

An abstract painting featuring two faces. The face on the left is rendered in dark, expressive strokes with a prominent dark beard and hair. The face on the right is more ethereal, with soft, warm tones of orange and red, and closed eyes. The background is a textured, light brownish-gold. The title 'Shadows and lights of the glance' is overlaid in white text at the top.

# Shadows and lights of the glance

Marilyn KALISH / Cyril SUQUET

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KALISH

# **Shadows and lights of the glance**

**Lower the guarding on your iris  
and imagine  
what you didn't see the opened wide eyes,  
a new word opens to you.**

**Cyril SUQUET © march 2012**

# Shadows and lights of the glance



**Texts of Cyril SUQUET**  
**according to works of Marilyn KALISH**

## Marilyn KALISH,



**Graduate of the school of Art of the University of Hartford in the Massachusetts, is an American painter.**

**Marilyn KALISH is the year accomplished artist who exposes in the United States as in Europe, realizes paintings, drawings and frescoes. She uses numerous materials as the hands to give life to its works.**



## Cyril SUQUET,

**Cyril SUQUET, writer, realized several artistic collaborations with painters, sculptor, and storyteller.**

**He's also the author of a novel " The stranger of Pétra ", of five collections of poetries, a collection of short stories « Has the place of Stefan and Franz " and of a play "Be z'art or not too bizarre ».**



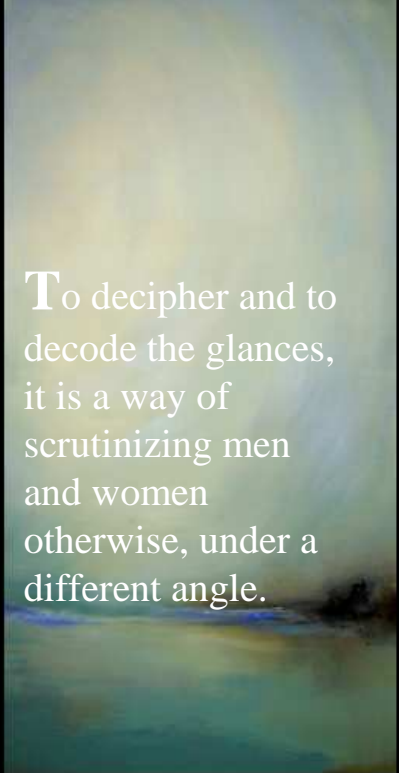
# Introduction




Over the years and meetings, Cyril SUQUET was made a speciality of the artistic collaborations on the theme of the glance.

Whatever the glance?

It is certainly what there is of more really and of deeper in the human being, the one through which we cannot cheat, we discover it the soul and all that she can hide from supernatural and from terrible at the same time.

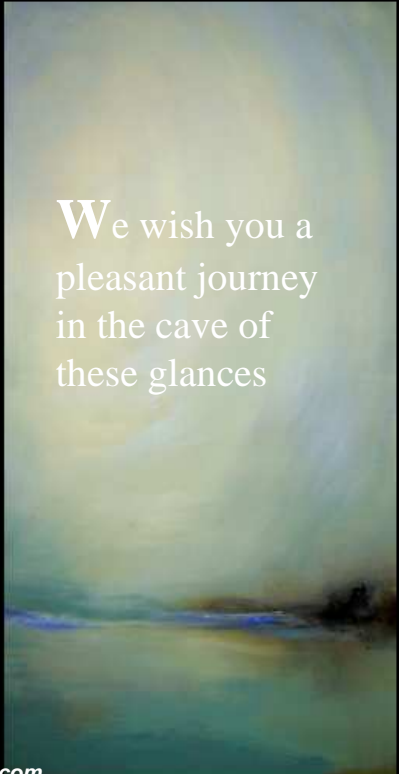


To decipher and to decode the glances, it is a way of scrutinizing men and women otherwise, under a different angle.



