JULIAN BESSET

ZONATIONS

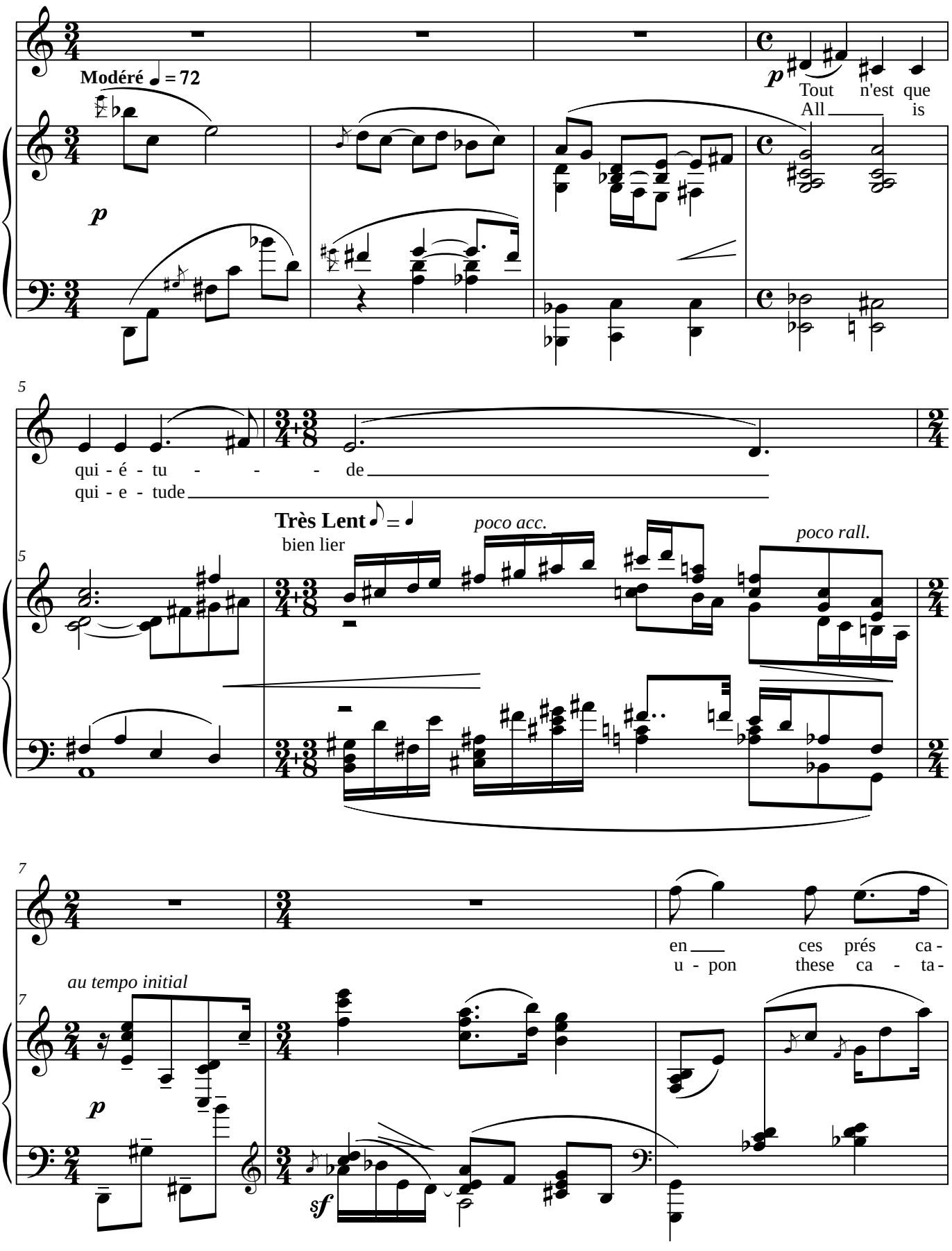
(Ombres Portées & Embrasements/

Shadows Pointing & Conflagrations)

Pour Baryton ou Contralto et Piano

BX, 2006 & 2012

Le Trou d'Eau/The Morass



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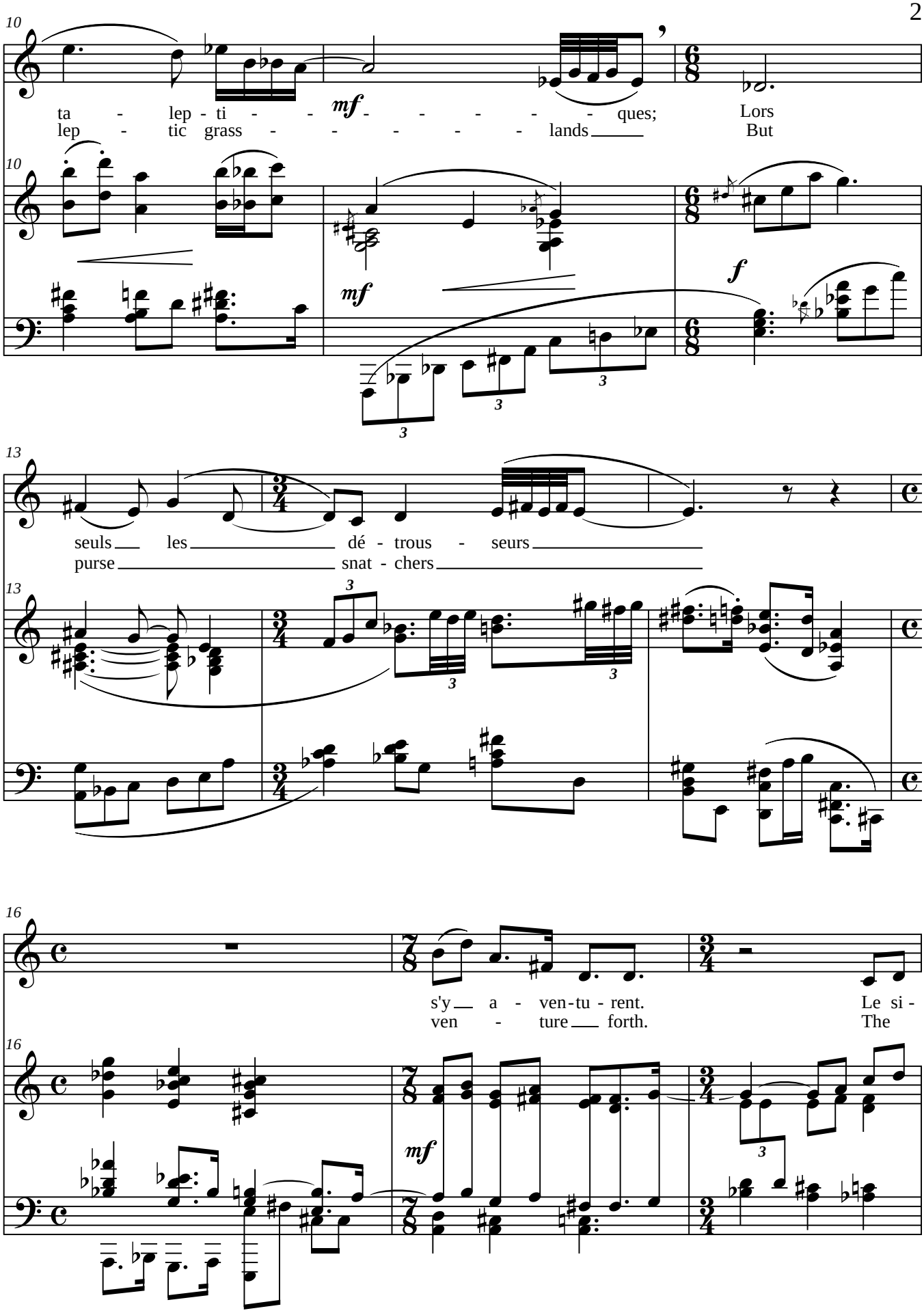

