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The Unfolding of Life in a Spiral (2019)  
From Sonic Acts Hereafter  
The Living and the Dead Ensemble

Matter  
Alive  
Waters  
Lunar  
Solar  
The Stone  
The Bone

I opened my eyes wide to see better, and the world was born without any veil of modesty. A vegetal whole in an imperious evening dew. I... The leaves were many, green in infinite ways, as well as ochre, yellow, maroon, crinkled, dazzling, indulging themselves in sacred disorder. I... The vines sought out the ground to mix themselves up some more, try rooting, sprouting buds. [...]

They were all immense. They harvested light high, high up, and smuggled it to their feet as phantasmal contraband. Their branches sealed alliances of shadows, and glowing openings. The vault of vegetation braced against the earth, dispatched its trunks straight and wild toward the sustenance of the sky. Living trees, dead feet, green twigs, barren branches, parasitic plant hair, buds and rotting spots, seeds and broken blossoms, earthly night solar light - bound themselves together in one momentum. Plant life and death went on with this same ardour, in complementary but undifferentiated cycles.

They were all there, *Bois-rivières*, *Pains d'épices*, *Génipas*, and if they did not see them, I could feel them coming up. Here are the Breadfruit trees planted by the Maroons, and the Avocado trees that mark their trails; here are the Acacias bearers of knowledge; there are the Ebony trees that anchor the axes of a strange saga. There they are, trees that the light clothes in secrets, or those that wrap themselves in a halo of fait-noir: darkness. All came out of the earth with the same force, as from a staved-in belly. I wanted to wallow in this earth giving rise to so many strengths. My need for these strengths made the trees beauties. And this beauty allied both the earth and the sky, and the night and the day.

They all sat there in the deep shade of many trees in the garden of the Centre d'art in Port-au-Prince. Rossi next to Cynthia next to Fleurissant next to Léo next to Mimétik next to Louis next to Bijou next to Olivier next to Desiris next to Dieuvela. The words of the dead at our lips. We rose, placing a left hand on the right shoulder of the person to the left, and Rossi, first in line, walked towards the centre and began circling around. I was first in line, and then I followed behind, and behind you was me and then behind those three at the front; there was I. And so on, and as such, we all followed. Starting to spin around and around, moving from under the tree toward the garden exit onto the street. Moving forwards. Constantly spiraling together, hands on shoulders, and faces up towards the sinking sun. [...]

We walked together for what seemed like an interminable distance, we were forever-walking further into the night. Deeper into the night. Surrounded on both sides by motionless cars in the middle of the road, headlights lighting our path, hands held, or on shoulders, or carrying bags, and gently pushing another's hips to steer them around a huge, open hole in the ground through which the city's water rushed at a pace under the Route Nationale 2 traffic jam that snaked through Port-au-Prince from Carrefour to Martissant all the way to Grand Rue. Exhausting. Exhilarating. The forever-walk among the traffic and rain brought us somewhere we would never have expected. Lightning in the sky and rain falling, we no longer worried about where we were walking; we just wanted to walk. Walk together. Somewhere. In the end we walked from Carrefour to Grande Rue. The night held not much up to us, and we refused and refused to succumb to its threat of sleep or death and perhaps both.

Exhausted, we had to rest, so we slept in the cemetery among those things varied and divine. When I woke, I saw a new place in which our body had arrived. We were in the belly of a cave as if digested by the mountain. And so, lighting cigarettes, we blindly made our way down, deeper into the earth. Dark. Dark cave. We came to a standstill in a large chamber at what we imagined was our centre. Curling and sparkling formations of limestone decorated the walls, floor, and ceiling, and it appeared before our eyes that we were inside a diamond-encrusted cathedral, of sorts. I cried out and my cry came back to me, and again on the left and the right and above and below. Surrounded by echo on all sides. Then Fleurissant cried out and Bijou and Louis and Olivier and Cynthia and Léo and

Rossi and Desiris and Dieuvela and Mimétik. All at once we cried out loud the words of the dead we had carried on our tongues. [...]

Echo defeats the Gods by repeating the last words of Narcissus. She enables herself to speak, but only through repeating his words in her voice. In a certain way she appropriates his language. In repeating she responds to him. She speaks in her own voice by repeating his words.

"There is a kind of pressure that music and poverty (constraint) puts on the sentence; the remainder (freedom) is poetry. Over the course of history the demands of truthful expression (as either or both correspondence and discovery) become more and more severe, but at the same time 'the plain sense of things' becomes more plain and the striated polyvalency of the vessel, the medium, the conductor strives for directness." I think poetry is what happens or is conveyed on the outskirts of sense, on the outskirts of normative meaning.

I take the pulse of the spiral and inscribe it in graphs and charts, from the very life of writing. It's a pluridimensionality at the level of words - words functioning as particles of sonic energy in motion. Inserted with precision into a sentence, the word becomes a sort of slave and thus loses its nerves, its lifeblood.