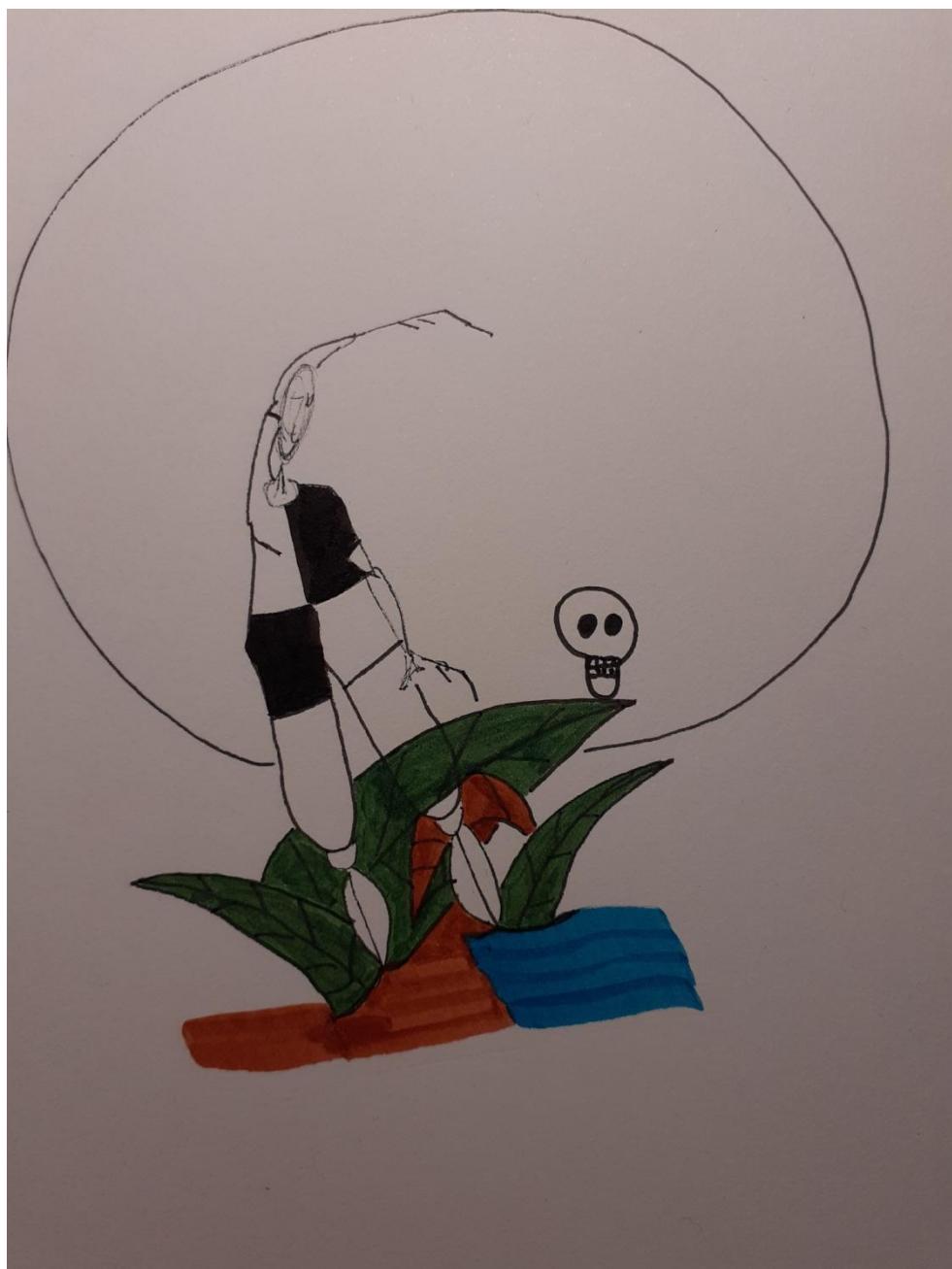


ATE



Charles Eric Charrier

Editions QazaQ

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Il fait calme plat, l'air est à nouveau translucide
Les mots s'estompent et laissent à goûter le silence....
Ingurgiter, intégrer, dissoudre, place à : ...
Le vent si fin aujourd'hui

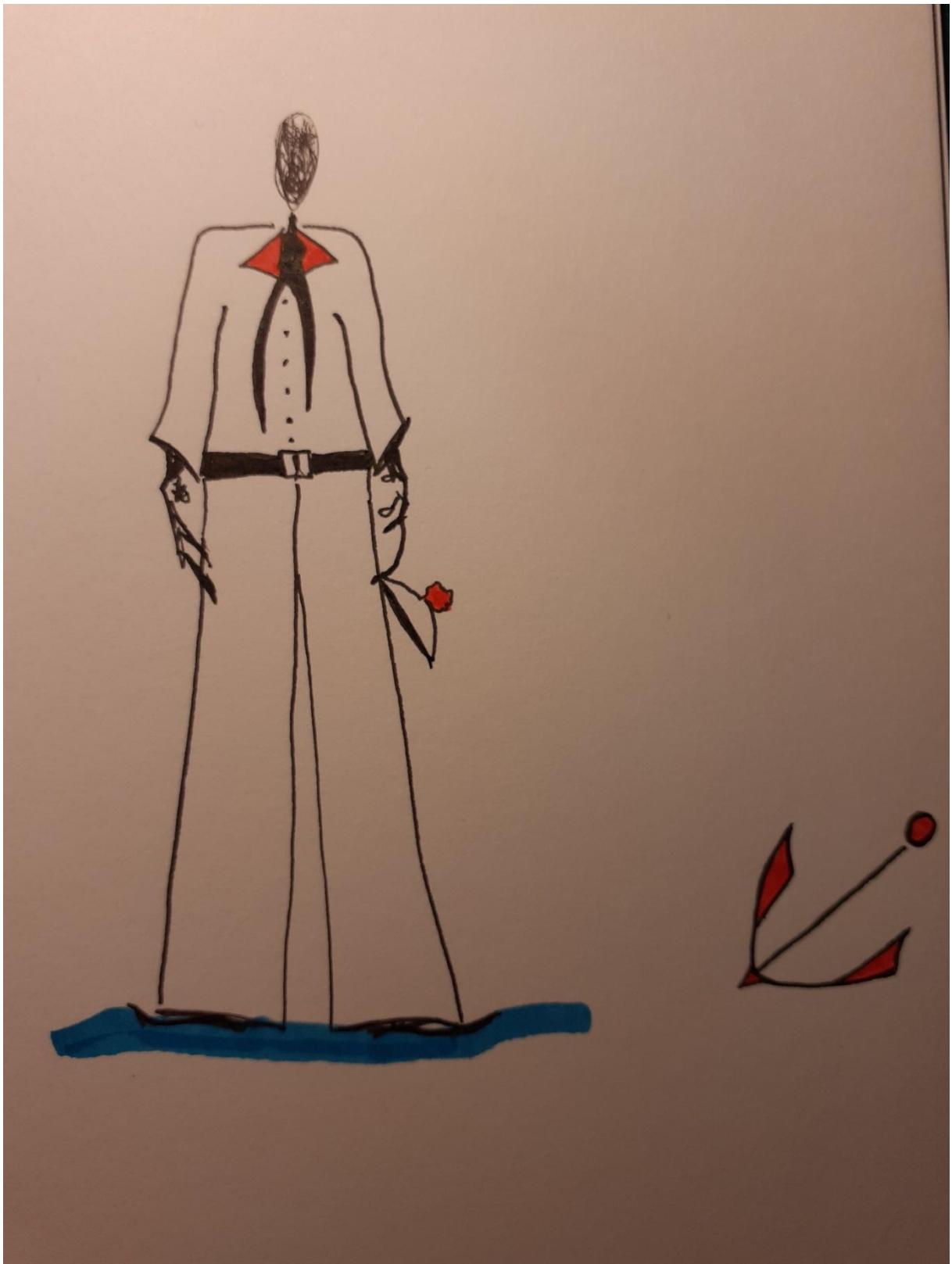
Crier sourdement, si vous voyez ce que je veux dire... c'est comme les pierres reçues où jetées. Ce n'est plus moi.

