

Some words

TANGUY SAMZUN

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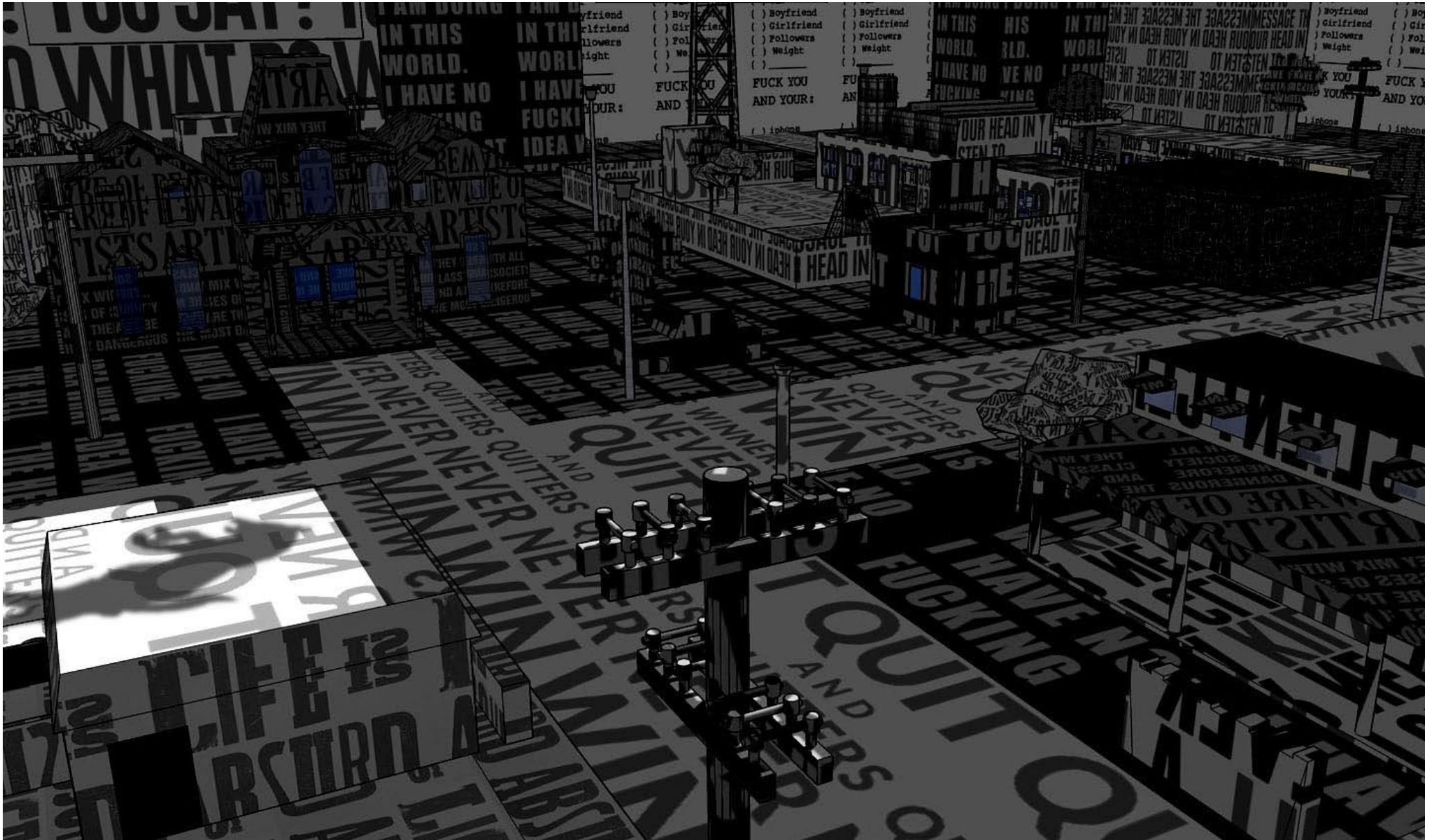
I was walking in a sad little morning through a gray city that my mind filled with thoughts, like wallpapers of words.



