

Zoé de Soumagnat  
*The waters doubly sleep*  
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text by Marcel Devillers  
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the night

enters through the window

plunges  
as if to the bottom of a bay  
into the nearly  
black pulp  
of a currant

its luster  
makes the walls throb  
and shimmers in the flesh  
of the bedroom

during the day

the curtains  
of a blue that's almost violet  
verging on amethyst  
translucent  
give a glimpse  
beneath the linen fibers  
of the sky  
and  
the outward facade  
of the building  
whose sections in silver  
Cycladic white and gray  
shift in the sun

a second blue curtain  
separates  
the living and bedroom

it's a percale sheet  
shot through with a light  
of smooth and silky cyan  
quite bright  
which swells with the passing  
wind like a lung

on the right

a mirror

carves out and reproduces  
a piece of the white wall  
and the shadow spreading over it

the shapes and lines  
of a face  
emerge

and plunge once more  
beneath the moiré expanse  
of the reflection

the view  
diffused by the eyes  
like an aerosol

in the room

covers and contaminates  
the surfaces that normally  
escape the eye

the air acts like a prism  
breaks down  
the light given off  
by objects

broadens  
the spectrum of the visible

a vase

filled with flowers and water  
unfolds its curved lines  
in the sparkling pearly gray  
fizzy medium of the image

the orangey  
tulips strike  
their sulfur-coated

stamens  
and burst into flame

light up

the face and the arch  
that leads to the blue night

on the ceiling  
some kind of luminous  
organisms

wriggle as they undulate

and

then  
slowly

the sleepy water splits

despite the dark, the eyes continue to gather the light, progress counting off the degrees of blue on the color