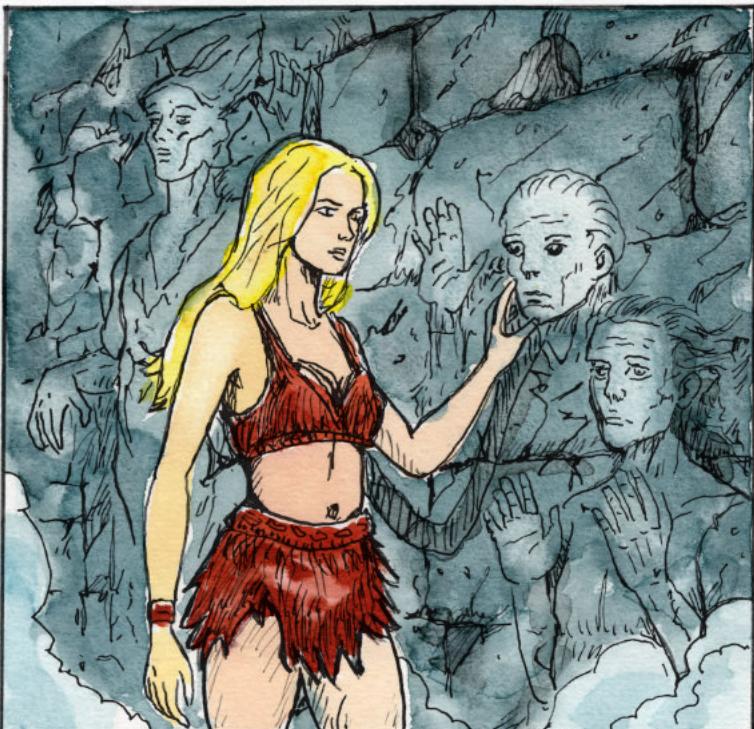
Reve de crocodile

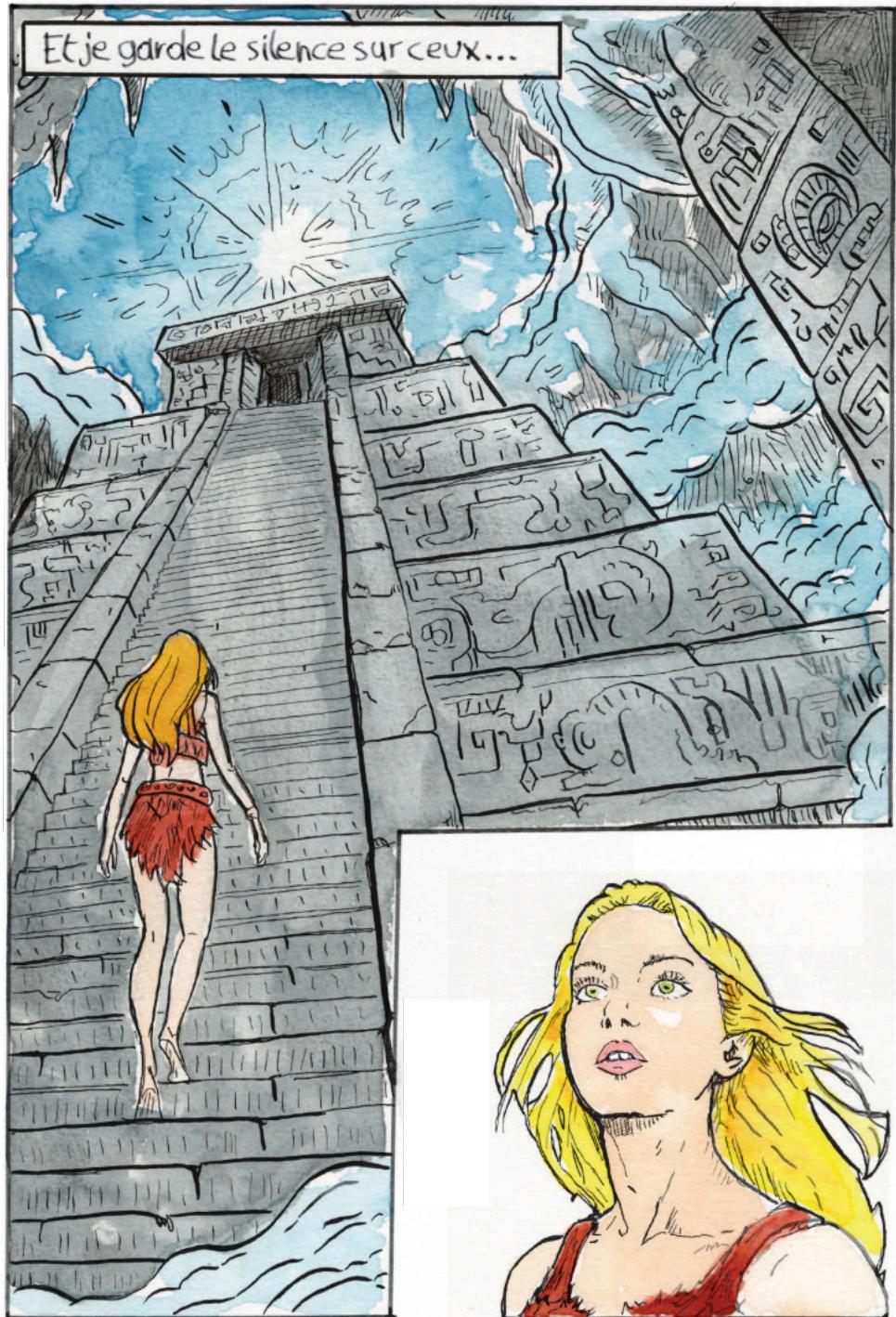