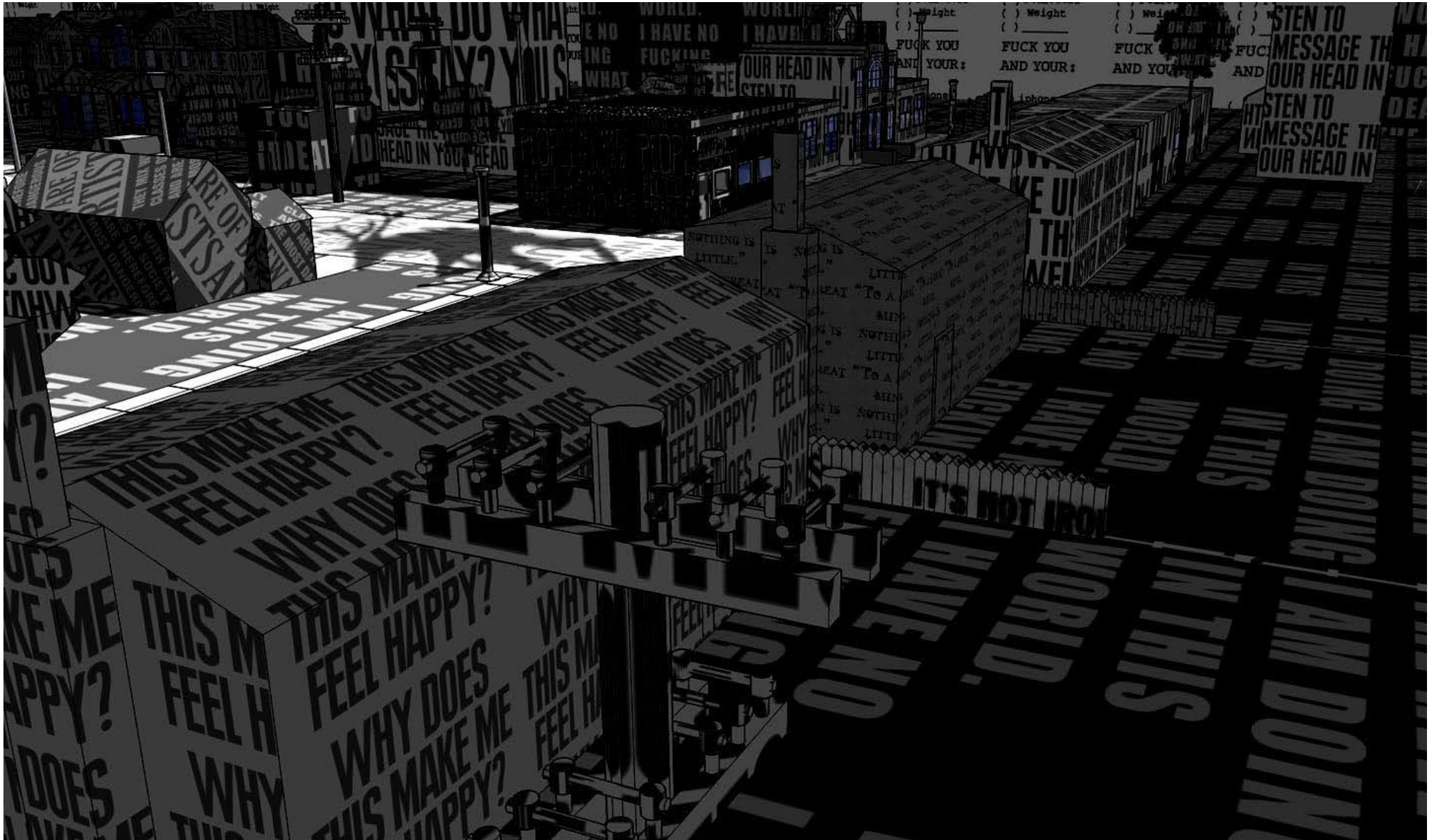
The city was deserted and silent, to far from the croakings of corbels gave a lugubrious environment...I followed the light that circulated through the words, she seemed to want to lead me to a specific place.



The shadow of the crows hovered above my soul, like an invitation to a dance of death, croaa ...Grow, grow Croaaa. Wake up .. But not me.



