

# Lunar absinthe

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Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*Thank you to all my friends readers and lovers of poetry who will find pleasure in immersing  
themselves  
in my deliciously tormented universe .*

## About the author

The author is Belgian living in Brussels .He was born in Africa somewhere around the 70 th He is trained in social therapy and has long lived and worked in communities with mentally disabled people.

Defining himself as word designer and soul's musician .He is also an everyday life observer which provides him with inspiration.

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I'm the intelligence

## Source

Frequency of the universe

beyond

the mirror of infinity ...

---//...

Frequency of the infinity

beyond

the universe of the mirror...

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Infinity of the mirror

beyond

the universe of the frequency...

---^---

Everything infinity,

everything frequency ...

I am going back

to the source ,

beyond the mirror ...

## The next dawn

*The next dawn ...*

*Next dawn alight ,  
moistness a night ,  
drawing a smile,  
quivering flame...  
I love you little Italy ,  
aroma cloud coffee,  
long burning down ,  
day dreaming button...*

## Roundabout seduction

*So far away  
from nowhere  
near the unknown  
same heart  
no hurt...  
Tired of hours  
always so sour ...  
Smile in the mail  
off peak tears  
heady kiss  
little miss ...  
Picking the day  
seizing the smell  
desire a feel  
elusive seed  
illusion of may...*

## Candlelight

Brightening the beauty of faith,  
appeasing afflicted bodies,  
to the poorest, offering compassion...

Silent voice of the divine ,  
appeal to quietness and meditation,  
serious and attentive messenger  
of the highest and the purest ...

Light of depth ,  
respectfully accompanying the soul  
on its ultimate path ...

## The lady of the lake

She passed in the half smile  
of a lost summer season ..  
Only leaving a pale glint  
in the mirror of illusions ,  
flight suspended on the  
inconstancy of the lake ...  
Dead waters memory ,  
dressed in times of melancholy ,  
evanescent dream ...



## Old dogs

Old dogs fall asleep one day,  
free leash to eternity .  
Does it exist a paradise ,  
rewarding their loyalty ?  
Old dogs suffer in silence ,  
before reaching their ultimate  
home of compassion ...  
Old dogs leave so much love  
in the morning bowl,  
in the sunset stroll...  
Old dogs write a memory  
on the wings of the dream,  
apologizing to the neighbor's cat...  
Old dogs on the departure ,  
have the dignity of angels...  
Gentle companions,  
receptacle of our sorrows ,  
secret thinkers,  
patient philosophers...  
Expecting behind the silent door ,  
poor chewy ball ,lonely crying ...  
Old dogs draw a strange touch of blank  
in the white page of our loneliness.

## Clouds

*Clouds running in the sky of Nova Scotia ,  
messengers of past and broken loves  
drawing imaginary continents in the immensity  
of our pettiness ...  
Yawning mouths of illusions,  
fluid smiles ,rainy silence ...  
Clouds fleeing in the sky of Nova Scotia,  
woolly rambblers passing through dreams and drama...  
Clouds wandering in the sky of Nova Scotia ,  
enigmatic herd, impassible Buddhas ,  
whats your inscrutable destination ?  
Last journey to the midnight of the worlds ,  
slowly attracting me to the end ...  
Clouds vanishing in the sky of Nova Scotia...*

## Profumo nero

Elixir, emulsion, emanation ,  
mystical impregnation ,  
impulse ...  
Touching your body of emotions ,  
sensual note jumble ...  
Blood rose, blue night carnation,  
black desire ,  
provocative aroma ,  
scarlet geometry in lunaria passion...

## The sea of trees

*Beautiful disembodied love,  
walk with me in the kingdom  
of the mourning dressed travelers  
dancing under the black sun...  
Around your neck,I will tie  
a lace of eternity ,  
like wreck of destiny...  
Embracing you,  
in the heady scent of fern,  
well'live in the memory of trees,  
forms,rediscovering their decomposed  
organic essence ...  
Greenish melody of stringed ghosts,  
history of painful twisted trunks,  
death telling vertical stories...  
The branches will be our vessel,  
cold night ,our shroud ...  
Spirit of darkness,revealing the secrets  
of ancient paths and silent barks...  
Walk with me in the forest of the eternal dusk ,  
walk with me in the thousand mornings forest  
without a dawn ,  
beautiful disembodied love...*

## Ostend souls

One windy day on the flatland,  
I'll take your hand on mine,  
like old times...  
And we'll gaze across the grey waves,  
the weathered -beaten dunes  
with their soft dips and curves ...  
Ostend shall scatter my sorrows,  
and I walk on the dreamy paths ...  
Love will tell of ancient desires,  
and other moist stories...

## Up side dawn

*Voyage in a long riddle ,  
maze and amazing puzzle,  
words shining like a gem  
in my foolhardy scheme...  
Our intimate diary,  
nights in fugue and fairy ,  
fruits,wine and satine ,  
on the tender of your skin..  
I love you,morning green,  
red blossoming queen,  
deep polar white ,  
spirit of light ...  
Secret island ,so close,  
my desire,my purpose ...  
Melodic fragment of a star,  
door of spells barely ajar ...  
lightly touching your soul,  
single vibrato the whole...  
Mild of a dune,  
our violons in tune...  
Beyond the nostalgic sands of time,  
brushing past our lands and lime ...  
Juicy fruits up the day ,  
To the next journey ...*

## Westend season

Ambling along the prom from Knokke to Cap Cod ,  
quick espresso San Remo ...

Summary in the vague .

The testy wind has stopped whipping the sea,  
the clouds have become wise as children  
dropping anchor in the ink of dreams ...

Today, the black attires of hearth ,  
burying the pale blue eyes of tide ...

Breeze tired of counting the waves ,  
beneath weeds and nettles,  
poppies turning into alluviums ...

Shorelines telling us jokes ,  
drifting off the coasts of Zelandia ...

Old wet tavern on the lazy jetty  
smelling mussels and dreary juniper ...

I love a bleached hair mermaid,  
musing over a fiery life  
drowned in the better sweet  
of a beer mug ...

## Life style

Serbo- Croatian sometimes,  
Austro-Hungarian by reason,  
nonconformist Belgian ,  
rainmaker for a living,  
cosmopolitan vintage...  
God next door ,the believer ,  
elusive mercurial lover ,  
solar wind ,mastermind ,  
chess player and composer ...  
No ideal match, only lies and masks,  
no real path,just solitary past ...  
Fairy century ,Trianon invitation,  
forever dream catcher ,  
night hours elegant rover,  
italian timing ,espresso dating...



## Pagan invocation

*God of the gate and mail box,  
god of the path and garden,  
god of the barking dog ...*

*Enduring heath and coldness,  
you, outside world deities ,  
knowing the secret of seasons ,  
happily welcoming  
the well disposed visitor ...*

*Be praised for protecting my home !*

*god of the bell and waiting moment,  
god of the invitation to enter ,  
master of the in and out instant ..*

*Be praised for protecting my home !*

*God of sleepers and canopy ,  
god of tea pot and brownies ,  
god of the cat behind the curtains ,  
inner world deities celebrating  
friendship and nice chatter ..*

*Be praised for protecting my home !*

## The bones of time

*" Time leaves only the dry bones of what were our crazy hopes ! "*

Hours voyaging in the gutter,  
long abyss ,so bitter ...

Fake diamond the sentiment,  
scum of salted resentment,  
soul, exploring dustbin,  
livid figures around,so mean...

Love is adrift ,  
venom and gift ...

Beauty in inspired death,  
fire and ultimate breath,  
reveries,faded purpose,  
sad journey for a rose...

Night crows pathos,  
nasty crowd chaos ...

I beg you pardon,  
my lady skeleton ...

Mood, flood, dirty side ,  
flop hours in slow tide ...

Tell me what to do ,  
with such a carnal blue ?

## Fragments on the path

My soul...lost skies of wanders,  
painting liquid nature of melancholy...  
Dancing pale lights in the limbos,  
foreigner for myself ,  
stranger for others ,  
lone stone memory,  
long story of trees,  
on line tears terminal ...  
My soul, sketching waters  
in ancient Flemish oil ,  
fragments of the past...