After Sylvie LOBATO in 2006 and Marc DEBLOCK in 2011, the third artist who agreed to put her works in the service of his feather, is the American painter Marilyn KALISH

17 Marilyn KALISH's works, Drawings and paintings, are put in the honor in this French-American artistic collaboration.



We wish you a pleasant journey in the cave of these glances



## Why portraits ?

**I realize how human I am through my portraits.  
What I care about.  
How deeply I love.  
To face devastating loss.  
I paint without censor or shame.  
I do not hide the suffering or joy of my life.  
My house is in order – I can do this, only now.  
No limits.  
Without compromise.  
Some hold a secret ... that I am willing to look at.  
I tell things most people strive to forget.  
They are contemplative.  
I go inward.  
I own it – these emotions.  
To be free.**

**Marilyn Kalish © September 2012**



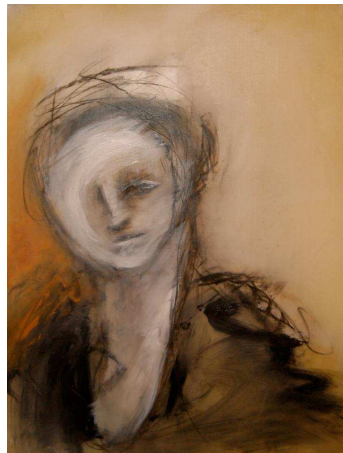
## **At this moment**

**At this moment  
Just like that, all in one piece  
A booming glance  
Who destabilizes from the outside, of inside  
Erase the past, the present  
The time of moment  
The earth vibrates in my trembling feet  
I belong to you completely  
At this moment  
Fervently, Infinitely  
At this moment  
Unique and disturbing  
I am alive**

## As a whirlwind

**W**ith my psychedelic head,  
as a whirlwind  
in my electric life

**I** go round in circles  
as a whirlwind  
in my head of jar.



**T**hat slides as some soap,  
a face of the special moon,  
I finally touch the bottom,

**I** became a cuddly toy  
as a whirlwind,  
this is the big general store in my hive.

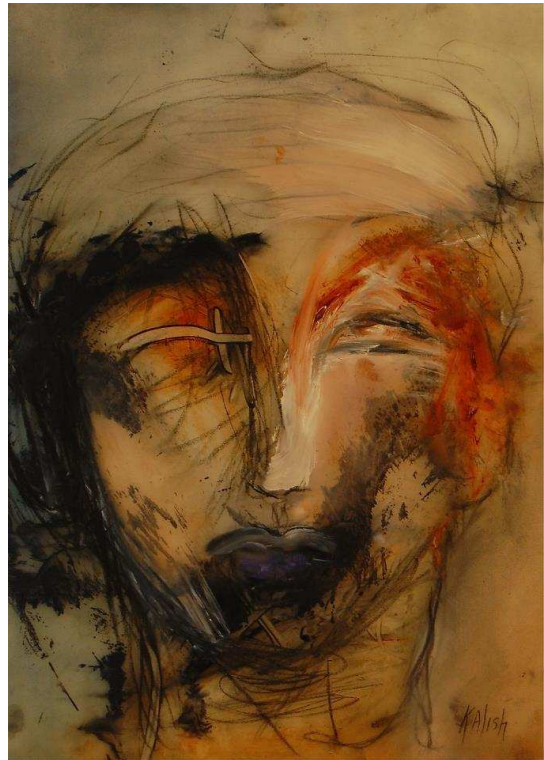




## Fancy

**Do not stare at me by pity,  
have a little of modesty!  
I know I am done well...  
do not look at me please,  
your Persian eyes frighten me !  
You thought of destabilizing me,  
sort of feline without heat !?  
I need it more to give up,  
You envisage me at the present time ?  
What a funny idea !  
Certainly an error...  
You stay on this thought ?  
Know that I am a delusion !  
Sorry...**

## Scars of time



**T**he wounds of time  
leave psychological scars indelible.  
The face is the witness of this painful past,  
unhealthy scenes and lost causes,  
the chronicle of a vain story.

**T**hese wounds are the valleys of our punishments,  
the rivers not still dried up by our castings of tears,  
Everest where we have not crossed yet.  
To erase them would not be of no use,  
no vein.

