



— Ghost Train

All alone in a train  
That crisscrosses the plains  
There's a ghost inside me  
Who haunts my memories

He whispers very low  
A few words as outlaws  
Escaped from my reason  
Through these empty wagons

Between myself and I  
They can not break the ice

Hidden words of the soul  
Which are dancing like fools

This strange impression  
Bearing God's visions

— Eldorado

Par à-coups  
Respirer  
  
Le sel  
Et la lumière  
Me brûlent les yeux

Je m'étends sur le dos  
Les bras en croix

Le ciel est si proche  
Qu'il se confond à l'eau  
Le soleil est si astre  
Qu'il s'étoile en faisceaux  
Sous la courbure du monde  
Et prend la forme  
D'une barque imaginaire

Je m'accroche à la vie  
Comme à son mât

A red-toned photograph of a forest scene. The foreground is filled with tall, thin trees, their trunks and branches reaching upwards. The sky above is a bright, pale yellow or white, suggesting either sunrise or sunset. The overall color palette is dominated by shades of red and orange.

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Dedicated to Rosalie, Filimon, Seleshi and all those who have escaped from barbarism.  
To my daughters Lula and Ilona