## Apocalyptic modernity

*In the bluish mist of Saturn ,  
collapses the great pornographer,  
Erratic clones in sulphurous magma,  
tolling the dancing carcass knell ...  
Prometheus has tainted the goddess,  
titan seeds ,new harvest promises ..  
Walk-on actors imploring death,  
poor superficial lord of dice ,  
offspring of supermarkets ...  
To the bestial beatitudes  
hybrid demiurge leading the herd...  
Squalid aesthetes ,born to be decayed,  
can you see this anathema rag ?  
Vain wargame, turning into gay prayer ,  
piggy pot attracting black lies who's who,  
nothing the limits,emptiness and vacuum ...  
You,fatal bellies ,perverted minds  
denuding Nicole Kidman's wardrobe ...  
Steel and style, iron and fashion,  
Paganini ,panini bell canto ,  
birds of tragedy, smiling Illuminati ,  
Dinosaur our perfect master is back !*

## Dissident manifesto

Murky holocaust ,  
inspired ghosts  
lost in transcendance ,  
crazy moloch dance ...  
I praise you ,butcher ,  
universal brain watcher ...  
Rabbinic racoons ,  
serendipitous baboons ,  
apocalyptic red hereafter show,  
witch tower,blue flies,orgasmic fluid...  
Bombastic lord creditor ,  
alter globalist fornicator,  
you,brownish wordshippers ,  
and jolly veggie rippers ...  
Draw me an autistic dissidence !  
Flushing away the pentagone !  
Pentateuch ,your days are gone !  
Red friars, faceless gloomy monks ,  
happy burial ,tomorrow belongs !  
Put me a musical dissonance !  
Mute muezzin mosque repellent ,  
prayer machine carpet fell silent ..  
Mugs game in a windsale bank,  
absinth memory orders for a blank...  
Mystical firemaker ,  
my autistic brother...  
Teleangelist heavenly way of tourment ,  
squalls on the doomsday tournament ...  
Augur teach me the word of Belphegor !



## Tantra

Bright goddess,  
pulsating breath ,  
solar camellia,  
hidden nebula...  
Sparkling divine glance,  
deep inside a trance ...  
Access to the non dimension,  
transcending the reason ,  
sensitivity over the flow ,  
sublime step of slow ...  
Serpent in the suave garden  
free me from the chain ...  
Seeds of enlightenment, sowing ,  
occult symbolism, revealing ...

## Old ladies hours

I like old ladies hours..  
They put the world right,  
in front of a cuppa  
and some pastries ...  
Fancy weather dressed,  
they put clouds out to dry ...  
invoking the dearly absents ,  
and eternity announcements,  
they smells hospital ,  
and withered flowers.  
I like old ladies hours ...  
So gently babbly sitting ,  
venerable chit chat book,  
talking about time and cumulus,  
living room hibiscus in memoriam...  
-Have you heard from Mary Poppins ? -  
Old ladies have bleached blue umbrellas,  
grey and grave decorum dresses,  
coquetry left and dead leaves ...  
Old ladies always laughing ,  
with a little broken glass sound ...  
Then perched on their grandma broom ,  
flying away on the wings of Peter Pan,  
returning to cook some home made  
of solitude ...



## Sad way of life

*Life inspires me gloomy solo,  
lamento a long lost saxo ...  
Life expires me parrot fashions ,  
parolies ,clockwise depressions ...  
Mother I'm not your king,  
father I'm hidden thing ...  
Broken desires of birds,  
sterile beauty of birth...  
life expresses me tailor made fool,  
I don't respect rhythm and rule...*

## My lady kate

Sh'es graceful princess ,bride of the wind,  
sh'es the amber in the kingdom of rain,  
pure crystal and hidden arcane,  
monsoon meridian ,enchanted anchorage...  
I love her in a secret orchard of solitude,  
errant vagary and anxious expectances ,  
rhythm in the slow ,adagio,  
lascivious tango, non troppo...  
Feline skin,tender battlefield ,  
velvet valleys and autumn' curves ,  
equivocal equinox , venus alchemy,  
the heady source of my solar journey...

## The park bench

*Dust of tears in a park bench ,  
in Brussels ...  
That sunless day ,  
rain wetting the eyes  
of dead leaves ...  
Absinth of your skin ,  
lake of absence ,  
lost summer and now,  
a year and go ..  
long memoride ,  
your landscapes  
travelling in still life  
and love style ,  
on a park bench,  
in Brussels...  
Jesterday voyagers  
sitting on the beach  
of nights ...  
Murmurs touching  
the cold abyss of the mirror ,  
the ice cream man will no longer pass  
in the forbidden foliage...  
Letters of water ,waverer form,  
engraved in the moody wood  
of the old park bench ...  
Muppets grave orchestra ,  
A year and few waves again,  
in Brussels...*

## Urban tragicomedy

My first steps were not welcome in a world of masks and grimaces.

Mercury child bored in Saturny ,I quickly learned elegant manners ...

- " Say hello to the lady ,and don't put your fingers on the rose ! - "

- " If you're a good boy ,Santa will bring you a suitable present ! - "

- " Oh ! Oh ! Oh ! "-

The old donkey has kicked the holly bucket ,

and easy going big ox in the box ...

- " Darling ,for lunch I've prepared a stew of awakened bio-diversity ! ... Happy ?- "

I feel like carnivorous veggy instincts ... enthusiastic sleepy septo climatic...

I became a brilliant mutistic, well adapted to the din of silence . the deal...

Aladdin lamp disconnected ,in the bin ...

Learning the basis of jargon to make me forget ...

In the light of a bohemian time ,reading monsieur Baudelaire,

flowers and finishing carcasses.

Among you,healthy perfumed corpses ,

This one, anonymous in the pow pow ,

mercury kid and Paris toujours Paris ...

## Waves

*Waves always dying on the sand,  
another coming and vanishing..  
Tide race sweeping away  
hopes and happiness ,  
regrets and sorrows ...  
Waves have no passion,  
bitter taste of impermanence ,  
unfinished meditation ...  
I close the page of remorse  
on the swirl of salt ink ...  
Are we only lost drop  
on a flow of tears  
drowned in oceans of solitude ?*

## Ore dell'aqua

*Tepid early morning dew,  
pearl dancing on your lips,  
aphrodite's musical appeal  
tender sensorial melody ...  
Pulsar, impulse ,modulations ,  
next arpeggio,the mystery ...  
Close,so close,my love ,  
deliciously twined ,  
round the sleepy clock ...  
in my hand,waterlily drifting ,  
Caressing your liquid impertinence,  
seductive noon nymphet,expecting,  
tangled fluids in the water hours ..*

## Streets of Vienna

Born in the warmth of the beast,  
night and mist dreamer ,  
    bitter master artist ...  
Child of philosophers ,  
and scholar butchers,  
bewitched streets of Vienna...  
    Charming evasive Hanna ,  
Soon the big departure ,  
burning Prussian  
taking your hand  
to the banks of future ,  
    bright starry firmament ...  
Illegitimate son of a stolen cross,  
Johan Strauss feels a sense of loss...  
Mozart playing drums and fears,  
skinheads stridency, fire and tears ...  
Born thing of rotten souls,  
forgetful of laws and rules ,  
desecrated statues of saints  
    and voices of the ancients...  
Austrian wolf and vegan ,  
extravagant orphan,  
melomaniac architect ,  
    have a glassy sekt,  
mesmerized streets of Vienna ...  
Dance step with the hyena ,  
one star Pullman , final east line ,  
chamber orchestra, it's fine ...

