

STAGE

*Vieil océan, ô grand célibataire
quand tu parcours la solitude
solennelle de tes royaumes fleg-
matiques*

Lautréamont

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It's not so easy to get around this kind of thing
It's not that there's any perspective on the world
It's not that there's any overview of the world
It's not that there's any understanding of the world
It's that there's not any understanding of the world
It's that the world is incomprehensible immaterial on the outside
while I'm alone
I critique myself
I deal with myself
as a disagreement between myself
and a world that's incomprehensible immaterial on the outside
I myself am incomprehensible immaterial on the outside
but not on the inside
I'm not that way when I'm alone
just between us, I'm not that way here now
when you read
that I write
that I'm not that way
and when you read
that I write
that you're not that way
On the contrary
You're an old ocean yourself
You're a phlegmatic kingdom yourself
You traverse your own solemn loneliness
It's not the ocean that becomes comprehensible

ities
It's not the kingdom that becomes material
It's not the loneliness that comes inside
It's you It's me It's the disagreements between us
This in itself is the image of a political poem.