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I weave, eyelid

Translated by Patrick Levy



About Martin Nannestad Jørgensen's *Bright Red* (2017).

I weave, *eyelid*.

Who is the unhappy poet whose eyelid was removed, to be stretched on a blind wall and handed over to the sights it used to cover?

We shut our eyes upon meeting the sun.
This red of a pierced by light eyelid: stain, pain?

Some say the poet gives it up voluntarily.
The eyelid is useless, he senses. Too thin and porous, it hardly stops a declining sun.
Eyelid, vain skin.

Let's imagine the other way round: the eyelid is immense and protects. As insulation fabric, it would cover an eye as cold as a wall in winter. The cornea thus

carpeted is higher than we are and emits heat: the *colour*.

All is red, bright.

Sheltered from the elements, we celebrate the fantastic membrane, thus rehabilitated.

Finally, it gives us complete cover!

Shouldn't we worry that we aren't so much facing the world but rather looking at a gaze, within the eye, in the *back-eyelid*?

Eyelid, or *eyenest*?

We only see our eyelid inside out. This truism — we close our eyes and here it is, the eyelid, bright red under the sun — tells us immediately where we stand, when facing its monumental version: neither in a museum nor in a church, but in the reflected glow of the real world backside — eyelid diapositive.

The poet strides along his eyelid at last rectangular, and exclaims: “But why its inner face, its *intimate* face!”

On the scale of a face, the oval and permeable eyelid doesn't fulfil its shell function well, that's a fact. Hence the idea of expanding it to a *tapestry*, in order to thicken it proportionally to a leather — from epidermal veil to buttocks.

What is revealed to us next is nothing grotesque: these impressions otherwise invisible — in fact woven

more than printed, interlaced thread to thread — witnessing losses and doors, frames and flares, layered.

“Which episodes of what life ooze in finely dotted streaks?” a poet asks himself, just passing by.

The poet stands in front of the white wall that warms the eyelid, dreaming, happy...

But his face and the silhouettes of other passers-by suddenly appear to him in sketches woven on the doors, on the frames, superimposed.

He panics.

This is his most intimate self, on this public wall! A glance would have seized and preserved it in the depths of an eye, but when, where?

To expose it thereafter without his consent on the reverse side of the eyelid, violator.

Every fabric relies on its warp. Lowering the eyes on the hands is enough to recall: a thin framework of lines structure the skin, in irregular patterns, as air prints in water.

The eyelid as mural reveals a rather different texture. Admittedly, it is also based on thin lines, but placed at right angles, with absolute regularity.

In fact, if spots, as on the hand, disturb his tissue (here red or white, there of this brown seborrheic keratosis due to age) and mask the underlying structure with a pleasant blur seemingly raised, a close look immediately brings out to light the severe diagram of the eye skin in tight dots strictly aligned.

Highly technological canvas-like eyelid.

Nothing sticks out, not even the wart of a small knot.

How austere!

Then the poet asks himself, too late as usual: Would such a regulated device possibly threaten my integrity?

He almost jumps back, frightened.

Jostles people around him.

Then tries to close his eyes and escape — in vain, for, on the wall, they are his, these relentless eyelids.

Gigantism questions. What sights this expanded eyelid now amazes, sights that it was never able to protect?

The poet - a geometry soothes him as with pastel tones – changes his mind.

On this side, each frame contains another one in a perspective that suggests an axis of rotation.

Besides, some sky blue colours and a salmon-pink give hope to pull through.

The poet moves no more. He waits for the entire eyelid to tip over its hinge, revealing its obverse, its public side, which everyone sees, except him.

The mirror shows everything, except the eyelid.

What a surprise if the eyelid would indeed reverse itself, and finally meet the eye with its obverse side, perhaps made up.

Would its veins be visible, known to be so pale, so pure?

Visible above all would be rows of eyelashes, of hairs, like the threads hanging behind tapestries.

But suddenly a demon — the Modern — rotates the organ before the stunned visitors.

They discover the outside as exactly identical to the inside, in a mirror effect.

Not a knot! Not a hair!

A copy?

After the shock, the poet wonders: Which side reflects the other?

“One side was enough”, he moans, in the grip of remorse. “Two, if identical, aren’t sufficient anymore.”

And he leaves the gallery between being seen and seeing, uncertain.