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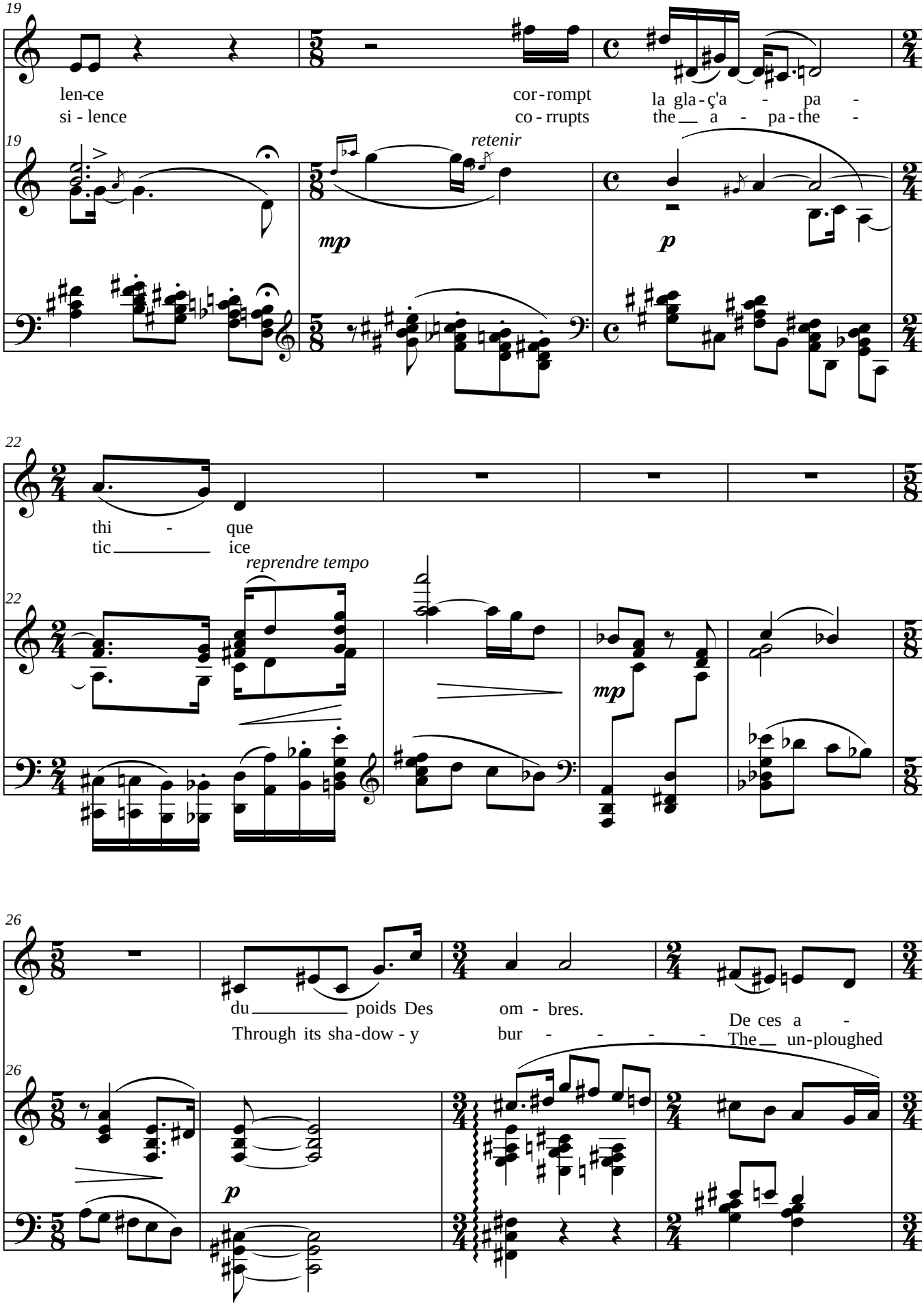

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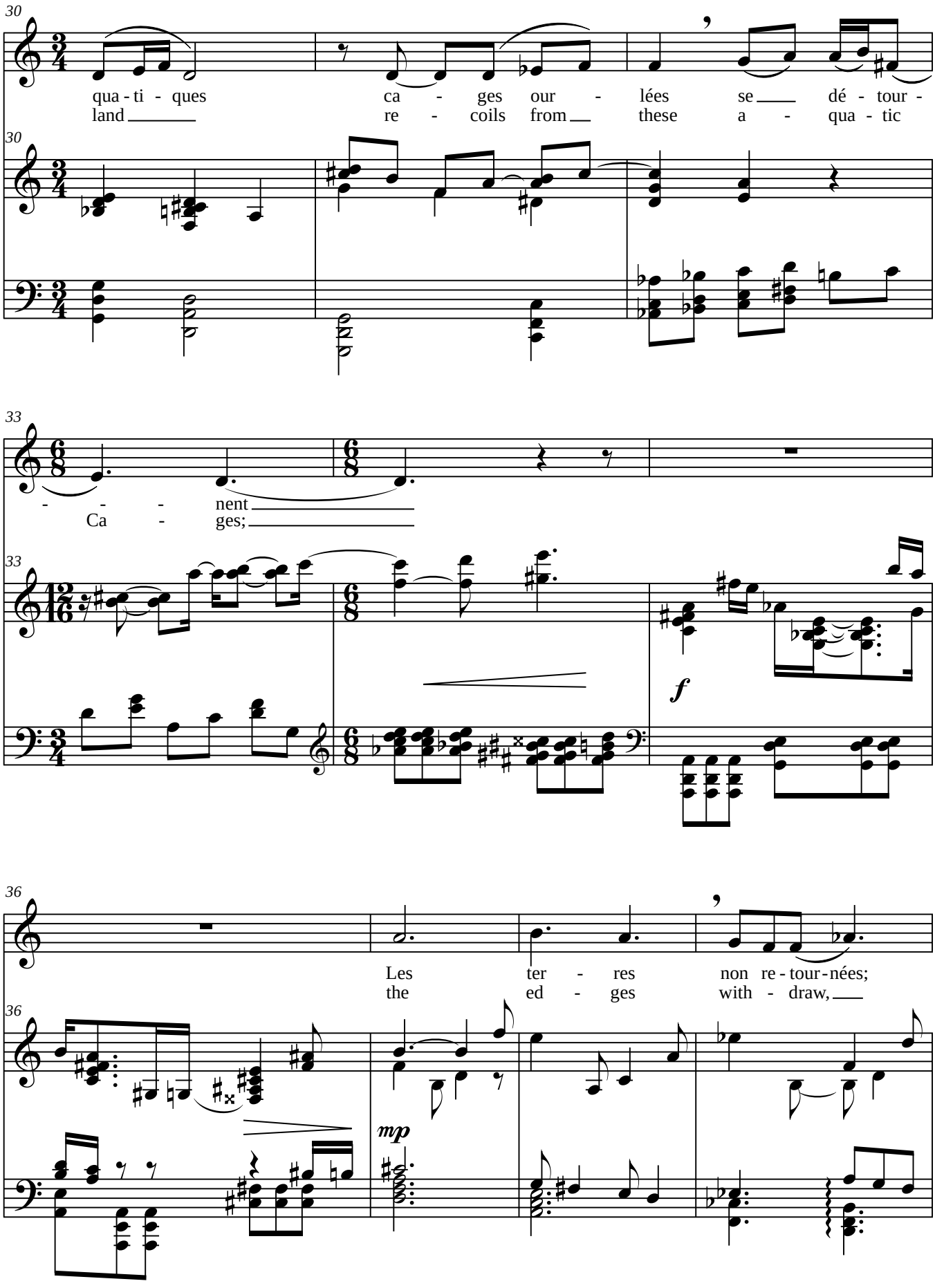

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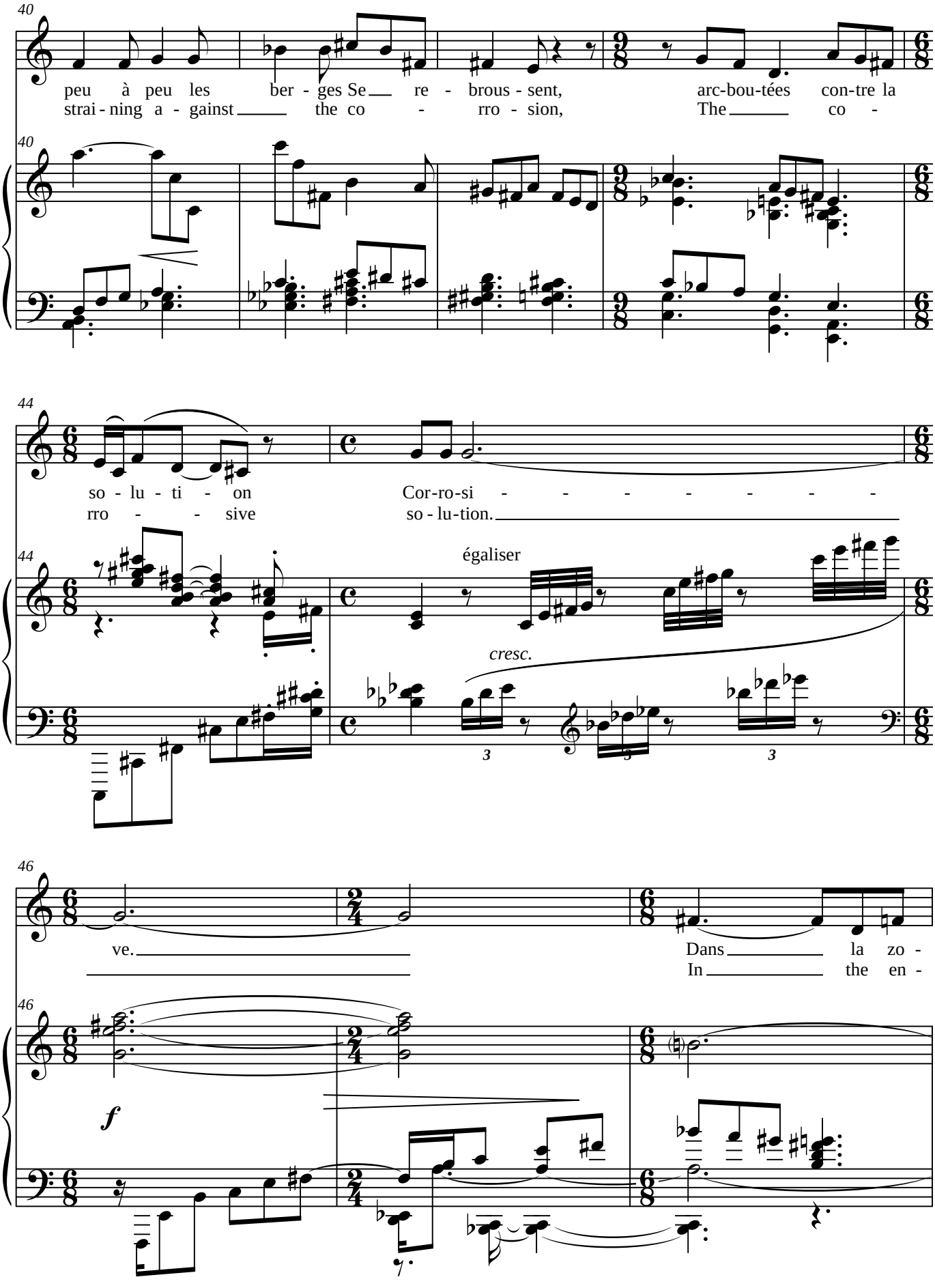