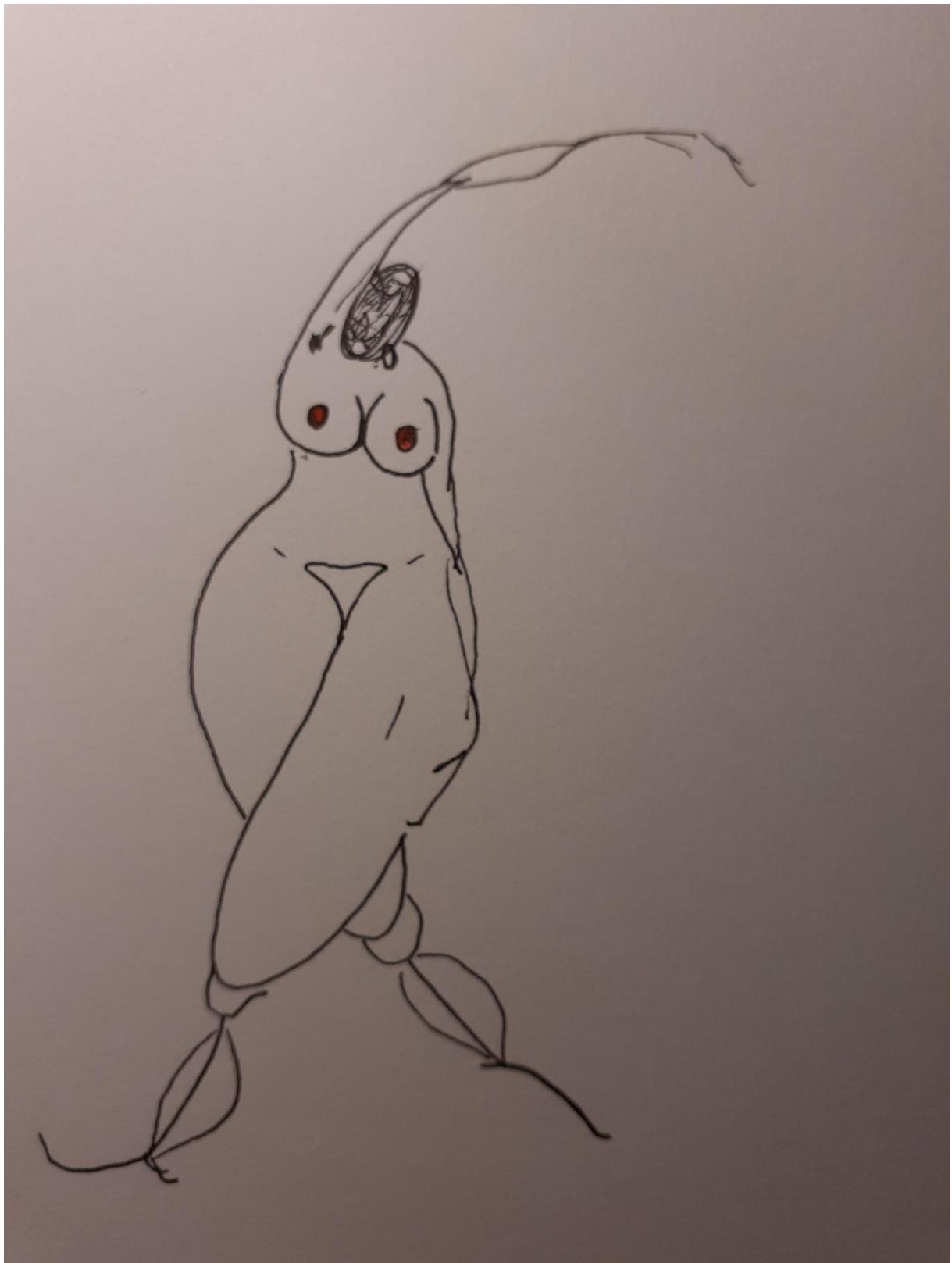
J'enlève mes lunettes et je regarde la nature que je suis...

Sur quoi c'est posé ce pigeon ? Mes yeux ne voient que la branche
À travers la caillasse, la brindille









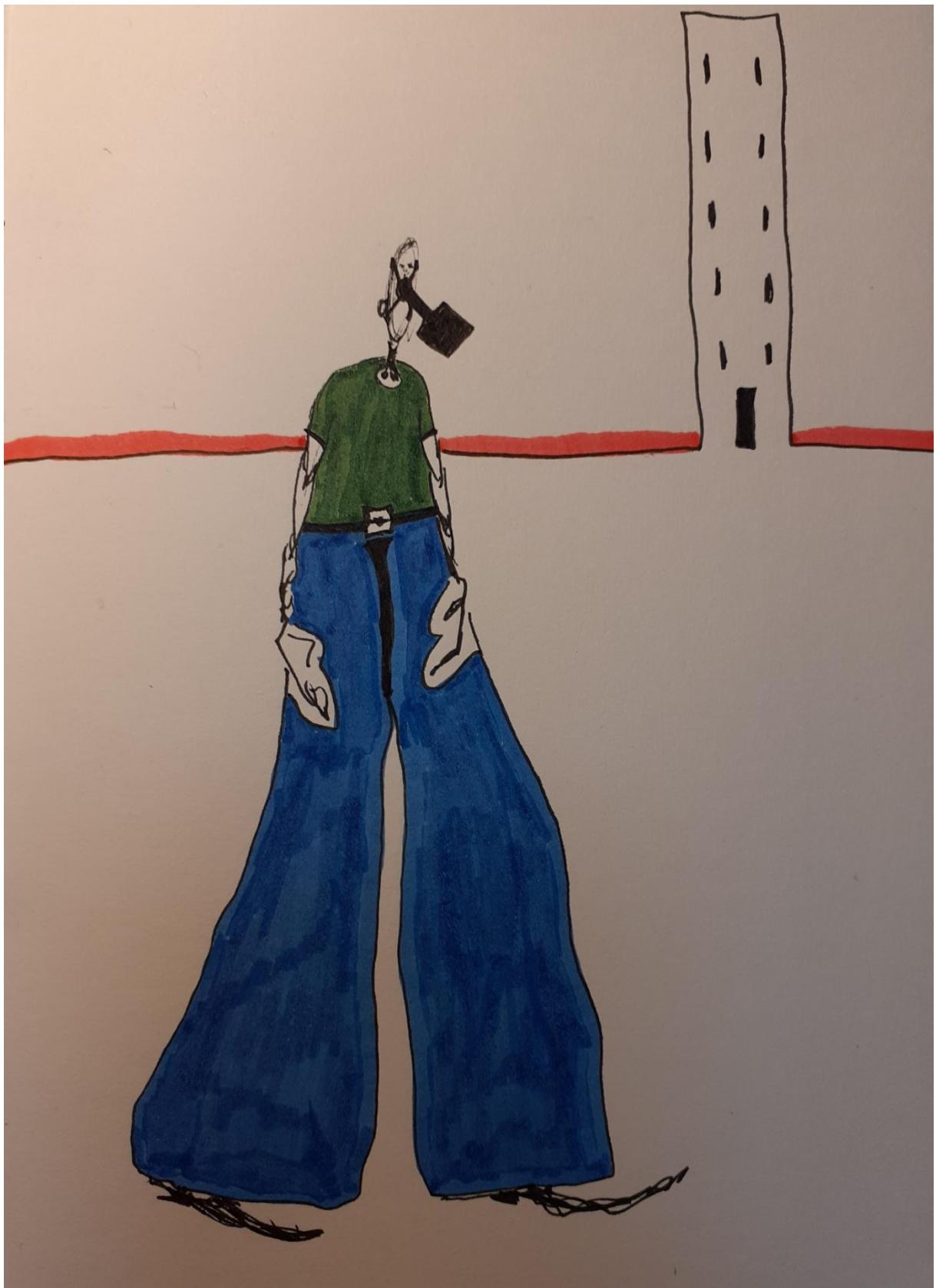
US quoi ?