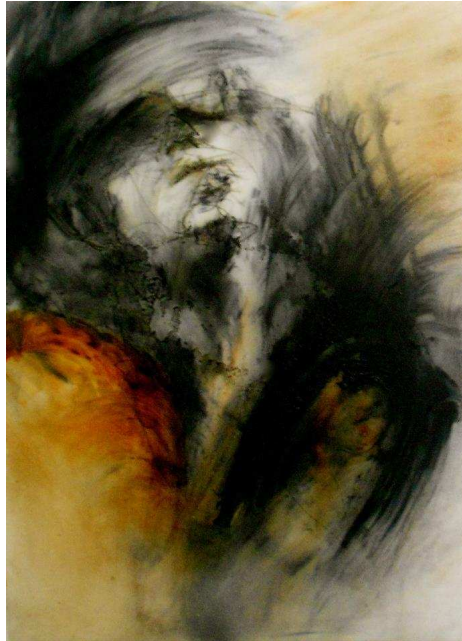
**W**ounds are the tracks of our lived fights,  
the imprints of our disappointed hopes,  
the markers of our present,  
as to remind to us better to their memory,  
which bad luck.



## **Ambivalence Ambivalence**

**I have some determination and some courage,  
of the strength and the envy, strangely  
but there is for an ill omen, simultaneously  
I saw the opposite, a syndrome of ambivalence  
come of we do not know which despair.**

**I feel and smell in the depths of it I in gap,  
often, too often, fear and suffering,  
as vague ascentsof the inmost depths of the childhood  
which submerge me in a wreck  
and that I undergo as eternal one wandering.**



## In the grip of the passion

**T**he passion lives as of the high acrobatics,  
ceaselessly, thunderstorms height the head  
and flashes of lighting which burst the heart,  
taking you on cloud nine at top speed.

**T**he passion is a renewed express illusion  
which displays all on its passage.  
fibrations and drives are of concert,  
for an opera in internal upercut which disturbs until the nausea.

**T**he passion, yes the passion of all the seasons,  
I would die from it so that never  
this whirlwind of sensual delights stops.



## **I am the one**

**I am the one that you do not imagine the evening**

**I am the one who reveals your memory**

**I am the one that you want to glimpse**

**I am the one who haunts your most black nights**

**I am the one that you avoid perceiving**

**I am the one of whom you are afraid in the mirror**

**I am the one who long to see yourself.**





## Beyond the glance

**D**o not so look at me  
by judging me  
as if I was another  
child.

**D**isabuse cruel fate  
Of what you believe to imagine by scrutinizing me,  
Your piercing glance betrays you at the moment,  
Rather rely  
In your instinct.

**I** keep at the bottom of my soul  
This careless innocence,  
My body without mood  
Betrays this weak wandering,  
Sad despair.

**D**o not so torture me  
By swamping me  
As if  
I was a dead man  
Alive.



## War prisoner

**O**nly in this cell, this oven,  
This madman's old people's home  
Where I go out slowly,  
Locked desperately for 227 days.

**A** certainty, I do not have hope anymore  
Nor the strength and the envy to believe in it,  
The internal light gave in to the troubadour's mediocre shadow  
Who serves me as lantern against the light.

**I** go and come,  
Hundred steps of the good-for-nothing  
In the four square meters of this niche of dog,  
I saw small nothingness,  
And of the despair to dare no never to love,  
Those for whom I still breathe in my banner so remote.

**I** leave for ever in this cell without future  
What it still remained to me of appearance of vitality  
Had been a day V of the disillusioned victory.



