

the will of the incarnation

and if our fate is nothing but the will of our incarnation
mine is to distill the language of my ancestors
into a rhythm into a melody
so to infuse with it the language of the oppressors
and let it pervade the emptiness of their words
with the love of a people with the love of a land
with the love of a place where the sun once danced
when all my tears are used for mourning
when i see no separation
how can i deny the will of my incarnation?

to the elders

in the name of the mother

crois-tu qu'elle continuera
a saigner pour toi?
crois-tu qu'elle continuera?
mais c'est la toute dernière fois
mais qu'attends-tu là?

between my legs i have a mouth
that never fails to speak her truth
lover listen to the longings
of her haunting memories

deep in this mouth there is an eye
timeless witness of silent times
touch me lover
feel the longings
of her haunting memories

for how long will you believe
that she will keep bleeding for you?
for how long will you believe
that she will keep bleeding...

behind the eye i hold a void
form of formless maker of like
lover recall how you chose
your trap

crois-tu qu'elle continuera
a saigner pour toi?
crois-tu qu'elle continuera?
mais c'est la toute dernière fois
mais qu'attends-tu là?

prayer to the virgin

even though i want you
i'm gonna make us wait
'cause i want nothing less
than sanctity of sex

hope you'll like the process
'cause process there will be
hope you saw already
even though i'm at ease
that i am not easy

sex fun?
sex lust?
sex love...

know your love
give and take
nothing less than
sanctity of sex

sex and soul are one
sex and soul
sex and soul are one

have we been dreaming god like the dream of our flesh?
lightly dreamt thus we were made—sex and soul are one

give me the taste of an orchid
fragile dewdrop of sweat
pale from our breath—i felt shredded that day

give me the crimson of velvet
deep dangerous nest
burning us wet—ravage me

let's see how much guilt can take

have we been dreaming god like the dream of our flesh...

art of love

in the realm of the senses
our love is a bonsai tree
in the realm of the senses
i lost my freedom over you
in the realm of the senses
can you ever hold me the way the ocean did?
in the realm of the senses
how long will i long for you?

i love when we hook
and then starts the journey
of celestial discoveries
as orgasms are to my life
what are black holes to galaxies

i'm not talking about fucking
the wave was good with you
i'm not talking about coming
see the wave it's alright with me

50 days of foreplay
dark and quiet rainy days
50 days
promise me no entry
but in your fantasy

i could have played with your head boy
'cause i could see all of your lives
instead you got the best of me
only for you baby...only for you
what kind of secret memory
did it take me to agree
only for you baby
only for you

i'm not talking about fucking
the wave was good with you

i'm not talking about coming
see the wave it's right for me

50 days of foreplay
dark and quiet rainy days
50 days
promise me no entry
but in your fantasy

i'm not talking about
see the wave
we were born of the wave...
the wave...

in the realm of the senses
our love is a bonsai tree
in the realm of the senses
i lost my freedom over you
in the realm of the senses
can you ever hold me the way the ocean did?
in the realm of the senses
how long will i long for you?

resurrect me

resurrect me
make me feel ecstasy
until the earth opens
until i see
the gates of love
once more
only this time
i will enter
despite my fears
of no return
to the being
i have once known
as being me

oh forgive me
for the pain and sorrow
sailing alone
across oceans of time

so many deaths
so many lives
'till i could remember at last
and let you lay your hand on me
to resurrect me

tu m'as ressuscité quand tes mains ont caressé mon corps
tu m'as donné ton souffle tu m'as donné ta vie
tu m'as connu avant me connaîtras toujours
tu sais tout le présent le passé
tu m'as donné l'éternité

resurrect me
make me feel ecstasy
until the earth opens
until i see
the gates of love
once more
only this time
i will enter
despite my fears of no return
to the being i had once known
as being me

so afraid of love
so afraid of you
my other
so afraid of love
so afraid of you

resurrect me
make me feel ecstasy
resurrect me
until i see
the gates of love
once more
only this time
i will enter i will enter
i will enter...

amen [ainsi soit-il]

when it's time again

for my body to open up in 2
i become a mirror and i become a pool
ainsi soit-il the sense of things
may not reveal their essence

revolution

back in the times when the earth was still
when one could hear a drop of rain
against sheets of silence
before the rumbling noise of
trains airplanes machines
prayer was a clear word
uttered in deafening silence
casted deep through the stuff
the divine is made of
the weight of which never felt more delicious
unhindered
earth and sky
merging

now we're stretched beyond our limits
the buds that we are
in perpetual changes
programmed to the brim
who's gonna know it all
but the one who watches?
now we're stretched like trees
outreaching rooted
because it's the nature of suns
to shine through layers of darkness
revolutions that will endure
can only be meditated

who's gonna know it all but the one who watches?