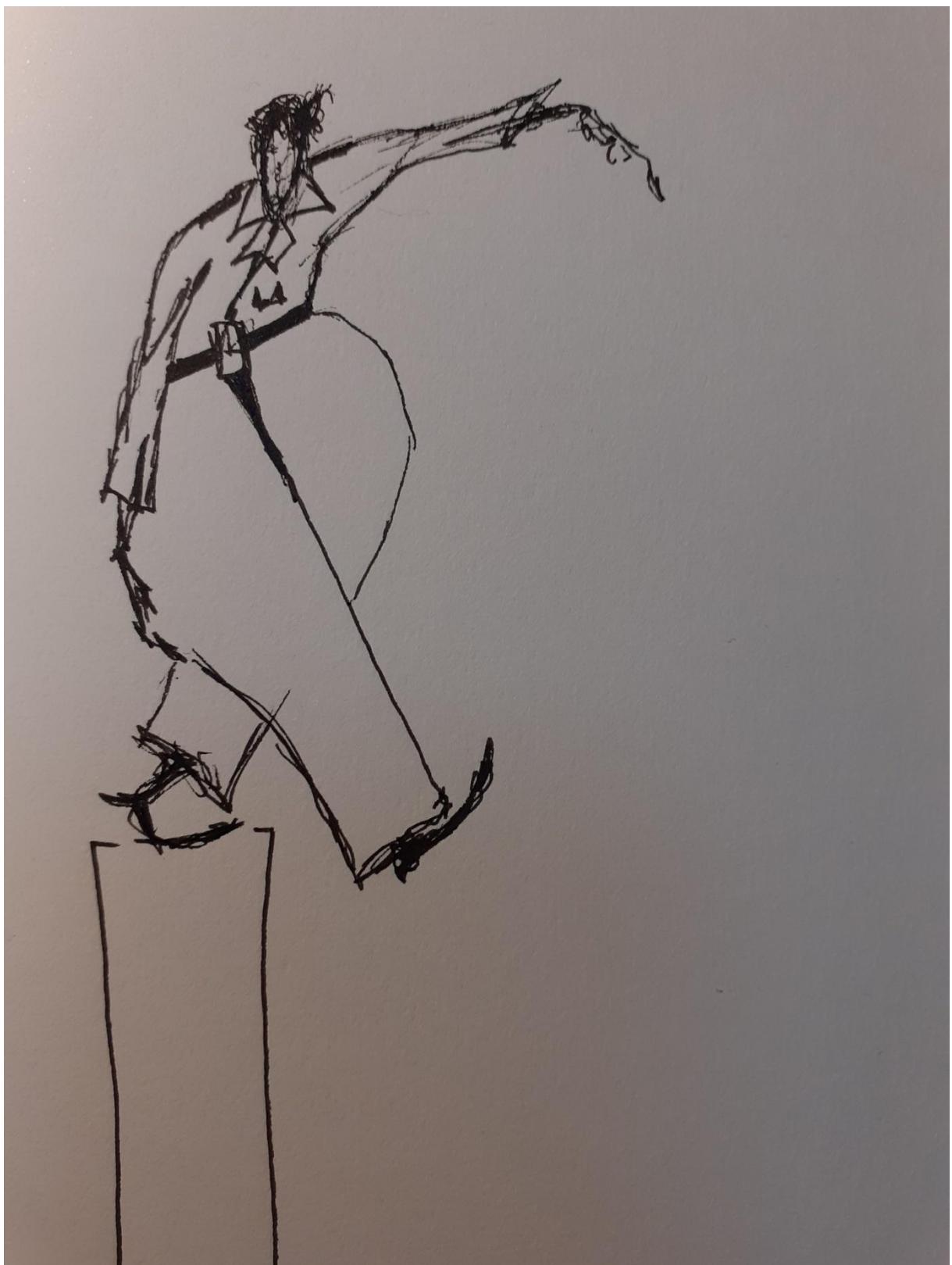




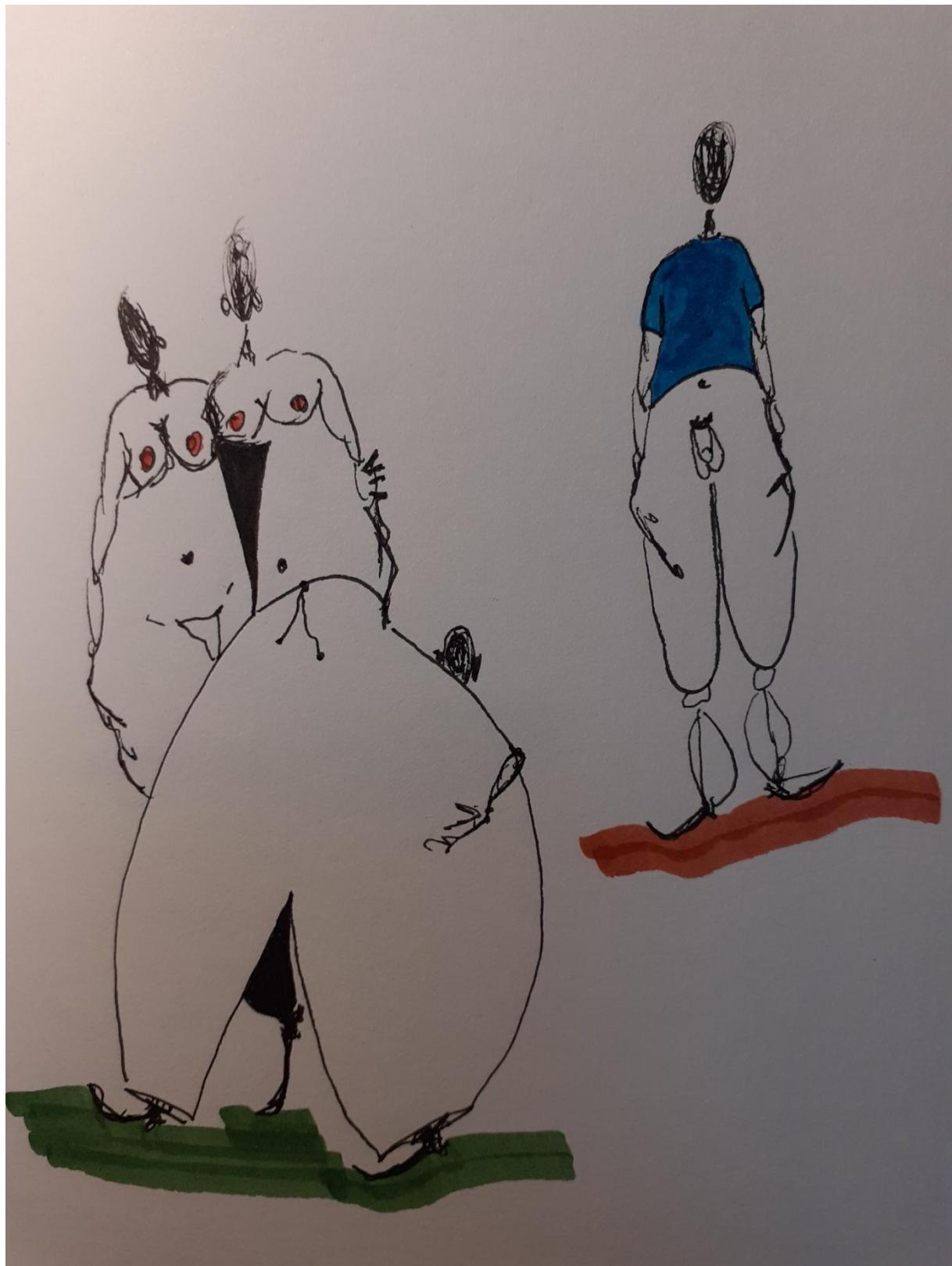
Aparté : Ballade