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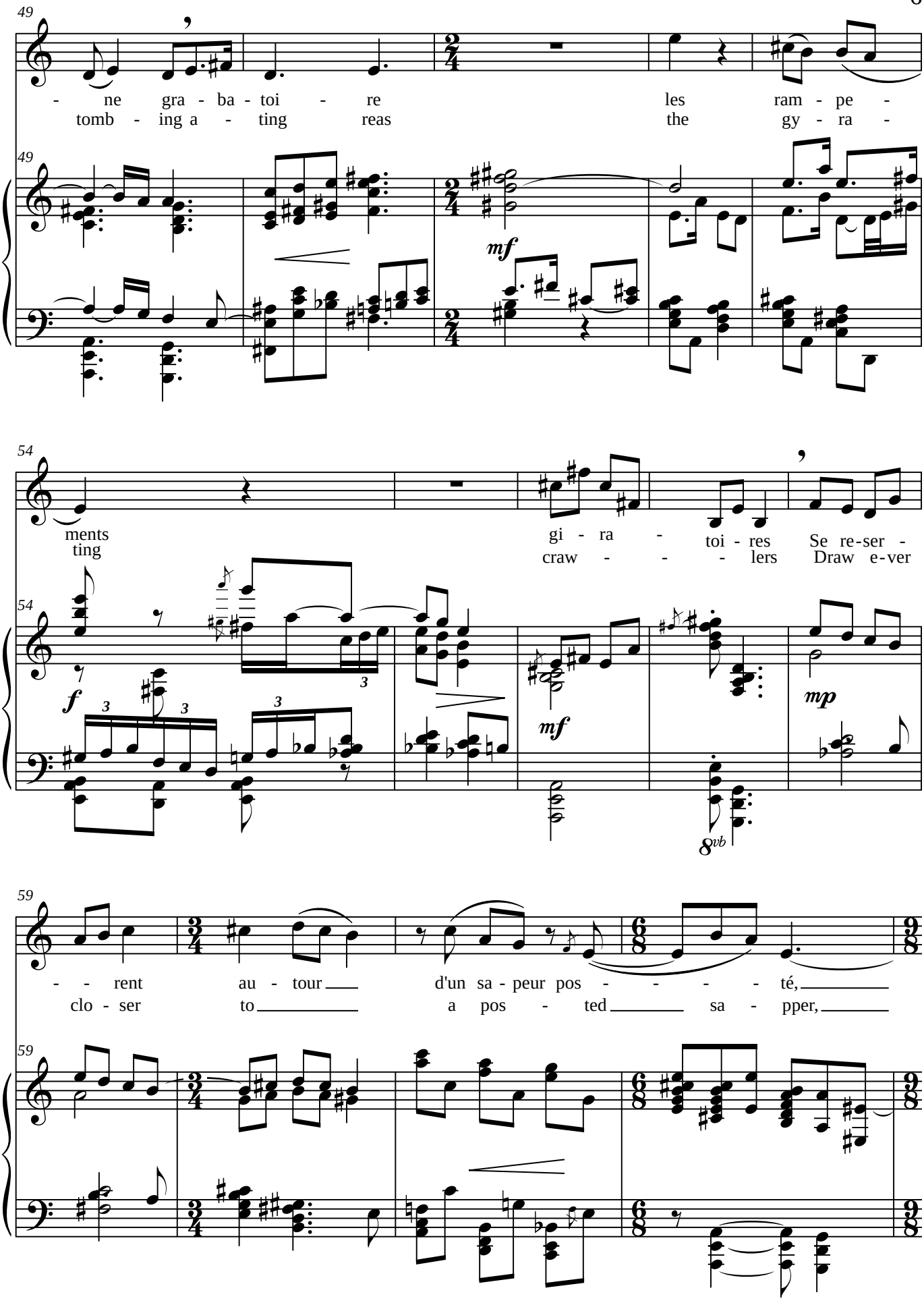

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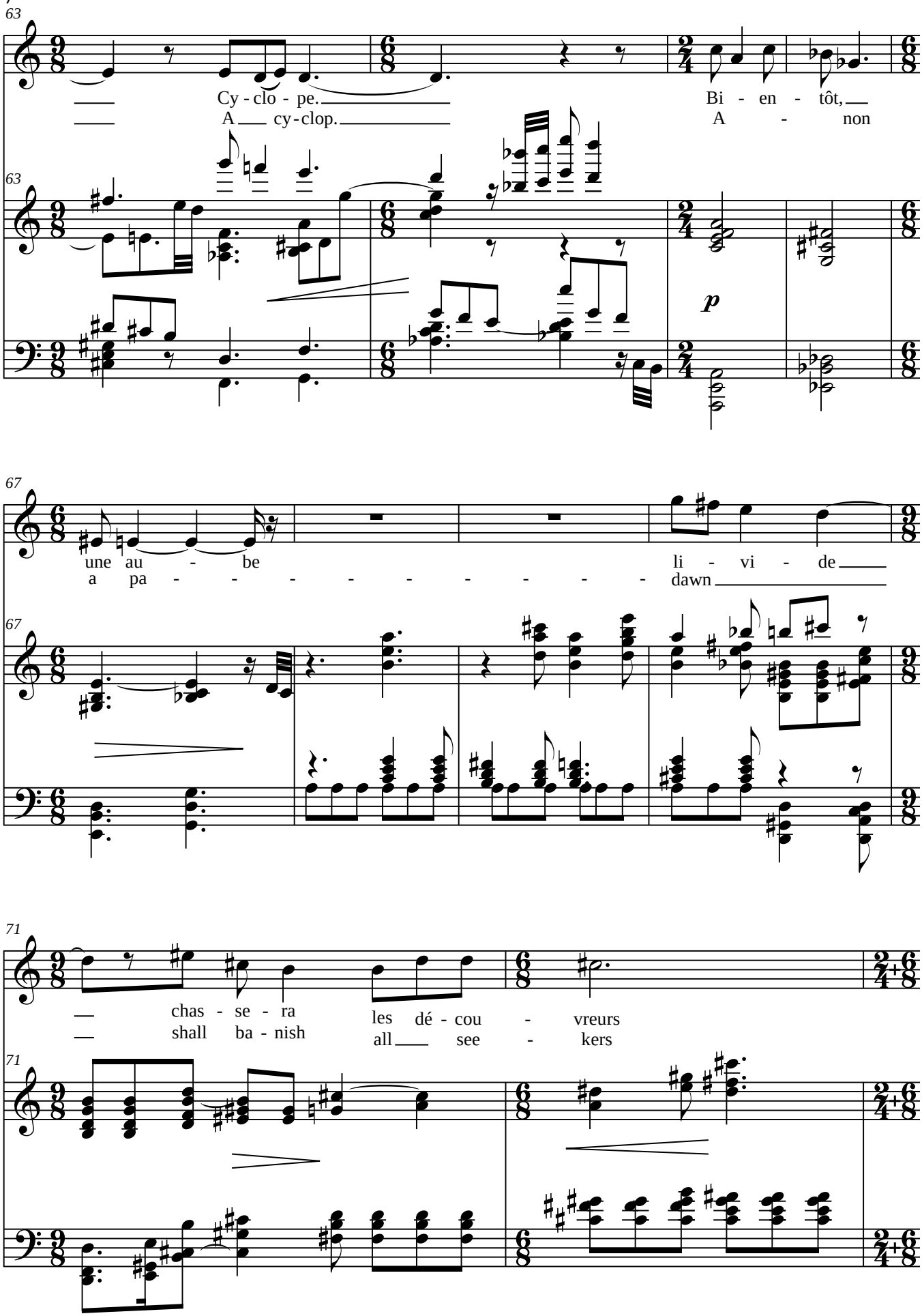

