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HOMAGE TO D.A.F. DE SADE

*a fin que ... les traces de ma tombe disparaissent de
dessus la surface de la terre comme je me flatte que ma
mémoire s'effacera de l'esprit des hommes ...*

Testament of Sade

You have not disappeared.

The letters of your name are still a scar that will not heal,
the tattoo of disgrace on certain faces.

Comet whose body is substance, whose tail glitters in
dialectics,
you rush through the nineteenth century holding a grenade of
truth,
exploding as you come to our own time.

A mask that smiles beneath a veil of pink
made of the eyelids of the executed,
truth broken into a thousand flames of fire.
What do they mean, those giant fragments,
that herd of icebergs sailing from your pen and from the high
seas heading toward the nameless coasts?
those delicate surgical instruments made for cutting away the
chancre of God?
those howls interrupting your kingly
elephant thoughts?
the frightful striking of out-of-order clocks?
all of that rusty armament of torture?