

IGOR MOURET

The soul sees.

What the seashells told me.



Poèmes

'Love is like a light rain that falls gently but causes rivers to overflow.'
African proverb.

My poems are born from moments when life is more intense and its movement finds words to express itself. They are also born from darkness, where light waits for its moment.

Happy reading,

The quiet path

There is a pace that opens up spaces,
Within oneself.
It is right because it is pure.
It embraces what is happening.

Like the virgin bride,
It gives at every moment,
The best of itself.
This pace brings together,
This pace magnifies.
It is not a question of slowness or speed,
It is a question of rightness.
It moves away from haste,
That tasteless impasse.

I watch the sun rise,
It is the luminous spouse of the fertile night.
It rises in the sky,
Second after second,
Awakening my soul to taste life.

« The soul sees. »

The childhood of art

In the crackling of a torch,
A hand runs over the rough wall,
Leaving in its wake,
A velvet line.

It is the tail of a horse,
Flying over the belly of the Earth,
It is the horn of a cow,
Capturing the song of the stars.

The artist's spirit has taken refuge in this line.
It tells what he was able to perceive,
Of this two-sided world:
One rough,
And the other velvety.

The coming and going of the air

The air is there, all around.
It waits for me to welcome it,
Into my inner forest.

Breathing is the desire,
To taste life or to come to it.
In a word, it is saying yes to it.

And when the air goes away,
There are ideas that leave us.
And that's fine.
They will live elsewhere,
Leaving us free and at peace.

Living water

I watch the river flow and I see,
Pebbles and sand, the gold of poets.
Water that sparkles and sings.
And there, in their nakedness,
Heavy, weighty rocks.
They shine like the cross of Christ.
They traverse the ages,
Eternally questioning,
The pilgrim on his journey;
And who feels, in their heaviness,
The living water of the divine.

Finding oneself

Feeling like a woman for a moment,
Temple of life.
Silence and speech incarnate,
The clear melody of creation,
Playing the chords that make each one,
Unique and wonderful.

She finds herself,
Breathing in the scents of the world.

Life limping along

Head down,
Eye alert.
Continuous vibrations,
That make my heart beat.

Learning to live limping,
Stirring laughter and dust,
On the path.
When perfection,
Is a painful mirage.

The pavements of cities,
Are not hard enough,
For the magnificent flower,
To bloom.

I drank infamous alcohols,
Which turned my youth,
Into a crazy and chaotic dance.

The vapours did not withstand,
The winds of life,
And the dust,
Always ends up falling.
The air that was left to me,
Was all the purer for it.

Rebirth

Rebirth is shedding tired skin,
And placing trust,
Deep within one's being.

Rebirth is creating a new being,
In the depths of thought.

It is dying with a smile,
Of one who knows,
That death is a passage,
A flight.

What is there?

A stone parapet, near a church.
A road crossing a village,
The heat of midsummer,
And the sounds of life at its midpoint,
Concentrated, collected,
On this question:

"What is there in the hollow of silence,
What is there in the hollow of our bodies?"

The flight of thought

Thought is a bird,
Flying in the sky.
Guided by the light,
The ground is its compass.

But tell me,
Are you really flying in the sky,
Or are you in a cage?
If there are bars,
Cry out! I will hear you.
The bars of fear,
Of separation and oblivion,
I will break them!

For I love to feel your feathers on my conscience,
And to hear the free song of your flight.

« What the seashells told me. »

Vision

Winter sea,
Black plain,
Under the starry sky.

You send your waves,
On the beach, where I listen to you,
As night falls.

Lucky charm

I have a lucky charm in my pocket,
So small that I forget it's there.

Every day, it cries out to me!
I'm here! Can you see me?
Then one day, emptying my pockets,
I found it.

Denouement

A chance!
The chance to be alive.
Matter within matter,
Animated by the cosmos.
And imbued with God.

The crazy pressure of my mind,
Sows my life.

A flood of dreams,
A deluge of thoughts,
Pass through my heart,
Like the tireless waves of the sea.

Exhausting my resistance,
Patiently leading me to surrender,
To the expression of life.

Ballad

Joy and sadness go,
Hand in hand.
One, a deep pearl,
The other, a spark of life,
Exchange their tears,
To laugh about them.

Unvarnished

At the heart of silence is a song,
At the heart of hunger, a feast.
At the heart of oblivion, memory,
And at the heart of isolation, a presence.
At the heart of the mask, a soul,

And at the heart of the shadow, light lives.

Beautiful

It is beautiful,

Like a beating heart.
Like a shadow seeking light,
Like a cry, finally heard,
Like a sign, dusted off by a woman.

Like the angel, nestled on your shoulder,
And like wisdom, finally recognised.
Like the storm, unleashed,
Like the fairy, whispering her words,
Like the car that smiles at you.

Like a bridge spanning hell,
Like a smile, desired, hoped for, then given,
And like the breath that makes my soul vibrate.

She says

From her to me, life speaks...

Through its forms, it speaks of its momentum.

Through its colours, it speaks of its strength.

Through its shadows, its restraint.

Through light, it speaks of its joy.

Through its nuances, its intelligence.

Through its curves, it expresses its gentleness.

Through its straight lines, it expresses its urgency.

Through its solids, it tells its story.

Through its voids, it expresses what could be.

And to accomplish its work,

It becomes breath.

Momentum

The whirlwinds of the wind,
Swell the back of the sea.
Rubbing, combing, with these strokes,
Launched at full lung capacity.

It prepares to unite,
With the howling sky,
Crying out together,
Their unity regained.

The wedding

The blessed day,
When soul and body meet,
The angels and guides are there.

Happy to celebrate the wedding,
And protect the miracle of life.

Gaze

I watch you act,
From your hands come caresses,
Grips, impulses.
From your hands come works,
That you offer to your soul.

Gestures that heal,
Gestures to say,
How great and beautiful life can be,
When you feel the gaze of love,
Resting on you, contemplating who you are.

In these moments, you feel blossoming,
In the depths of your being,
The passion to live,
The passion to create,
The passion to love.

The child needs,
This gaze to grow.
The child is in each of us.