

FAUN

ANNE LE TROTTER

Curiously, my dog died, my dog is sad because it dies alone, I can't speak English but evenings, when I go at home, I walk and I think, I imagine short stories about my day in english. English is an exotic language in my walking dreams. But now I don't walking. My dog was not die in walking and thinking, he did not speak english no more. My dog should speak french, like me. Maybe my dog imagined that he died because dog can imagine but not think. When I was walking, I was not think about death of my dog. I felt only the cold. My dog died in exotic language, like a english lesson. Shorts lesson-stories about my dog death are not real. My dog die in french and my dog die for writting in English. No rules for my imagination in english, it's just a game but my dog die in english too now. English is a dream or a film, I can say my dog die or fuck you or go die, they are the words of a movie. No matter in english for me.

I play walking games when I say fuck you in my dreams but I cannot say shit in my dead dog in french. I said I don't speak english but when I sleep I could write in english in my dreams. During my write-dreams, I can't know if you read exactly what I think because when I am dreaming I am alone like my dead dog. This write-dream could be the one of him, just before the death. English of my dog is better than mine in my walk-writting, it's the first life's lesson, curiously.

... And when I am here, in my English dog's language,

I dream to go, ailleurs, til my French's home/tongue. But after, I think that I need to walk until my sweetly, lovely, English, deadly, pet dream's place... Really no matter again! Understand me,

like Superman, I will save it ! I think again and finally I stay here, in my french lesson. Dog who died in English scares me. NAWNG. Go. Go. Go. Curiously, I continue. I dream-walk, I turn in a fucking circle on this fucking place and perfectly I can't find it. I turn me and see that I'm un-farm-AY in English, with my dog, with my dream-walk. I can't decide me, really, between going or staying, between joy or panic. When I am Là à l'anglaise (put your finger on this place, in my dream, seel voo PLAY), I think that it will be better Là-bas in French(other finger). But when I go Là-bas (finger two), I would like go new home, in Là (KAWM-pruh-nay VOO, finger one), with English's you maybe. Là is my home too, now. Not in the death but next to my dog who eats your fingers now! It defends me or really it's his revenge b'cause small dog must have revenge. I laugh in ma nouvelle maison anglaise but I know that I continue to think in french. I must take luh TRANG to pass English/French border (ah KEL UR par luh TRANG?) but nobody can't decide something during the dream, so I don't know if I pass in French corner or English corner. More and more curious, you do not find, my fingers mordu ?

Fine a lie, act TRAW say that I must continue to walk on the line without my doggy dog o-joord-WEE b'cause I finish to learn English language. Juh VUH English accept me, like basterd accept the death of my dog. Kel ai luh shuh-MANG poor to take the final train for dog English country? Do you understand my so sexy frahn-SAY accent when I write english test, like ee-SEE, in my walk-dreaming? Juh SWEE not a blay-RO or stupide, I feel your mind. Fet ah-tahnss-YAWNG, dahn-JAY : I speak universal language like ee-SEE b'cause

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frahn-SAY and ah-may-ree-KAN can understand my Universal-dream music. French use voice's sound and ah-may-ree-Kan read it. It's Superman language like a superbabel tower. The name of my dog was not Superbabel but Faun, like fauna and flora even if I don't know Flora, but ah-may-ree-KAN must understand better than me. I know Faun so I'm not a pigeon or a blay-RO or a PAWM. kess kuh SAY flora? Deaf dogs can't have girls or mad-mwa-ZEL. So maybe Flora is my Faun's Universal sound. It's a label o-joord-WEE. You can sing-read Universal-Faun Sound system, ee-SEE, like his new dream-friend, Superbabel and like me, KAWM-pruh-nay VOO ? Vuh-NAY to dance on coconut in summer sound in head-dream of Flora who lives in L.A. on the Sun Belt of Faun, my dog. The Universal Super-Eden recording the tube was. Vuh-nay VEET, you must have Flora's song or The collar of my dog in memory.