

*"T'is said that ancient beings from ages gone by are watching,
From beyond oblivion and the far corners of this very world,
Still, on some darkened nights, baleful doors are left yawning..."*

The Starspawn, Justin Geoffrey

Édité à compte d'auteur, peu épais et relié dans une sorte de cuir indéfinissable à la texture vaguement caoutchouteuse, *"Le Peuple du Monolithe"* est un recueil en rimes d'un obscur poète états-unien du nom de Justin Geoffrey. Outre le grandiose poème donnant son nom à l'ouvrage, il comprend entre autre *"De l'Ancienne Contrée"* (*From the Old Land*), *"Passions Obscures"* (*Dark Passions*), *"Nemesis"*, *"La Bête Venue des Etoiles"* (*The Starspawn*) ou encore l'effrayant *"Parade Dans Les Ténèbres"* (*Strutter In The Dark*).

Geoffrey y dépeint une série de voyage en des terres indéterminées, où l'évocation d'une nature sauvage pourrait de prime abord le classer quelque part entre le Gothique et le Romantisme. Pourtant, il émane d'entre ces vers une sensation de malaise indéfinissable. Les paysages de Geoffrey suggèrent une morne stérilité, une immobilité morbide dissimulant d'antiques secrets inavouables, et laissent entrevoir en filigrane une vision nihiliste d'un cosmos tout entier voué à l'entropie et dénué de grâce divine.

Le retour à la nature n'est pas une régénération spirituelle chez Justin Geoffrey mais au contraire un retour vers un état dégénéré où la conscience se dilue et finit par être anéantie face au caractère vertigineux et insondable de l'Immuable et de l'Éternel. Le cycle poétique amène lentement le lecteur, au terme d'une spirale déprimante, à une ultime et fatale épiphanie. Il réalise alors qu'il n'est nul Chant des Sphères ordonnant l'agencement de l'univers, mais au contraire un hymne dissonant à l'entropie et nul dieu si ce n'est un monstrueux chaos bouillonnant, totalement indifférent à l'ensemble de la Création.

*"Through the ghoul-guarded gateways of slumber,
Past the wan-mooned abysses of night,
I have lived o'er my lives without number,
I have sounded all things with my sight;
And I struggle and shriek ere the daybreak, being driven to madness with fright.*

*I have whirled with the earth at the dawning,
When the sky was a vaporous flame;
I have seen the dark universe yawning
Where the black planets roll without aim,
Where they roll in their horror unheeded, without knowledge or lustre or name.*

*I had drifted o'er seas without ending,
Under sinister grey-clouded skies,
That the many-forked lightning is rending,
That resound with hysterical cries;
With the moans of invisible daemons, that out of the green waters rise.*

*I have plunged like a deer through the arches
Of the hoary primordial grove,
Where the oaks feel the presence that marches,
And stalks on where no spirit dares rove,
And I flee from a thing that surrounds me, and leers through dead branches
above.*

*I have stumbled by cave-ridden mountains
That rise barren and bleak from the plain,
I have drunk of the fog-foetid fountains
That ooze down to the marsh and the main;*

And in hot cursed tarns I have seen things, I care not to gaze on again.

*I have scanned the vast ivy-clad palace,
I have trod its untenanted hall,
Where the moon rising up from the valleys
Shows the tapestried things on the wall;
Strange figures discordantly woven, that I cannot endure to recall.*

*I have peered from the casements in wonder
At the mouldering meadows around,
At the many-roofed village laid under
The curse of a grave-girdled ground;
And from rows of white urn-carven marble, I listen intently for sound.*

*I have haunted the tombs of the ages,
I have flown on the pinions of fear,
Where the smoke-belching Erebus rages;
Where the jokulls loom snow-clad and drear:
And in realms where the sun of the desert consumes what it never can cheer.*

*I was old when the pharaohs first mounted
The jewel-decked throne by the Nile;
I was old in those epochs uncounted
When I, and I only, was vile;
And Man, yet untainted and happy, dwelt in bliss on the far Arctic isle.*

*Oh, great was the sin of my spirit,
And great is the reach of its doom;
Not the pity of Heaven can cheer it,
Nor can respite be found in the tomb:
Down the infinite aeons come beating the wings of unmerciful gloom.*

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Nemesis, Justin Geoffrey