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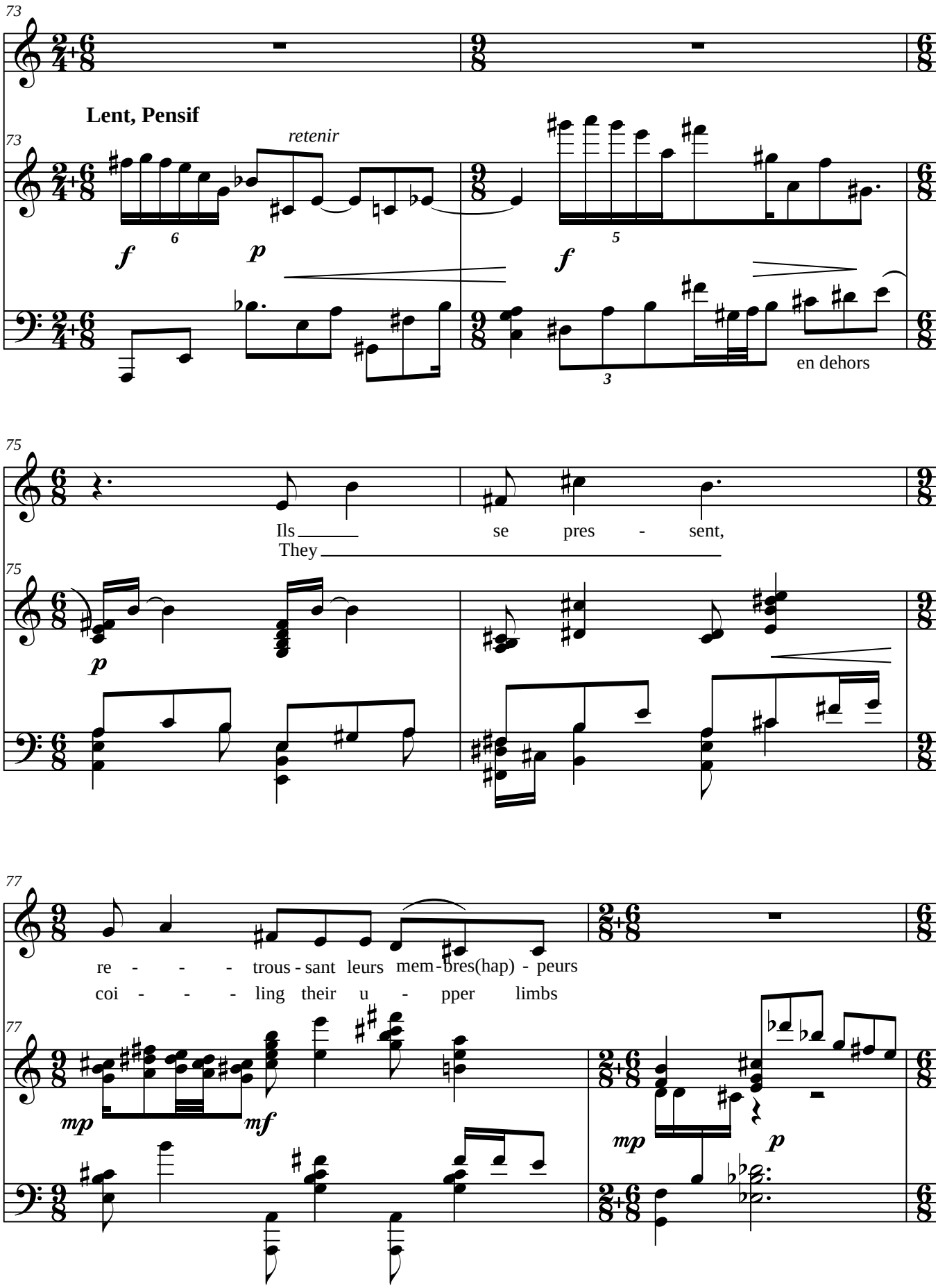

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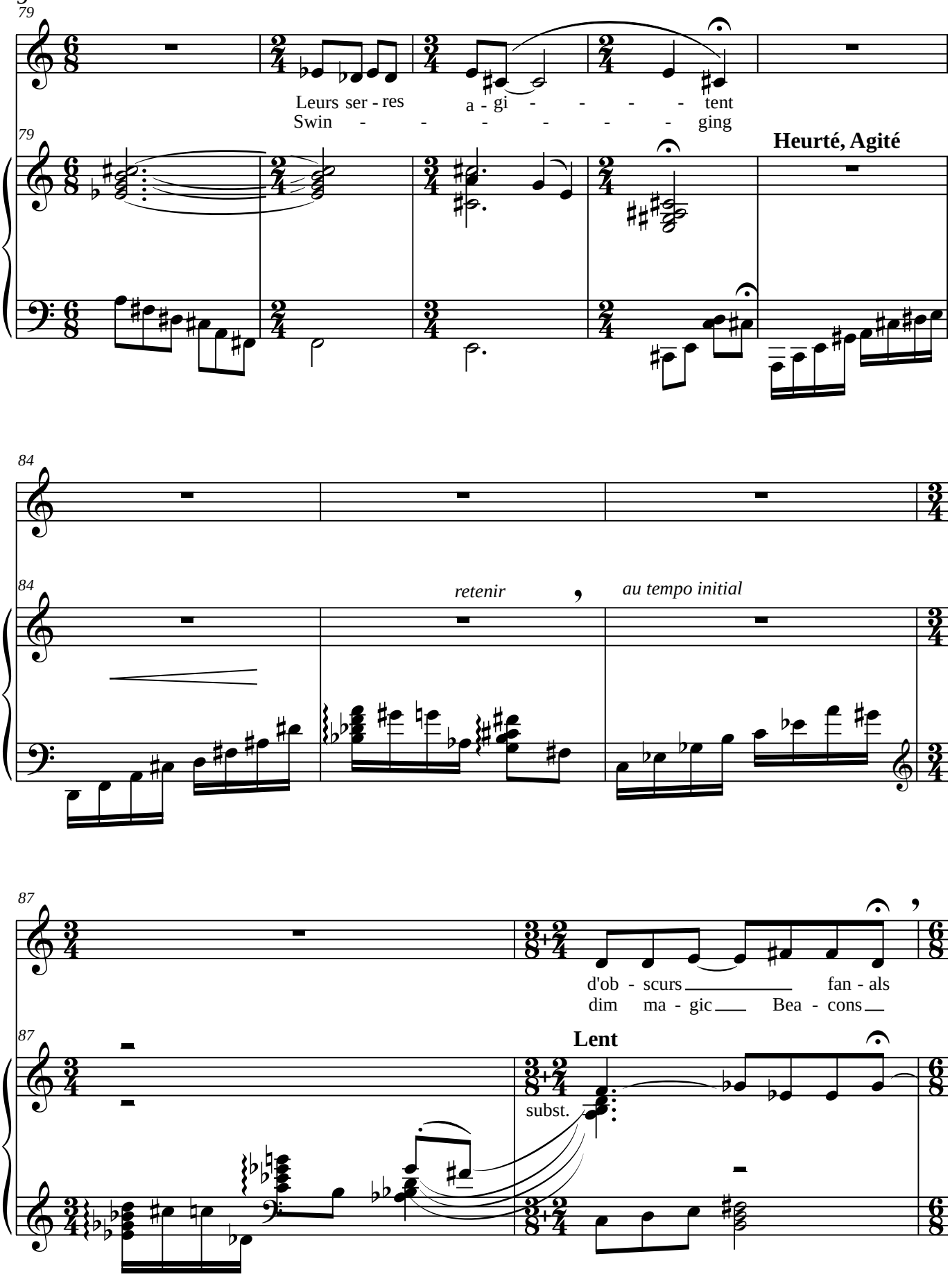

