



Cicity

1. *Lulu*

I prepared a nice pie for the city officers
Lulu died last week
I talk to them about the chest of drawers in the living room which is pretty rickety
The central tray and its collapse a diversion to hush up
my romance with Lulu our life
A few minutes after that
we calmly slide Lulu's body beneath the chest of drawers
We raise his right leg perpendicular to the body, slowly
the first agent is called Mimi shows me the correct procedure
the protocol for installing bodies
It all takes place in the impenetrable silence of summer
where only the songs resonate
and the static from the streets of Cicity
the angular leg the cotton trousers definitely cling together
Mimi's hands, mine, the second agent's,
then the simple sound of a drill the nail set in place just before that
on the top of the foot slips into place
on the other side of the chest of drawer's main tray
The second agent then asks me about
Lulu's favorite color,
I say red, he liked red, he takes out a big red ribbon from his toolbox
and makes big bows with it shows how to do it
to coil the *Luluarm* along the foot of the chest of drawers,
cinching Lulu
Mimi puts in a new drill point first the ribbon then the flesh,
the wood, the veins, the rest of the sap,
I watch and confuse Lulu's body and the teak
With my hand I gently press his face push his cheek into the floor
A few months before his death we went to the glassmaker's
to cut out a mirror that made a large *L* shape to decorate his face
Mimi welds it along the nose with a quick bit of work using the blowtorch
This mirror, an imitation side on the edge of his skin
I always imagined plunging into that face becoming asthmatic
When the light from the window of the opposite wall comes through the blinds,
a saturation line slips over the mirror
a minor apparition is reflected and cuts his mouth
like a slow smile of the sun which is something close to the expression he has
always had
and had no reason to disappear with him
Before this slight insolence that hurts me
this strangeness in living from now on with an image that truly lets you approach
the inhabitants of Cicity have long wondered what ought to be formulated
Evening is coming on and with it so many other ends
This is how it began
what I call the fifth season. The one that exists only for me.

2. *Cicity*

In Cicity, when people die, we incorporate them in our interiors
When they can no longer make noise or direct their gestures
they become that stationary frost which only gardens seem able to wrap themselves in
which is not just an image but also a sensation,
a type of contact a state of time
Their complexion is made up in blue it you get close you can still hear a sound
Their bones, joints, muscles become elastic so that they can stretch without making a sound
These bodies are worked on which are no longer bodies which are beached whales in our
way we continue to say things to them
to cross their silence as one might cut through a mist, rub their hands that have remained
warm, remove the dust that dulls them.
Their closed eyes do not look at us they look at their own insides, witnesses of
their own inertia perhaps but above all witnesses of nothing,
to be a witness of nothing to have seen nothing
With our hands and tools, our mouths our saliva, we model *deadmatter* something
is made from it that can always be changed,

forms that are integrated in the shapes of our homes,
positions that mimic the furniture, nature, and architecture, walls to hide
pleasure joy and shame, walls to merge with, yawning gaps to leap into

In Cicity people grow up with the idea that to die is the *obvioustransformation* of life into a thing, which all these objects have gradually arrived here in this way. At first there were only beings and from the first deaths the first objects were fashioned in turn. Over time what others have called technology we called it patina, different treatments for these body-objects to abstract them from themselves, to become diverse. In aging beyond old age, being the object of our care, the dead gradually lose their human appearance and display other aspects. In this society of expert decorators nothing is acquired other than through death, derivation and taste.

3. *Cicity symptom*

Recently
when I lie down in bed and I close my eyes
I no longer know where my limbs are
In Cicity it's a recurrent ailment this reptilian confusion that the doctors don't know
how to treat since it hasn't got a name
So I try to keep my eyes closed
collapse into myself like a building might forget itself a little
If I fall asleep in this way, I can no longer utter a word the following morning
"Something has been extinguished or has gone too far off" someone said in the local
newspaper
In the early afternoon my voice comes back, weak, because it knows it's guilty of having tried
to flee
So I list each of the compositions that deck out my neighbors' interiors
a ritual memory exercise that only involves the mouth,
a great repetition of figures as much as bodies that have become the organs of the houses the
organs of the city as they wait for their own fading away
... is that flowery wallpaper and that fruit basket
... one's tongue an immense sheet for new lovers
... one's outstretched arms stick out of the mailbox
... that fire in the hearth that never goes out
... clearly melted become the glass of a window