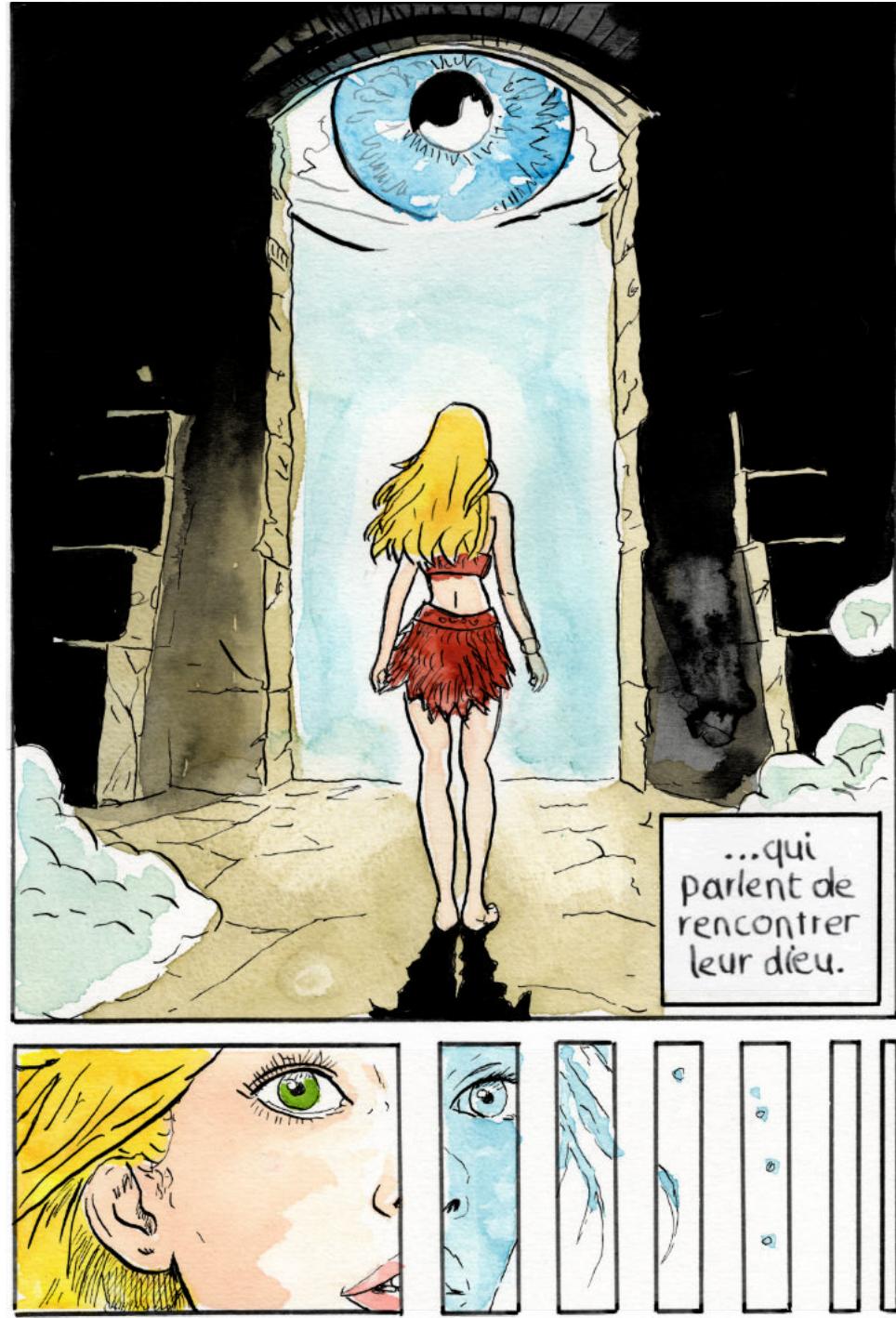


Où restons-nous pétrifiés ?
Des os dans la terre, des cendres dans les airs.
