



THE BLIND ANGLE

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past country castle dead vessels we ignore the
mundane death within us

we soliloquy our buried selves in graves of
indignity charred bodies in an extinct sun
but it is not us really it is our un-death

certainty of going past the reef to watch fish
dead in tanks filled with gasoline

as the collapsing sky floats upside down its
belly facing itself

as mongrel man facing mirror loses his or her
reflection to get inside the sex something else

but what, what could it be but the blade of an
arm grown out of the body

to pierce what is left in it of another body of
another man or woman

we carry on our backs those dead seas those
dead men those dead vessels burning now in
furnace

just to forget that once we were alive to before
turning extinct

like species of other men

like other carnivorous madmen in caves hiding
underground and eating their own flesh

as if they did not really do it to themselves but
to others' selves than theirs that they would still
be unaware of

but it is not us here buried in the fire

it is not us.

It is our reflections cast out of mirrors and
drifting over silent seas

we shall see though through our ribs
those organs carrying meaningless words up to
the surface
the veins cut off

by now we could think too
we can pity ourselves ask for charity in dead-
end streets
roll on the pavement do weird things to attract
the attention of passers-by at all costs
but it would all be in vain
we have been castrated from birth
the rest is just another story
not to be told to children not to be forgotten
too

over the dead sea walked over
the vast desert of Galilee
we can only dream places that we have never
seen before
we can only dream lives lost and to be
replaced by dummies that would look like us
shall we walk on the dead cadavers of people
killed with gas
shall we walk on memories made with our
own flesh
is there something to forget to forgive to get
and give to remember of
what religion do we belong to? To all three to
none?
I prefer to paint what my memories have
forgotten what my ancestors gave me of mind by
flesh of fire by piercing my souls with their
screams

of drowning within fire once again
just to forget once again my un-death
winds curled inside the fire
inside heads made with the clay
we hide the brain so well that it cannot get to
the surface or utter a word or anything
‘cause I don’t know or I can’t tell as sings the
singer dead from overdose in a bathroom in Paris
in this graveyard that I have been through so
often carrying statues of plaster turned into
bronze by two small men covered with soot
extracting plaster from my flesh and offering it to
bronze so it would turn into statue maybe I can’t
tell but how strange through the vast cemetery
filled by tourists and white statues of marbles set
on graves always watching the flat horizon over
the roofs of Paris and to drag the statue back to
the small studio filled by paintings set on the

walls up to the ceiling with bits of plaster rags
brushes everything left on the floor in the process
of creation in some hazardous and chaotic order
that only this process knows about and to which it
belongs walls stained by acrylic paint with
strange faces emerging here or there from the
gone whiteness of the other plaster the one which
was the fabric of the place now in competition
with the plaster that I used to make those
sculptures horrid guardians of my sleepless nights
as the drunks from the bar downstairs went on
roaring till the end of the night

maybe we ought to cut the vein from the flesh

To let the fire grow out of it and take the shape
of a red tree filled with blood with the roots going
deep down

they grow all the way to the birth of Earth a few billion years ago thus we could know that we were never really alive never really born here.

But that we belong to a forlorn past that we have no access to.

To a forlorn death too inside our heads

Inside our births

Or maybe could it be too a wandering pyre?

maybe we should have stayed away from the fire

away from the sculptures the art creation

stayed in the office of the museum we used to work in

stayed dead for a lifetime of unreal reality of the office while the sun kept on shining outside

on the lawns of children playing by the museum in Le Marais neighborhood while the world undone

by mankind is slowly drifting to its death
we, men and women, shall be undone too one
day under the bright sun

I see a charred body in the fire
as a skull keeps on talking to me
but I would not listen now

I have stopped listening now
I have stopped wondering now

I can only vomit black letters
blackened with soot
on this white page...

dead dear father

everything so unreal the birds the sea the fire

a dream round as a ball rolling down a street in
steep

Marseilles on a bright summer day

before hopping in a car to drive up the hills of
the Calanques

and walk a narrow path set between sea and
mountains and watch the Mediterranean rise from
time to time like a bright blue wall under the flat
horizon stains by white seagulls and sparse
clouds sometimes the screaming of the cicadas on
the avenue du Prado as I walk toward the beach
to watch the busy crowd of bathers splashing in
the water unaware or not concerned about the
filth vomited every day by the city

everything so unreal still

like to walk a staircase that would lead us right
away to the clouds

and then to die