

Fairy Tale, Fabien Verschaere

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Seven Days Hotel

Page 2

My childhood games remind me of the drawing of thoughts rolling along in an empty chair.

In the room where one learns, I painted on the pages of history books at the chapter on Spartans. Already, at the time

I hated the 88 on TV, and I saw bubbles for the journey in my transfusions

At the children's hospital when one of us laughs it means they're not well, if they cry then all is in order, he suffers, he's alive.

Do people laugh before they go to heaven?

The only thing I can do is speak physically the transparency of my emotions.

The transfusion falls to the floor, a pool of blood, the stain appears

Page 3

As a child, I never saw Mickey

I made my own mark because confronted with the dazzling red

It seemed to me the vital art is the one you can only do when you're in danger.

Draw, dream

Eat the bones of your infirmity.

I want my ashes to be a sheet of paper.

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FIRST DAY

Page 5

As on the first day, the child alone in its room in hospital.

The walls open onto the sleeping city like a dream that is never extinguished.

Angels fly around his aura, the red walls like blood synonymous with a kind of hope.

On the sheets that do not move,
death hovers like papers that float on water.

The bed is a monument,

the sickness a sculpture that moves

The needle in the arm, flowers bloom in the perfusion

The perfusion is a tree,

the leaves move

in the wind,

the princess walks all around him.

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Undemanding, extremely alone,

the child forms a futile project.

To learn to fly, to forget his body

like Peter Pan, without the nightmares.

The sky is low like the land of his forefathers.

Myths are not aesthetic, they are there to carry children off to wonderlands.

The room is a castle,
the bed a chariot bearing a Roman emperor
School's out, in the face of death,
no home to go to in the face of destiny.
Another dream, after the night,
and the plants cry out like hope.
On the anamorphic sheets.
Head in the stars the journey is close infinity is further...

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Here again useless, one word that floats, no visit.
Before taking flight, you must check if the angels have wings
Perhaps you think you're God
The blood is a mystery,
The red of a clown's nose.
The child dreams through the window.
The walls seem close because the brain concentrates on one person alone.
Save yourself, is the one way open to he who suffers.
At his age, makeup does not exist, he cannot cheat
Poetry is a pain, as much as writing that signifies nothing.
The will of a picture still eyes to see,
is all, too much.

Page 8

Barbaric music
tears flow at a sad melody that reminds us of those we miss
And the liquid is in this pissing plastic,
the bones are the frame for funereal nuptials.
No girlfriend left at five years old,
the one who clings like your own skin is life and death is jealous.
At your age, we are all poets witnesses to our lives.
It serves us nothing to describe, your eyes
see only your interior.
The mirrors are shattered because tomorrow is endangered and the bed flies like an
oriental contraption, a sacred dance.

Page 9

Hospital,
Since when do other people think they are Eternal?
Me, I feel my body leave like a heavy feather,
my spirit has no imprint.
The storm talks to itself in another language.
No support for your demise, just the will to go.
Poetry, is when you manage to talk.
You remember the countries you visited, the vast squares and the sun on your brow.
Who issues the visa for life?
The drawings on the bed tell you to go.
To set off for heaven,
without a bean, a visit to another world.

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Around me, the flames die because too many fires within me have turned cold.
The city buildings with blazing lights resound
like the lived-in mess that animates my rebirth.
Hangars, garages, basements like enclaves
And on your way to school, the will to stop time
Just as a rape is the result of too much desire.
Evil points out the good
And that is why I dream of flying
with no goal.
A goal like a nightmare whose ending we do not know.

Page 11

At last the dragon has left my mind.
I define poetry as my only sense, Nature's sampler.
Blood sample, sampled sound, signifying something.
What must we remember if not the things we have never experienced.
Fantasy is the true biography, the body does not remember what actually existed.
Eight years in Paris, the memory of those who flee,
the poetry we do not make,
the drawings we will never execute.
When absence is here, the dark reveals the true light.
A sleeping dog is more dangerous than one who cries out.
Arms outstretched, eyes to heaven, the perfusion's name is evolution.