some moontimes
bear me so
i catch
indescribable
sadness
a tremor in my womb
creeps in like from

deep space
foreboding
dark visions
of man's bad way to live
aching from the slumber
i look hard for tears
for a gate
alone
with my trust
in the thing of life
the breathing

revolutions that will endure
can only be meditated

call me crazy

may i call you crazy...or should i call you mad?
you live in the middle of me
and the distance between my hand and your hair shine
is not to be counted into centimeters
but in karmic increments of lifetime lines
you say "call me crazy...
my name i got
where all is made of soft where nothing's hard
a floating world beyond the mind's eye"
beyond the mind's eye...

to tashunka witko

wi'iyaye

running to catch the red setting sun
running to catch it still on fire
i can touch it with my bare hand now
but it's scaring everybody away
the only man i ever listened to
he says i'm holy now
and as naked as i can be
me and the light that is creating me

now that i'm empty
and unleashed like a wind
you cannot walk around
like an immortal
how much of yourself in thousand pieces?
does it feel uneasy the memory of me?
how messy is it the memory of me?
you know when you fucked me
you fucked a sacred hierarchy
and we made a lot of angry demons
you didn't know you touched the wind
that night you went for my fire within
this fire that's bound to catch you sleeping
in all the comforts of your predictable life
for a wind will track mercilessly
the one living his life like an immortal

running to catch the red setting sun
running to catch it still on fire
i can feel it with my bare hand now
it is scaring everybody away
but the one man
who feels to me like an ocean
who drinks me whole like milk like honey
not all lovers i have kept within me
within the light that is creating me

now that i'm empty
and unleashed like a wind
i can start walking
the fine line the string
how many more miles still left to dream
to remember the ancient one
that is waiting for me

how does it feel the memory of me?
does it feel uneasy the memory of me?
how messy is it the memory of me?
how does it feel...
how messy is it?
the memory of me

lines

in a past life
i'm the mother of eight
in a past life
i lead a nation to its doom
in a past life
i rule over invisible subjects
in a past life
i am the monk in exile
in a past life
i'm just a child kneeling to you for more
in a past life
we are lovers and you watch me
burn

what makes people stop touching their way?
we jump lines but we forget
lines and lines of lives...lines and lines...

this is the journey
how many lands will i travel with you?
unknown far away
the distance is really within
this is our journey

majestic forest
home to the heart of a waterfall
waiting all along to be drawn
to be remembered
by a being of thunder
lighting the way
making it glow

the wind now the rain
the largeness of the sky
inflamed
god...do we feel small
you and i
electric
their lines touch us now make us glow
if it kills us
it's a good way to go

i remember my brothers of thunder
my sisters of rain

and i feel bigger i feel raised
their lines touch us now
their lives touch us
and we feel bigger you and i
if it kills us
this is the way to die
with no regrets
straight to the light
home of power
magnificent water
and the sound of rain
thunder

this is the journey
how many lands will i travel with you?
unknown far away
the distance is within really
this is our journey

in a past life
i'm the mother of eight
in a past life
i lead a nation to its doom
in a past life
i rule over invisible subjects
in a past life
i am the monk in exile
in a past life
i'm just a child kneeling to you for more
in a past life
we are lovers and you watch me
burn

the ghost of you

right now you're touching me
but you are not here
my body hungers for yours
for your hands on my skin
what a subtle way to torture
what a clever way to win
you want me all to yourself
but you are never here

you show up like a lord
claims over his lady
there is a lock and you carry the key
and my body hungers to be
rolled to be whirled
all it's ever known of you
are those etheric shields
the etheric disguise...
what a subtle way to torture
what a clever way to hide

counting on my doubting of
my very own perceptions
but my body of a woman
it knows it is watching
you
so subtle in manipulating
looking so innocent
through your ethereal shields
and my body of a woman
tells me of the secrets
that you never reveal
all the darkness upon your will
not so brilliant not so clean...

