LIVERPOOL'S DREAM



In Liverpool

dreams are strange.

They take you by surprise,

and run through your veins, like night trains,

without station,

slumbering on the infinity of the tracks

destined to lead somewhere.

This neverland.

The last dream of this Giant we left as a Diver turned him into a shipwrecked castaway, lost on a raft.

Liverpool is a storm,

one of those that tears off the sailors' bodies.

Despite his strengh the sea propelled this Giant far from his raft.

Trampled by the waves,

Tossed into the ocean's torrent

smashing his face against the freighters,

he ended up floating,

far from everything...

He found himself lying on a beach, in New Brighton:

a survivor, a migrant forced to forge a new memory for himself.

Some Liverpudlians found his raft very far away in the Arctic.

And brought it back to Canning Dock

So that he could leave at last...

©Jean-Luc Courcoult, author-Director, founder of Royal de Luxe