quelque peu saturnienne



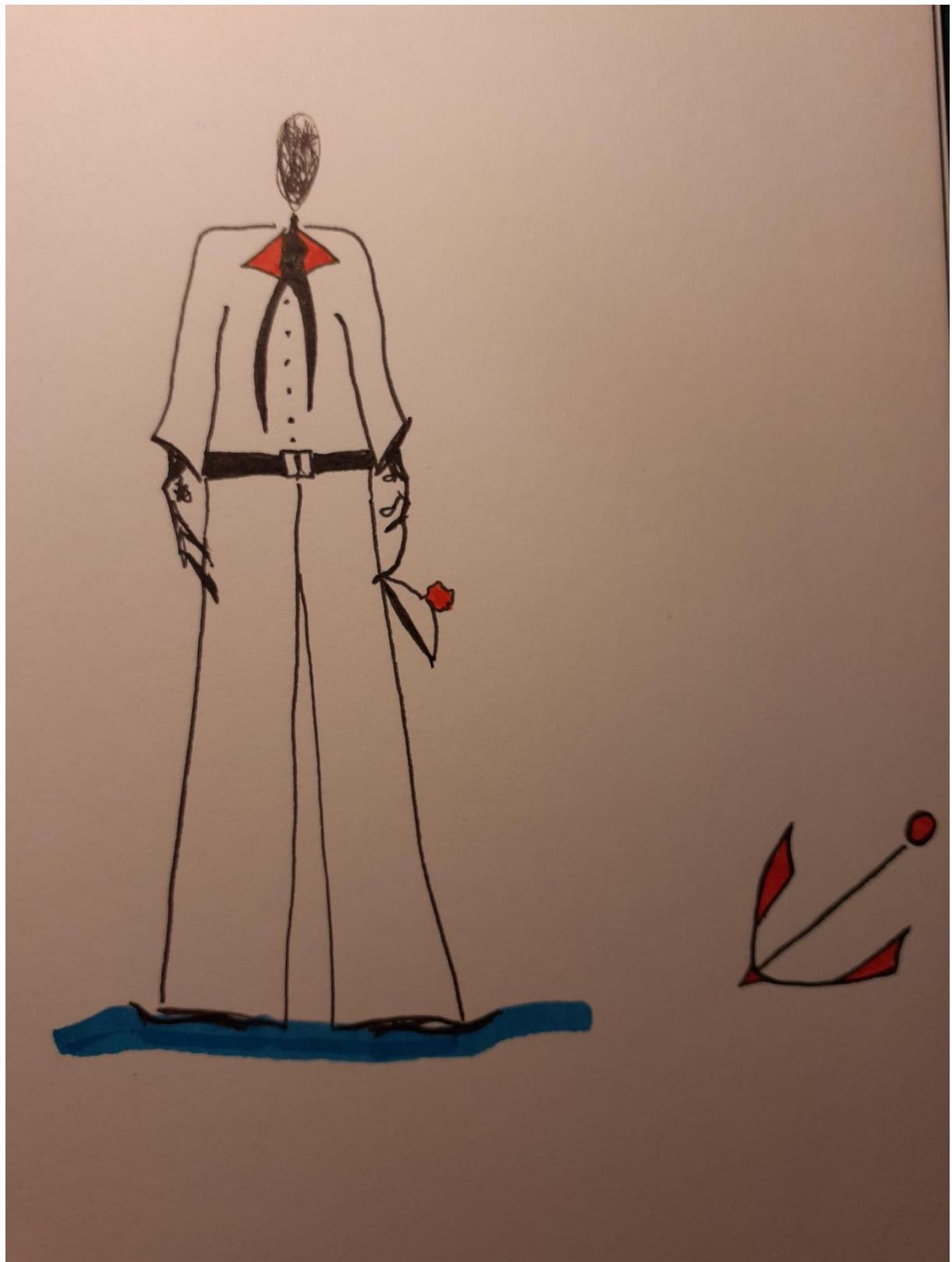
Le « nouveau » Petit Prince...

