

« Here is the man »  
Jean-Pierre Nortel

English translation : Nadia CAUCHEFER,  
Dominique PERRIOT-MATHONNA

Station 1

Here is the man  
Mute  
In front of the verbiage  
Of men...

The man  
Trapped in betrayal,  
Pushed by soldiers  
On the threshold of his house.

He tilts his head a little,  
The spit of a question  
Runs down his cheek  
And on the edge of the lips,  
The venom of torture.

He sees the crowd of curious  
Gathered by the event,  
With them, the fearful  
And the indifferent.

He listens to the cries,  
The speeches,  
Like rats...  
The gossip gnaws on his Words  
The truth.  
All the words  
Who condemned him...

His defenders wash their hands  
And throw water  
On the embers.  
The city is planning a celebration  
And stuffs itself with grain  
That it should have sown ...  
But under the ashes of this hour  
Some men are hiding...  
To lose reason.

Hidden fear  
In each chest  
Takes a breath,  
Goes back to the mouth  
And spurts out  
In cries of revenge.

Everyone gives his opinion,  
Everyone hopes  
A fair sentence.

-It must be deleted  
The nuisance!

So the trials end,  
The judge holds the scales  
And gives everyone  
Good conscience...

## Station 2

A crown  
Intertwined links  
Across his forehead.  
Room for his thoughts,  
Poacher's Collar  
To strangle  
The Final Word ...

And laughters  
Wound the humiliated head.

But a soldier  
Drops the coat.  
Another  
Unloads His Burden  
The ground resonates...  
Noises fade away  
With the echo ...  
The last smiles  
Dig the ditch  
Of a circle of silence...

Man is alone,  
In front of the wooden beam.

A wooden beam  
In front of the Man,  
A tree  
Torn from the earth,  
A pole  
Cut in a hurry.

The man closes his eyes,  
He reaches out,  
He pushes back the moment  
But like a fiance  
Who comes out of his house  
He takes a giant step.

### Station 3

A familiar smell  
Enters his head.  
A scent of green wood  
Intoxicates him  
And wakes up in him  
Ancient joys  
Work and pain mingled.

He bends down,  
Glues his ear  
On the frame piece,  
And grips it against his shoulder ...

-Is it the sap that spreads,  
Or his blood,  
That he hears spout  
Like a torrent?

He stands up...  
Look ahead,  
Bends over to take another step...  
The wood rocks.  
The knees bend.  
The noise returns.  
Men in the crowd  
Make their way through.

-It's too late!

Man has fallen  
Crushed under the weight.

It's too late.  
The shipwrecked  
Clings to his tree  
A flood of distress  
Throws him flat on his stomach.

-Earth!  
How good it is to be lying on you  
As with someone  
When we're cold,  
As with someone  
When we are afraid.

The breath of his mouth  
Digs the dust  
And waters the place.  
In the mud,  
He lets go of his complaint.  
The Earth  
Takes back his first cry as a child.

He forgets the anger  
He straightens his back  
Takes the beam

-He is standing.

#### Station 4

His mother is there  
In front  
Stiff  
Distorted face  
Between two trembling hands ...  
Between two praying hands  
Which gently ...  
Pull it ...  
But the arms of the mother

Collapse on her hips.  
Powerless,  
She offers her body  
Man advances ...  
He draws in his gaze  
The strength of a new step  
And pass ...

---

#### Station 5

A moment calmed down  
The storm returns  
On whispered voices.  
-Will it go all the way?  
We must help him ...

-Are we helping  
A man to die for?

- You have to help him!

A finger reaches out  
Towards a passerby...

A little detour for relaxation,  
A curious detour  
Towards the gathering...

A passerby...

Someone among honest people  
Who was going to his house  
Who wanted to see from afar,

Simply,  
To stay informed...  
A passerby,  
Who doesn't mingle with stories,  
But who wants to wear ...  
Carries only half the burden.  
Who wants to do well  
What we ask him!

Safe gestures,  
Calculated movements,  
He carries half the piece of wood,  
It is necessary  
What we asked him ...  
With generosity!  
Work  
Will not be paid ...

