



LAURA
PERRUDIN

Poisons & Antidotes

Inks

Some poisons are antidotes
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Some panaceas
To flush out your brain
Some remedies
For your mind to be drained

Some Keys
To unlock identities
Some screens
To shake off your enemies

Some fake news
In some burning rags
To warm and heal you
From the winter's bites

Some arabesques
From a quill to the milk
Of a blank silk
To soothe your troubled mind's mess

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Some poetcs
Beyond the lethal pages
Names and roses
And the laughs of Jesus

Some brandy
In a shy man's veins
To set him free
From his social chains

Some stimulus
Post-anesthesia recoveries
Some cuts
To protect from narcosis

Some black jokes
On mankind's slippery slope
To paradoxically uncloak
Some irrepressible hope

Some poisons are antidotes
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Le Poison

Est-ce vraiment l'automne qui prend fin aujourd'hui?
Je voudrais que soudain cette mer s'épanche
Et que de plus loin les méduses nous épient
Que le crépuscule lentement s'endimanche
Mais l'amour et la haine cheminent à l'envie

Comme ton image est lointaine
Le venin du doute coule dans mes veines
De ton visage ne reste qu'une ombre incertaine

La nature bourgeonne prématurément
Les idiots en jubilent sans retenue
L'indécroitable optimisme bienséant,
La retraite et la colère contenue
S'affrontent et se flattent sur un sol mouvant

Comme ton image est lointaine
Le venin du doute coule dans mes veines

De ton visage ne reste qu'une ombre incertaine

Ton absence vénéneuse cette automne,
L'incertitude et l'imagination Lentement, discrètement m'empoisonnent
Et je me délecte de ce poison Et de l'existence qui grogne

Comme ton image est lointaine
Le venin du doute coule dans mes veines
De ton visage ne reste qu'une ombre incertaine

The Ceiling's Maze

I was
Searching in the ceiling's maze
The meaning of this dawning blaze
That was shining in the morning's haze

Something that came back from
ancient days
When life decided on its own ways
And then I went into a daze

And now it's just a boat
Leaving the quay
Set afloat

Thirsty

For infusing in your irises
Thrilling at the pace of your breath
And for swimming in your head's flood
And for letting my hands roaming
And then putting it on your blood
And for peeling your white carving

And for drinking the stream of your voice
And dwelling in your fragrances

While wide-opening every pore
Thirsty for everything that rejoices
In deconstructing our bodys
And our fears and the music score

Hungry

For attempting some enchantment
On the soundposts of your skin
And to hold the magic and release it
And then letting it quivering
And getting my fill with your laughs
And then writing new notes on new staffs

From over there it can be heard
The howlings of my starving arms
The deep clamour of my entrails
For welcoming you in my bones
For welcoming you in my sail
As your tingling absence seems absurd

The Trap

You're stuck here
In this trick
And also in your head's marsh
You're drugged dear
Seasick and sleepy
Held prisoner by your thoughts

Your sleep is dirty
It feels unhealthy
It feels like all your memories have
been soiled
Every memory
Is more traumatic
And flows in your veins like a thick
black oil

This night is a hell
The longest ever
And you keep fighting against sleep
That sea is a cell
And you're not clever
Nor strong enough to find an exit

When is the end of it?
You fell in a hell through a gap
Between realities
Where is the exit?
Are you gonna die in this trap?

Another nightmare
Would finish you off
And still the images are too close to you
Yes you're scared
Of your own thought
And of where it is leading you

Your thought runs too fast
And your mental strength
Is working by daytime only
The chasm is too vast
And rationality
Is also working on land only

Write a song
With this poison
And maybe it will save you from madness
Yes you're afraid
To be alone
But maybe here's a light in the darkness

When is the end of it?
You fell in a hell through a gap
Between realities
Where is the exit?
Are you gonna die in this trap?

Diurnal Fireflies

I don't understand
Why can't I catch those fleeting thrills
That appear when the land
Merges with the skies and the hills
When I'm walking aimlessly
Letting frozen lights brush my cheeks

Are they spirits
Or simply hidden memories ?
No I don't know what they are
They vanish like shooting stars
Acidulous and fruity
Like a first foot in a summer sea
Like the first time you kissed me

Sweet and sparkling slipping through my fingers
As auguring a new spring shower
How many lives did I scour ?