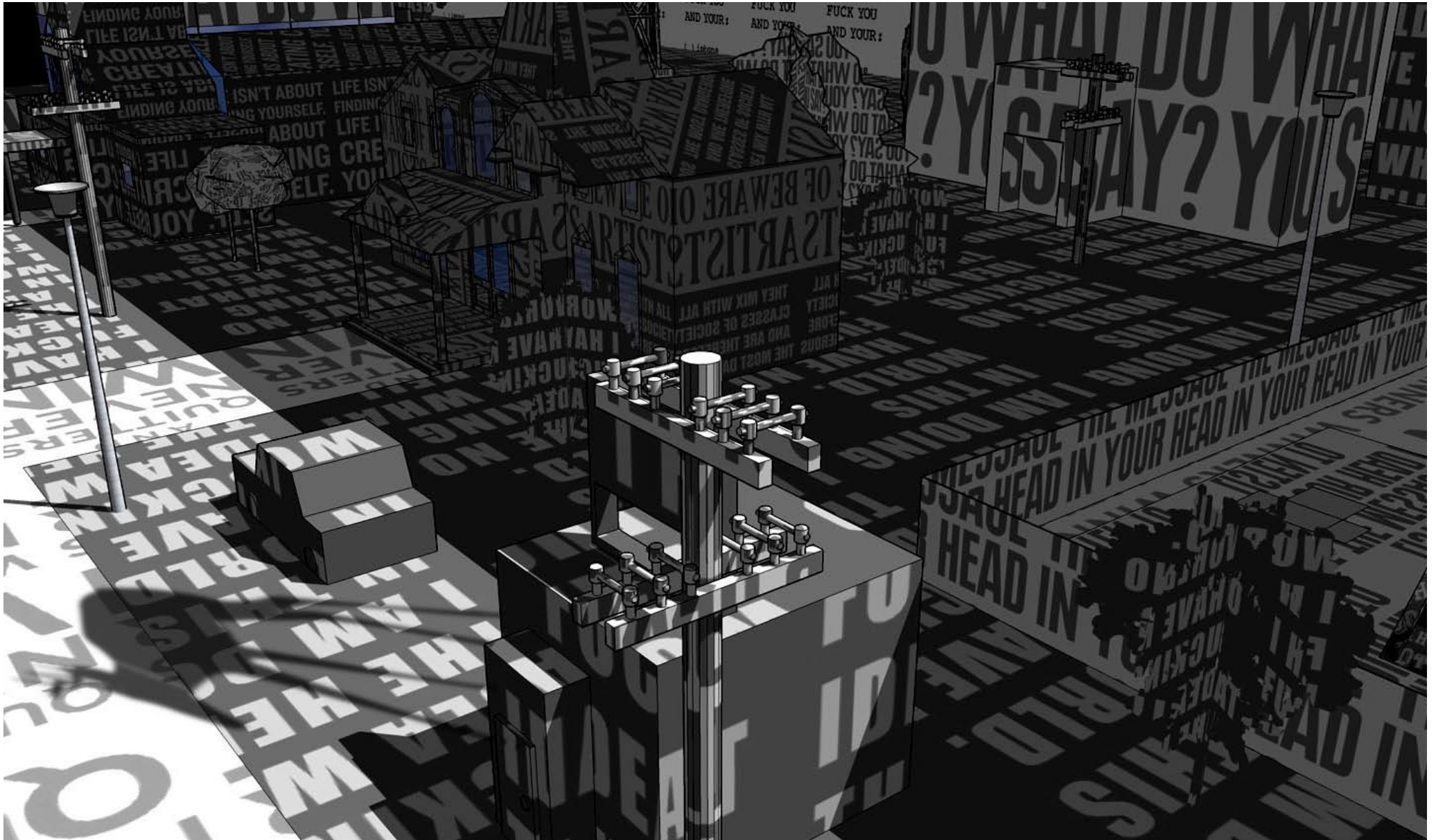
A wolf out of the shadows, told me that life was absurd and invited me to follow him and with a beautiful smile, said : «I will teach you magic and illusion, after, life will become bearable and even nice.»



From afar, a deer was making big gestures, as an incitement to mistrust, «it is true that wolves are smart and live in gangs» ... «Will that make me really happy or scared? will the wolf tell me who I am?»