-The crowd thinks that the world  
must change...  
And watches it go by without moving  
The procession of fraternal sacrifice.

## Station 6

The clamors get closer  
And the laughter is fat  
On each side, the crowd bows ...  
A young girl  
Frail,  
Almost a child  
Dares to leave the ranks,  
Arms are stretched  
And hold it in vain ...  
She advances in the middle of the  
path

She walks  
Towards Man ...

His fear consumes his courage  
In front of the soldiers escort  
But she looks at the Man  
And stops the convoy

A cloth escapes  
Of her dress  
Flies away with her hands  
Up to the face  
Of the condemned,  
And she wipes  
She draws  
By caressing it  
All the features of his face.

One last onlooker  
The jostling...  
The crowd disperses...  
She no longer knows how  
Everything started up again ...

She sees on the ground  
Wet laundry  
In mud colors  
And blood.  
She picks it up.  
Passes the walls  
And towards the city, runs away ...

No one is watching  
However, she cries ...  
A name...

Doors receive it  
Like a water hammer.

## Station 7

The passer-by requisitioned  
Feels the overwhelming,  
More than usual.  
The load he carries  
Weighs on his back.  
Something bitter,  
A grudge  
Comes to his mouth  
He spits insults  
To those who falsely encourage him.

His companion in front of him  
Stumbles.  
He changes his grip  
And replaces the beam  
In the vice like grips of his hands  
At that moment, he  
Lets the wood escape him  
And everything is falling apart  
And tumbles forward.  
The Man, whom he had to help,  
Crushed under the weight  
Fell for the second time.  
He bends,  
Apologies...

-It would be better not to go further!  
But Man looks at him  
He stands up!...  
-Is it for him?  
The girl with the white linen?  
For someone in his path?  
For his ideas... his ideal?  
-For who?  
For those who judged him?  
The Man who's going to finish it?  
He stands up! ...  
He begins to count his steps  
And the passerby  
Resumes his work  
Without being ordered.

Little by little people are leaving  
And go back...  
Children stroll back,  
One of them turns around ...

Whispers his prayer.

## Station 8

We are already far from the city  
And the path twists  
To climb the hill.

The procession still pulls  
Some fierce:  
The mother,  
Hanging on the arm  
From a pale young man.  
Some women...  
Mourners,  
Trailing and black shadow,  
A moving jellyfish of despair.  
Some women whose sobs  
Raging on wounds,  
Whose sobs punctuate the effort  
Of this Man,  
That soldiers take  
To the place of his death.  
They cry at every hesitation  
They scream when they are short of  
breath  
And he, the Man,  
Can't take it anymore.

So with enough force,  
While everything stops,  
He looks up  
And shouts:

-Do not Cry!

Don't cry over me ...  
If the wild beasts  
Eat the spring sucker  
What will we do with the branch? ...

-Where did you take your children?  
Go home!  
Gather them  
Because the hour is coming!

It is necessary with them  
Get out of your homes  
To reap the harvest.

## Station 9

The man,  
Doesn't know  
Since when  
He goes up, alone  
The path,  
Doesn't know,  
Since when  
His companion is gone,  
Since when,  
He drags again  
His tree ...  
The pole!  
Orders slam,  
The air is cooler ...  
The escort has just reached  
The top.

But, the ground is sinking ...  
The stones roll  
And his body capsizes  
Under the wooden beam.

Here is the man  
Falls  
For the third time.

Despite the kicks  
Which forces him to get up,  
He sees  
Through the burning of his eyes,  
A clump of grass ...  
A burst seed...  
An insect that searches for its food ...

Life sings  
And caresses the earth  
Asleep.

He then leaves his lips  
Wet  
Imperceptibly  
Smiles  
In spring  
And straightens up!



## Station 10

Here is the man  
Standing.  
He arrived at the crazy place,  
Whispers and complaints  
Succeed to anger  
Around him  
The soldiers are busy.  
They go fast  
They finish their work.  
The Man doesn't look at them,  
Armored death  
Fixed on his eyes  
The band of fear.  
The soldiers are busy  
They are quick  
They tear the last piece of clothing  
from his body.

Here is the Man  
Bare.

