



Julien Creuzet

Hiding behind the foliage.

To hide, in a lost hole,
In the black south.
I'm not from here,
But I was there,
near you,
close to you.

I caress each tree,
Roots, my earthly wanderings.
Roots, tuber,
Touching my brothers, in the ground,
Tears, morning dew,
Tears, brandy.

Smoked of hope,
Tea from elsewhere,
I have ruminated,
bad grass.

Jungle, jungle, big city,
Drunkenness, my father's rum,
Drift, atlantic,
Here I depress,
I depict

Each window,
Mirror of abandonment.

Depression,
Green plant,
Liana, stem, vertigo,
Antigua, me iguana.

Me algae of the depths
Scum of the lake,
Venom saliva
I depict,

Click, glass shards
Dream acidulated,
Crossed geography.

I cried to change
Skin reversed,
Rumpled, I vomited,
Purplish petals

I have the green blues,
Wild plant,
Plant wise image of nightmare.

It is the calm storm,
A bubbling before yelling

I must go,
Leave everything around,
Out of my skin
I have to leave my eyes
My body barks,
Green steam
Strange scent
Flower yellow, purple
I lost my keys
My head in the puddle
I drank the liquid liquor from the morning dew.
I lost my I
Outside of me, of us.

We would not have touched
Greens, dizziness
at full speed,
Your heart my beat
Drum on my tight skin
The lake is not the sea,
Escape, flight.
to run away

I do not have to say I,
Your head, your eyes in the steppe
I, is the beginning of isolation
Us from a long time ago
Us from the city before the city
We color mirror,
Sun too bright
Black yesterday from the distant past
too far.

I do not have to say I
We, I in us
With more force
Less alone
Tanned Sun
I do not have to say it
But I am all your blindness
Drunkenness of thirst
We are the flowers without water
City glass, city river, city cut in half
Dementia, vertigo stalk,
Road barred, the nest is here
House is away, body is far away
Body cover is no longer bitterness body
Us spicy, tormented flowers
Torrent incarnate
I would sink near the seaweed
Crazy grass,
Floating
Submerged dirt
I sink, we sink
Rain drop on the eyelashes

Julien Creuzet (Paris, 1986) is a french-caribbean artist who lives and works in Paris. A visual artist and a poet, he engages in crossing these two practices together and enriching them with one another by combining sculptures, installations and textual interventions dealing with his own diasporic experience. Inspired by the artistic and intellectual oeuvre of Aimé Césaire and Édouard Glissant and their reflections on creolization and identity as travel and shifting experiences, Creuzet is author of a corpus of profoundly sensual works, which are centered on the relationship between the history of Martinique and the events of European modernity.

Creuzet's work was recently the subject of solo exhibitions at the Frac Basse Normandie in Caen (2015), the Juvisy-sur-Orge contemporary art centre, Galerie Doyang Lee in Paris (2013), the Sandretto Re Rebaudengo foundation in Turin (2012).

Recently, he participated to Festival Hors Piste at the Centre Pompidou (2017) and in 2016 to the 12ème Biennale de l'Art contemporain Africain de Dakar, Dakar, Sénégal, the second Kampala Art Biennale (Uganda), and the 30th international artists studios at the FRAC Pays de la Loire. He currently participates to the 14th Lyon Biennial and will be presenting a solo show at Sketch gallery in Bogotá in November 2017.

Supported by the Cultural Service at the Consulate General of France in Chicago

