

Gilles Ansiaux

« Elements »

Burned houses, Ashes of tenderness, slips with the water
and left with the strange feeling of a never returning past.

Dogs getting crazy with the smell and the sound.

Trees shouting out, begging for his roots to be strong.

Anyway it will be soon over.

Peter flipped a coin.

Tails!!!

He lives.

Storms, rain, waves and fire couldn't get rid of him.

He's only feeling was sadness.

Happiness to be alive! But sadness.

Completely empty .

As if what he saw was essential and makes him feel like part of the world.

An essential gear in nature's mechanical.

His strength came from the waves.

His sadness from the rain.

Happiness from the sun.

He loved even with storm which could leave him breathtaken seeking around for some rest.

It made sense now, nature is screaming.

"Selfdestruction" in his eyes.

No therapie was needed, only love.

Love of Humanity!

« Dissonance »

No WAY!

Errancy was a word Tracy couldn't feel anymore.

She swings over and over again.

Her dreams were jeopardized

by the unfinished amount of reality served on unhappy mirrors.

Indeed she tried to frame those by make up and stands, friends and fake laughs.

The trick worked but swore hollow into her heart.

Everybody knew, Everybody played, Everybody quits...

Quits what meant to be true and faithful to her own desires.

She pleased and the more she pleased the more she wanted to please.

Pleased by slaverie.

Tightened by some invisible ropes which gathered all of them.

She prayed for freedom and hoped for a path.

The right path that leads her to herself to her confidence and selfworth.

« Life and death of fallen stars »

Abandoned in the arms of a so called beloved stranger.
Hustling some feelings for a flat to rent.
Lucy would have loved to study further.
But life chose for her...
She became addicted !
Addicted to numbers under mattresses,
Smoking papers after charmless gunshots.
And wounds...
Wounds that will never heal...
Heads up she crossed life but crippled in her heart she faced time.
Her age is her strength, her beauty her shield.
She thinks she could hide that way forever.
Unfortunately mirrors answers badly to tickening clocks.
Anyway, for now everything's alright.
Independant and quiet proud of it.
Somehow something's missing.
A presence, a ghost, a nobody that could fill her heart with pur and eternal love.
Love that she never met and will never meet.
Love that vanished in the young ages.
Love that she would exchange with all the sugardaddies she shad known.
Love... of a fallen star !