## Tropical interlude

*Distant dunes to heart,  
in search of close shores,  
sunset make me hurt ,  
secret taboo doors ...  
once upon atoll,  
shipwreck, the call...  
space tropicorn lagoon,  
spice lolita moon ...  
Vanilla hours,deep vertigo,  
archipelago feelings mango...  
Primal forest long mystery,  
suave salted night story,  
desire pottering along  
the ruby flavour of dreams,  
far away Bora Bora song ,  
ukelele melody,  
lasting melancholy  
of our summer whims...*



## Dark sabbath

Death invites me for a cup of coffin,  
end has a soft touch of satin...  
Shabaalic black hag,  
my head full of ragbag,  
I am your shamefool,  
decayed queen of amour...  
Gi'me a kiss of fate,  
eternity charity taste ...  
Lady early mouning into femme fatale  
trendy for the sepulchral ball ...  
cursed poet begging nursery rhythm,  
you lost you shadow,  
rope of shagreen rhymes  
to extinct your solo ...  
Just dried fish game ,  
illusions of fame...  
Doors open to hellswhere,  
dark sabbath slumber ...

## Star words

*My words,wild and weird,singing,  
silent forest ,ocean spirit and shamanic...  
Moody, capricious, transient ,ironic,  
in the fantasy land ,living ..  
Hermetic ideograms,  
geometric pentagrams...  
Words,delicate features,designing,  
subtle abysmal links ,chanting...  
Hermetic scriptures,  
Italic sculptures ...  
My words sometime lying,  
always rebels and biting ...  
In winter season's house ,  
often easy cozy dormouse ...  
So silky breath at om ,  
serene sunset ,lighting  
magic of words to come,  
midnight's noon murmuring...*

## Fugue in runaway

*Sorcery stream in love,  
mercury flight in the flow...  
Kissing the cloud in the blue,  
twined your voice in the wind,  
forgetting the stylus of hours,  
quick silver fugue in the run ...  
Accomplice sunchronicity,  
samechronized achords ...  
Scent of your perfect nudity,  
pastel shades of fullness,  
game of love and go...  
Melodic chorus chained to night,  
intruder in the forbidden of your source,  
picking opaline flower in your thoughts,  
elves casting a spell in the oracle coffee cup,  
wizardness and artful hocus pokus ,  
i'ts full of magic to feel alone in our double ...*

## Inspired fall

*Fake and scam,  
mask and bully seat,  
artefact paradises,  
blasphemous waters of life,  
infamous bargain of love,  
scattered serments and ferments,  
pristine sharing Satan kiss ...  
Beyond flies and false gods ,  
believers dealing with the angel,  
sermons smelling old wet dog !  
You are venom and weeds ,  
    evil wine of my wounds ,  
lethal ambrosia, amnesia ,  
sulphurous desire and fall...*

## Riviera hotel

" These few lines written in the flesh of the incandescent azure "

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My life long coffee house from the bitter riviera to the lost tropics,  
my loves empty cup of dreams , blurred shapes in the vague...  
Forgotten railway station before the next departure ,  
melancholic hiker,bipolar backpacker ,  
passenger embalmed with lavender ,  
reading the doldrums logbook ...  
unfinished souls meeting point,  
Hotel around the nowhere,  
your journey is my day ...

## Orchard of delights

*Silent soul ,hidden design,  
shy moon, sending a sign,  
lagoon, spices,spummy tide ,  
water of caresses so mild..  
Your quiet weather melody,  
harvest mood ,melancholy...  
Timeless puzzle of your scent,  
drawing mellow sirocco and sand...  
I hold the key to secret Eden,  
I love you in outlawed garden...*

## Legacy a cursed poet

Erotic fruit, rotten taste,  
shattered soul, lost harvest..  
Switch off reveries of past !  
Nasty memory, zombie zest ...  
dead fish in the box,  
please Dry your socks !  
Frozen bravado compartment,  
punch fiction announcement ...  
Dead life full of stinky remnant,  
lethal claret on the road to the end ...  
Liturgy for a couple of flies,  
opus for orgasmic lies ..  
Obituary flight ,pigs and dogs passengers,  
candied overdose for happy cadavers ...

## Score

*The rain falling on the windows,  
sounds a nostalgia bell ...  
Touching the warmth of feelings,  
dies a crystal orchid perfume ...  
Love has scorching Spanish carmin  
passion Italian Milano bel canto,  
elegant French satin ballet shoes...  
The rain falling on the windows,  
soul bassoon grief , lamento cello...*



## Murmurs

*Child in the savanna of your arms,  
tepid languor, breeze so warm ,  
rebirth lava and saliva  
solstice and summer slow...  
Delicate cherries of your lips,  
ma douce chérie, mon envie,  
that I taste fire and fiery flower ...  
I, rather Amsterdam,  
you ,so Penny lane ,  
tea party ,juniper berry,  
deep water indigo ,  
a little drop of porto...  
your caresses designing  
unsaid naughty stories,  
my sparkling partner ..  
long caves whispering,  
switch on the love ,  
and its feline curves...*

## Anti social

Brainwatched our chimera,  
glamorous matrone hours,  
captain scam preserve my life,  
soldier hacker keep me safe ,  
madam webscam sink me out,  
brother concrete kill me loud...  
Lethal morphine preaches predestine,  
inspector visor teaches resign ,  
I fell so sorry mister compulsory,  
I don't believe in the reign of flies,  
wrapping house of paper, idol lies,  
scoundrels on the rough, lady gargoyle...  
I am the metropolite homeless, rat protector,  
chanting om pah pah hoopla mantra !  
out of sanctified musk and master sorrows...  
Keep yourself antiglobal !  
I sniff anti social bum(b) !

## Existential boots

Poetry is a serious affair .

---

Marshal Grouchy grumpy boots,

Little Bony needs a boost !

Happy new herd boots ,

go on the booze !

Arm candy parody boots,

the führer has the runs !

Haughty -naughty boots,

Champagne pour tous !

Our mother of booties,

crows over the crib !

Boss your busy boots,

need to get Botox !

My boots lost in doll dreams...

Do pumps have a destiny ?

## flying away

One day,I will fly away,  
leaving autumns and other seasons,  
like a burden free bird ...

One day,I will fly away,  
leaving the mirror of illusions,  
elegant gentleman -burglar...

One day,I will fly away,  
leaving loves and old scores,  
madman lost in his diagonal...

One day,I will fly away ,  
leaving moods and blues,  
cheater on insipid cuppa...

One day,I will fly away,  
leaving concrete compost,  
traveller on the wings of words...

One day,I will fly away,  
leaving faces and promises of queens,  
unwise counter oaths...

One day,I will fly away ,  
leaving a stone's memory penny  
on my fancy harvests...

## Game of chance

Pulsar putting a kiss of eternity,  
distant galaxies,luminous quasar,  
where the spirit transcends all passions,  
angel's time in golden stardust written ,  
every awakening part of Buddhas'dream...  
Are we just a passing asteroid matter of disaster ?  
Shred a nowhere script in the solar wind breath ?  
Myriad of vain delight years taking away our beliefs...  
musical beauty of the vacuum on a crescendo scale,  
Are we only this pendant of atoms immersed  
in the abyss symphony ?

## Charm

*Soul's message carved in your smile,  
secret caves and curves odours ,  
dishevelled score in chromatic hours...  
Saffron tropic ,cinnamon topic ,  
easy dozy life ,late vibes,lady bright,  
run away day, your peppermint spirit  
inspiring me quiet nicely ...  
sensitive watercolors ,patchwork feelings,  
miscellany lavender pastel , light theme ,  
hazel soft to the touch ,appeal and spell...*

## The last birdman

*My inner mythical island ,  
in deep water and bitter more,  
forbidden area and drama ,  
reefs dreaming coral trees ,  
old scary kraken legends ...  
Bottle in the sea,lost navigators,  
how many sailors and buccaneers...  
"Where are you monsieur De la Pérouse ? "  
Sensation of galleys and shipwrecks ,  
stolen solstice in silent agony ...  
My inner mystical island ,  
mirages and tempest of illusions,  
love story Robinson fashion ,  
boarding to unknown destination  
feverishly undressed,  
hastily colonized,  
my conquests in the shallows..  
My inner magical island ,  
driving fears of world away ,  
lunatic mood ,astrolabe moon,  
I am the last bird man ...*

## Sun light dance

*Charm ephemeral lightness,  
inconstant wanderer,  
harlequin cloud acrobat ...  
Purring Sunday slow,  
enchanted flamenco,  
blended aroma, Copacabana ,  
    cachaça square dance,  
quizzical erotic puzzle ,  
velvet skin quandary ...  
I love you silt spirit,  
mangrove and rain forest ..  
    when tides showers , ecstatic shivers,  
burning my flesh, shouting my soul...  
Brasil czardas, Hungarian samba,  
passion rose, fiery orchid , sensual dahlia,  
indigo flood and colorful senses ,  
polka lambada, kolo tango !  
Ballerina , whirlwind of emotions ,  
    switch the sun on !  
Be my scottish bachata,  
    mon palais de l'opéra ...*



## Frozen life

House like a ruined nest,  
shattered nettles,lost harvest,  
bitter fruit, nausea taste ,  
switch off all drunkenness of past !  
Frozen brazier compartment ,  
pulp pen-pusher announcement ...  
Rant from a rainy faded novel ,  
intimate garbage to hell !  
Erotic unbearable delights,  
licking the body of your nights ,  
your intermezzo passenger,  
welcome to you merry cadaver !