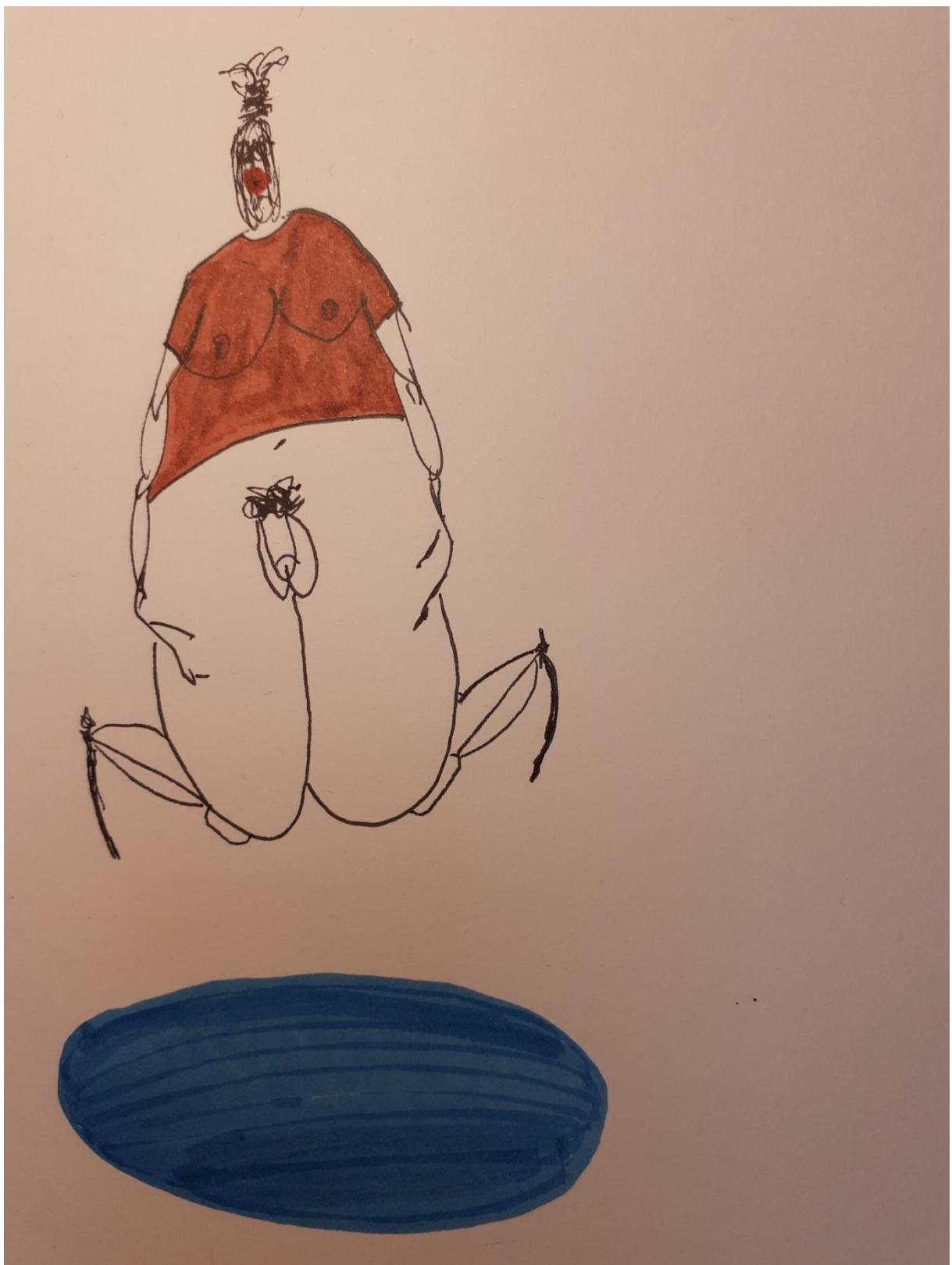


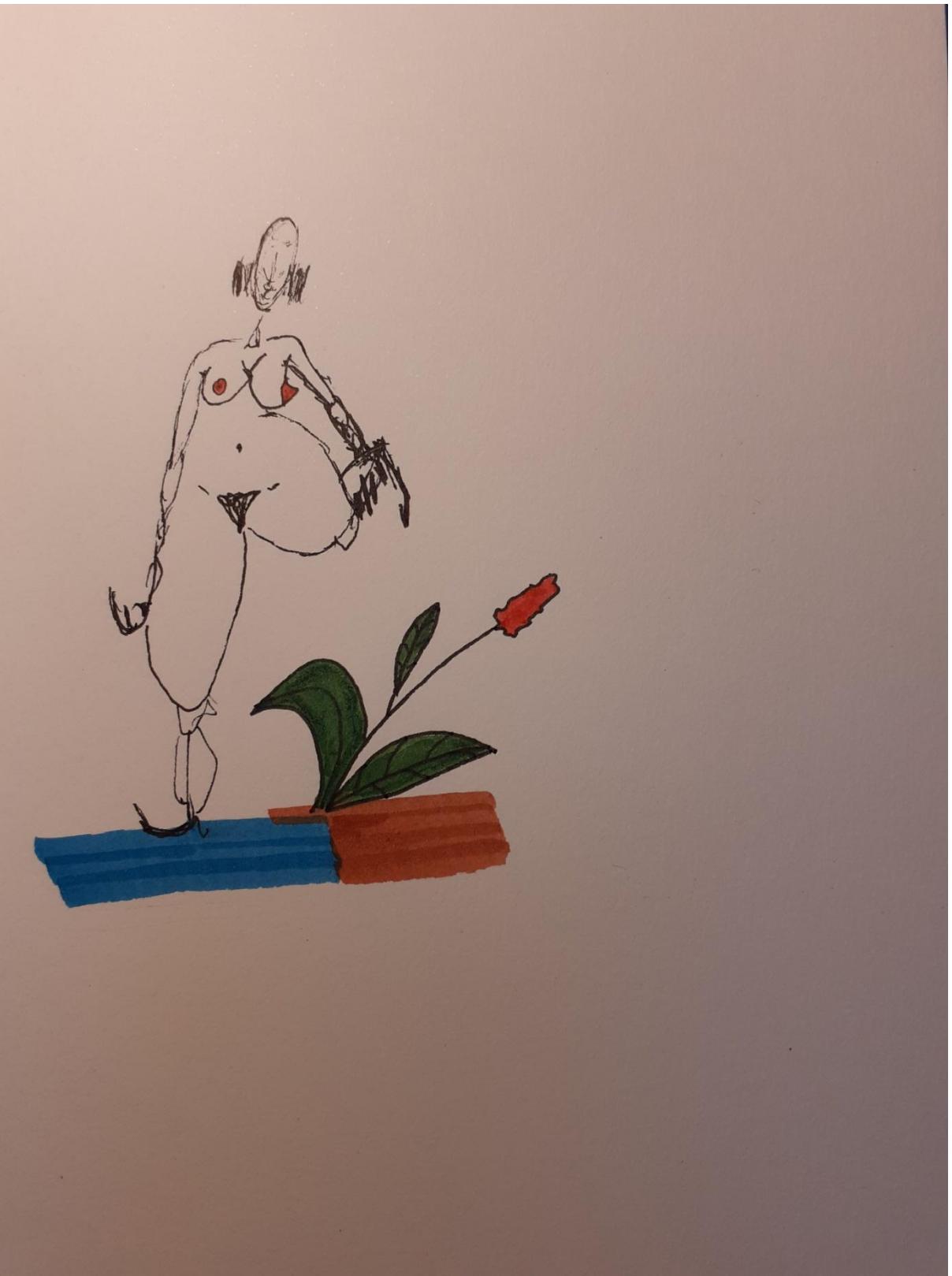
Et sa famille....



Son papa !

