Shadows and lights of the glance

Marilyn KALISH / Cyril SUQUET

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

Cyril SUQUET © march 2012
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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.

Whyever 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.

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.

Marilyn KALISH © 2012 www.marilynkalish.com
Cyril SUQUET © 2012 www.lesecritsdecyrilsuquet.wifeo.com
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

With my psychedelic head,
  as a whirlwind
  in my electric life

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

That 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 storein my hive.
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

The 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.

These 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.

Wounds 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

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 ascents of 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

The 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.

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

The 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

Do not so look at me
by judging me
as if I was another
child.

Disabuse 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.

Do not so torture me
By swamping me
As if
I was a dead man
Alive.
War prisoner

Only 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

Marie 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

He 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.

He 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.

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

Help 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

In the last resort I turn to you quite above,
Reassure me and does not raise me this scaffold.

The 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.

Remove 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

You stare at me
You envisage me
You augur
You make a commitment

I travel
I share
I am in swimming
Which wreck

We 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

Henceforth 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.

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