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## Night Sounds

In the summer night, calm and warm, all that can be heard is my sleeping daughter's breathing and the soft purring of a refrigerator in heat calling for its mate.

## Being a Rabbit

All day long I'm a rabbit, and it's only at night that I recover my human form. So why did I knit you these pajamas, complains my grandma, caressing the large and useless striped earflaps.

## Hair Dryer

Let's say you're with a hair dryer. Let's say the dryer loves you. Let's say that it wants to take control of your body through persuasion or violence. Let's say that it's blowing warm air over your left ear, perhaps the more sensitive one. Let's say that you could unplug it if you wanted, if you thought of doing so. Then, let's shut up.

## Matches

Matches are nothing like ants. Their ways are flickery and nocturnal, hardly gregarious, and they refuse to be part of a collective society in which every member's life is of little importance. Every time one lights up, it's an individual personality that goes out. They will only accept you if you're willing to have your head explode in an instant that's absolute, orgasmic, final, whose presumed ecstasy it's impossible to be sure of beforehand.

## Flattery

This isn't the work of a human being, says the gentleman in the frock coat, looking closely at the deep and bloody marks left buried in the flesh. Come on, what a flatterer, you're exaggerating, I tell him, modest, my claws buried in my pockets.

## She Covers Your Eyes

She covers your eyes and asks, who am I? She has the hands and voice of your youngest daughter. And now she wants your eyes.

## Werewolf

With a ferocious grimace, gushing blood and spittle, the werewolf opens his jaws and bares his yellow fangs. A curious buzzing perforates the air. The werewolf is afraid. So is the dentist.

## The Dead

Certain characters have boasted of visiting the world of the dead. I don't need to demonstrate that this is impossible: the dead don't all live together. On the other hand, there exists an intermediary world where our own dead visit us. To call to them is useless. They come and see us when they want and, what's worse, how they want.

## Specters

If ghosts tremble in their sheets and hide from you, if skeletons jump and take cover in their own tombs, don't brag about it, friend. Never brag about scaring specters. Their terrified expressions as they get out of your way are nothing more than ploys they use to try to make you believe you're still alive.