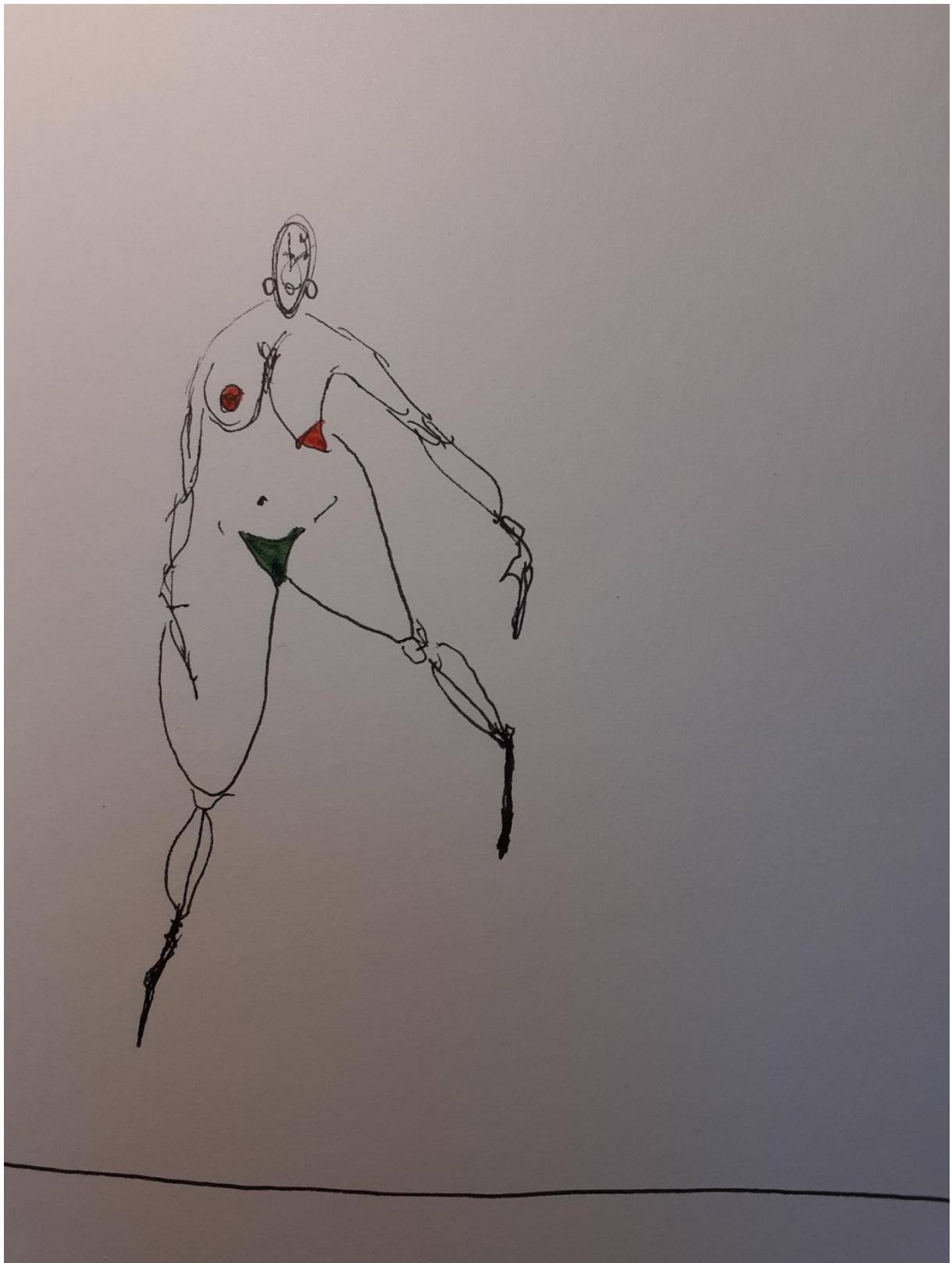


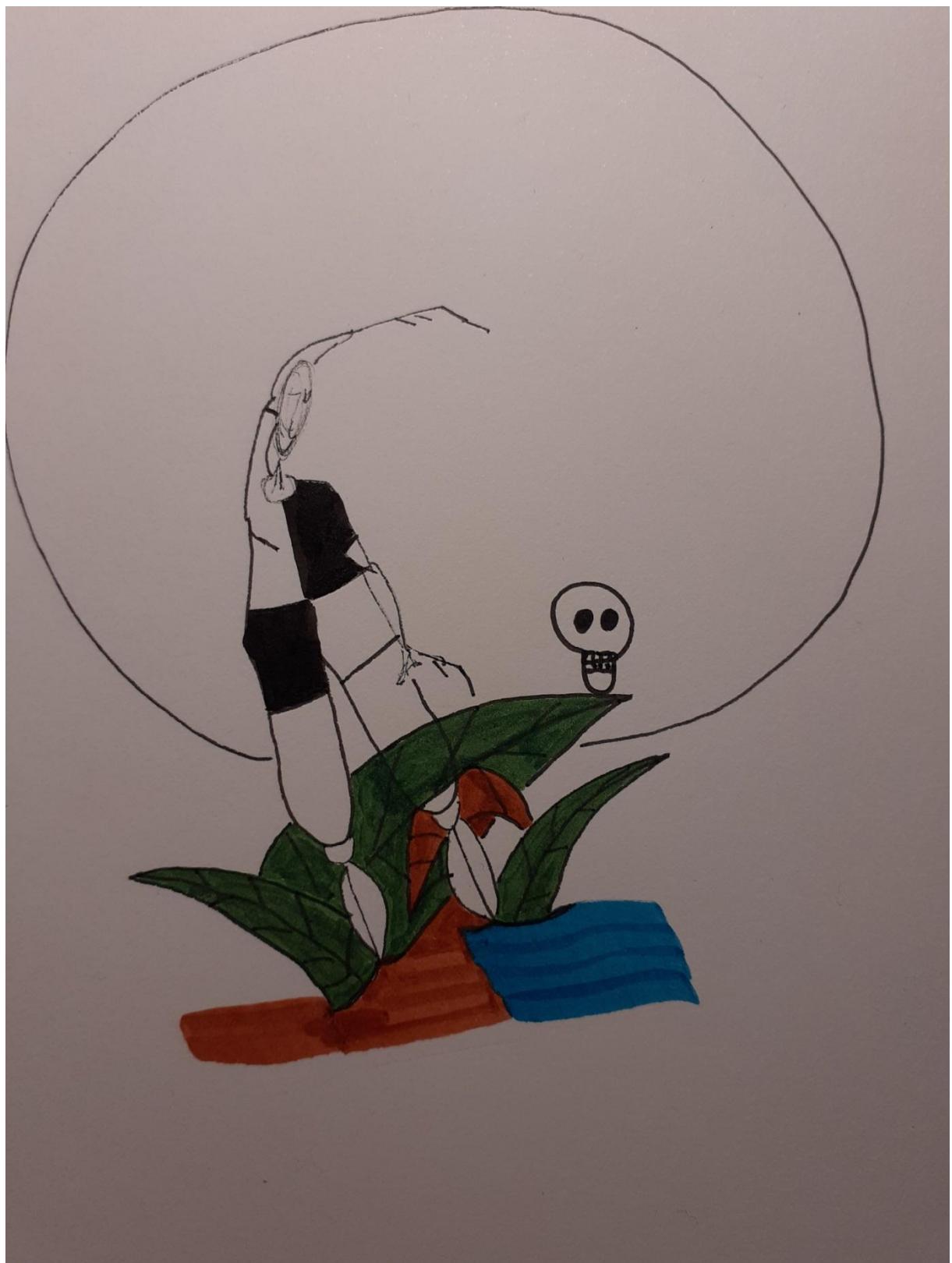




Danseur lunaire vêtu de noir

























