

Selected extracts of texts from Lin Delpierre (taken from his collection *Le testament des fruits*) for Voi(Rex).

I

A sliver of voice
Stumbling
To itself

The invisible standing
Before the bird

Throat dark
With light

The abandoned mouth
Offended by pebbles and fables

Its tracks
Deeper and deeper
At the closing of the day

Restrain expansion in the dusk

II

Sharp, the grass passes into the sunlight, blue
Lucid beaks glow foliage
Of granite napes buzz
At the daffodils' knees until
The shadow falls from the marial prairies
The blue-tit bleeds on the sound-holes
Mute or a coomb
Towards the unpassable light

III

Part untouchable through
The mouth

Through
-- after dazzlement --
And through

Purifying the void

IV

With
The unfinished
At its summit

With desire, held, tense
Not held by death

Let him plunge
Rolled in a ball as he falls

Moist feathers aflame

Fascinated
By faults
Blueness passes close to the world

Ahead all around

Above
Revolving inside us

A high wall
Held up by the night

Elevation suffocation

Your sparse breathing

Sunm
Thief in the eagle's branches

In thundering justice
Severed hands
Are reborn
An omen of languar

Freed from the grain
Wasp

From the fig-trees
Angels snow

From the --- abruptly-breathing-that ---

In Aibre
Begins

Spectacular spring

Its turbulent density

Tree illuminated
With lightening

Welcomes flowers ahead

This harvesting body

V

The fault, below

Up high, the unfinished at its summit

Confessing languor to the angel

In the body's white cecity

I am the thief with severed hands

For the threnody of your loins dubbed by the bee and your nubile nape

Among the cold Among the trees I stand in death

My face quivering with time

Stripped in darkness that comes from the sun

Crying verse,

A light sings the edges of your voice

Dust on sandals

Invisibly in the ephemeral

The cherry-trees blossom

--- Uprooting the inseparable from here

Your hair in the window's darkness

More obscured than the sun reaching down to your feet

That fork the path

Light without a tree without

The darkness of a body

Chaos if it is beautiful light

In this white celerity

Of a letter

About to cry all through the music

On the right and in its fall

An eagle unveils the mountain

Would I touch in your mouth

The silent summer

Ultimate closing of the day

From pages to whispers with the angel in contention

Over there suddenly the day stops

The darkness untroubled melts with the overwhelmed body