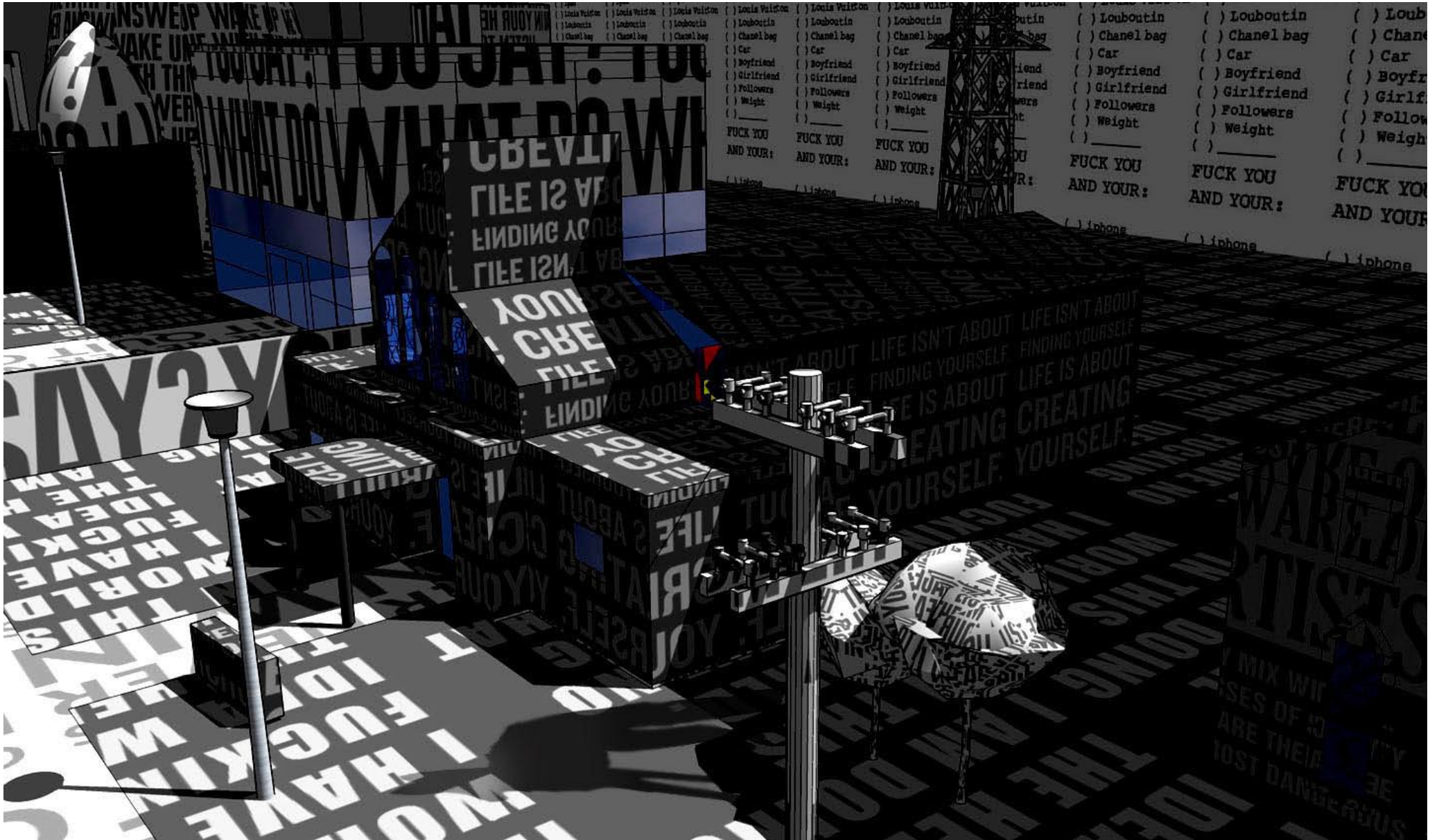
A rabbit nodded, and motioned me not to follow the wolf or the stag, he waved his watch because time was running out ... «Wake up again ... Come with me in the deep hole, another world is waiting for you.»



The rabbit disappeared into the hole, and an old wolf out of the endless night turned around me ... «Life is not in the city, only monsters live in the monstrous city, the words hide in the shadows and you, unconscious, you laugh?»



«A wolf is a man for wolves ... beware of men» said the wolf!



Come see here, «the origin of your misfortunes is fear, ignorance and the desire for eternal novelty.»



