

Depuis le temps que c'est promis
nous irons tous au paradis-
c'est un appel sourd une promesse
aveuglante qui noie la conscience;
ce paradis me pèse, son poids
incommensurable abruti;
ancrée dans des strates profondes,
une pulsion des plus aliénantes;
telle une fausse libération,
un état de pure dépendance;
le paradis est derrière moi
dans le ventre de ma maman-
unchallenged myths, they lie heavy,
l'imaginaire is our worst enemy,
the paradise, what an idea!
a guardian still on duty.

Olv 26

Since the time that it's been promised
we would all be in paradise
it's a muted appeal, a blinding promise
that drowns conscience
this paradise weighs me down, its weight
immeasurably idiotic;
anchored in these deep layers,
the most alienating of urges,
such a false liberation,
a state of pure dependence;
the paradise is behind me
in my mum's belly-
unchallenged myths, they lie heavy,
the imaginary is our worst enemy,
the paradise, what an idea!
a guardian still on duty.