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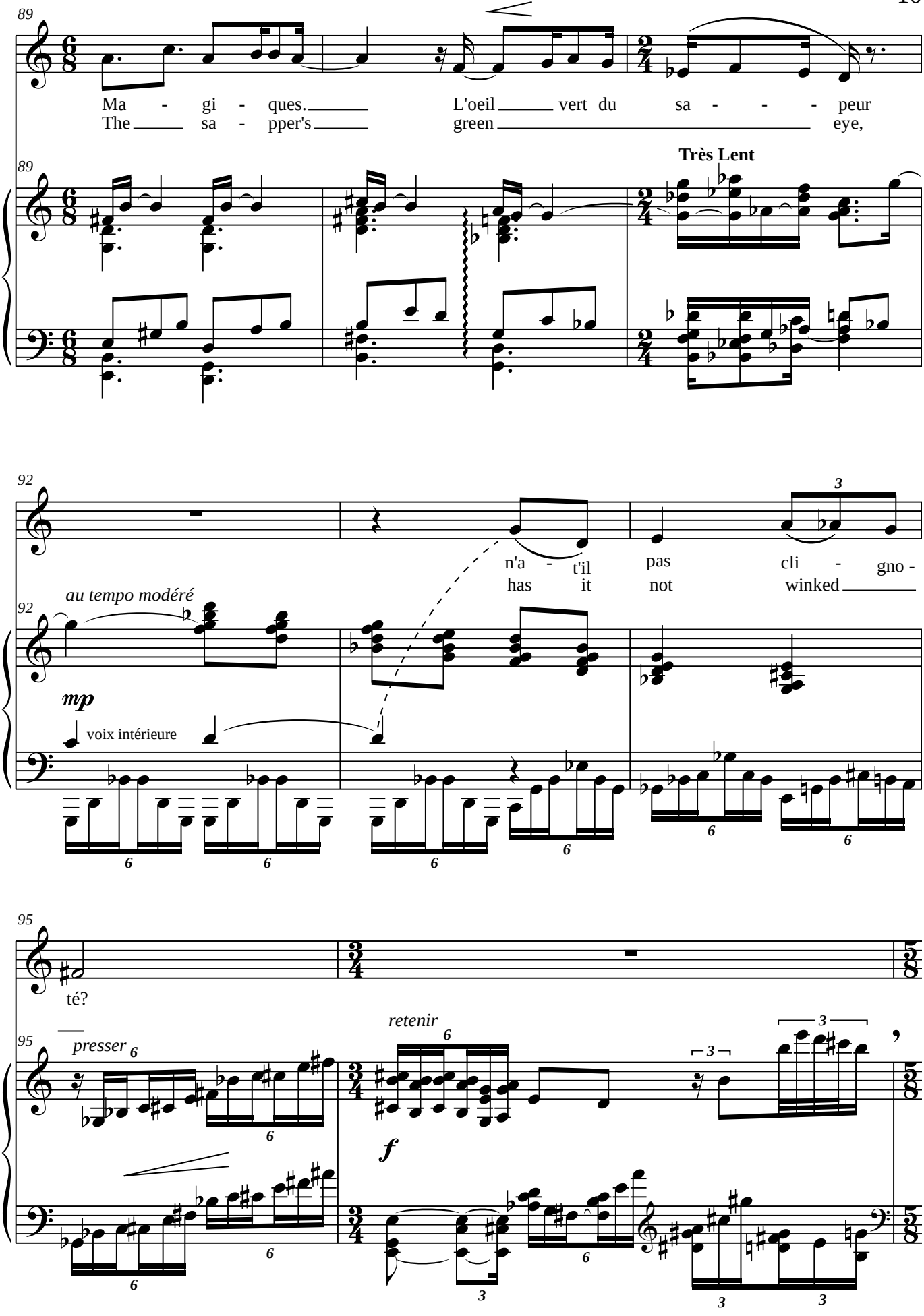

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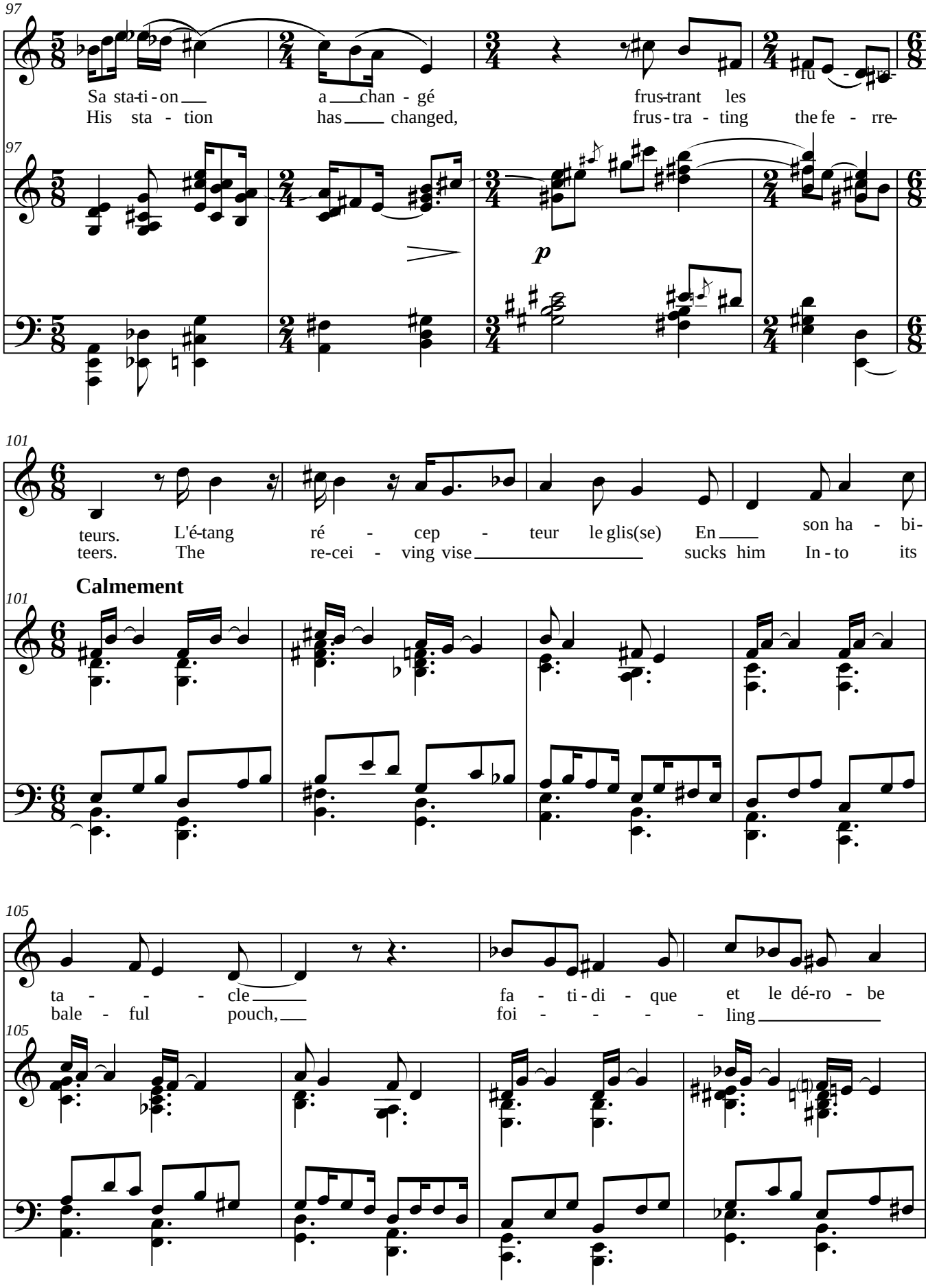