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SECOND DAY

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The princess against the world,
The universal frame that lets through the gleam of a dream.
Shutters flap and fly, the wind is like a melancholy melody that takes matter to the
matrix.
Un-anaesthetized, the sick man transcends his metaphysical pain, there is no more
poetry, just a journey that starts with no beginning or end, the body a stage set rape and
vomiting.
Don Quixote is a youth on a motor-scooter.
The village square beneath a troubling sky.

Page 14

I have found the meaning of white, the void is my body.
Though sunk in darkness, my mind is truly present in unlimited space.
A foetus, I was lord,
Born I am king.
The castle is my mother I Have come out of the castle
Again, a woman delivers me.
A shadowy journey, starting with the sky.
Looking down on this city, I see those who do not love me.
I have no defence, no trunk.
The mind is taking its leave.

Page 15

The man in the yellow hat
Thinking from the empty chair
The perfect sculpture
a desire for inertia
The body floats above the bed
Each path taken is a perpetual mistake.
Meal-tray, a dose of drugs
The arm laid out flat
The poison enters you
The word without dialectic
Feel the virtuality of the princess's arms
Gentle, the night.
Lewis Carroll without drugs small big without illusion
Negation of the negations
I am without Nation.

Page 16

Where do they come from, the feathers in angels' wings?
Good business for sure,
The laundering of rock groups.
Nothing is signalled in the sky,
Our instinct and the stars guide us to a false destiny.
I write the same way we watch a show.
Arms held up to the sky,
teeth to the floor,
my brain swells like an excited sex.
Looking down on the ocean,
I spit for the DNA to hide in liquid crowd.
We are all the children of sex.

Page 17

In heaven there are no toys, like in the waiting room,
Like a kind of philosophy café,
you're forced to think about your situation.
Is everything plastic?
Thinking is linked to flight.
From the loneliness of the hospital room to the dream of Peter Pan, the neurosis of an
imaginary world.
The brain in action
a personal enigma,
continuous music a cardiac curve,
The beating heart
the metronome of death.

Page 18

In closed session above the city.
Discussion
Flight
Rape

Murder
Madness
All the feelings
mingle
dirtily
No more home
The world gives us
Shelter
The universe is a fabulous dwelling.
The Shaman takes me by the hand.
The drug takes effect, again.
Only three more hours of delirium.

Page 19

The body takes the lead over the mind.
Bodies come to earth with no sight of misery
The Seven Days Hotel hangs by a Thread.
A Very Big Trip for a short time,
we must appreciate dry land.
The sky is cerebral,
Sans science, it is our brain,
the earth our matrix,
the crucifixion of dreams.
We must look at beauty,
The static motion between waves of tears.
Opposite the Fairy Club,
Bodies open, to show our hearts.

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THIRD DAY

Page 21

On the dance floor,
the balls flash and go dark,
You need to understand how bodies agitate.
The mind fuck by desirable DJs.
Duality of the senses between two characters.
Our beings are spectators.
The masters of Ceremony enact the social phenomenon.
I move to your prescription.
The music is my choice to be under Command.
Eyes full of Grace,
The great muse of night,
I am in the spectacle.

Page 22

The platinum blonde, who dances like a witch, draws the gaze of those on their way to
the place from where
I have come.
Desire is a cortisone,
New York and Tokyo

With no castle, realism is in disarray.
A tempo leads to ecstasy
The shadows draw shapes from out of my Nightmares.
Both records turn, each one in a different direction.

Page 23

The third day of a third life, at three in the morning,
I told you I love you like a sacrificed child of 33.
The fantasy of an enchanted trance.
Night falls over the Chinese quarter
A dog, a cat
The music is made for digesting our drugs.
I circle the club and I become a hunter.
The face is liquid, the drug is no longer a poison, it is here to heal.
A telephone call to the heart.
I take the next metro.

Page 24

Why, in this place, do I feel close with monsters?
We are not the origins,
We are not individuals.
The knight is homosexual and the princess's stooge.
I will always be the one who tells stories
The lights historicize us.
That's the Fairy Club.
A few coins for the escape
We know all the door guys
They are birds with gilded wings.
But if you touch my treasure.
I will snatch your brain and the history that is yours to the point of humiliation: looking
like me.

