



airde**tranny**



# Grosse balade Stella Kerdraon

They had been walking for such a long time they couldn't feel anything anymore. Not the tiredness of their minds, nor the painful arching of their backs, of their knees.

Even their oddly curved feet — embedded in the sole of their high-heeled slippers by the countless days of rambling — couldn't slow them down.

## SPIKY CLAVICLES

It had to be buried.

The question. The touch. The smile. The wings. The crutch. Whatever shape it took in each and every one of their minds, it had to be buried.

One would occasionally forget their shared goal, and had to be reminded not to befriend the eerie silhouette, whether she would offer her some more lip gloss, a bump or landlord-fighting advice.

## CLAWS THAT LEFT PAW SHAPED STITCHES ON OUR THIGHS, BUTTS AND FOREHEADS

No one could, in actual fact, remember who started walking first. Who had found the parchment in the breach of a concrete wall, read it out loud and picked the others on the way. It didn't really matter.

## INFINITE LEGS SKINNED BY THE REPEATED FONDLING OF HONED NAILS HUNG FROM PUNY FINGERS

The exhaustion was part of the deal. As were the hind's hair woven ropes tying them altogether, linking their ankles to the ghost they were dragging.

It had all happened very smoothly, the killing prior to the burial. They had lined up one after the other in a slightly scoliotic line. Taken their sunglasses off, side-eyed the sun, the winds and the stars witnessing the indictment. Stated their respective sentences.

## SHAKING SCAPULA NESTS, SHARP DORSALS EXCRETING FROM THE DORM'S WALLS

One donnish chronicler could say all they had been looking for this whole time was a house. An empty block behind four fences, shadows of stray cats warming up near the chimney, climbing up the legs of a fiancée's ghost.

The murder was just an excuse, so was the spurious investigation. Several cats, verily. The unabridged pussy assembly.

## VELVET HEADBOARDS, DIMMED BROAD SHOULDERS EMBRACING THE MATTRESS' WAIST

The hunt for a sepulcher took a weird turn. Since the beginning it had been unclear. Were they chasing a peaceful repository, were they being chased from one, were they, bluntly, *chased*?

Were they running from the framed-welling they had built with words? Exactly, how palpable, how substantive, how real was this corpse?

## VAULTED CHEEKBONES, CREAKING EYELIDS, GATE-LIKED GROOVED LIPS TO EXHUME FORETELLINGS IN A DEEP VOICE

Not a word had been pronounced since the ruling. All that could be heard was the panting when a hill got too steep, followed by the unavoidable laughter customary to any hardship. And the sound of ropes squeaking against the ground. Sometimes a bet. A wish. "I hope she's a lesbian".

One suddenly suggested interrupting the procession. To lighten the weight. To take a step back and consider the sisyphian chassis they were carrying in their rattling scaffolding. To smoke a fag, have a look around.

## SISSIES MOLDINGS. SWEET SPECTER ON QUAKING FOUNDATIONS. LET US MAKE YOU. LET US BREAK YOU

Let us break you, they whispered.

And in that whisper all their deads, their love and their hopes, their acrid realism, it was all pouring like tears all the tears they could cry in one procession, all the tears but not enough to entirely drown their tombs, to entirely drown the streets of their ineffable airiness.

Not enough to disappear.

## AIR DE PARIS

Mona Filleul feat.  
Thilda Bourqui,  
Ix Dartayre,  
Miss Chakchouka,  
Nuria Mokhtar,  
Rafael Moreno

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