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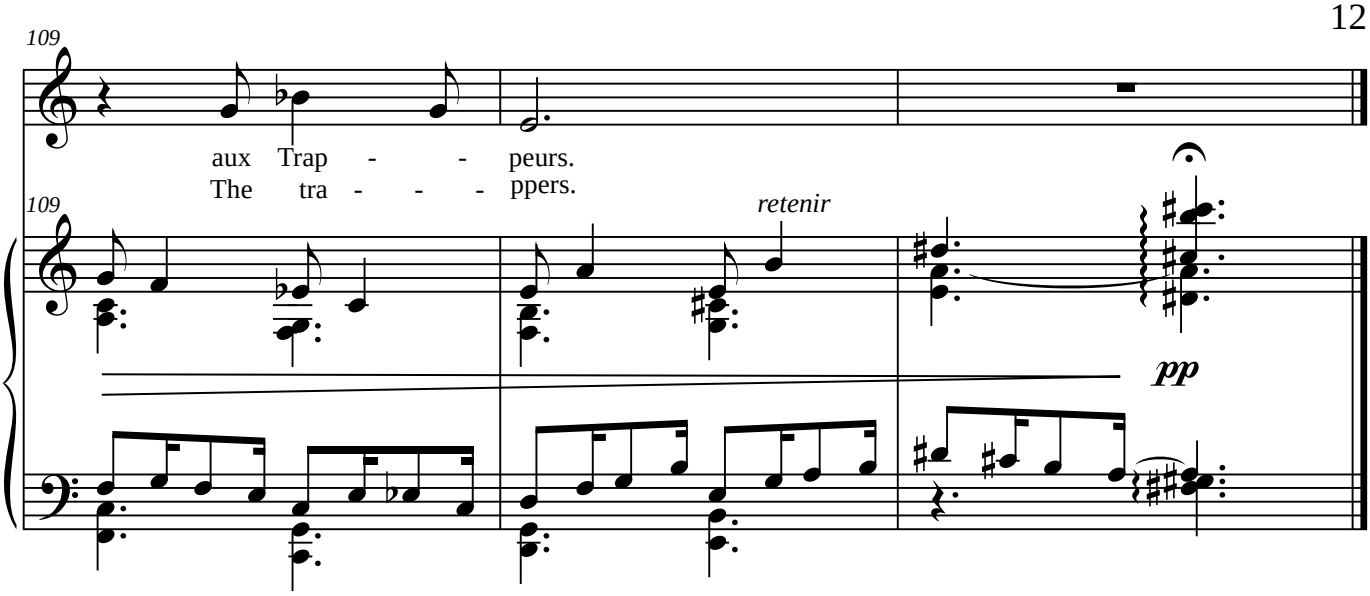
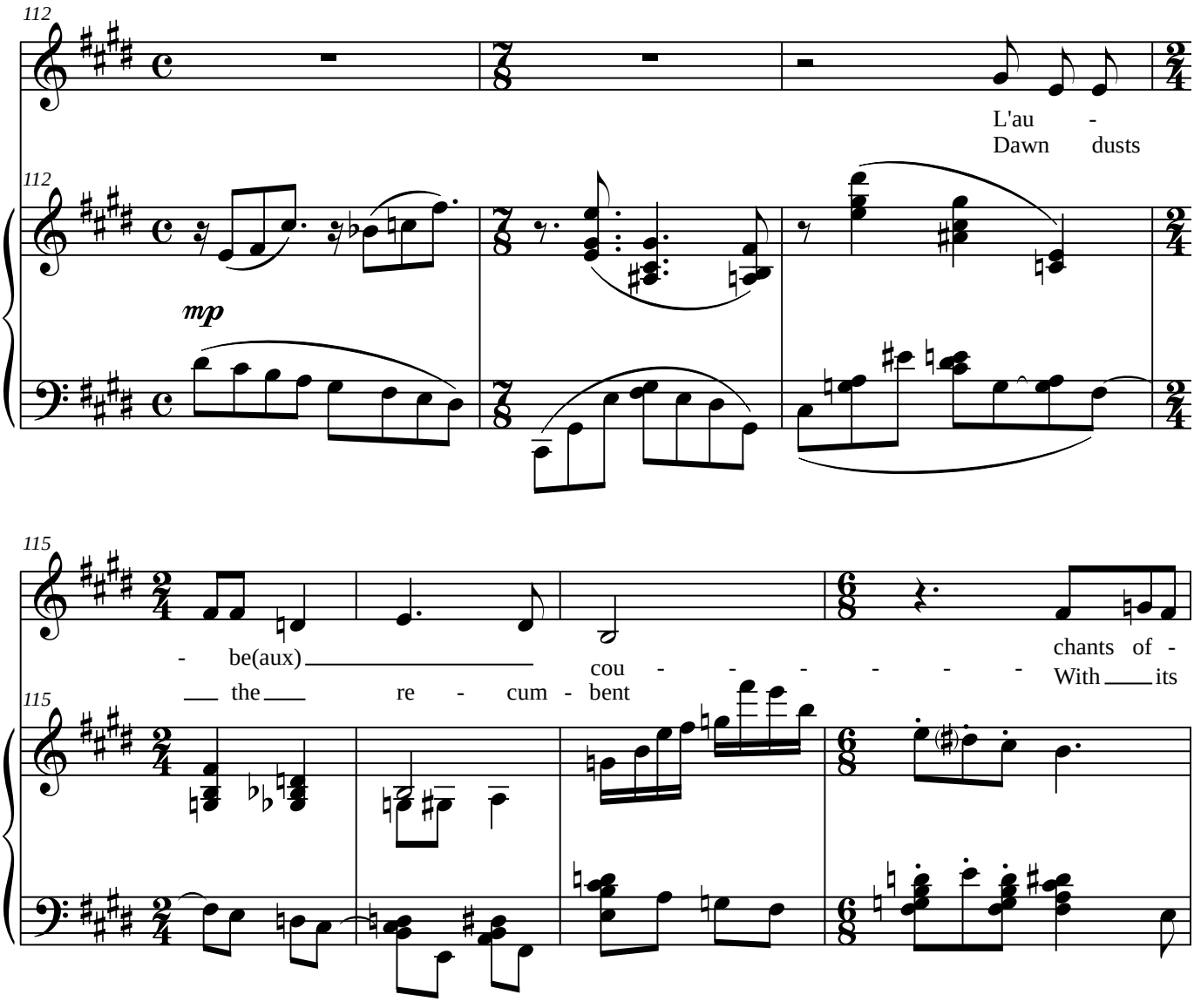


L'Enlisement/The Sloughing



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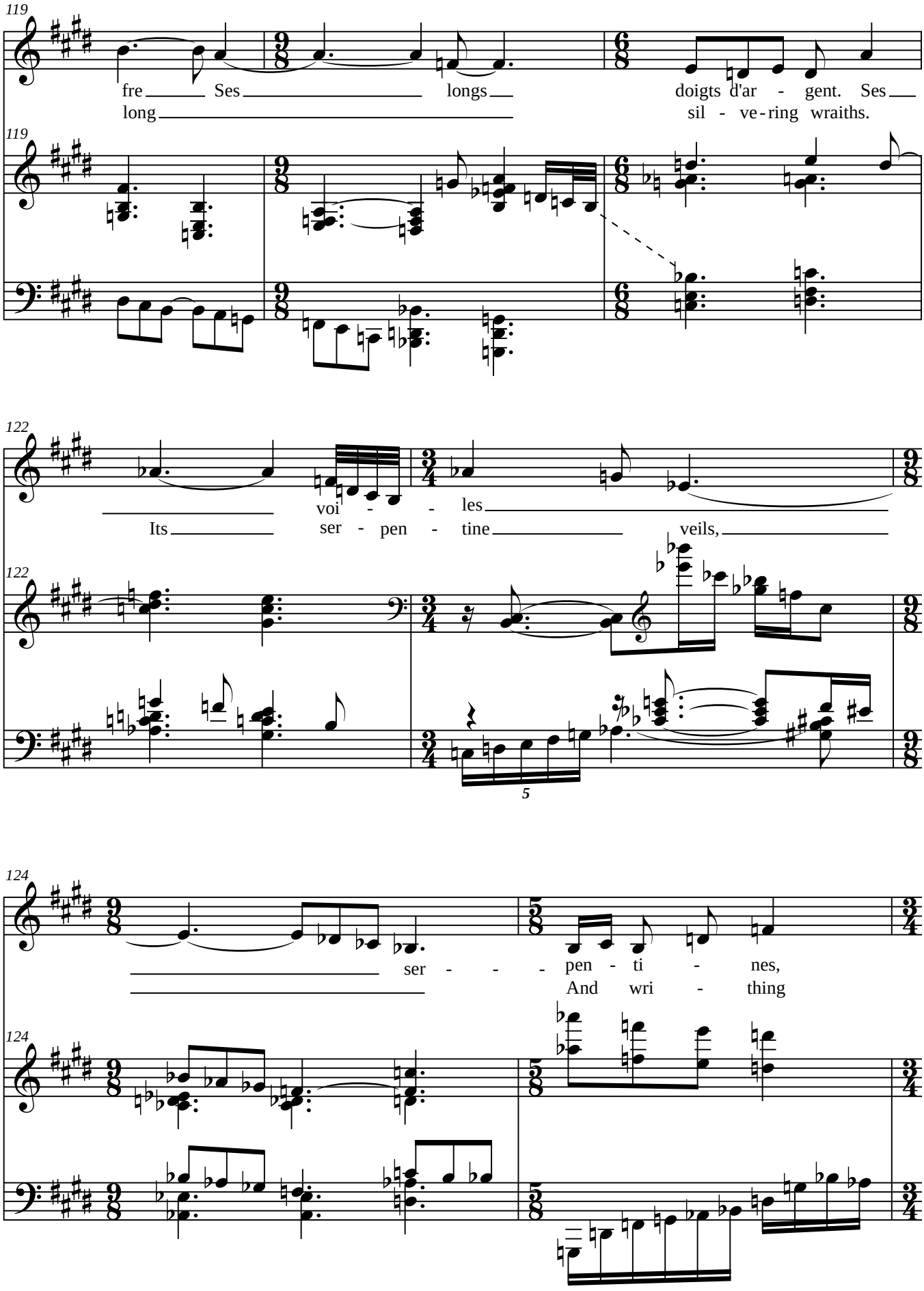