4. *my friend Gigi, the municipality*

Gigi has been embedded in the pediment over city hall for ten months now
He had long been part of Cicity's jet set
The jet set stands out for its consumption of banned imported products from the west
(Since Cicity doesn't belong to international geography)
A typical jet set soirée is punctuated by poem-lists of names of western products,
by the languid declaiming of their descriptions and parts
Gigi was: drive one's vacuum cleaner into one's body empty the body publicly to make it
a fine piece of furniture, set one's own ideas on fire
Except that the fir tree shoot that had been swallowed by mistake one evening had begun to
grow on Gigi's lungs until one fine morning when a fir tree branch sprouted from his gums

Oh
Oh

When the inhabitants of Cicity have lived alone and die, their bodies are made
available to the municipality,
which contributes to both improving the architecture of the public services and the general
look of the city

Gigi's shirt with the mauve polka dots served as a model for the new paint for all
the inside doors of city hall and the mayor's new tie
In truth, the institution's constant dramatization of its own fate gives me a few shivers
The mayor is obsessive, like all partisans of performativity

“The elaboration of a society is the syntax of its desires. Fear not, progress under my reign shall become a new palpable material, a plaster with which you will cover your ears, nose, mouth, genitals.”

the mayor says.

Bobo, Cicity’s police chief, is banging his trainee, he takes him out to restaurants and it’s very romantic between them. They talk about what they no longer keep a count of, the blows distributed to demonstrators (who are worried about the gradual privatization of public services)

and the moment when all of that serenely topples over, hollows out the noise all around the action, and becomes a very fine painting

Since they can’t publicly show affection at the police station, they show affection through the demonstrators

the bruises on demonstrators’ bodies are like a long love letter going back and forth from one to the other,

their new language and a whole repertoire of nuances and forms that express their mutual feelings

it’s a way of rewriting the history of transitional objects, which amounts to finding another way to create a marvelous work of art

on the interdependence of desire, one of the major art mediums of the twenty-first century.

5. *Strawberry*

This morning

I was wondering how we went from “*The Prosperity of Vice*” to “*The Decay of Lying*” how did that work, just the titles

But I was thinking especially of Lulu, I was thinking of Gigi

“The epidemic over there apparently is that people become depressed when they realize that their lives seem like movies

Those western cities are constantly looking to change people those series of promises

you know, could also change me”

Gigi told me once his eyes glistening with hope

Gigi who defined himself as a *Cicityfraud*

This afternoon I went to the movies to forget all that

When I saw the octopus on screen redistributing the inside of its body in only one of its parts I spewed such an inner music-violin I swear I left the movie theater to

go home, I took the giant hook, I set it up on the top of the garden shed

and attached an enormous stuffed toy in the shape of a strawberry to it, dusty, picked up in the attic. I hung the enormous strawberry on the shed I took a sign and I wrote

CICITY NEVER AGAIN on it with a marker pen

Like that.

When will they tell the inhabitants that if their names are always repetitions of dross

it’s because their muscles are condemned to always repeat their movements twice

And thus lose their strength to act for new activities or for change

Municipal punishment if you will

Or control through repetition, corporal administration that often leads to control through narrative since incessant repetition of the same stories flouts the hydration of new ideas

6. *ideal departure from Cicity*

When I, too, shall leave

When shamefully even objects would like to leave this world

that the stars will be but tiny holes in a black paper scroll

The hand-picked rain the eyes of the neighborhood engraved on wood strips will disappear

The trees will fall in the evening in the hope of breaking the shell of the ground to be against everything

The mist will settle on the mirrors an appeal that you might make to me

I shall compose a night song for the villages and the people living there

The impeccable house the table set they will lay me along your body

Our combined forms will repeat the ancient sculptural mimicry the one that secretly excites academics

I will be lying by your side better than your reflection

So I paid for public lighting so that it no longer lights up I made it dark around us,
once again took up the drawing of the fields of wheat to catch lightning
and if you see through me
those that I love and reproduce
basic necromancy
if everything ends ends always
You feel that bearing down?
a call or a step
a body is an elevator door
they are substituted like when one kisses, magically
four steps before the building
you upright on top
each upright outside
before the door of their house
upright for a very long time before the door of their building
stuck in the ground the concrete melted once again
irresolute nobody moves nobody migrates
all the houses fade
and the doorsteps remain doorsteps
for each one who wiggles without moving
uncinched, unbalanced,
discovering other orifices than the sun like the anus
other analogies and other feelings
the real feeling of leaving
for each one who is standing there
without end and in expectation
of a change of destination
as water is sublimated it can happen to us
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