

Summer

Where am I
if the sun transforms me
the heat transforms me
the waiting transforms me
the vicinity transforms me
the glance of a passerby transforms me...
I wish, sometimes
to be a light pole
immobile
always equal to itself
sure of its place
immobile
waiting for nothing
remembering nothing
hoping for nothing
static
indifferent
if turned on or
turned off
immobile
dreaming of nothing
thinking of nothing
wanting nothing.
Nevertheless
I am human
up to the nails
to the tips of the hair
I am human
desperate
fool
restless
drunk with joy
unhappy
and happy
waiting for everything
remembering everything
hoping for everything
dreaming of everything
thinking of everything
and wanting everything.