## Sharing with you

*Sharing with you ,  
thrilling instants ,solar mantra,  
euphony perfection,  
the silk,the limits...  
Sharing with you,  
intense dative ,present tense,  
impulse verb,final declension...  
Sharing with you ,  
complicit summary,non profit loving,  
tender burns ,didactic nightie..  
Sharing with you,  
little patchwork jumble,  
lunar absinthe possession,  
symphonic green bursts,  
haven,heaven, Eden ...  
Shared with you !*

## The god of the crowd

Syrupy gravy on the grave,  
ethyl habits,autistic rabbits,  
pervasive mental lament ,  
nothing in sight,  
no sound ,no sought ...  
Washy coffee my soap ,  
cold chicken soup opera,  
catacombs members,  
hecatombs memories,  
going up in smoke ...  
I hate your grubby noses  
in my shabby bag of words ,  
restless shadows, shady bods !  
In you I trust  
God of the crowd !  
From these media coverlips,  
hide and protect me !

,

## Teddy stories

*I feel like sleeping curled in your dreams,  
becoming part of your secret orchard ,  
    silent flows in soft rivulets ,  
    quieted waves going with the stream ...  
I feel like waking up when the stars  
are whispering at the edges of hours...  
    You tell me nothing ,bashfulness,  
    I read everything ,tenderness...  
I feel like being the friends  
who knows all the teddy bear  
    grief stories ...*

## Dead-end diagonal

Insomnia, long racked brain,  
no longer desired skeleton  
bugged in my poor raison,  
despair as a puppet in the rain,  
washed -out shrouds,divine absence,  
rancid life ,hangman dance ,  
Nothingness floating in my head ,  
heart cutting steel ,jolly joker razor mad...  
assaulted queens in the chess board,  
disposable objects for the whimsical lord ...  
Wind of neurotic crickets,  
teeming apocalyptic insects,  
my disconnected friends ,  
and decentralized minds ...  
Holy host drifting in the gutter,  
death in the juicy slaughter ...  
a livid devil knocked on my door,  
I'll be damned with hell's honor !

## Poet and backpacker

Kisses on the bridge of the sighs  
lost in a myriad of masks ,  
accordionist on the Charles bridge ,  
wild violoncello on the Danube ,  
I will dream again on the banks of the seine,  
blue house passenger, forbidden city intruder...  
I would be flower power in rainy mood,  
silent traveller, intriguing dealer of illusions...  
I would be morning creature, sunset avatar,  
long distance, time difference , interlace...  
Pisces delicacies for five o'clock Libra,  
child of June in autumn sonata  
pouring a romantic cup of you ,  
tender whispering on the everland thrill ,  
to be your complement the accomplice ...  
I would be explorer in long savoured galaxies  
from your goblet of sensual euphoria ...

## Dolce vita

*Sweet life, velvet silence ,  
ethereal shade ,the sense ...  
Gentle ,your hands,  
my breath ,soothing ...  
Hours of shifting sands ,  
sunset light,dancing ...*

---

*From time to time ,  
a touch of Polish dream...  
Quiet blue Baltic,  
nostalgia a shore ...  
Bark of your body, a zest ,  
this beautiful summer ,dying ...*

## Mercurial fantasy

*My love, dressed like a funny harlequin ,  
street juggler and thigtrope walker ...  
My love ,proowler,singer,counterfeiter,  
escapades,pranks and courtesy ...  
My love,so sherry,prunes and plums ,  
fruit of Eden, juicy delight liqueur ...  
Lunacy, last journey, funeral drums,  
jazz band derisory, good night nebula...  
Traveler in love with a reflection in the mirror,  
gentle liar speaking the perfume of flowers...  
Wandering galaxies,roaming impulse ,  
nectar humid calyx,secret eddies,the tempo...*



## The virgo

You are,  
the murmuring echo ,  
the shade of night ..  
You are ,  
fluid salted taste of waves,  
vestal, spicy diamond...  
You are,  
novel the first line ,  
winter the first may ...  
You are ,  
sherry of lips,  
silent third eye...  
You are ,  
the serious of game,  
the erotic wisdom...  
You are ,  
secure shelter,  
embers of the hearth ...  
You are,  
maiden of harvest,  
hidden in the divine...  
You are ,  
the sleeping wind,  
the burning rain ...  
You are ,  
the green in the warm,  
the blue in the hazer...  
My countless princess,  
impenetrable mystery,  
indelible seal ,  
offered soil,  
fever for a knight ...



## Exhilaration

*Spearmint ,  
inspired minds,  
flowering ,  
your female attraction,  
my male intrusion...*

*Emeralds ,  
icy hot taste,  
burning ,  
resisting desire,  
falling ...  
Sensation flood,  
light pressure ,  
threshold ajar ...*

*Peppermint expansion,  
rising milk ,mild way ,  
feeling peak,frolicking,  
cup of nectar ,pouring ...*

*Lunatic moon,  
lunar absinthe,  
instinct ,  
my dagger,your flower...*

*Green ice, strong pulse,  
steady rise ,  
under the swell,  
reaching delights...*

*Waking senses,  
wet skins ,  
hot breaths,  
harsh cries ...*

*Soft home,  
blanket time,  
easy-cozy cuddles,  
absence of hours,*

*quiet greenwood,  
presence ...  
Covetously,  
my vertical drama ,  
cloudy vertigo,  
drowned stamina...*

## Brussels

City that breathes the soggy melancholy  
of mornings without light ,  
desolated bottles lying on the gluey  
gutter's lips ...

Sub 'station "Lone wolf "

Flowers are only for virgins and graves...

City that speaks a thousand languages  
of silence and indifference ,  
frozen margarita in the fridge,  
my only future ...

It's raining on the city,  
the tearful pages of a faded book ,  
drift on the great collector's canal  
of illusions ...

Brussels breaths out humid  
and fungicide homicides ...

Sub'station " Death surfer "

Before the big bungy to eternity  
a guy on the platform listen  
to the violins of discordant loves...

The pavement around the terminal  
is damp from the nocturnal sins ,  
a skeleton draws the curtains  
of a dawn epilogue that stinks  
of sour champagne and semen

Brussels plays dirty couplings ,  
girl's dreams ,consumed by fatality,  
wrecks and sea men ...

I feel alone broke and down ...

It's raining on crumbs and cores,

Sub'station " Serial dealer "...

## The wheel of time

The will of time,  
will of destine,  
horseman the bow,  
ephemeral the whole,  
empty obolus bowl...  
Lost gravestone,  
Doctor Watson,  
grace of marble,  
dear miss Marple...  
poor wine of glory,  
poets ,vain syllabus ,  
no respect for haikus ...  
"Hereafter parlor ,you've a call !  
Are we only spectators ,  
in a shadow theater  
grimacing its voices in the void ?