L'oubli dici ou la quête de l'infini ?

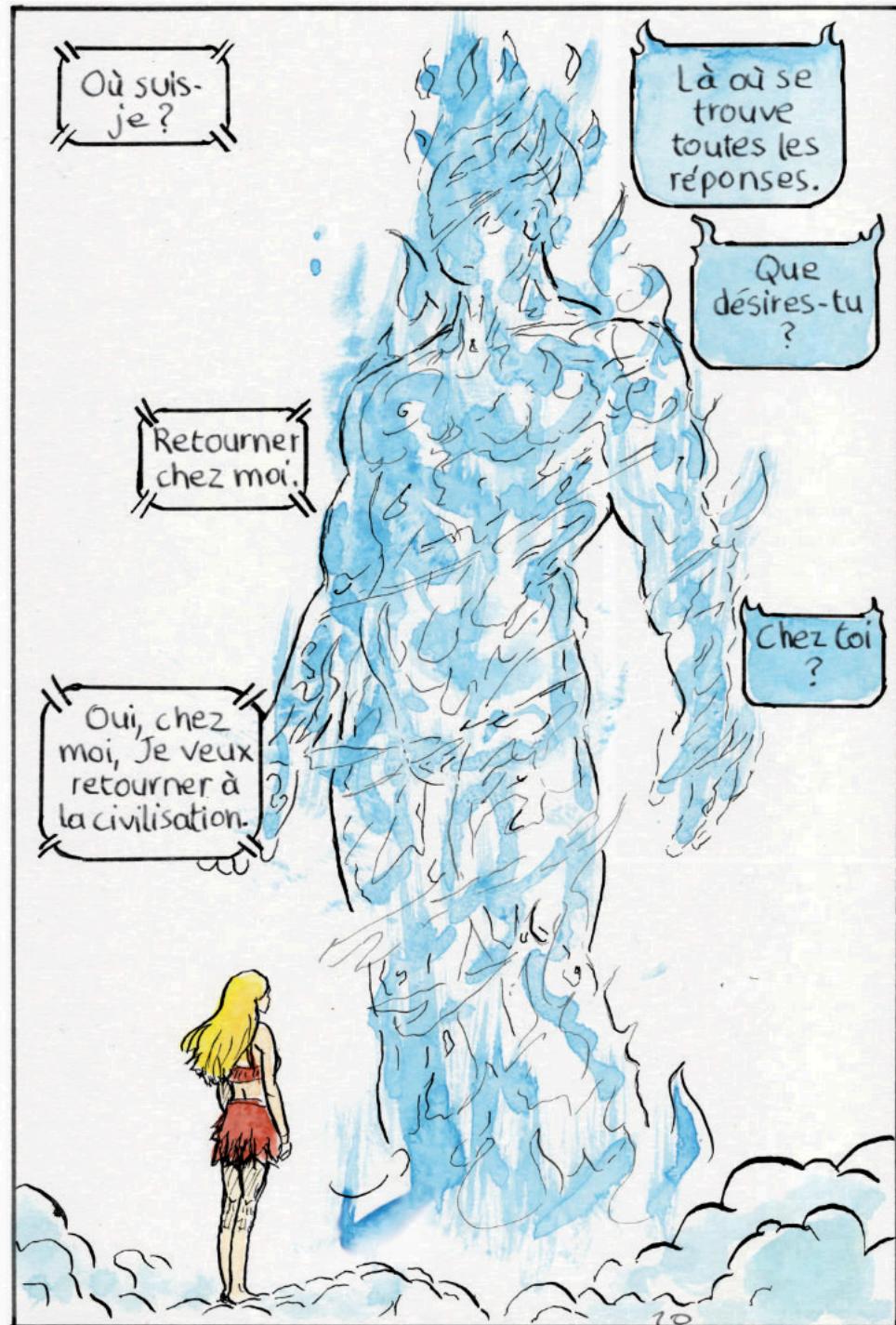




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