Beauty of the flesh  
In his flayed youth.  
Body delivered.  
Torrent of blood under the blue veins.  
A hanging hand, folded fingers.  
The other, on his stomach,  
Shows the link to his birth  
Chain ring  
Who ties him  
To the land of men.

Here is the man  
Bare.

Prepared for unequal combat  
In the midst of the disguised people.  
-Who doesn't wear a mask?  
-Which of us does not take the face of  
another?  
Here is the Man in his truth.  
Here is...  
The son of the Man!  
Behind him,  
The judge does not recognize himself.  
The innocent and the guilty  
No longer recognize each other.

Here is  
The naked Man.

## Station 11

Like a lumberjack  
Slice  
The trunk of a sick tree,  
The executioner's hand  
Throws him back,  
The Man falls...

Here is the Man  
On the back  
Lying on his pole.

The soldiers around him  
Lean  
They shoot at the legs.  
They spread their arms  
They fix  
They tie  
They nail  
At the port of pain  
They anchor the ship  
Of their fear  
And hatred is engulfed  
In a storm.

They want to hold back  
The crazy words  
Proclaimed in the city.  
The words of fire  
That the people listen  
And that the supporters  
Repeat  
In order to remember ...

They drop  
They lower  
They trample the cry of freedom  
Still floating  
In the midst of the turmoil  
Like a torn sail.  
So that he no longer speaks,  
They type  
They're riveting on the wood  
The nuisance.

At each stroke  
Man stretched out like a bow  
Launches to heaven  
The arrows of his suffering  
And in his chest  
Which already hurts him  
He smothers his hope.

As we raise the sails  
On the foremast,  
The soldiers pull the ropes  
To hoist the pole  
With its load  
The body appears  
On the ocean of hate  
All sails out.  
Liberating ship,  
A Compass  
Of the Creative Spirit  
Forever suspended  
Above the earth:

Man appears.

## Station 12

He opens a breach  
In the wall of the sky  
And traces four paths  
Which measure the universe.  
He's looking for some air,  
He is supported  
On his torn feet.  
What he says triggers lightning  
But that's the word  
*" Sorry "*  
Who takes the thunder  
It's with him  
That two thieves die.  
One good, the other bad.  
It's near him  
Let his mother cries  
On the shoulder of a young man,  
Yesterday's friend ...  
Who for following his path  
Has become  
His brother...  
  
It's with them  
That he ptries to pray,  
It's in front of them,  
That he shouts:

*"Why did you abandon me! "*  
It's to sing life  
That he stammers: *"I'm thirsty"*  
It's in a last breath,  
As night comes,  
That he whispers: *"All is  
Accomplished"*  
It's for the whole world  
That he transmits his Spirit.

Hanging on the beam,  
Collapsed on his legs,  
The hanging head  
And the pierced heart,  
Man is dead ...

Water and blood  
Run down his skin,  
Trace roots  
To the stump of the tree  
And spread  
On hostile ground.

Man is dead.

### Station 13

Some friends snatch him  
From the top of his post.  
In the bush of the hands,  
As we lower a flag,  
The torn body collapses.  
Mother is on her knees  
Receives him in her arms,  
Murdered bird,  
She brings to her lips  
The hand of the beloved Son  
And drops him  
Like too heavy a stone.

Man is dead ...

-O all of you who pass,  
Is it a pain  
Who looks like hers?

## Station 14

Some friends are there  
To carry him in the ground:  
The girl with long hair.  
The woman with herbs  
And that one of perfumes  
And then this man, again,  
Who gives his garden.

Man is dead ...

Man is dead!

-But if the grain does not die  
Who will bear the fruit?

The earth is already lifting  
The tombstone.

Here are the early hours  
And the first morning.

Women again  
Up the trails  
And the young man returns with his  
supporters  
And it's the beating heart  
That them run away  
Towards the place of their fear  
Where Man awaits them.  
Here are the early hours  
And the first spring.  
Standing on the other side,  
Here is the Man  
Alive!

With a wave of the hand  
He shows the paths.  
Of all his words  
We load the ships

Here is the living Man  
For centuries to come.

Here is the Man!