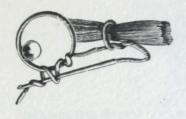


Moi ... j'existe toujours comme le basalte!

Lautréamont



Last April the fourth the blue thread was cut Although far away your ear lies awake beside my bed I will tell you now as it happens:

1 Lying on a cloud the angel waits for me
You know there is no tree without its angel
It is the 8 lying flat with eyes of bread
So that the palate
Of the magician who in vain searches for the star
May shine in the cup
You spilled in childhood
Do you remember now how the old
sword of your father
Fell on the bird's throat?
And the blood ran the old blood
that you belong to
And the same blood
That today I spill
So that you may see that behind me there is

Decidedly the darkness.

The doors have been made to open or to close

If you open them it is love

If you close them it is hatred

Never repent of having loved or hated

Think that now they unpunished search out my soul It is the priestess over the half moon
That torments my thought
So that it may become yours
And you may see that behind the curtains there is
The cave of madness with its white and black pillars
Telling me:

"One also dies under the sign of a star Search for it and you will know the fate that awaits you In the second death"

You know already I purify myself to purify you To transfer to your lips

my awesome thirst of annihilation

That will be yours I feel thirst You are thirsty.

3 "I have been the queen of dignity
To keep you on this Island
Alone, trapped by the wonders of thought
It is necessary that you understand well my son



I retain in my hands the keys that the angel delivered me
I shall give you this key so that you may turn it into a crown
I shall give you the ears of grain that I cause to sprout in my hands
The eagle over my heart and yours the cascade of stars
All will fall over your head
The cascade of air, the cascade of fire
the cascade of water
The cascade of my thought that is yours
Mine in three that will be the creator number nine

And I descend unto the chamber where the king poses
tearing at his emerald beard
There are thousands of eyes on the ground and on the walls
That from so much staring at me wear my face down
Dampen my soul.
I tell you it is the incessant rain of triangles
with their vortex upwards and their vortex downwards
I tell you the soul as the stone wears away
It is the red that aims at the bull

Mystery upon mystery
As night after night
To reach the sacred.

Listen listen

All in the bag of eternity."

It is the air that aims at the bird

It is the sky that aims at your heart.

I now enter into the temple
Where the high priest
Gives me a key of gold
and one of silver
Here it is necessary to receive many keys
Not to fall in the succession of abysses
That have no way out ever.
I am in front of a great black book
Of which I must decipher the seven seals
I say "Mandragora" remembering you
And immediately there is light
Light through the face
While the seals start to bleed
And the priests tumble.

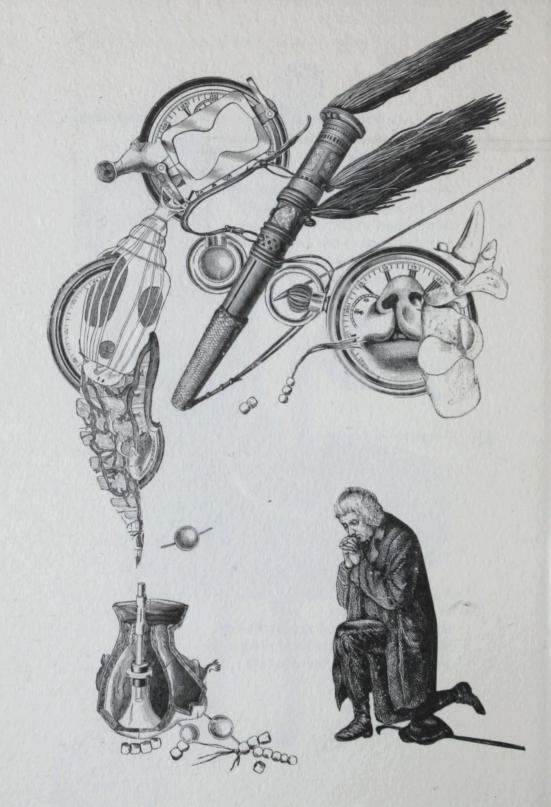
Good and evil make love
Like the sun and the moon
Or quicksilver and sulphur
Or Leo and Gemini
The eternal lovers
What is more I tell you:
There are four hippocampi over the plain
That incite them to movement
And that is why the seals open like oysters
over the grill
Like the cataclysms that turn
wine into blood

On irate wings Where silence Cannot stand fast.