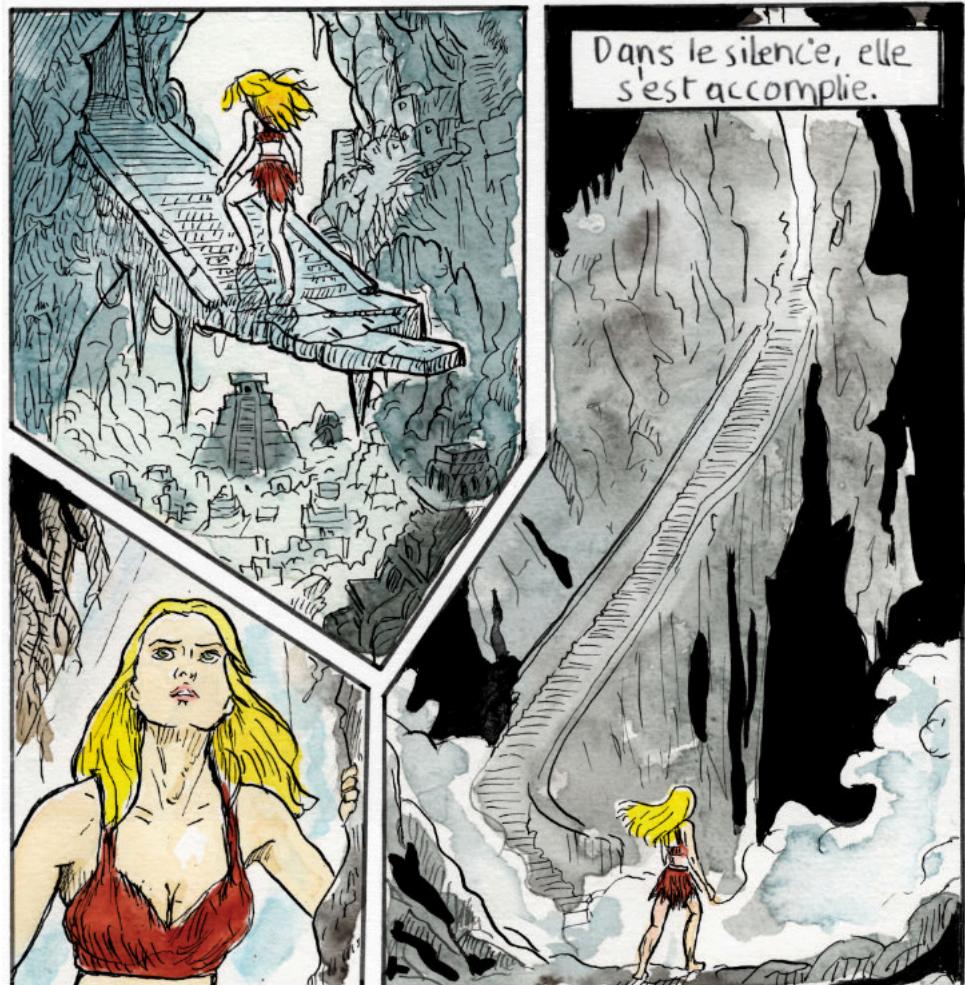
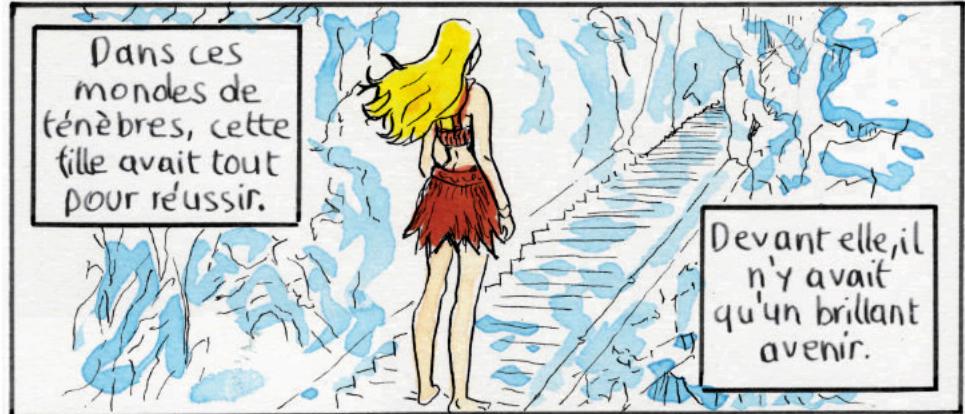