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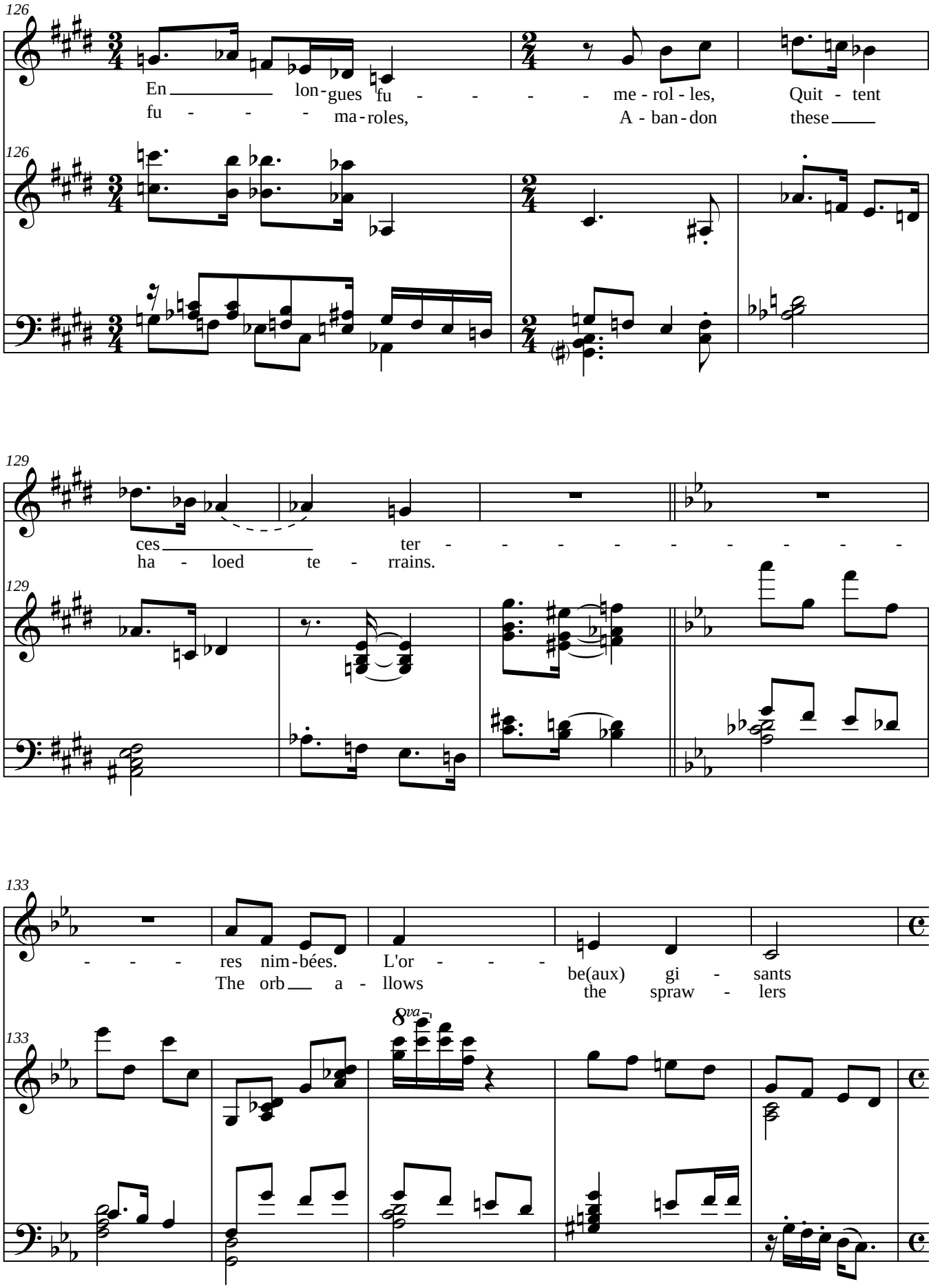

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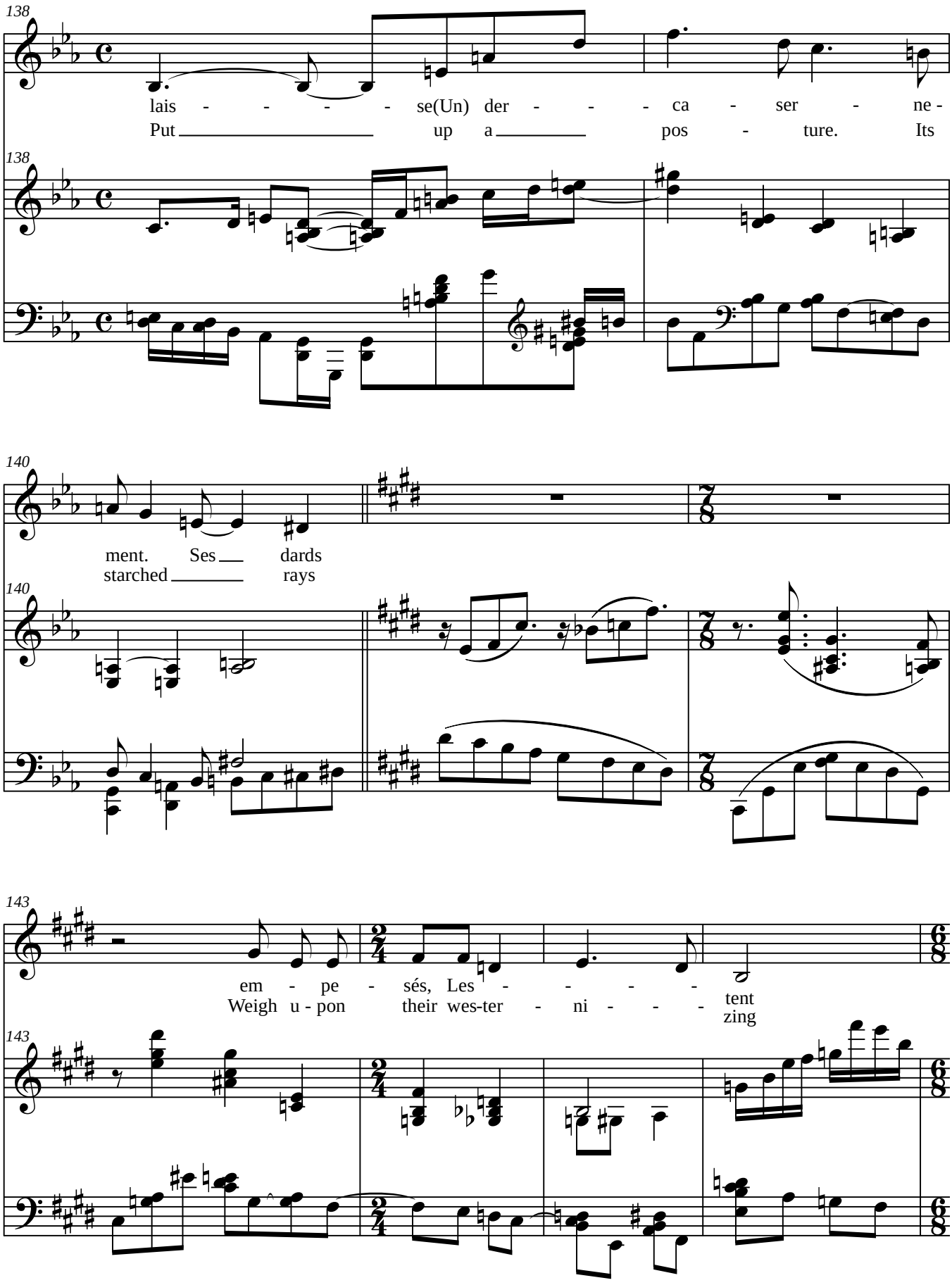

