

April 15th

My first image was my mother's breast.

Then came a grainy man on the moon,
some marches, and the absurd.

Other images I invent,
recreating them on my old *Moviola*.

I am a mad editor
documenting a past,
splicing it as I please.

Sartre decides to leave for Marrakesh.

Oaxaca is Paris and Havana
is only a film frame born from the rain.