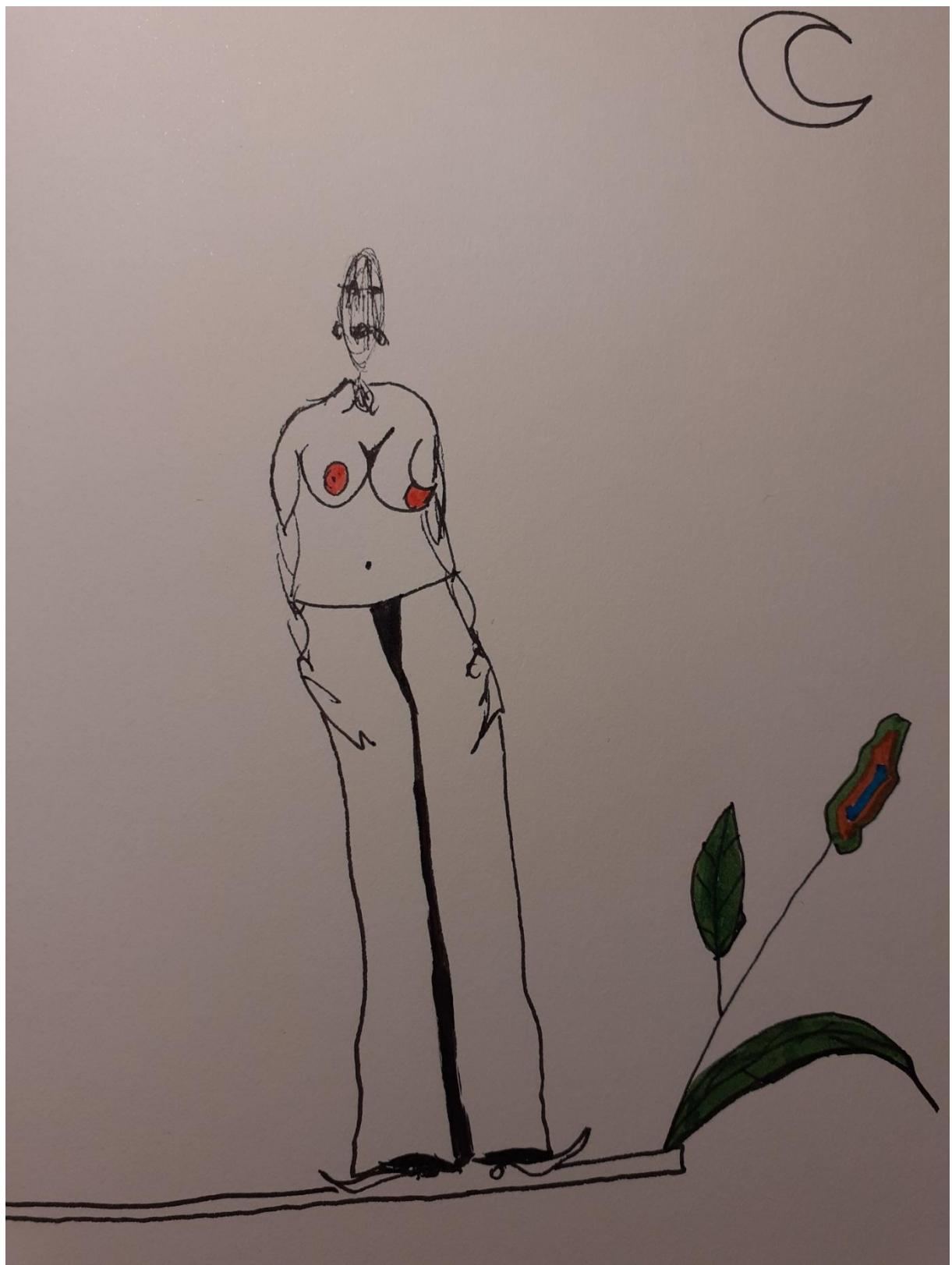


ATE : * Père en Lakota



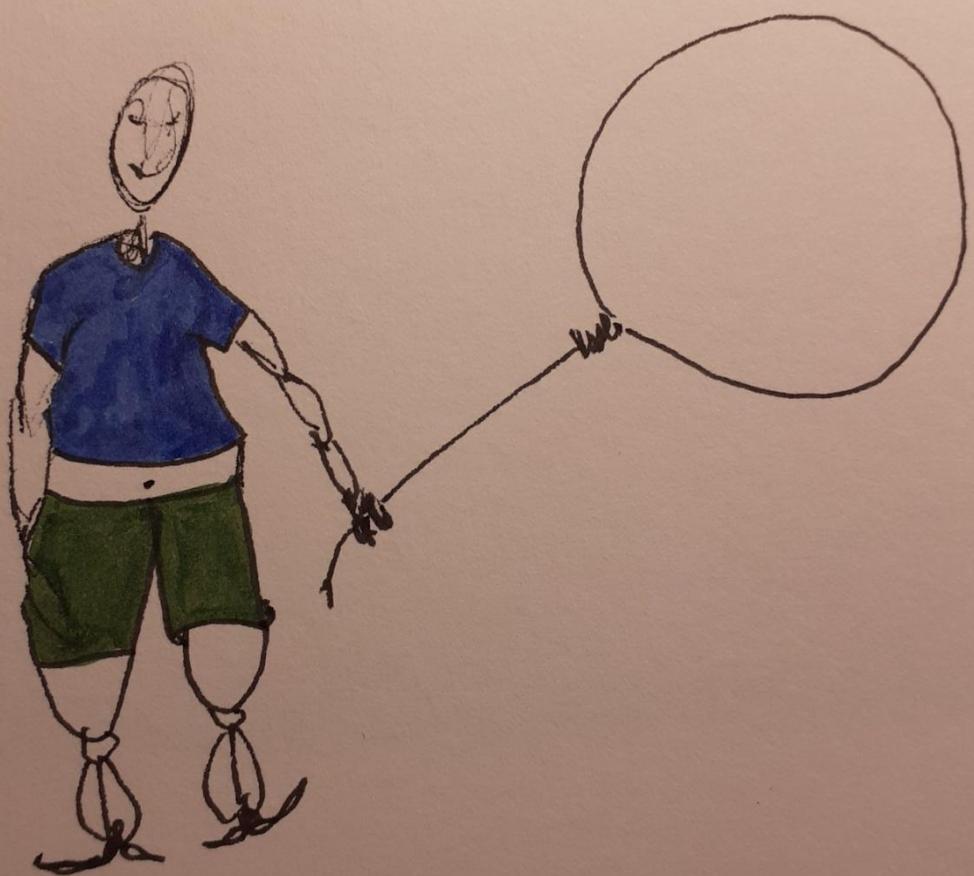


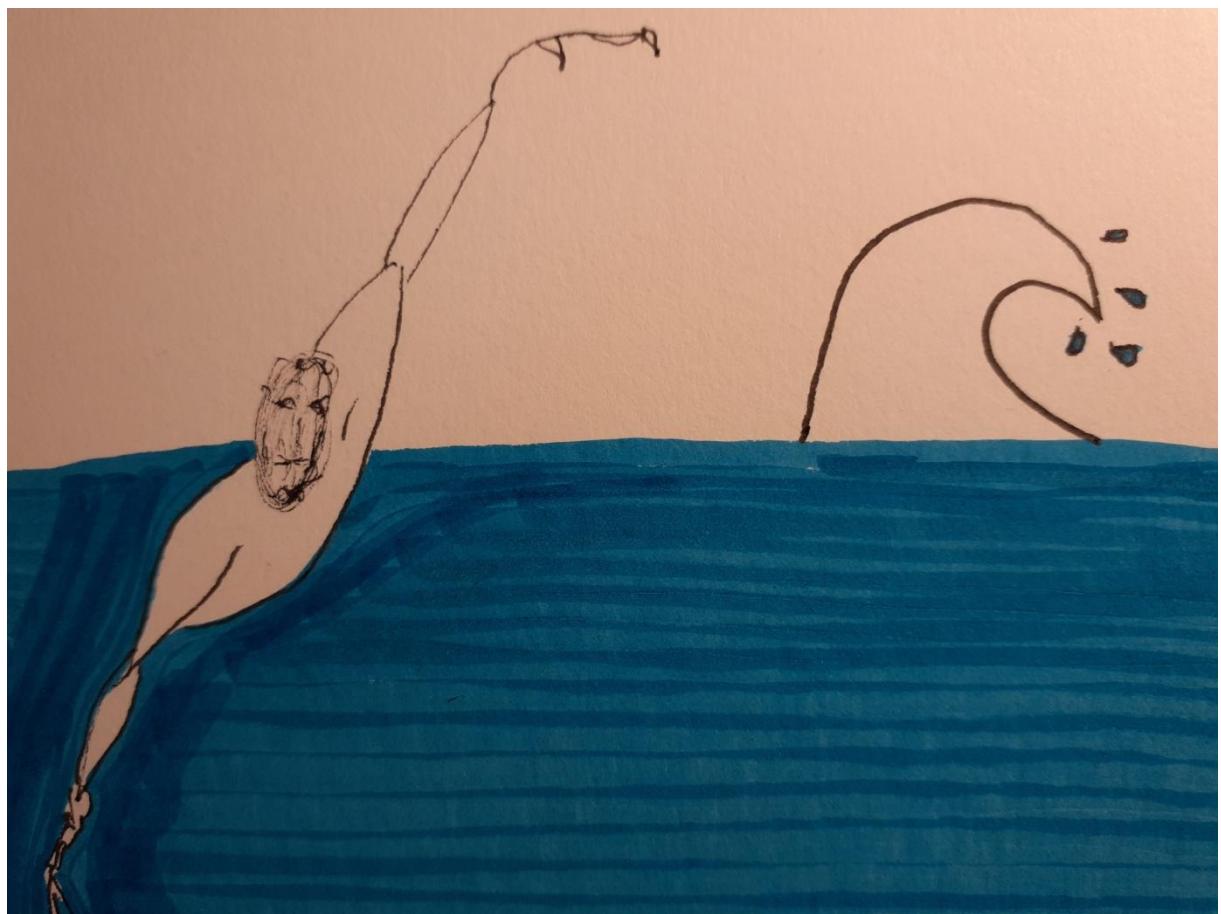