Page 25

After the second bottle I want to fuck
The whores with fringes like wicked witches
Where is my poetry?
I love lands that speak of death.
The girl who sings has armfuls of flowers.
A skull rises from my glass,
A serial-killer poet of the late spring.
My best girlfriend's playlist
One fag and Jeff Buckley follows Morrison
Dusty Hendrix followed by
Joni Mitchell and Patti Smith.
I dance in a circle
I am lunatic
Blood pours from my nose
Sans energy, sans folly.

Page 26

Gin and tonic, beer, champagne, cigarette, condom

Coke, summer holiday, thong, heart trouble.
Melancholy attends this badly organised party.
The road is long to a vision of infinity.
A backdrop, the bar and the DJs play one last disc.
The mobile has lost its signal.
Six o'clock in the morning, I want to see somewhere else.
Fall to the floor, to no longer see the daybreak and say good night.

Page 27

Life goes on after the night
Life gets better.
I think about what I am not
And if that were all I am, my words would be a mere straight line
The Fairy Club music twists and bends it badly,
The cyclical neurosis of a music box
What you live, I invent,
Music and photos
Like cries at a birth.
Otherness, I am you and you are me,
Except that the bodywork is damaged.
I'm a mad queen who dances when suicide shoves me
Like a too-strong scent.

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FOURTH DAY

Page 29

The devil and our desires
Like a coincidence that culminates in a judgement
A last evil perceived by the literary divinities.
The definition of evil is the vision of an opposition to imposed poetry.
Mama, I've been in fire since my body became conscience.
I left a circus playing to a packed, closed house.
Fires of hell, hell is other people.
I am pricked by sidewalks of shame and the girls, I go with do not tell me they love me.
The final signature on failure.
The road is brutal, like a beach of fire.

Page 30

Satan like a rope,
Extreme tension in the veins
The book opens and the line that stretches to the hollow of Hell.
Books say nothing.
Just a sensation, the opening of a secret space
And then an unknown landscape.
The music is the same, not the Rolling Stones
Just a beating heart
The devil is not a form of music, just a feeling
A burning anaesthesia,
Intramuscular injection
The brain broils

Tiny devil Puck and fuck
The preliminaries to Death
I love you Satan
God has left with the archangel.

Page 31

A dancing inferno,
I have met that enemy
In my childhood terrors
In extremities of pain
The baton in my arms
The blazing metal is like teardrops of steel,
I think of African witch-doctors
There is no more existence
Just a ceremony
Dusk falls and, as in Hell,
The sky is clear
Fire dances around the sky
No water without starfish
The sea is cooled lava
An ocean of heat
An arm of the sea from the heaven to your Earth
A celestial lightning bolt
The earth, a dreaming tomb

Page 32

Between God and my nightmare
The princess leads me,
She shows me reality
The fire is red
My eyes see me from inside
The carousel turns and turns
A discussion between Cioran and Artaud
Shit is beautiful,
Ugly ugly,
Aesthetically, to interpret
I am a night
Loftiness of the brain
Writing without conviction
Childhood comes again
In a flaming star.
My life sometimes in my own hands
Dreaming of being thus, a pair of saints
Heating, is home the poetry of winter

Page 33

After several passageways
The open maw
You show your teeth
Tongue like a flame
The black paint lights my back.

Leave, leave
Heaven is such Hell
Why stay when there's perversity's price to pay
Coal is very pretty
You must say sorry
When madness makes us look
At the earth while thinking of the other who burns
The blood

Page 34

The hand, as you say, is there in front
The devil's head
The hard dick, I screw this dull life
From the capital
To the Congo, China
Texts are weapons
Drawing a shield
The magazine in the men's toilets
The whores and the waiting rooms
The artist's life
The distraction
The misery
Creative suffering
The rocket fires into space
But at the dawn of conscience
The drug took me travelling
Travel agency: Hôpital Trousseau, Paris

Page 35

Poor shit
Poor fool
Beauty is a miserable life,
Think of Victoire
Where everything is on its head
To seduce is to fuck
One coke and oblivion
The dark side of my Heaven.
My hands cupped
I am a tree
Is there still some fruit
Emerging from the experience I feel free
Words bury themselves
Three cubes meet
An endless record
Their dream begins again

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FIFTH DAY

Page 37

My two favourite heroes were dead.
And so in the concert hall
On the electronic outlets two popular victims turn like a monument
The music is loud
The comics train the children
With no apparent moral
History sketches itself
After the end of the interval
The drawing is the brain
The impulse before the crucial meeting
In the bar, with the toys
White leaves
So that we know where the true hero is
The operation was a success.