i see you claiming me
and you're holding a key
what a subtle way to torture
what a terrible way to win
hiding and creating the illusion of a distance
to have me all to yourself
while you are never here

madness

un masque de beauté est tombé,
comme tombent les feuilles de l'été...

it ripped a hole open
straight out the madness
for a few of our days

we floated...
some left
a few lifted
most denied it
with all sorts of distractions
all sorts of distractions...

i do not want something to do
and i do not want things
i do not want something to do
and i do not want
for my anger to keep at bay
for my hunger to satisfy
let me cry it like infants do
let me feel it through

godblessings of heroes
and a country
that always seems to win
but it's all madness here
i'm in it to bear witness
it's all madness
—a war against evil paty hunting
flags everywhere
mtv...cnn...fifty channels of news blaring
it's all madness

i do not want something to do
and i do not want things
i do not want something to do
and i do not want
for my anger to keep at bay
for my hunger to satisfy
let me cry it like infants do
let me feel it through

all the while
children
still born
to slavery

un masque de beauté est tombé,
comme tombent les feuilles de l'été...

indigo

je...je veux que la nature soit comme elle est
je ne veux pas que la nature change
sinon je veux que la nature aide les parents

élodie 4 ans

i...i want nature to be as she is
i do not want nature to change
or else i want nature to help the parents

élodie 4 years old

infinity

those are the memories i carry deep in my silence
like the fragrance of autumn leaves on the morning i was born

today we faced infinity
we cried open
as little children do
holding heads
shaken—in awe
watching waves of sadness
swallowing us into the depths
of some far reaching universe

i shall never forget
today i saw your devotion to me
your giving me smiling stars
the healing of old wounds

those are the memories i carry deep in my silence
like the fragrance of autumn leaves on the morning i was born
those are the memories i carry deep in my silence
like the fragrance of autumn leaves on the morning i was born

the northern winds
to whom i belong

chilling us both
claiming me as their own
oh my love
do not be lured by my womanly ways
for i dwell here and yet far beyond

i shall never forget
today i saw your devotion to me
your giving me smiling stars
the healing of old wounds

those are the memories i carry deep in my silence
like the fragrance of autumn leaves on the morning i was born
those are the memories i carry deep in my silence
like the fragrance of autumn leaves on the morning i was born

a gloomy day in paris...

lovers

lovers are transparent with glee
almost frail
they feel pale to me
could it be their blood rushed out to infinity?

in this moment we have nothing
yet our lives they're filled up to the brim
in this moment there is only seeing
no seer nothing—seen
only seeing
in this moment there is only feeling
the feeling of an ocean burning
the feeling of the face of your child
the feeling of a long long sleep...

this is what their bodies made of
waves of bliss and beneath
a pulse
the pulse of the universe
and they come and they come...
they are coming to it
to the pulse that lives beneath
always here

revealed in a moment of bliss
opening a hall

in this moment we have nothing
yet our lives they're filled up to the brim
in this moment there is only seeing
no seer nothing—seen
only seeing
in this moment there is only feeling
the feeling of an ocean burning
the feeling of the face of your child
the feeling of a long long sleep...

lovers are transparent with glee
almost frail
they feel pale to me
could it be their blood rushed out to infinity?

watching the fire of your wanting
watching...
watching the fire of your wanting
watching...

namaste

black as the universe
with 2 moons piercing me
what are the gods seeing of us
how bare can we be
wrapped in a veil of green?
whirled by tides of fire?
black as the universe
with 2 moons piercing me
will the gods let me hear
your silence talk to me
will the gods let me see
your moons have brightened me
long before these dark times of
spoken words and deeds

ils nous donnent le souffle
ils font battre nos coeurs
ce sont les invisibles

que tu vois dans ton rêve
qui te montrent les routes
qui te montrent les champs
d'autres que tu connus
libres enfin
font déborder ta joie

i'll wait for you to remember
at sunrise
we must leave
and i will wait the time
us 2 will start walking to find
the ones
who'll breathe endlessly
life into our souls
they are invisible
child people of our own
child people

they're breathing into us
they are invisible
invisible people you saw
who visited your dream
showed you the roads
the fields
others you knew
on their way
free
the joy they made you feel

ils nous donnent le souffle
ils font battre nos coeurs
ce sont les invisibles
que tu vois dans ton rêve
qui te montrent les routes
qui te montrent les champs
d'autres que tu connus
libres enfin
font déborder ta joie

they're breathing into us
they are invisible
invisible people you saw
invisible people...

