

From all eternity

By a cold day of February,

I roamed on the huge seashore that the sea unveils.

The gaze can only fall on the sand.

A peek at the watch to know how long I have left the world.

A peer at the camera that accompanies me.

No, I won't get photos of migrating birds today.

From afar, a tractor is driving back from an oyster park.

The wind is blowing cold, very cold and is drilling through the cap and the gloves.

I am alone in the immensity,

Like at the dawn of the world.

The wind makes me elated.

The sun is going down and the light is caressing the sand.

I am staring at the strange drawings that the low tide has left.

I am shooting one, two, three pictures.

I have looked at the watch and it's high time I came back.

The tide is going to rise.

I will come back later to this place

By the path that runs through the dunes.

From that time, I have roamed the seashore, looking for the absolute movement.

Hubert PERRY-GIRAUD