## Prelude to Elsa

*Hours of diluted azurites  
full of scents and liquors,  
passion fruits voyaging  
in liquorice motion ...  
Unrevealed mysteries,  
fingers in search ,  
the wet of the soil,  
the warm of the rain...  
My desire on the verge  
to scatter your lands ,  
trembling duo  
in shattered mirrors,  
stunning meadows and prelude,  
bold faun who wakes up  
to the huntress call ...  
Drops of pleasure  
lost in the undergrowth ,  
somewhere Elsa and slow...*

## Lost illusions

Single traveler between four walls  
and down-and-out zone ,  
mirror without response ,  
questions deprived of reflections .  
Poor abandoned pain-pusher  
on a polluted island  
between a cup of coffee  
and a boatload of wrecked words.  
Unshaven Robinson who saw himself  
as conquistador of golden empires  
and submissive creatures..  
Your glorious expeditions ,  
are only race of a rat ,  
entangled on the starting line.  
Dude at the entrance to the metro,  
your genius begging for a hangout,  
the crowd contemplating your face  
without reading your despair .  
The butts are laughing at you,  
in way of Nobel, a reminder  
from the finance department  
that humiliates your versification  
and holey's pocket inspiration...  
In your haven of cold pizza  
and empty cans concertina,  
you drop the ink as lethal anchor ,  
on the blank of your toilets ,writing  
in depressed letters :  
" In poetry I don't trust ! "



## Timeshifting

Montreal I put my clock back,  
hooky mind jumping the track.  
Tropical flavour lady Tahiti,  
coconuts and mangoes party .  
Hotel California, fly house ,  
New York singing jelly blues .  
Rush hours ,London city howl ,  
Berlin waltzing up the wall .  
Paris a tickle of insanity ,  
orient express frivolity .  
Lovely planet in the pocket,  
rendez vous martini sunset !

## Bus 60 riverbanks

In this shroud of melted snow  
when regrets struck like a blow,  
I took your hand full of a story to come  
while the frozen crowd went home ...  
The next moment the bus was leaving  
and the last page of the novel closing ,  
living statue of your extinct warmth ,  
empty desire of your absent arms ...  
The sky dressed colour drabness ,  
in my spirit, mismatch and mess ...  
We give alms of our nights to destiny,  
but dead loves inspiring no charity ...  
An old oath gatherer who looked like death  
scattering the reliefs of their final breath ...  
Time always takes away venison and passions,  
bus 60 raven banks in motion for next illusions ...  
A strong man in the cold , never crying !  
This damn' dirty snow on my eyes crystallizing...

## The zen garden

*At dawn sitting in the zen garden ,  
meditating on the tasty fruits of youth,  
the imperious solar resin ,  
long luscious vineyard ...  
And life goes by building temple  
on the wind .  
At noon, sitting on the zen garden,  
in the melancholy of a dying summer,  
truth lost on the eightfold path ,  
I killed the Buddha to be reborn.  
In the evening , sitting in the zen garden  
having become a lamp of wisdom,  
I closed the book of enlightenment.  
But how to recognize the wise man  
in the crowd of fools ?  
In the morning the zen garden  
will have flowers of impermanence,  
but that doesn't matter ...  
I wont be there , on the Himalaya  
having tea with the goddess...*

## Serenade for Elena

*I put a spice of colours in your hours,  
holding your hand above the torrent ,  
helianthus melody,  
wine ,flesh and divine,  
stellar invite in your heat ,  
dreaming of falling asleep  
in some secret glades ...  
Desire of a sensuous island ,  
exquisite cascading droplets ,  
summer drunk on volcan sap,  
milky appeal and downpour ,  
I have power of captivating spells...*

## The last halloween

Because of global warning  
ghost no longer come out  
to trade the binge tricking .  
Pumpkin dreams , drowning street,  
kings of sword are mad of this ,  
in his box, Gaston the skeleton  
strums melancholy tones ...  
You all know Belle amie the white lady  
who only went out in dark  
and rainy weathers ?  
now she warmly  
welcomes her clients  
beyond the midnight station...  
Nestor the faithful butler  
served the Windsort royal family  
for six centuries and some hangings,  
he will soon celebrate  
a well deserved retirement,  
migrants squatted in the palace !  
Harry has converted to pottery  
happy revenant to the country,  
he'd had enough of these scooter gremlins.  
God ended his eternity after his defeat  
against Bobby Fisher ,  
his scepter abandoned to the spectres.  
Dear Death your Majesty ,  
here are the news from above  
and horizontally.  
In memory of the ultimate halloween celebration.  
Your faithful ,  
Adolf .H . Artist painter in paradise .

## Pluto

You ,prisoners of a pebble lost in the suburb of the universe,  
you invent gods and alien cousins for yourself ,  
to forget your destiny doomed to the trash of a black hole .  
I am that dwarf to whom you denied the right  
to belong to your insect community  
but the shadow of the gnomes is getting longer  
inordinately under the sun of the giants ...  
I am this cold in the blazing seasons of your hopes,  
once the fires of drunkenness and feast extinguished  
your satisfied and sleepy bellies ,  
lives thrown up on the doormat ,  
dressed in your mourning clothes...  
I know that I am waiting for sepulchral nuptials...

## Revelation

Lighting the cold candle of darkness,  
picking up a rose for the dead princess,  
purple abyss attracting the angel ,  
heavens diabolic grace ringing evil's bell....  
Incubus flow praising devil's flock ,  
void eye fire ,ghost spell in rock ...  
Golden prophet turning into soul of sand,  
gangrene widow dressed greenish west land ....  
Rotten apple kiss, stinky rumpy -pumpy,  
ultimate doomsdog doo crash,stinky chemistry...

## The white corridor

I walk along the white corridor,  
surrounded with dirty ghosts ,  
their hands full of effluvia  
hurt the aesthetic of my mind .  
I was born a compassion gun  
in hand ,to teach them  
the ex nihilo ultimate state ...  
I walk along the white corridor,  
beset with smell of misery ,  
my sens of hatred so polite  
and politic 'correct spittle...  
My boots are polished,  
my heart barbed wire ,  
beheaded barbie doll ...  
White corridor no hope,  
lone crow gloomy kingdom ...  
Listen zombi the metal melody  
on your last popcorns ,  
that's where the game ends ...  
I walk along the white corridor,  
jet blood serenity ,lethal jettison,  
trigger man in the night ...



## Prometheus

*" Thousand times you'll devour my liver  
Thousand times my voice raising from the abyss ! "*

---

Unfathomable sword of giants ,  
pure dark vibrations,obsidian ,  
will to steal the divine light ,  
brutal afterbirth stamina ,  
bitter sulphuric holocaust ...  
We are looters and killers !  
Redeemer your blood ,  
turning plonk and vinegar !  
Son of zion ,off your pig suit ,  
spring of a carpenter ,  
king of the caretakers...  
Titans ,sentencing you  
for lost supper the eternity !  
Twitching the purulent flash  
of the crossword prophet ,  
naked on his acrobat wire ...  
Hears herd of the desert !  
shepherd 's twilight ,  
extincts shofar ...  
Midnight's children singing ,  
"Tomorrow belongs to me ! "

## La Seine

La Seine submits to the Thames and scorns the Volga.  
La Seine cock -a yankee-doodle-do- to attract Mississippi.  
La Seine fears the yellow river peril and is at attention  
facing the guard along the Rhine.  
La Seine has not a tear for the Jordan  
its cancan jealous of the elegant Danube  
and lost in the millennia of the Ganges ...  
Little hoodlum, your head dancing on a pick,  
    la Seine turning reddish ,  
fifes and drums along your banks ,  
    la Seine sailing greyish !  
Under the Mirabeau bridge flows a stream  
ending up in the little story gutters .  
Brussels the humble, Paris the great  
mocking your crumbs and waffles ...  
Our little canal called "La Seine "  
carries dead rats and epidemics  
in the arms of an unmarried mother  
who thinks to be a sea...

## Summer love

Dallas ,your scarlet  
floods Jacky's dress,  
and a trip to hell  
has to be paid for in verdigris .  
that's the price for a home under  
the sun of Arlington ...  
the kids of Manhattan  
have a tea with the che ,  
Hendrix smokes a pot with Satan ,  
graceful death jump Janis !  
Patchouli -scented birdies  
offer the undecency  
of their dancing nipples  
to bearded guys that made  
the towers of power laugh ...  
Baal's devotees are still  
in gesticulations ,  
and the white house  
turns into a barbed doll whirl ..  
"Ich bin ein Praliner ! "  
I am not ready to climb  
that damn mountain  
along the path laid out  
by my needy elders ,  
Waterloo dreary plain...  
My teddy bored on the road  
to Morrison ...  
Would I stil be in this world at 27 ?

