

# *Absolute Eructance*

25. November - 23. December 2017

*Bodies aligned.*

*Under the full moon, that raised the sea, turning the shore into a muddy swamp, we gathered here to celebrate. In these shallow waters, a frenzy of life is taking place, from the depth of the sea, crabs gathered here, hiding in between the branches, they are swimming in their own sperms and eggs, bodies collapsing into one another. Swarming with life. Each fertilised eggs will hatch a similar creature to the one that birthed it. A new generation, equal to the previous one, barely visible copies of there now dead parents. Their skin is still white as the moon, they haven't been hardened yet by the light of the sun. The cadavers of their elders are now rotting in the salted water, warming up under the light of the rising sun. The frenzy is over. The sea is slowly moving back to it's bed. Bringing within itself the new larvae. Ready to feed and grow until there time comes and they will in there turn gather here to celebrate life and death.*

*I can't read the stars at night.*

*They just appear to me as a random frenszy of light.*

*far from the celestial clock one has observed too many times and for so long.*

*A random waste of energy.*

*I can't see any images, I would not know where to look, no water being poured, no bow to be bent, no flying swan.*

*Simply images of movements and explosions, a celestial eructance.*

*A dark blue sky belching fire from it's entire skin.*

*I want to waste my body in the same way, explode, here in front of you, let myself be consumed by the desire to live.*

*A pruritus of light is spreading all over my body, each of my nerves manifesting its presence through an unbearable tickling.*

*Am I suffering?*

*Each of my cells are reversing on themselves, trying to move by stretching and pulling their cytoskeletons, but they are trapped by the intense proximity of their sisters. The construction is too perfect, my skin is too rigid, slowing down my cellular will to explode, tying together bacteria and organic tissue into a tightly waved fabric of life. Their will to flee manifests itself as a vibrating glow. It starts to crack.*

*Tonight I become a star. Tonight I eruct with joy.*

*We walked down through a wet field, plants scorching our legs.*

*It is raining, it seems like the sea followed us deep into the countryside.*

*We are awaiting, at the crossing of three roads, their pavements worn and lifted up by the rain.*

*A dark and broken stone pillar stands in the middle.*

*It's severed pieces are reminiscent of human figures, arrayed on the wet floor, an arm lies there, a head rolled behind a spiky bush of hawthorns.*

*The rain is soft, but seems endless. We breath in its cold, carrying it inside our lungs.*

*Around us the moisture of the atmosphere seems to bring us down in the abyss, I am sinking into the mud of the pavement.*

*Here all of the roads cross, all the decisions are yet to be taken.*

*I will lie there.*

*Around us are littered dry flowers, their petals have mildew on their tips, under the rain this soft brownish fur exudes a delicate rotten smell, perfumed and earthy.*

*I let myself be filled by it.*

*Together, we refuse to move forward.*

*We become what we are, equal to ourselves, this is a journey toward our innards.*

*We exist inside one another, we are one.*

*3 stars,*

*none of them will guide us. They will simply brighten our farandole at the crossroads, spinning until exhaustion.*

*3 stars,*

*The rising moon, growing, spreading its light as a warm infection.*

*The full moon, bathing us in it's eery shine,*

*and her twin sister obscurity, the dark moon, the other face of the coin.*

*The one that refuses to reveal itself.*

*The one that is simply there, that you might only imagine as a circular void in a pitch black sky.*

*We two are becoming three. Three faces of the same spinning celestial luminary.*

*I collapse on the floor, covered in a warm grey mud.*

*I can't move. I am exhausted. My body turns into stone.*

*My belly button is pointing toward the sky. Under the rain.*

*I become a stone Béthyle, wet and smelling of sweat. Unanimated, I attract the life that surrounds me.*

*Fungus and moss are growing. Parasitic with life. Worms and crustaceans are swarming on my surfaces.*

*They have left the depth of the sea to rejoin me.*

*Carrying their water within their hard shell.*

*I slowly turn into a piece of living materials. My skin turns into a moist mucous, pulsating under the rain.*

*I fell relieved, I close my eyes.*

*Above me, the sun and the moon keep spinning.*

*Their dance is eternal.*

*\_ A text by Nils Alix-Tabeling*

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