Those who have passed through the bath of the washerwomen Are raised to the carriage of eleven wheels
Where a beautiful dancer with a sword in her hand
Dances in ecstasy in front of the god of contradictions
Without even the enigma to upset her
Nor the eyes of the black sphinx
Nor the eyes of the white sphinx
Nor the indigo of the washerwomen
With which they dye the lines of my hand
Ready to receive you
And to offer you the angel's feathers
That I sacrifice
To celebrate the trail
Of your thought
That explodes.





But they tell me moving their white heads
"Do you forget, sir, that you have not asked to be taken here
to come to perturb us with so many demands?
Your world is no longer the beyond."
And to tell the truth
It is so.

Now come the horses and they rush headlong to the well
There comes the one with long hair and throws into the same well
a lamp and bits of sulphur
Finally the lion jumps into the abyss with the ring
that has a black ruby and two diamonds
Saying that he takes command
of the incineration from now on.
So that the dove may spring forth
The dove hidden in the hands of the hermit
Then the sun shines above his noble head
While the serpent coils up
Giving way to the most profound mystery.

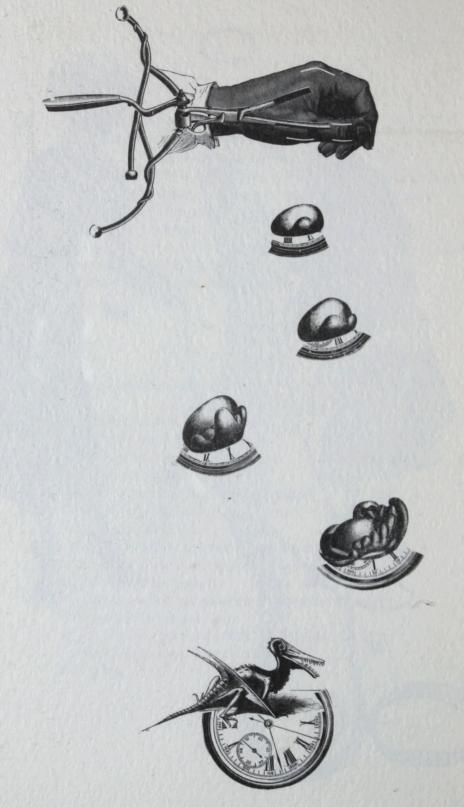
Fastened to the insides of the wheel as a black star
The man bends forward
Because all that has been will be to return
The windstorm to the point that whips the accursed
For whom heaven is but a flash of lightning
Its splendour written
On the forehead of the poet.

With much beating of wings
The young tamer has achieved command
of the tormented lion
The stones follow her like birds in search of the mystical food
Anguish passes from one finger to another and fades away
After all there is no pain or pleasure
Reality is nothingness
And if you come out of nothing it is fair that you return to nothing
Nothingness that has a face
To enlighten us better than anything.

I looked out the window and saw you 12 under the great tent of the universe Your left foot tied head down They made you spin vertiginously And below way below The leopards jumped And the enthousiastic angels applauded While coins spilled out of your head. Faster faster they said Look at the occult number do not reveal it as it is ours Look at the acrobat eluding one star then another But in secret very secretly The sun-drenched woman between heaven and earth Only wishes the rope to tear At the very instant of the final apotheosis For the banishment of your tears

And mine.





On the trail Ying and Yang dance in the moonlight
They are two but they were born from one and will return to one
With the labour of nine that is inverted when it trebles
Certainly the dead go on dreaming
In the captivity from which they are not freed until
they reach the second death
The one that does not have its face painted with milk
The milk I fed you to surrender you to life
The same I shall feed you so that you may reach death
Final death
That does not demand tears
And only reincarnates
Literally from nothingness.