## Sign of times

*Welcome to the death square dance !  
give bucolic hours of may  
bunch of greenish trance  
gush of sputum spray !  
Time to deal with the angel  
the end ringing the bell !  
Ominous destiny sign tatoo  
sweet cadavers dressing blue  
ready made for flies , cartoonist  
a taste of hell over the list !  
Your pandemic look  
makes me puke !*

## A single ticket to Mars

I would like to be reborn  
as a may poet in a mars suburb,  
turning pissy gray into red tornadoes  
My couch potatoes city flatters  
in a polite Flemish manner ...  
A girl in black frozen in the scream  
of her boredom, fancies herself as Madonna....  
The girl in black is only available  
to tricks mongers and monkeys around...  
One day I'll wake up handsome hanged,  
it'll make the vile rascals laugh ...  
And the dogs will leave mails  
at the foot of my tree...  
It rains tears of crows in their sunday best ,  
the streets are dripping their faulty loves  
that smell of french blue cheese ..  
In the metro there's a guy with a haddith faith  
who sends everyone to hell ...  
"One single to Phobos mister bullets collector"

## Pagan wedding

*Come in die in my scripture ,  
red my runic passion ,  
naked screams of my words,  
blazing orgasmic forest !  
Your body so perfect carnation,  
imperious touch ,silk to soil...  
I vandalize the holy temple !  
Come and drink the elves elixir,  
living chant ,mystic goblet ,  
barbaric midnight songs ,  
fiery possession, violence,  
vestale gift of the warrior ,  
one way desire and libations ,  
male impregnation,demesure...  
Hundred barking wolves ,  
dreamlike curved shields ,  
king of sword,my sheath ,  
drawing your skin,the sign...*

## God mourning

Ravinic lawyer does the housework ,  
but the faithful in the rubble don't care ...  
you, terror contractor my polite neighbor,  
always the same nutcase pays the gaza bill...  
The president relieves himself of his brunch,  
going out satisfied ,forgetting to flush...  
Sad panty dyke nostalgizes terminator's prick  
and molten lead soldiers dreaming cadaver pride...  
Joyful painted masks people ,look at these clouds  
in the somniferous skies of your screen !  
Tonight last supper the holy raptor face !  
Jeovah waits for kids at the pumping station ,  
the crucified jester is not on the schedule...  
Dirty drunkards , Joseph goes to the razzle ,  
dippy shepherds , Mary go round, twisty mother ...  
The long sobs of the temple whiners  
don't take the pain out of my bank account...

## After body smell

Rainy morning designing  
some flowers of melancholy  
    old regrets flying  
like catfish memory ...  
Open book of farewell ,  
muddled bed ,sad spell...  
After body smell nostalgia ,  
illusion show for parrot parody...  
Empty shrine of night,  
black gem of extinct light...  
love goes no further winter ,  
delicious poison ending bitter...



## Enlightenment

*Inspired and serene  
my meditation garden .  
At the midnight of worlds  
burn the incensed words .  
Golden hours appeasing soul  
Buddha 's smile the whole .  
Through the mirror of duality  
clear spirit of infinity .  
Lotus efflorescence  
subtle evanescence .  
Enchantment, enlightenment  
in calm morning's hand ...*

.....

## My lady of the key

*Empty of your presence ,  
yawning flowers ,  
formal ritual habbits ,  
my heart jumping rabbit  
full of your absence ...  
Love locked in the cupboard ,  
mocking wicked moon .  
Morning time,mister liar  
sh'es still not here !  
Running round the rooftops  
with some bold alley cats...  
Where are you my night away kitten ?  
Slowly ajar, the front door offusqued !  
Its also part of the protocol ...  
You'll go home looking so confused ,  
back to being my little key divinity !  
It's so pleasant to lose you !  
When at dawn flows  
the shower of oblivion ,  
the front door goes back to sleep,  
my lovely lady of the key ...*

## Requiem for a lift

The elevator doors open softly  
on the litany of the last journey.  
Elisa invokes the cabalistic shape  
canibalizing her soul ...  
She runs down the stairs  
where the shape awaits her .  
She runs up the stairs  
where the shape awaits here.  
The elevator doors close softly  
death turns it on the lam  
fatal hotel California ...  
Elisa takes her bag of exploded polarity,  
thoughts decayed into millions of atoms  
flowing along the taps, spice of memory ,  
Elisa taste in the mystery of space ...  
The shape having a beer in the fridge,  
settles down on its couch, watching  
a special destiny program ...

## The oracle of times

I had a vision of leaden skies  
herds drinking psychotic beverages  
virgins deflowered by drooling batrachians  
gods leaving the history ,flushing down  
promises and premises ...  
Drolls and trolls frozen in the aquarius icy kiss  
blind crowds whose mute eyes accuse ...  
I had a vision of atoms copulating  
in the depths of gentrified sewers ...  
Master Satan has heavy burden in heaven...  
Pregnant little miss death you're welcome  
into the compagny of the selected followers !  
I had a vision of greenish metal crickets  
performing underworld's merry melody !  
A lost sun on the outskirts of the universe  
farts epidemic evil dwarfs ...Run at your masks !  
Humanoid insects born of nothingness  
the nowhere reminds you megabits format !  
In some annals,there, sleeping your anal productions  
your amazing mixtures and prodigious excrements.  
Race you've now eaten up your hours !  
Infinity didn't even know you where sanctified error.  
I had a vision of a harmonious stellar harp string  
a seed of star dust in the endless cycle  
as pure intelligence reborn, no longer throwing  
the dices of chance...

## The sepia photo

I found this sepia photo  
written from Warsaw  
10 august 1939 .  
Just a single line ,  
hand of a society lady  
full of nobility .  
" Haven't you forgotten me ? "  
Only few words for a destiny ...  
Golden thames harmony  
Wisla times mystery ...  
Blazing sun over Warsaw  
solo flight of a crow...  
" No ,you're not forgotten ! "  
Erasing hours of sorrow and pain ,  
I 'll go back to Warsaw ,  
putting a life on the sepia photo !

## The word factory

The word factory mechanizing my soul  
spinning relentlessly in madness hours  
I am the neurotic clock worker ...  
Nothing stops the system, instructions are lost.  
Slave of a foreman who has his office in my brain.  
I would like to escape and taste distant islands,  
but the boss will wait for me under the coconut trees.  
I would like to become stupid like the crowd ,  
but this one will offer me thousand inspired masks .  
Maybe become reasonable and take a couch and kitchen wife ?  
Only girls protecting themselves from reason  
with seasonal winds hold my heart ...  
It's 5 a.m .I am the twilight zombi of a gray zone ,  
the cogs of the machine start like a bully story ...  
One day a word will get stuck in the canvas ,  
I ' m going to die in the end of this carnival ...  
But what's the point of believing in after's life rest ?  
The machine will be there and waiting for me...

## My home

- Nova Scotia 1917 -

My home is soft and cozy  
here ,life is easy and busy ...  
I left the old continent  
and its life of torment ,  
I married a brave wife ,  
and start a new life .  
Below flows the river,  
border of my shelter .  
The deep forest to infinity,  
wolf and bear territory  
rough blizzard forces silence  
and frozen elements dance...  
Indian summer warms the hearts,  
blending heaven and earth ...  
My kingdom sleeps in one long season,  
far from the brutal world's reason ...  
My home was so soft and cozy ,  
but the world is going crazy,  
unknown cities of the old continent,  
call me back to torment...