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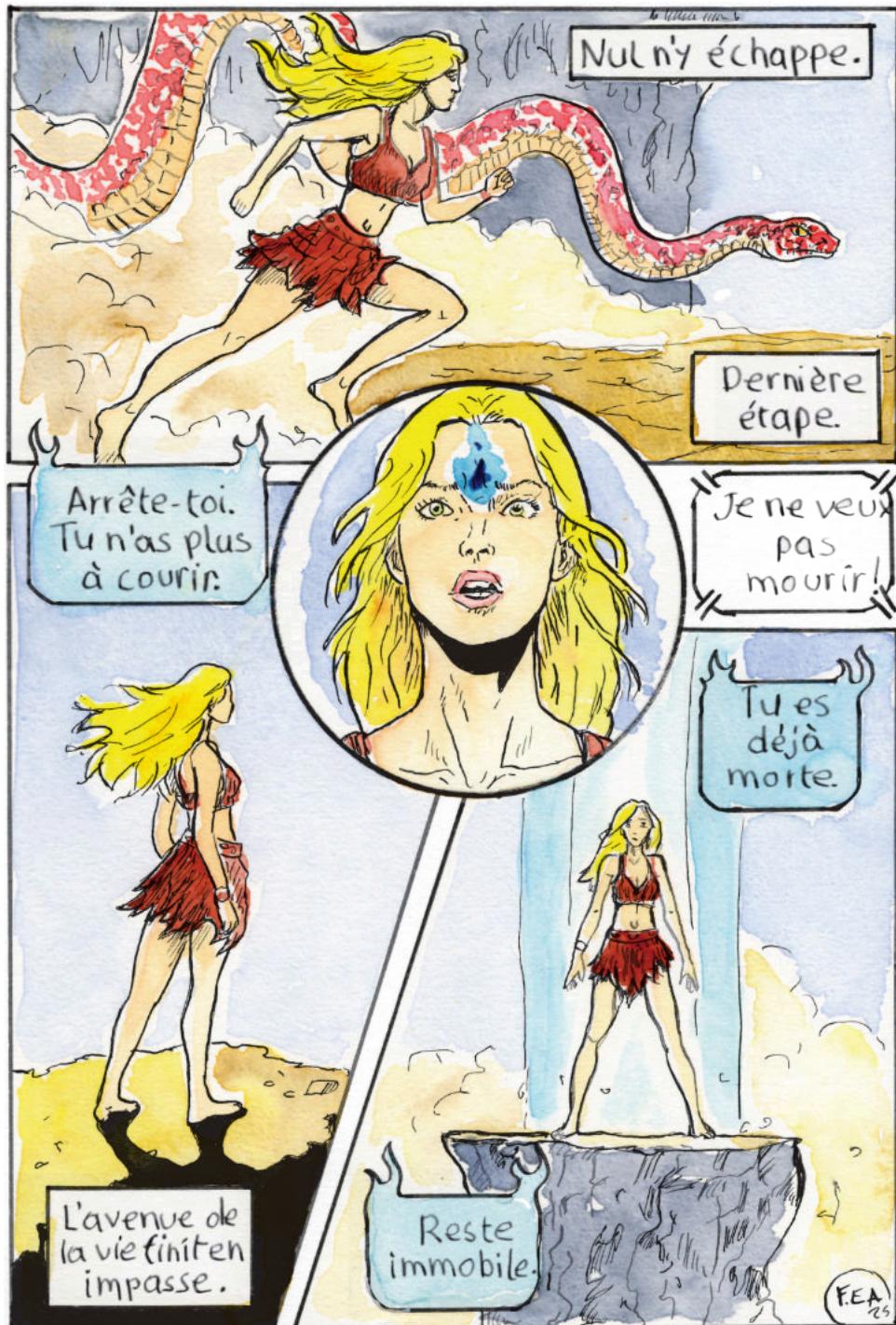


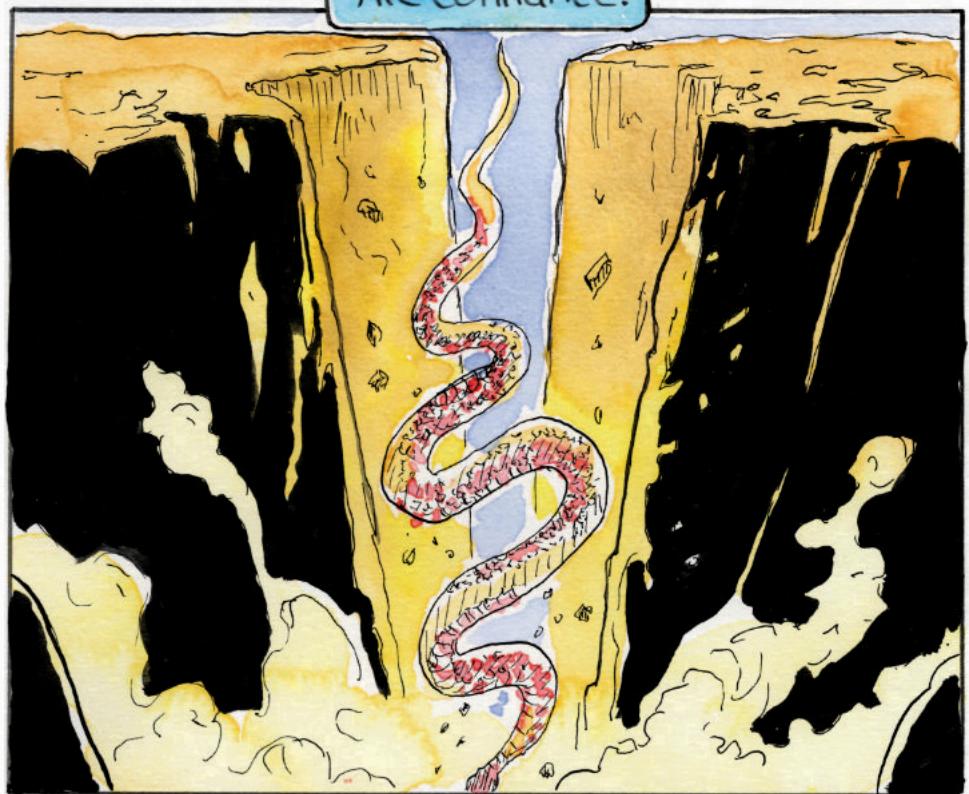