## **The wounded eyes**

**Do not lower eyes**  
**These eyelids darkened to cry too much**  
**Do not lower eyes**  
**This light put out on your face**  
**Do not lower eyes**  
**They deserve another fate**  
**Do not lower eyes**  
**Too many sufferings spatter**  
**Do not lower eyes**  
**I so loved you**  
**Do not lower eyes**  
**I miss you**  
**Do not lower any more eyes so**  
**They deserve again the light.**

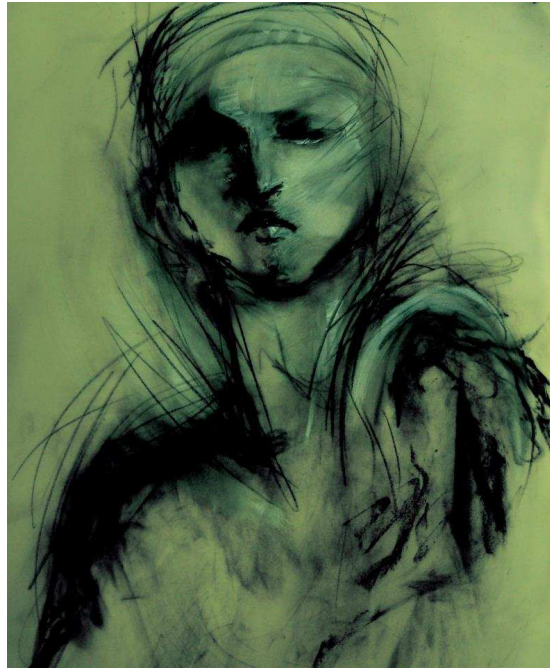


## To you Marie

**M**arie my beloved  
you disappeared this day of May,  
this departure so hasty without  
ever alerting me.

**This letter died on the buffet  
which made its sad effect,  
three dead aligned words  
" I am resigned ".**

**My life fell over,  
worse than confused  
for this day of May,  
for ever.**



## The fighter of every time

**H**e could be Che Guevara of modern times,  
A Resistance fighter of the last hour who never resigns himself,  
Even given thirst, weakened and starved,  
Hide in the shade, his firm memory is always there.

**H**e could be a son of Mandela  
who moves forward only to the light of its lantern,  
in the desert against all odds,  
to its values heroically moored.

**H**e could be simply a man sensitive to the mat face,  
Soft one at the heart hardened by the tests of the exceeded fights.



**R**espect me my friend  
Be not sad I begs you  
Do not so stare at me  
You see good that the sight avoided me  
And took my soul since  
I breathe in transparency, deprived  
In a fuzzy universe where I am banished  
I am in nude in front of you my friend.

**A transparent  
universe**



**H**elp me my friend  
be a comfort  
I asks you do not cry on my tragedy  
you must be strong for two and then  
do not forget that my heart lives  
I imagine a colored world filled with life  
and you are in the center of this incredible rainbow  
I love you for the fact that you are my friend.



## The last moon

**I**n the last resort I turn to you quite above,  
Reassure me and does not raiseme this scaffold.

**T**he life has to be the one always over and over again which takes him,  
The pervert death which watches behind every door  
Cannot, does not have to be the winning seducer  
Of this insipid cleaned out breaker.

**R**emove me these wounds such a hell of chains  
Which haunts my days and paralyzes me in this oak  
Still the end of my troubles,  
This evening I would go out without the moon at midnight.

## I - You - we proverb

**Y**ou stare at me  
You envisage me  
You augur  
You make a commitment



**I** travel  
I share  
I am in swimming  
Which wreck

**W**e leave to the floor  
We open the cage  
We turn to the wide  
We are no more age old

## Four aces



**Ace of clubs,**  
You protected me under your nave,  
I was transformed into elf.

**Ace of diamonds,**  
They want our skin,  
Because in the paradise  
we shall go to raise top.



**Ace of hearts,**  
My zest of innocence,  
Your rainbow of sweetness.

**Ace of spades,**  
You inhale me of criticisms  
I am in love panic.





## **Epilogue of the glance**

**H**enceforth your glance will settle  
Maybe differently  
At the bottom eyes  
Of those whom you will cross  
In the bend of a road,  
Of a meeting, a confrontation  
But attention  
Not to make you to it take,  
And of what you will find there.

**T**he glance gets the bottom of the soul  
And penetrate beyond  
Borders of the superficial  
To get directly the main part



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