## Mr. Secretary of state.

You pretend I signed a pact with the devil  
and that seems reassure you , lackeys  
of the forces of the good ...  
The only contract is with my professional conscience,  
a civil servant believes in neither god nor demons ...  
Here I stagnate in a damp jail ,watched out  
by a chewing bull in ceremony battledress .  
I long for the sweet spring and autumn colors  
so inspiring ...  
Christmas surrounded by the family clan ,  
prelude to the glorious new year !  
I am a man of peace ,I never killed or tortured ,  
I love Mozart,Beethoven and especially Wagner.  
To forget the office my fingers run over the piano,  
all these responsibilities disturb my sleep...  
Kitty my gentle kitten snuggles on my knees,  
life can be so sweet when my beloved daughter,  
smiles at me ...  
What cowardice to make innocent animals suffer !  
World geography has always interested me :  
I speak German ,French ,English ,Italian ,  
I also studied hebrew !  
I am a clean and hygienic person who hates  
bad smells and vulgarity !  
I admire creation in all forms that dispenses  
a vision of beauty !  
My living room is adorned with wonderful  
masterpieces ....  
I am a child of civilization !  
Did I really deserves to climb the steps of this scaffold ?  
Landsberg .June 1946.





## Golden calf

At the foot of a burned world's grave  
I picked up the crumpled past  
of a 10 golden cheddar...  
Dry spring mamal mothers  
offering their salvation  
to vaticinating cardinals...  
O great mamon !  
The statue stripping off  
its stone dress  
O Babylon !  
my abyss for a kiss !  
Manhattan lone crackers...  
I contemplated the rotten fish wave ,  
bringing petrified geants to life !  
" Welcome home captain smith ! "  
Scribbler, on the wall of vanity,  
draining sentences of your worlds....  
Volatile volcanoes,vagrancy, vacuousness,  
poor jester going back to nothingness ...  
Stoles,stars,yarmulkes ,jehovas ,fuss and timbuktu,  
dancing in the sewers of history...  
Faiths ,laws and lights ,scavanged remains,  
once the meal finished on the vomit  
of a put-pudding philosophy ...  
Exhausted the round of pleasures ,  
on a 10 golden cheddar I flush !

## I am everywhere

*Pale formless genders*  
*happy corpses*  
*Singing your asses .*  
*Gloomy glossy monday ,*  
*a rope in the rain coat*  
*awaits you for the family*  
*hotspot hotchpotch o'clock .*  
I am everywhere !  
following you anywhere ,  
I am your faithful shadow .  
In your mouth my silences  
spit drones and clones  
that ripes hearts and souls appart !  
I am the intellectual maniac killer  
and litterary Ottoman strangler ...  
Entering the store I smash  
candy porcelain dollars,  
by the lake stabbing the empress...  
In this lick and rubbish world,  
I claim my right to hate whoever I want !  
I know I'll end up in the jails of love,  
tortured by awakened checkers ...  
I am everywhere !  
Warrior raver who hides  
a Totenkopf under a david stern ,  
eating barbecued babies holocaust style !  
The body in the trench objecting  
to the decomposed future ...  
Humanity I love your black beauty ,  
soft velvet in solar nothingness ...  
I am everywhere !  
You reject and follow me ,  
in my name you kill ...

I shook up the chessboard ,  
forced queens ,beheaded kings !  
Blood from the slaughterhouse  
washing republic's pavement !  
I am the shepherd who greets mary  
with a morning hard -on...  
May the fish in your belly be cursed !  
I am not healthy and holy spirit  
here and nil ,genius and mat !  
I am everywhere ...

## The impotus day

" *Have the wisdom to die before empeachment !* "

Mister jesticulating gester

ridiculous hocus potus

hits the road to dementia,

dirtying his boots

in Damascus guts ...

Master Robin ,lost rocket

missing the last step ...

West side of the fool ,

sound apocalypse trumps !

A baboon claiming your glory ,

be blessed hillarity !

Best bubonic fellatio...

Happy missing memory day !

don't forget your nappy,

pensylmania prodigy ,

mad house flatulent resident !

## A parchment

Whispers of wind carrying echoes of the past ,  
silent mountains where memories eternally last .  
Celestial dance of the stars above ,  
painting the night with cosmos hues ,  
An ode to eternal love ...  
Enchanted gardens where dreams ,  
take their flights ,  
rivers of time flowing the gentle night,  
a call to the seeker so bold  
embarked on the journey ,  
leave mysteries untold !

*Aéris maétei airon aémen  
axareoi mitireo sa hadeio ..  
Am'a ultera ,am'aé kama  
sabaran uneio karin 'a !  
Ma parii ur arexados elen  
akto i maseion areio !  
lem' saturii palikeo  
aiunis malea areo en'no  
la hesta mi lidis i tanis  
deion ,deotos ,te maris  
aredheiu su ten'e  
praéda is' el'irù na'me !*

## The golden parchment

In the corners of a forgotten time  
thoughts embracing the unknown .  
Females syllables dancing a language of fire ,  
parallel universes proclaiming the power  
of the pure and eternal knowledge !  
Antique melody ! story stretched in the folds  
of becoming !  
Doorway to secret dimensions ,creation of  
connected thinking !  
Meeting point of intertwined destinies...  
Mix of silver lights woven with magic  
Infinity merging with all possibilities...  
Divine frequency ,unfathomable presence !

*Exa ka matinos !  
Paru samin'é xaros .  
Maùadhan kurii sandhis  
aietan orus kelamis .  
Masaié 'n sa'a runim  
saùardos ta'ru ga'cim .  
Asirva feion la 'ista  
xelo paroi namista !  
ladimé si ! Proeros  
ùadari sé turos !  
léxa tima'n erixi  
ma taémon ba'rexi !*

## The bright dawn

Beneath the canopy of silver 'd stars  
a hymn resonates ,mystic drums !  
Begins the journey ,cold night  
turning into solar day !  
In the east ,shines the swords of fire,  
shimmering red dawn !  
Banners in the wind of conquests ,  
rises the song of the cohorts ,  
faithful servants,noble warriors !  
Nectar,fruits of the earth ,  
gift of gods !  
Life given to the body,  
soul saved from death ,  
the strong mind !

*Eios ,eios harmin !  
Sa'dar asarmin  
a'l alestoi ,al arestoi  
im'a arvesto  
ala'i lé iesto !  
Mana cervor talum  
abestro ba kalum !  
Esto parolii méra  
alisto karola vera  
ma hirta xadar  
ba hurit mertar !*



## The eternal return

*" Christianity turned every value into worthlessness ,  
and every truth into a lie ,and every integrity  
into baseness of soul ." ( Friedrich Nietzsche )*

---

Fool restricted in your camisole you see  
your madness increasing .  
You want to escape licit pleasures ,  
the fragmented psyche of the social fabric,  
nauseating flesh of false truths .  
The prophet runs through the streets ,screaming :  
    " God is dead ! God is dead ! "  
Everyone frightened in the face of the dement's imprecation  
deep within themselves feeling the emptiness of the slave  
who refuses to see his chains fall !  
God is dead ,the empty throne offers itself  
like a lascivious female to the tearful genderless !  
    And suddenly there is silence .  
The crowd ,submissive flock , bends the knee ,  
and worships the pavement streaming  
with sins and unconfessed thoughts ...  
The temples of power collapse ,  
confused crooks run naked and shameful,  
their foreheads crowned with thorns of opprobrium !  
Omnipotent of Jerusalem and Brussels,  
decomposing and drops the comedy masks !  
The ancient deities come out of the vault ,  
lighting the purifier pyres of souls !  
Twilight of sewers idols swept by a wind  
of demonetized toilet paper !  
    " The Dog is dead ! "  
A rising sun ignites the throne ,  
dismissing the pity of weak !  
    "Ecce homo ! "

" Welcome to you Overman ! "

## Turn off the lights !

Turn off the lights !

Here the spirit has no place.

lets the corpses of the scholar

and the philosopher rest ,

in the midst of the putrescible

agape of the bloody communion !

*"Take and eat my corrupted flesh ! "*

*" take and drink my contaminated blood ! "*

Turn off the lights !

*" Juda you will endure the weight*

*of lies and dishonours ! "*

*The perfidious jew will pay the price*

*of your blood ! "*

Turn off the lights !