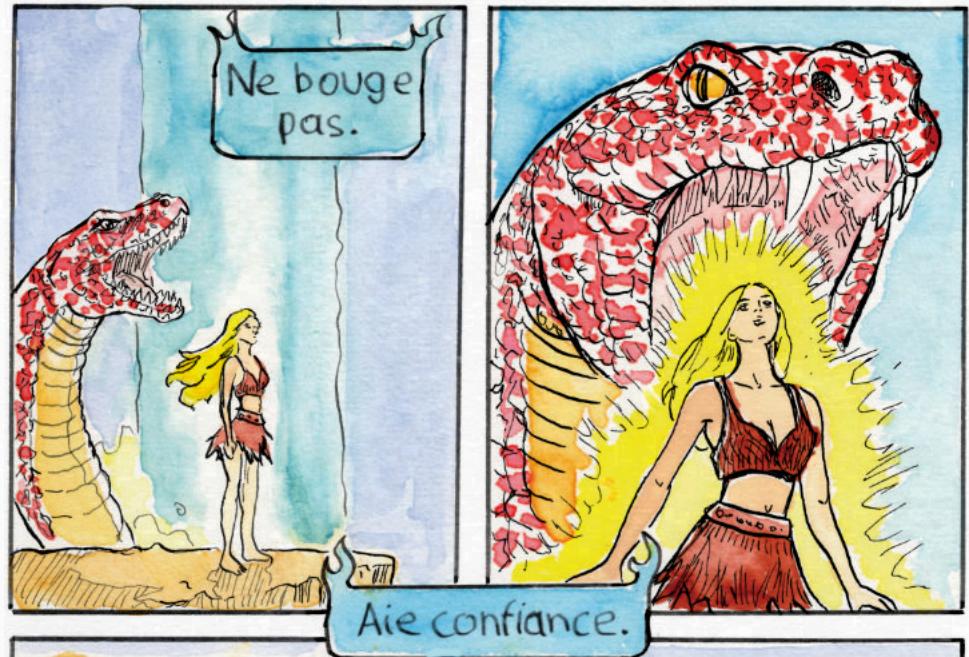
Reve de crocodile

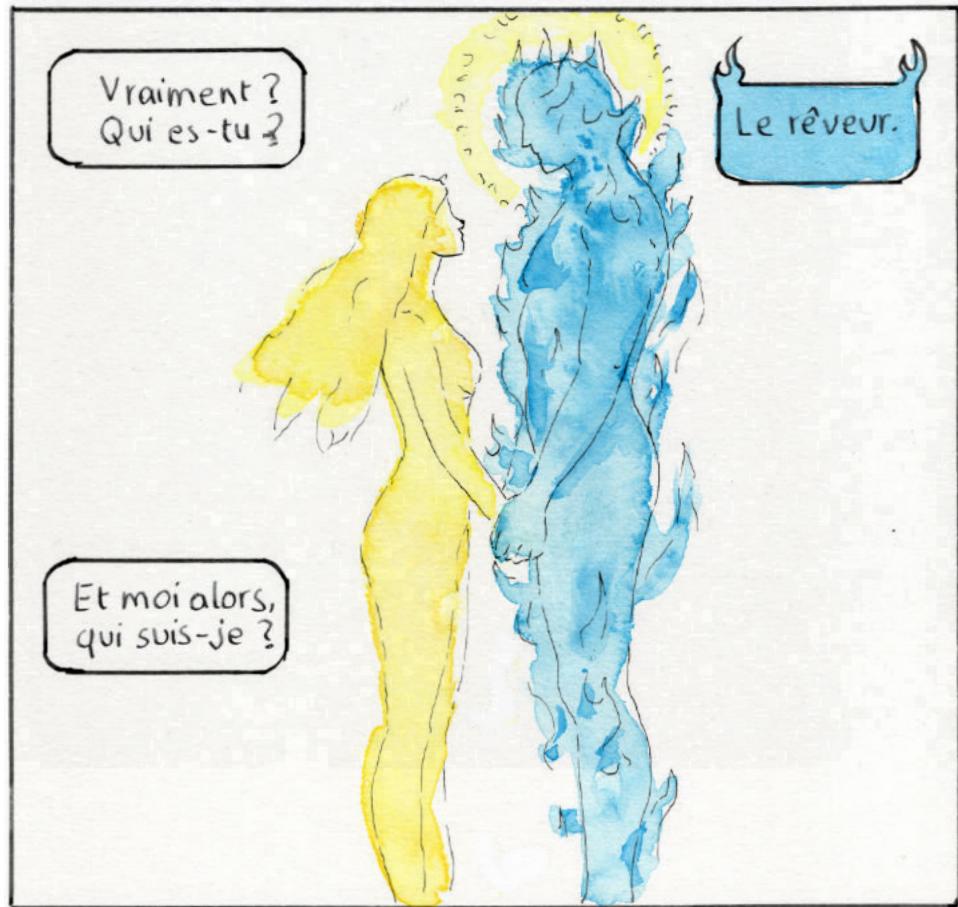


