

TONY BÁEZ MILÁN

w r i t e r • f i l m m a k e r

Allez !

by

Tony Báez Milán

To Jean Cocteau

Rise again, *allez !*

The mortal world is barred.

Through pasted-on eyes

we find the other path.

The mortar wall is scarred,

cold against our backs

as the wind gives us a lift

and we fly-float with ease,

by stars, with ease, by gods,

to the surface of a world

that refuses to forget.

Film rolling through

projectors in reverse.

Unexpected, I get this far.
Not allowed in certain places
here I am, with you, by you,
egging the beauty to cut
the beast some slack while
the years wear on and
hardened tears pile up;
the saliva oiling our throats
won't dry up;
the flesh will come undone yet
the voices
won't condone, won't let up;
afraid to speak we shout
and the vortex sucks us in,
the whirlwind spits out dreams,
our thoughts freely they stream.
New waves in old oceans,
old new stuff in the salt
corroding, dissipating,
the deep waters that drown us
those same waters wash us,
the thing again like verse
a thing like death, reversed.

Straight and dried
from the waters we emerge.
I see you stand near me,
convinced I know you
and you know me;
aged like all but
newly awakened,
dinged like all but
freshly minted.
Younger yet than in
years past.
True youth reached me here
at last.

In the light of day
we see the dark; in the dark
of night there is the day.
To reach our own.
They insist—cannot be done.
You and I insist—we go on.
An eye for an eye.
Who are *they*?! What are *they*?!

We push on, past the pit

where no light is ever lit,
past the horse-headed sentinel,
invisible to the men on the motorcycles.
We sneak away, we run away, we plug away.
Our duty calls, *monsieur*.
Won't reconcile, indocile.
Loose in the world,
to disobey.