Mesopelagic

That Sound
With its dark enchanted shape
Reminds me of something
I have already tasted a long time ago

Here I found
Undulating landscapes
Making me feeling
I'm a little child again

That sound
With its strange familiar taste
Feels like a fare-off light
Resonating in my chest from ancient lives

Here I found
The old call of a being
A distress-call or a prayer
Full of hope and wondering

The Falling Swans

The Swans leap
Into the void
In the blood-red of the sky
They never stop to fall
And in a silent cry
At the late foot of the wall
They tight the rope
And die



Auguries of Innocence

To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour

William Blake

Héliotopie

Cette nuit tout était lumineux,
Une brise avait libéré la parole,
Plus de bâillon ni de camisole,
Un tintement silencieux sonnait la fin du jeu.

Abandonnant orgueil et bouclier
Comme si je venais de m'envoler,
Tout semble si simple et si parfait,
Enfin nous nous sentons légers.

Dans le jaune de l'été passé,
L'évidence finalement perce,
En honnête spontanéité,
Le mirage de tes bras me berce.

Là tout n'est qu'ordre et sérénité,
Temps suspendu, enivrante pause,
Sans les cicatrices, les ecchymoses
Que ton silence me faisait cacher.

Le songe a pris son temps pour s'évanouir,
Il n'était pas pressé, je le retenais
Dans mes bras refroidis par l'automne,
Réclamant le fin mot de cette histoire inachevée.



Train

Deux couleurs s'entre-coignent,
fusionnent
Et brûlent ma rétine
Au delà du miroir où rayonne
Mon grain de symétrie
Sous lequel un bourdon prisonnier
S'affole et tambourine
Et continuellement fait danser
Mon corps qui trépigne
A ces souvenirs de peaux, de mots,
De parfums et de plafonds,
De craquements de vinyles, de fumée,
De livres et d'oignons
Qui au milieu du temps arrêté
Attisent les moucherons
De mon cœur pressé, de mon cerveau
Et de mon double-fond.

A courir sans dormir
Et à rire sans prédire,
A engloutir sans tarir
Et à boire sans vomir,
Je vais mourir de vie dès demain.

Tête baissée, démembrée,
Contre vents et marées,
Continuer de vibrer,
D'engouffrer, essoufflée
D'avoir couru au devant du train.