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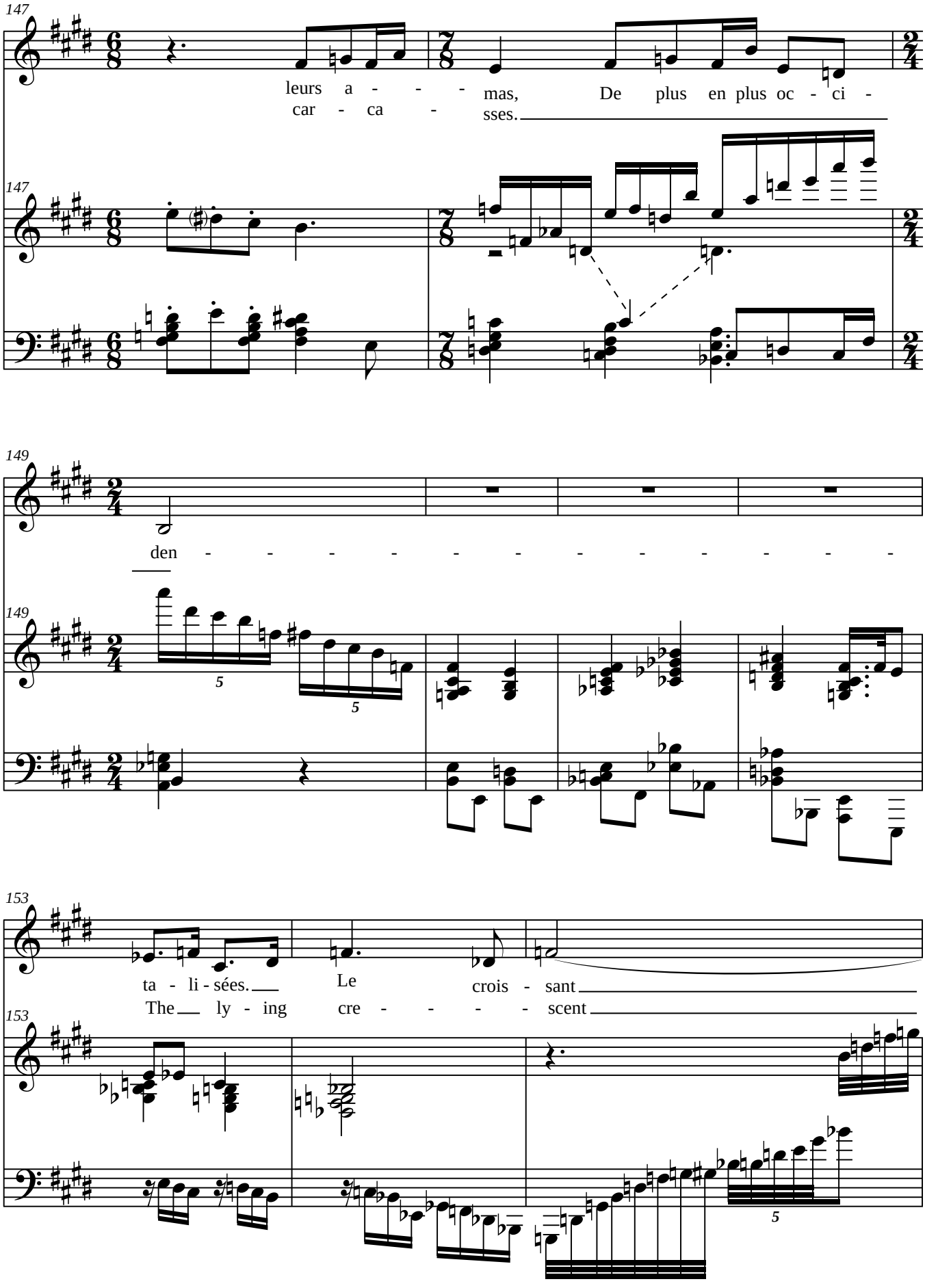

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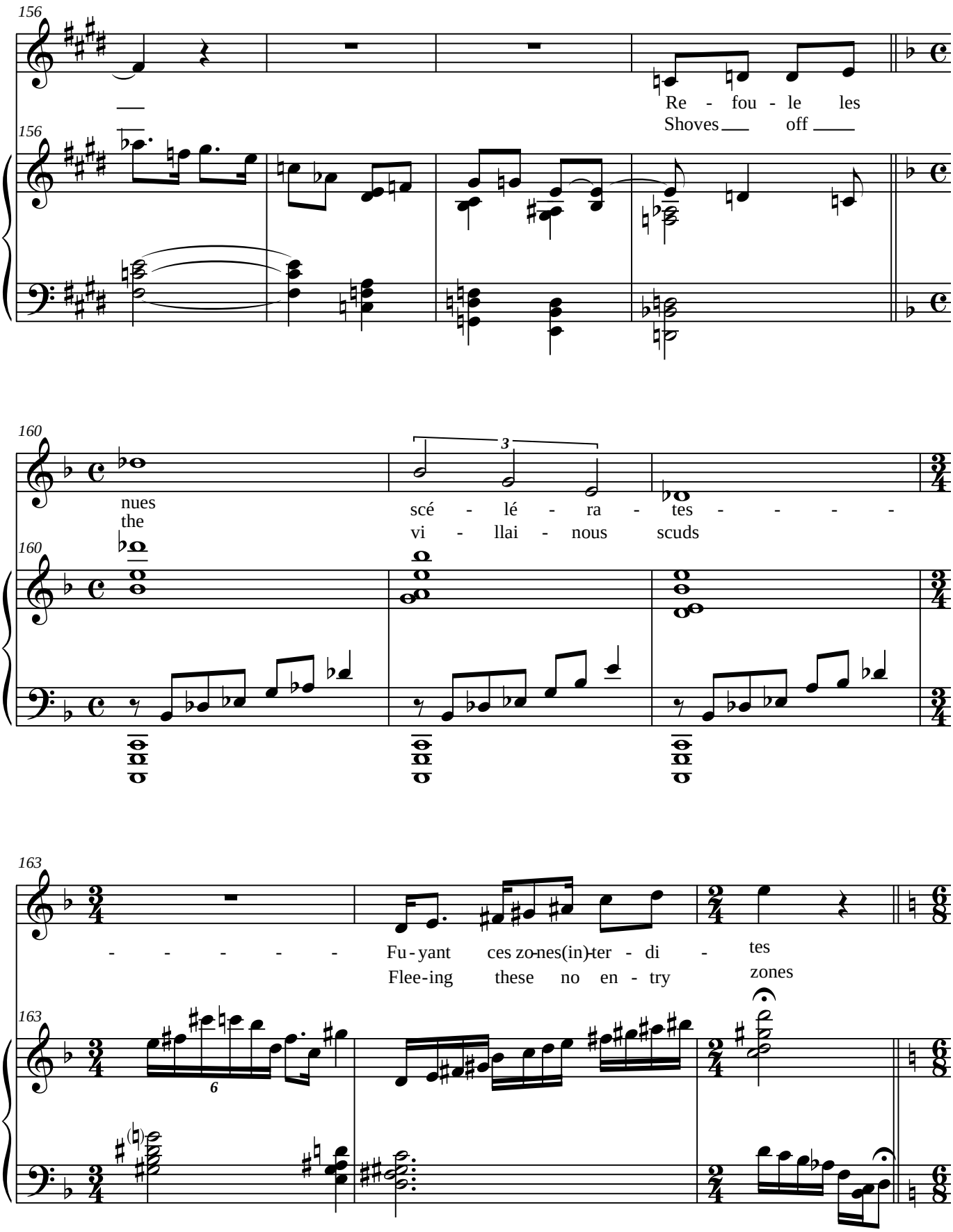

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Ombres portées : Le Trou d'Eau

Tout n'est que quiétude en ces prés cataleptiques;
Lors seuls les détrousseurs s'y aventurent.
Le silence corrompt la glace apathique du
poids
Des ombres.

De ces aquatiques cages ourlées se détournent
Les terres non retournées; peu à peu les berges
Se rebroussent, arc-boutées contre la solution
Corrosive.

Dans la zone grabatoire les rampements giratoires
Se reserrent autour d'un sapeur posté,
Cyclope.

Bientôt, une aube livide chassera les découvreurs :
Ils se pressent, retroussant leurs membres happeurs
Leurs serres agitent d'obscurs fanals
Magiques.

L'oeil vert du sapeur n'a-t'il pas clignoté?
Sa station a changé frustrant les fureteurs.
L'étau récepteur le glisse
En son habitacle fatidique et le dérobe aux
Trappeurs.

Embrasements : L'Enlisement

L'aube aux couchants offre
Ses longs doigts d'argent.
Ses voiles serpentines,
En longues fumerolles,
Quittent ces terres nimbées.

L'orbe aux gisants laisse
Un dernier casernement.
Ses dards empesés,
Lestent leurs amas,
De plus en plus occidentalisées.

Le croissant menteur
Refoule les nues scélérates
Fuyant ces zones interdites,
Où des formes croassantes
Rongent des proies.

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Shadows Pointing : The Morass

All is quietude upon these cataleptic grasslands
But purse snatchers venture forth.
The silence corrupts the apathetic ice
Through its shadowy burdens.

The unploughed land recoils from these aquatic
Cages; the edges withdraw, straining against the
Corrosive solution.

In the entombing areas the gyrating crawlers
Draw ever closer to a posted sapper,
A cyclop.

Anon a pallid dawn shall banish all seekers :
They hurry, coiling their upper limbs
Swinging dim wavering magic
Beacons

The sapper's green eye, has it not winked ?
His station has changed, frustrating the ferreteers.
The receiving vise sucks him
Into its baleful pouch, foiling
The trappers.

Conflagrations : The Sloughing

Dawn dusts the recumbent
With its long silvering wraiths.
Its serpentine veils,
And writhing fumaroles,
Abandon these haloed terrains.

The orb allows the sprawlers
Put up a last posture.
Its starched rays
Weigh upon their westernizing
carcasses.

The lying crescent
Repels the villainous scuds
Fleeing these no entry zones
Where cawing aliens
Prey upon preys.