First look, stone walls
piles rather
Marble pavings, only some
standing alongside the thousand of tonnes.
Or rock.

The grey dominates, never mind
forgetting the warm seas, the red fish of Caribbean.

In fallow land on the roadside, the skate ramp of absent skateboarders.
Domestic trampoline.
Welcome, here
old sport area, it's conceivable.

Partially grey in the thoughts
five couches, three lit up lamps
covered, stacked, taken by the humidity.

Everything is summer leftovers maybe.

Recent past archeology open for everybody by our steps on the fallow land.

Everything is mixing on the ground
everything you could imagine is there
no inventory.

Three embedded pontoons.
Again,
blue mattress and the chair of the one who is waiting.

Grey red bucket banded back. Inverted.
Future of a podium to raise one's gaze
from the brown sea.

Lou Rack
his number to serve you.

Behind the grating where it is hung, trucks and excavators
rusty.

Everything is likely to please you,
nothing at once.

Oeufs calloux
Stone eggs
English translation approved.

Merchandise area
sculptures for free.

It's a place.

Stainless steel guardrails
taken from the ground
awaiting a next move.

Mix of materials and densities
You must explain to me what you serve.

Away from granit.
Exhausted fenders, suspended
lacking air
about fifteen in single file.
Faded fluorescence.

Between two dry ports
free space for a potential stadium
the lights are here.

Boats under tents.
Dry port, here we can talk about real hibernation
Some boats as bears.
Many translations
The hidden masts to a layered rest.

No paths without swamp at the feet.

Horizontal beam
few trees
one nest
addition of the absence of birds.

Some screams,
track is becoming uneven
without gloves, the lost hands.

The birds' war.
bad scenario projected among the trees.

The paved concrete calls as a witness
playful children with sharpened bikes.

Close to Kalasatama
Océane Bruet, 2013
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