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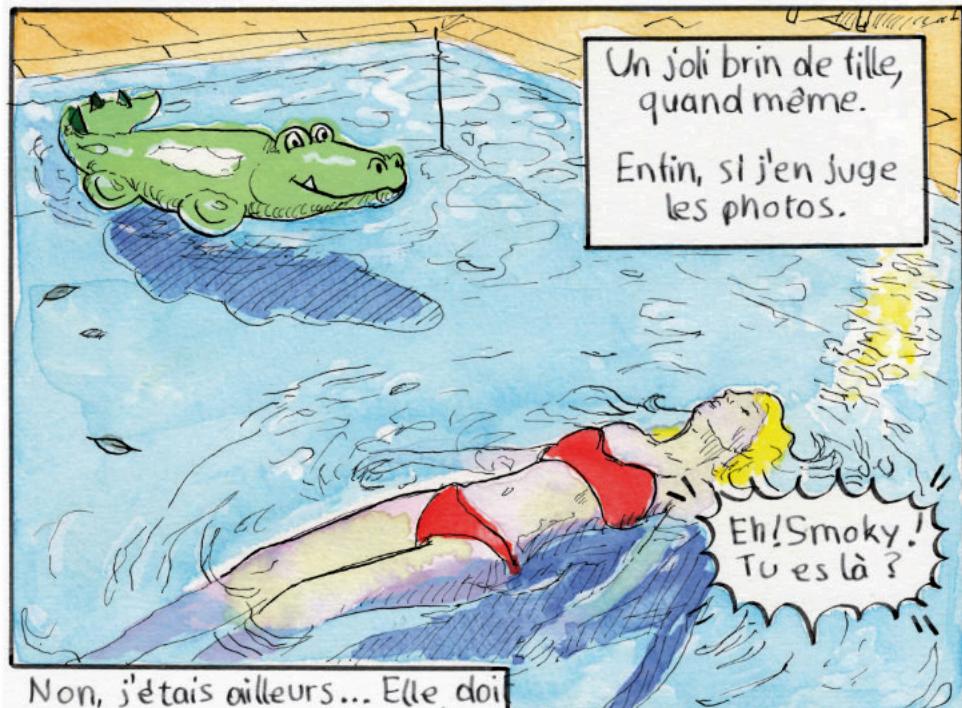




Reve de crocodile



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Reve de crocodile

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