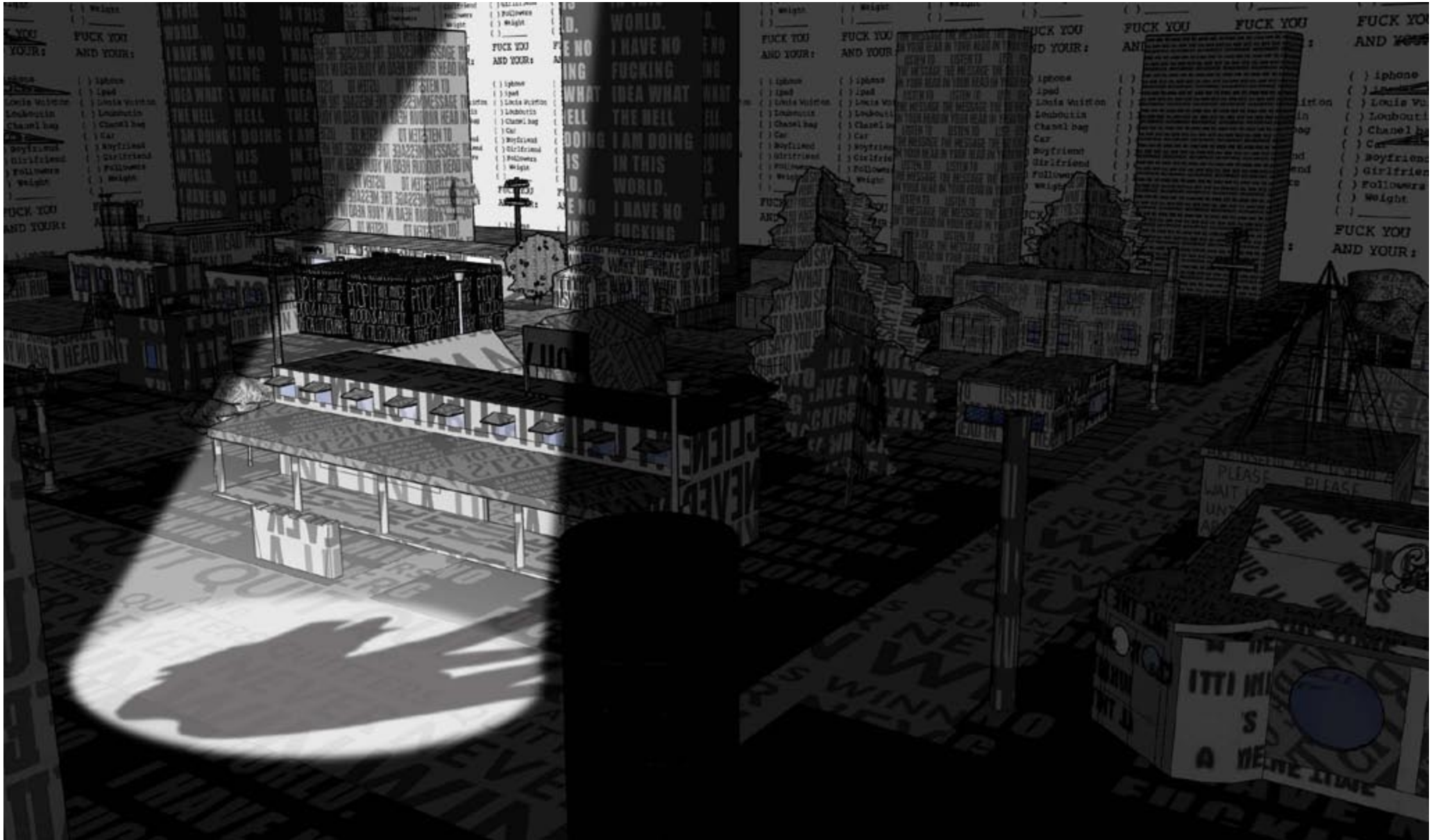
It was a strange place and different from others, a blue light emanated from this place,
I liked it and attracted me like the calm I was looking for my soul.
«Live in clan, follow the dominant, do you want to be a wolf like us?»



On the roof a crow whispered to me, «know that you are not the first of the men, and do you think a god needs a nest, a burrow or a roof?» He began to sing : «A cross on the roof, a cross on you, do you credence in what? do you credence in yourself? ..crôaa crôaa... credence...crôaaaa.»



The deer in the distance shouted at me to flee without turning around, the wolves surrounded me... And as I fled the «first church», they became threatening.



The beast showed his true face full of hate and malice,
«if you are not of my clan or my church it's that you are my enemy.»



Further, the fox told me that we had to get along with the wolves, that I had no choice, because fleeing was not the solution! they would catch me to devour me!
And then it was not hard to pretend!



All of a sudden at the bend of a street I saw a familiar shadow ... Silent ...
I followed her, hoping ...A miracle.