Intermède

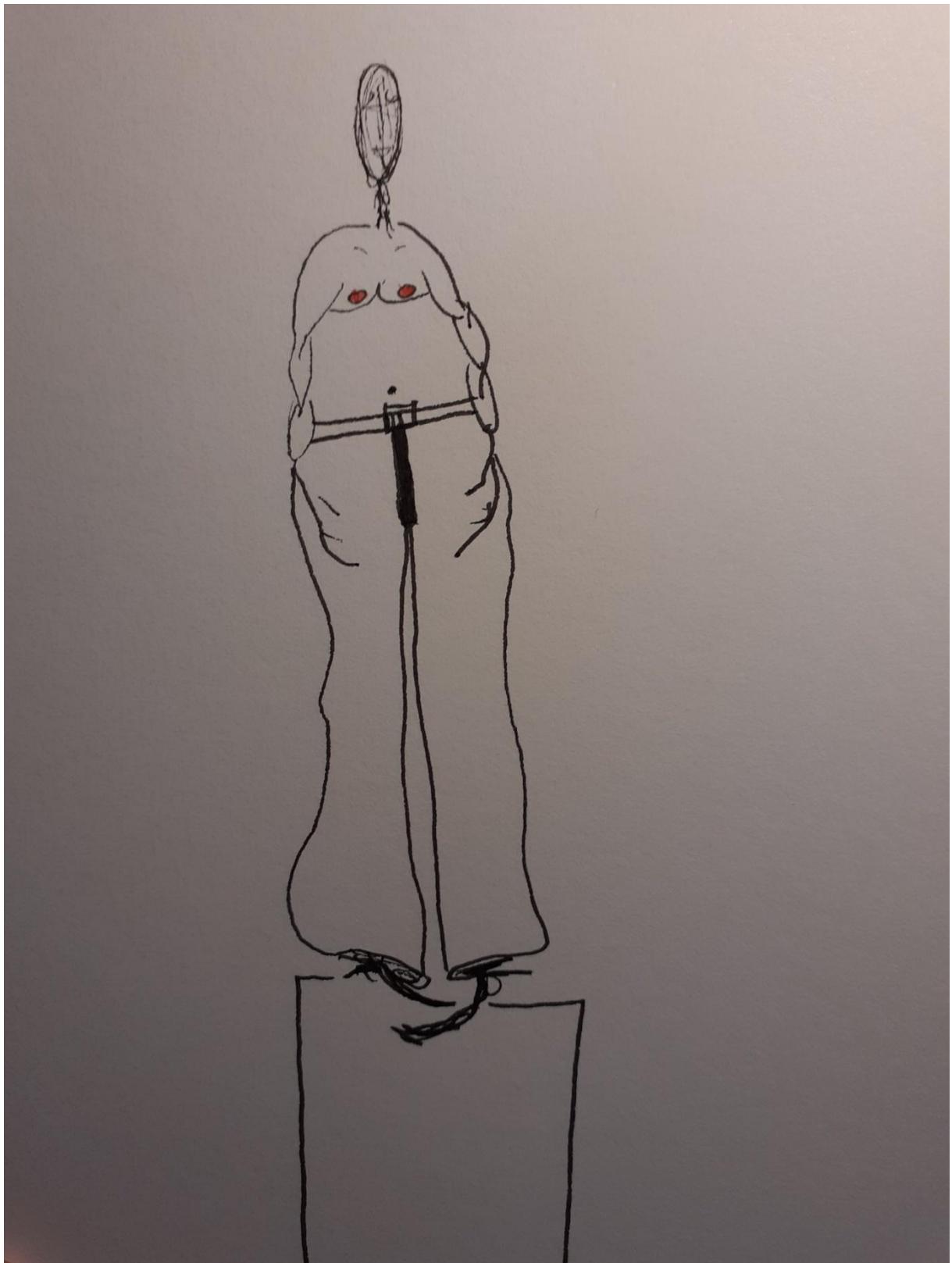












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