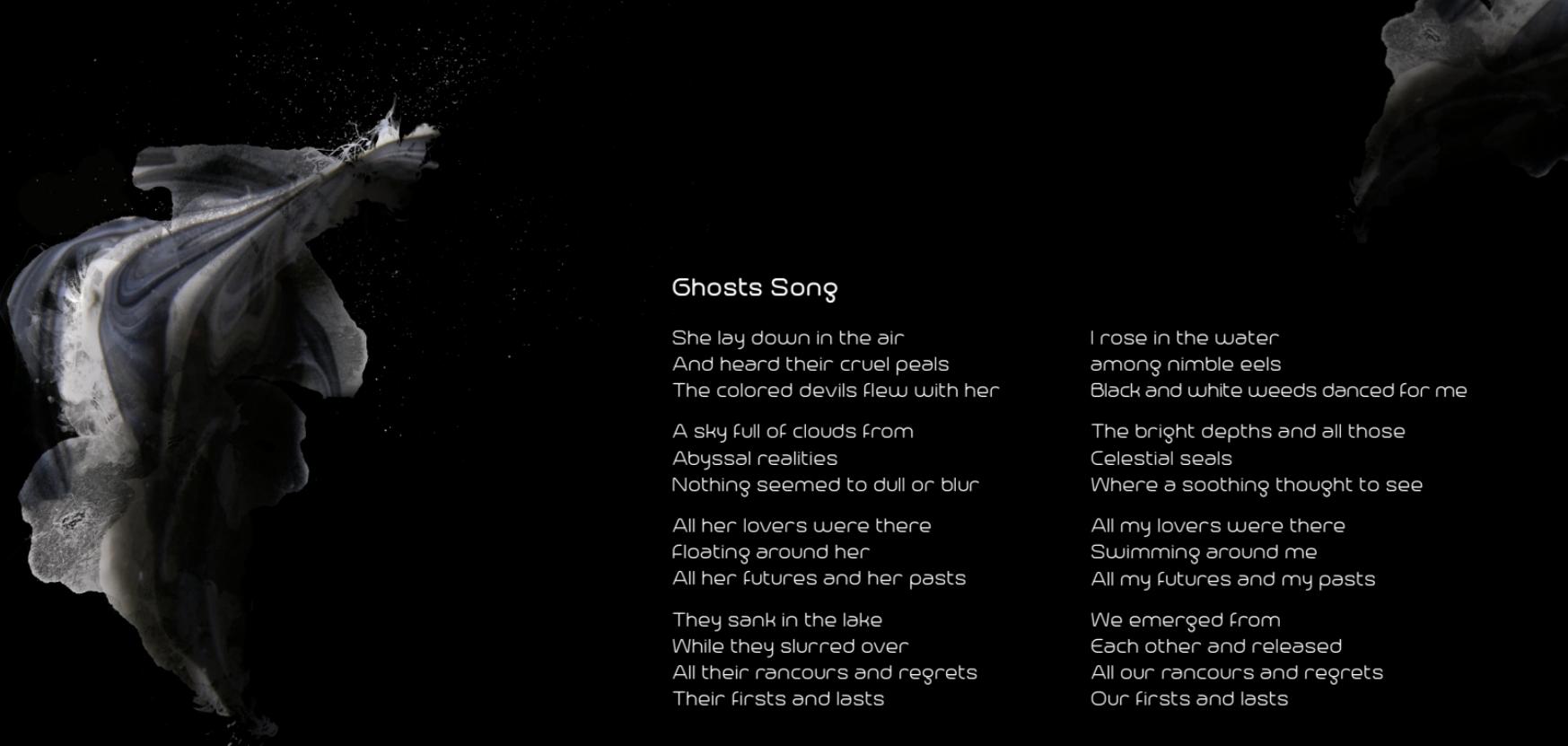
Assise, un livre sur mes genoux
Que je n'ouvrirai pas,
Contemplant les si puissants remous
Qui s'emparent de moi
En catastrophe ouatée je découvre
La lisière et l'orée
De coeurs qui, non sans réticences,
s'ouvrent
A d'inquiétants dangers.
De fatigue, de haut je vais tomber
Dans ce gouffre d'envies
Qui serpente toute la journée
De soulever la nuit.
A petit je reviens sur nos frasques
Armée de mon crayon
Qui essaye d'en dompter
les bourrasques
Et nage dans mes frissons.

L'impressionnante transpiration,
Je cours je pleure je bois
La clarté et l'incompréhension
Je pense trop, je ne pense pas
assez, je suis tellement fatiguée
Mais encore je ne dors pas,
Je crois que je vais devenir cinglée
Je fais n'importe quoi,
Je reste sous l'eau encore un peu,
Je danse ici et là,
Mes mains réclament encore tes
cheveux
Et mes oreilles ta voix.
Évidences vidées de leur substance,
Pétries et démunies,
Depuis que plus rien n'a le même sens
Qu'avant ces quelques nuits.



Pavane de la Patte d'Oie

J'y ai laissé des plumes
Dans cette patte d'oie
J'ai humé sous l'enclume
De ce sinistre choix
L'écrasante amertume
De renoncer à toi
Et soulagée j'exhume
Ce qu'il reste de moi



Ghosts Song

She lay down in the air
And heard their cruel peals
The colored devils flew with her

A sky full of clouds from
Abyssal realities
Nothing seemed to dull or blur

All her lovers were there
Floating around her
All her futures and her pasts

They sank in the lake
While they slurred over
All their rancours and regrets
Their firsts and lasts

I rose in the water
among nimble eels
Black and white weeds danced for me

The bright depths and all those
Celestial seals
Where a soothing thought to see

All my lovers were there
Swimming around me
All my futures and my pasts

We emerged from
Each other and released
All our rancours and regrets
Our firsts and lasts

The Sick Rose

O Rose thou art sick.
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night
In the howling storm:

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

William Blake



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