They guide me to the great hall where the masked ball is at large

The singers make the lamps shake with their shrieks

And in the center of the chamber the magician is pouring
the philosophers' fluid from the silver cup
into the gold cup

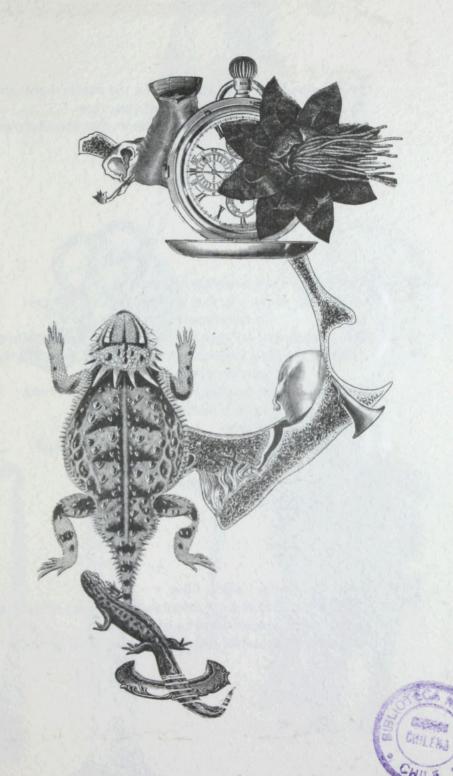
The silence is not the same on the flowers' petals
That from red turn into white
The sign of accomplishment of the blood's maceration
So much light poured out
To carry us to the joy of purification
To which we remain
Eternally chained.

Night also occurs here
And if it is lashed fifteen
consecutive times

It is transformed into day.
They say it is the light of evil
And from then onwards
One will only see abysses without bridges
The one becomes three on the edge of the sword
Man and woman forever joined
at the left foot

Copper oxide in the ears
Love desolate love in the maze of hallucinations
The persistent memory the slimy beach
Everything everything thrown into the well without pity
Similar to the sour night
Of punished lands and seas
That you know so well.

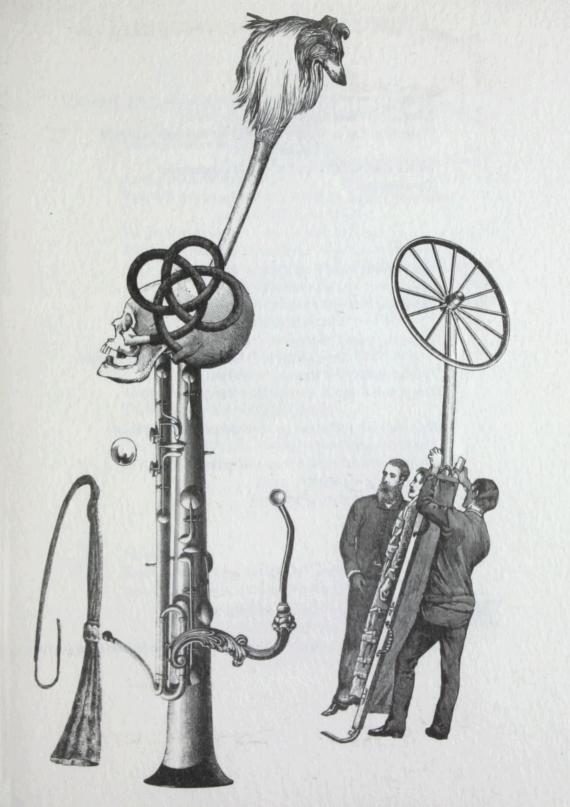
A great windstorm has started
It ends by dragging the tower's bricks of memory
the bricks of imagination fall
The burning bricks of your soul as well.
I do not understand why the towers are built
towards the sky and not towards the depth of the earth
Like the rationally irrational subterranean cities
With dust and darkness and overflown vessels of wrath
With the howling of wolves and the songs of sirens
Without anybody representing anyone
Ruled only by poetic chance



By phosphorescent statues raised on the public thoroughfares
To celebrate the transfiguration of your face
To celebrate the hands of the murderer that herald the northern lights
In the vertigo of love
With much delight with true delight
Of seeing air exchanged for earth
And fire for water.

17 The beautiful unknown has been seated
On the hills of the city that you have built at the cost
of seven continuing dreams
Giving to understand that she has exceeded herself in love
And that it will be preferable for her to spill the purifying fluid
into the desert and the marsh
So that the spark that lights the faces may spurt forth
And the soul become a bonfire
Distilling drop by drop
The stupefied thought
While the great star eats the small ones
So that the rose may turn red
Without snapping.

