

Second voice

Welcome
Welcome
To my garden
Behind the house
Behind the school
In my garden
Sometimes
In the late afternoon
Humid
Beneath an uncertain sky
We enter without speaking
Into the image
Of each other

Welcome
Into the explosion of flowers
And the scent
That I left
On your hand
Which had fallen there by chance
I too
Still carry
Traces of you
Don't worry

Welcome
To the birds
Short of breath
Who fall asleep
On your cheek
In the grass
Sharp-leaved and high
Your head is perhaps
Too heavy
This afternoon
It's true
Too many ideas
Too much bad news

Come lay it
On my knee

On my thigh
There's a map
Of a thousand blue veins
A thousand paths
A thousand drawings

I left traces behind
Branches that
Whipped our
Faces
Outside
Somewhere
I left the taste
Of the scar
In my mouth
Come see
I left all that
In the garden
Behind the school
I hung up my bad skin
In the vestibule
And I entered
The house

I've already told you
How
In the blue flesh
Of dying
Masters
I'd planted
All these furious
Seeds

I didn't have enough
Courage
Not enough love
Perhaps not even
Enough humanity
To tell you
All that I'd learned
And in any case
Your head was already so heavy
On my blue palm
And so
I let you sleep

And I let all these
Old stories grow
Behind the house
In this exuberant
Garden
A lovely decor
It's true
Perfect camouflage
Even if I see a mouth
They think it's a flower
Among others
Behind the history of architecture
Well traced
The history of minerals
And wars
The history of art
And botany
Behind the sensible school
They believe it's a flower
And I see that it's a mouth
Screaming

Don't open your mouth George!

George has a name
A German name
No one knows
Not really
If he's Kongo
Or what?
We can't know
In fact
He's a Creole slave
Born in the colonies
George is given the name
Of his master
Which becomes his own
Name
George Washington Carver
All American children know
George Washington Carver
All of them
George is a botanist
George is an agronomist
George is an inventor
George is famous
And George met a president
There are many books in America
About plants
Where we see George
And also films
Where we see George
But George doesn't like to talk

Don't open your mouth George!

George is a Black gardener
With the voice of a child
There
An old man
With long legs
With the voice of a child
He's alone
Surrounded by plants
Which compose his
Landscape
Of violence
He grows
Behind a house
Behind a school
In the echo of seeds
In the audibles cries
Of spores
And burned wood
He grows and hides
George lets
The plants
The flowers
Explode
In his place
This domesticated landscape
Created by his hands
Is a bomb
A Creole garden that seems
To be in order
To be submissive
Under control
And reassuring.

George is alone
Always alone
With his plants
With his flowers
George has no wife,
George has no child
George has no boyfriend
And George has no girlfriend
Either
In the vertiginous maze of stems
He hides his life
He hides his lost
Voice
Like a child
Who isn't allowed
To become
So what happened to his penis?

I didn't want to bother you
With all these questions
I wanted to let you sleep
For a moment
On this carpet of grass
And talk to you while you slept
So that the image of George
Would spread out in you
As it spreads out
Reproduces
Through the secret power
Of flowers
By the vertiginous
And skillful sex
Of plants
Pollen
On your nostrils
This image spreads
And its mouth
Screams
With a voice

No one had ever heard
Before

It screams out a landscape
A scented archive
Black
And blue

You see
In the vast painting
Of the world in order
You too
You also slipped in
Like me
No one saw anything
Just a light breeze
On petals that curved
A matter that murmurs
A talkative humus
Your mouth
I love it
Like that
And I recognize it
Twisted flower
Welcome

Do you want to stretch out
for a moment
In this cool garden
That was previously
A school
With the voices of a thousand children?

Welcome

**A text performed by Olivier Marboeuf
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