

A thousand paths

Welcome
Welcome
Welcome
Into the cobalt blue of my eye
Come into my mouth
I spit
Precious gems
In the soup
For your pleasure
And stories
Sorry if I say them out of order
The history of disorder
And its thousand kinds of blue

There's a history
A history of art
A history of blue art
Blue Black
There's a history that begins
When a Black man
Lines up a collection of snowballs
On a sidewalk
This is just one of the histories
But there are a lot more
Obviously
There are stories about places
Hiding places
A thousand paths
A thousand routes
Beneath the ocean

In the thickness of ghosts
We make our camp
Our garden
In the blue flesh
Of old dying masters
We've planted flowers
And you follow the roots
There are entire worlds
If you see what I mean

If you look in the mirror
Of my teeth
If you look in my mouth
You'll see
Phantom places of this one
Old car shops
Old furniture stores
Old Chinese warehouses
Welcome
Welcome
Welcome
Inside

This is how we begin our history
Which never stops beginning
And beginning again
And being interrupted
Dispersed
Repeated
And sold
And begun again
You've already seen it but maybe not
You've already heard it
But not exactly
The history sounded a little different
With you playing the good guy
With you playing the magnificent king
Covered with pearls of sweat and chains
Standing, in the dignity of your flesh
Blue black

Do you want my portrait?

Do you even recognize me?

Bastard blue, black
Oxygen is red
Inside me
When I run without stopping
Can I stop
Can I get out
Of this image
Can I breathe
Can I?

Can I
Lie down for a moment in this garden
That was
Before
A cold factory
You know
A warehouse
A store
Full of traces
Of ghosts
Who made cars
On assembly lines
Who infinitely repeated
Lost
Gestures
Dances
Music
But who in the paint
The air-conditioning
The batteries
The engine piston
The oil
The fabric for seat covers
In all the matters
Of cars
Survived

And so the Canadian driver
Drives without knowing about it
With all these stories in tow
Black, blue, red
That he transports
With his family
Without knowing it
And we too
We walk
With him
On stories imprisoned
In the concrete
Fossil voices
Which are freed
Beneath our feet
Can you hear them?

Can I lie down for a moment
In this cool garden
Which before was
A furniture store
With armchairs
In a story about the living room
About the bedroom
About the kitchen
About the cellar
A story about a hand on a mouth
And the Black head that turns
Blue in profile
Because it's the night falling
On a face that doesn't exist
So a story about a hand on a mouth
And the Black head that turns
And aluminum teeth that bite the hand
And the mouth says
Can I breathe?
Now?

Do you want my portrait
Really?

Metal flows through my veins
And changes color
Like a hot liquid
Inside you
I can come
I'm at your disposition
I left my legs
I left my legs on the shore
My shoes
And my teeth
My fingerprints
I left everything
I'm at your disposition

You want my portrait?
Like a burning snake out of the oven
A blue snake that survived the ocean
I tore the white out of the flag
Come into my garden
Come into my palace of sweat
Come into my mouth
I'll be your acid sugar
You'll see images
Fugitive and footless
I'll be your speaking object
I'll be your de-speaking object
I'll put hallucinations
On your eyelids
A liquid fire
If you want

Welcome
Welcome
Above
Welcome
Into my oxygen-swollen cells
Your hot hands
Placed on my red lungs
Thrill me
Can I breathe
Now?

Inside the fire
I've made my garden
With calcified trees
With black soil
I made my face
Because our history has no face
Our history endlessly restarts
And creates a new face
A new body
Always sharper
Do you recognize me?
Momma!
I'm back from the other side
Walking on the bottom of the ocean
I tore the white out of the flag
With ocean blue
King blue
Indigo blue
Cobalt blue
I made my tongue
I left my hands on the shore
You can take them
I put my face against the ground
And that's how I breathe
Like that
As if it were nothing
Can I breathe?
Is there enough air
Under this cop's knee?
That's the question

Do you even recognize me?

My thousand hairs
My thousand chests
My thousand kinds of blue
I'm the *enfant terrible*
Welcome the monster home
Momma!
Welcome me
Papa !
Welcome me
Do you recognize me?
Welcome the slightly lighter blue bastard
Trash bag blue
Welcome the red sister
The red woman
The red mother
Do you recognize her?
I'm the black and blue history
That sweats in the garden
Even at night
When it snows
I'm the history of bad blood

In the waves and in the cries
In the signals and the cracklings
In the electronic moans
In the ragged breathing
Of pleasure and pain
Do you recognize my voice?
I'm the blood covered child
Welcome the monster without a country
Who tore the white out of blue eyes
I taste the red air
Charged with oxygen
At last
I'm living-dead and living
So what's the color
Of my breath?

Welcome

**A text performed by Olivier Marboeuf
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