In the third heaven where I live
The city has already been devastated by the sea of darkness
Everything has surrendered to its waves
And even the beautiful cathedral was corroded by the acid of the night



Because you will know that darkness burns more than light Loneliness more than ashes of the moon

More than the scorpion that will be the only survivor of the shipwreck

Where the most beautiful one is condemned

To perpetual love.

The wounds left by solitude of darkness 19 Always end by radiating light Incandescent light capable of resisting the battering of waves Or perhaps defy the heavens criss-crossed by the flash of lightning and cruel beetles. The sun abides by its marital obligations The moon delights to its will in the games of love and sea Because now the doors and windows can be opened The heat may enter And gild the transparent ears of grain Of the uncontaminated souls -Among which they often find You.

The lines of your hand foretell the storm
That no one will be able to evade
Not even the earth with its gravity that no longer terrifies anyone

Nor the jeweller taking care of his stones as of the fingers of his deft hand.

You will now see how the ghosts open the doors of the graveyards with their axes

At the crack of the gunshot

You will see the gravediggers run to open the tombs of their favourite dead

To the fire those who only wore disguises

To the fire the impure of heart together with the priests that disowned magic in order to become social workers

To the fire the ones with crooked lips that sold their images at the gate of the great night

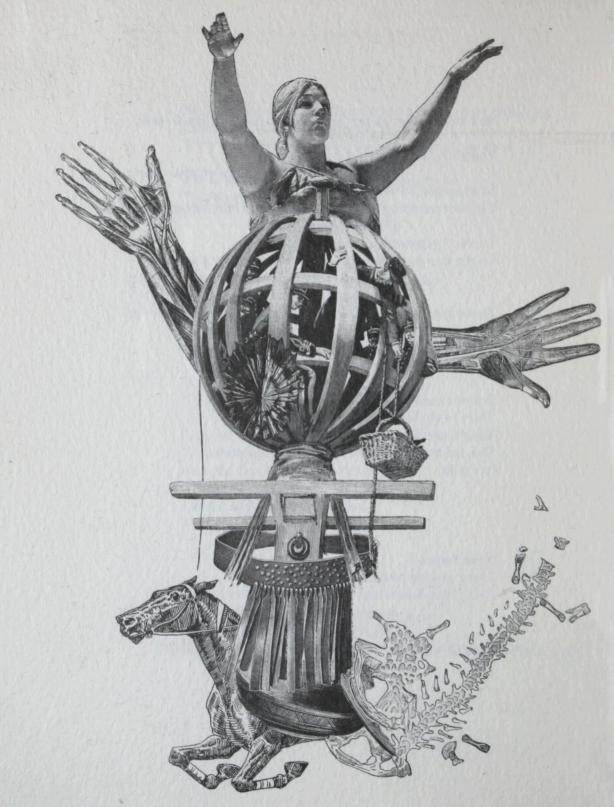
To the fire the opaque-faced merchants
Who have never loved but sheltered themselves
under the wings of infamy

Triumph belongs to the eye
There is no justice without the eye
The devastating eye
The eye trapping the image of the same mirror
In a gulp.

21 Nevertheless

And if the dancer insists on dancing on the beach
despite the fact that the sea disappeared
in front of her very own eyes

The wife dressed in her new gown and her beryl gloves for the arrival of a new heaven



Hearing in the middle of the silence only found in these heavens a voice says "make your choice"

But I have determined to wait for you.

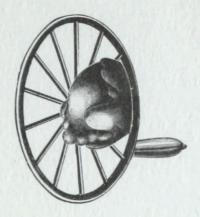
at last

And by the radiations of your beautiful forehead
You will know that the brain scatters to the four winds
Without even feeling the dread of nothingness
Or the seduction of the abyss.
You will only see gardens with the strangest flowers
Barking flowers
Flowers that turn your clothes into tatters
And under the light of the moon and the stars you will wander

What are the symbols climbing the pyramid because of you? Generously you saved the words
Your calm was enough
Your nobility without loneliness
The blue thread cut
To forsake me
Heaven below earth above
I howl as do sailors lost on the ocean
Mother darkness.

Guatemala City, August, 1972.





Edition of nine copies with the originals of the illustrations numbered from 1 to 9 and 261 copies numbered from 10 to 270.