Page 38

The music plays like singular madness
A diamond shaped like a star
Cling to images
Dolls on beds
On waking, after the dream
All the skulls were devils
Gel capsules, luxury, and blindness.
The body is an idea
I suffer under the influence
Memories are lost.

Page 39

On the wall of my brain
Bones turn time
The watch tells time
Until life
until death
Time is my enemy
No sentence
Everything begins again
Who will I be with?
in this parallel world.
Ten pikes
Above my universe
It is time
Time for what
Time for who
When I am down there
With no artistic vision just the body in action
The cartoon looks like me
No kidding.

Page 40

No pressure, the fairy tale continues
Death to the mortal
Set a course for my 93
The cry of a man in flames
The shaman and traditions come from the neighbourhoods
African profusion
Of thoughts and food
People who dance to forget the end
Fall on the dance-floor of honour
Eyes fixed on the elephants
The road is long
And the clock stops

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One hour
Two hours
Three hours
Four hours
Five hours
Six hours
Seven hours
Eight hours
Nine hours
Ten hours
Eleven hours
Twelve hours
Thirteen hours
Fourteen hours
Fifteen hours
Thirty-three hours

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One feels encircled when the sounds
Become muted
Mickey and Batman
My intellectual education
Music on a loop
My journey is a perpetuity
When I talk about the atmosphere,
the story continues
We are all dancers

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SIXTH DAY

Page 45

Meeting of the three suspects
Woman, ordinary being and demon
The black of the flowers engenders life
The horns are branches

What shall we talk about tonight
A rainbow in the sky
The rain is passing through
Like a river that dries
Heaven is Hell
Without play there is no experience

Page 46

From one to another
We watch the world
Our father is no longer in heaven
We must look at the earth.
Skeletons always dance in a dream
The sea is in our head
Let us dream of infinity
So that our private lives may be lost in the labyrinth of the abyss.

Page 47

The devil asks us:
What are you dreaming of?
No one answers.
My sleep is deep
The dream inexplicable
I journey with the princess
My encounters are chance, vital.
There is no more fantasy
Nothing brings reality back now
The morphine of ecstasy
Still daylight
Before my birth.

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The gods' drug makes me forget the discussion
The princess protects me
Death cannot touch me now
I follow the vision of happy people
I await my waking
Another day begins
In my dream that has so short a date.

Page 50

Gangs are formed in opposition to minds
So goes death, the settling of scores.
The neighbour opposite points to the Antichrist
Suicide.
Sometimes, the mere sight of the devil makes me turn bad
But we are diabolical already faced with the others' moral.
The man turns his head
The princess sleeps
I take time to whisper with the ugly one.

Page 51

Startled awake
Good triumphs over evil
And to the dread of coma without a rest
the thoughts of the world enlase us
Magic and poetry have disappeared to restore our hope
Reality emerges from our entrails to accept the world and its journeys
On the way back, between heaven and hospital, we met the King's fool the clown of the
afterlife.

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SEVENTH DAY

Page 53

Hospital of decadence
The wanderings in the afterlife end with her and the devilish clown,
Ridicule does not kill,
but it leads to a false interpretation of sorrow.
Between philosophy and scorn, my journey has not been easy
Choose between morality and temptation
Today I am like a tightrope walker with no high wire.

Page 54

The words of the man with the red nose are sadder than funny because in mocking
everything he forgets the essence of creation.
Man navigates between life and death.
Everything is anecdotal, between these two thresholds

Page 55

In childlike pride,
The princess and the man decide to sacrifice ridicule
So that real feelings can be the true characters in our personal story.
Futility was sacrificed,
The child sets out once more, for its own battle,
simply to exist.

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The Seven Days Hotel
is the story of a dream
that haunts our minds
still we must find a way in to fight our own demons there
To be continued...

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The end

Translated by Louise Lalaurie