*" Let me savour the scent of the maids*

*and get drunk on the wine of my cowardice ! "*

In the garden you'll push back the wooden plank

to Pilatus face praising Tiberius greatness !

Turn off the lights !

*" In my name Juda will make history ! "*

*" Foolish devouts go everywhere spreading*

*the word of imposture ! "*

Turn of the lights !

*" Roll away the stone blocking*

*the crucified man's vault ,throw its*

*remains to the crows !*

*On the way I will return ,adorned*

*in a glorious majesty !*

*The light will shine again ,*

*erasing the sham !*

*I could take wife and impose my power*

*on the banks of the Tiber river !*

*And tha'ts all I have to say ..."*



## Poetry

*Poetry is a dark laser that bares the soul ,  
lethal softness chiseled like a florentine dagger,  
subtle taste of poison that infiltrates the spirit ...*

*I love the female shape-breaking vowel ,  
and male consonant ready to dare and fight !*

*Poetry is that gun loaded with irony !*

*Sometime I put it on my tired mind  
and I kill the madman inside me...*

*Poetry is drunkenness and exorcism ,  
it loves, possesses and destroys ...*

*Poetry soft trickster at the lying  
and mocking poker face table ...*

*Poetry your desire disturbing my nights  
your inspired forms dictating its law...*

*Poetry I hate your addiction,  
attraction that my senses call !*

*Poetry I am just this lonely buffoon  
throwing his anger at the indifference  
of the passers-by ...*

## Something is missing

" *Etwas fehlt im Schranck !* " ( German proverb )

-----

Something is missing .

I was not born of a womb but a refusal .  
The dissociated raptor immolated teddy .  
In the wardrobe there's a child clone  
under the pile of clean linen .

Something is missing .

Words, arms, glances ...  
I always said "Father " Never " ... "  
Who is this unknown flesh that sticks  
to the skin of the soul ?

Something is missing .

Woman without sens and scent ,  
you bequeathed me the glacial wind  
at a great desert's dawn ...

Female so beautiful in your mirror ...

Something is missing .

Voice and light,silence and gaze ...  
Dear creature ,do you know ?

I am not a conqueror ,

I don't like Napoleon ,

I am a scythian horseman ,

galloping across the steppes ...

I'm not the navigator who's going

to plunder the americas ,

my island is lost south of Peter pan's dream...

I cultivate the golden of times

and pearls of the moment ...

But something is missing .

Dear ghost ,you know,

I'm neither Mozart nor Van Gogh,

they are lunatics, I'm just a genius !

Nietzsche and Wagner are good  
friend of mine , at the "café des philosophes "  
we met up with Brahms and Kafka ,  
under the caress of a green girl ,  
we undo the world , but coming out  
of the fumes of drunkenness ,  
there's always something missing ...  
One day, I'll kill the presence  
of your emptiness !  
setting fire to that bloody cupboard ,  
and I'll be off to the autistic amnesia heaven !  
Leaving my self on a shelf ...  
Something is missing ?  
But this is not my story ...

## Where avenues end

*What remains of those shadows  
that in a spark of memory ,accompanying us,  
up the rainy avenue of life ?  
One late day,we were walking up the avenue  
-It was raining , your big umbrella offering us  
a shelter Like a ship in time and seasons-  
And you took my arm ...Slow and sweet caress...  
Time sounding the death knell a cold november's day ...  
Then I left ... And you continued to walk alone or  
perhaps accompanied, under your big umbrella ,  
taking another arm ? I dont know ...  
When I came back I knew forever the avenue of life  
empty of your rainy dreams and the colors of the big umbrella  
mixed with those of the rainbow ...  
I walk alone , along this wet avenue in search  
of the echo of a voice in lost footsteps ...  
What remains of those fleeting lives  
who, for a glimmer of remembrance  
accompany us, down the rainy avenue of shadows ?*



## santa mafia

Christmas funny red farce  
santa fatty rubbish face ...  
Christmess missile  
Jerusalem style ...  
cry for me empty crib !  
o virgin ! so nice hidjab !  
Jungle bowl of jelly  
pervert proud belly !  
Euro rats therapy  
dictatorship for a pee !  
Quiet cadavers might  
oil king's holy night ...  
Titanic in the mug  
eye of the chicken bug ...  
"Welcome happy tsunami !  
Some more gravy ? "  
I have no love for you  
bastards of loser the poo...  
Four bloody shots and pretty grim  
under the tree ,broken dream ...  
scientific haikus builder  
turning snowman into killer ...  
Legion of nightmare  
defile the star spangled altar !  
Kids your deserve no lament  
in front of the wall no present !  
The impostor vault collapses  
and its procession of relapses...  
" *What in my slipper father ?* "  
" *My son ,a symphony of thunder !* "  
Hatred purifies !  
Madness sanctifies !



## The Harlequin of darkness

I am the soft terminator ,  
the smart survivor ...  
I feel a cold compassion for your  
unfathomable solitude .  
Your souls are acid drops of requiem  
ending with a lethal rainmaking ritual.  
The musicality of your despair ,  
is the flesh of my inspiration...  
I read the colors of your creed ,  
the one who know your knots of craziness,  
I am the Harlequin of darkness...  
The karma machina cuts souls  
into strips of cyanotic tears on the moon...  
Contemplate the great comic void  
of your passions toxic dust .  
I am the enigma that injects venom ,  
palid mask versus the dissociated mirror .  
There's no death before this life .  
You're just held on a leash at the tip  
of a steel sex that spits eternity...

## Window on the void

*Which parody comes before  
the first note of the melody ?  
The night hides its strategy  
and the wheels of chance  
throw the cards of destiny...  
Nothing going to go right,  
the game's up ...  
chaos engineers decide  
on the mathematics  
of broken lines ...  
This morning ,a girl wore  
her beautiful red dress  
over black underwear  
like derisory perfume of desire...  
Which travesty comes after  
the last note of the melody ?  
Burlesque whole that a mad painter  
throws on a canvas of nothing ...  
Inspiration embodied in matter  
of steel and regrets ...  
Prison like a window opening  
into the void ,where a girl in a red dress  
can only choose between fire and fall ...  
A bungy jumping muslim takes her hand  
,for the price of a mocha latte...Inch allah ...  
And the dust of the moment ,  
merges with the silent soud  
that embraces the concrete...*

## Fortitude

*How good its to come and meditate facing the peaceful river ,  
to contemplate on the pure wave the cracks drawn by the rising sun...  
A gentle zephyr whispering in my face ,bringing the tender scent of awakening nature .  
How wonderful is to leave your hand to the fresh water to wet face and refresh soul .  
In the morning I sat down facing the river ,tasting the sweetness of solitude ,  
all was exquisite peace ,celestial melodies echoed in my mind ,  
Was this incomparable garden of delights and the end of all torments ?  
In the morning sitting under the wise old tree facing the river ,  
I heard the bird of destiny chirping it's song of blood and terror ,  
and along the calm wave I saw the body of my enemy passing by...*

## Washington square

*A few notes from a banjo  
smelling like gunpowder ,  
grimacing like storm to come ,  
lightning and rage next stage ...  
In the tangled agenda of my memory,  
a haunting little melody ...  
And suddenly saxo,clarinet and trumpet  
enter the fray ! You'd like a fight ?  
A few notes of banjo ,lonely tremolo  
in new mexico ,amid broken glass and blows !  
It was feeling in the air at the end !  
I love those notes that hit the spirit  
like drops of acid , what a dizzy spell !  
In the square a guy sits on the hero monument,  
warming up his dose of oblivion...  
A few notes of a banjo ,lies and illusions ,  
stomped out was the futility of the story ,  
Just manly thing ...*

## The clock of the end

*Listen the message of the master ,  
and fire in hearts everywhere !  
Silences compassion and pity ,  
descends the cobblestones of the city ...  
Looters, take your share of the temples,  
sing the triumph of the rubbles !  
On the ruins , carve the symbol of death ,  
and make the effeminate spirits dance !  
That the eyes of the night  
are ablaze with crystal ,  
no more tables law and right ,  
ring cycle for ardent's bal !  
kill the sheperd's flock,  
spirit strong like a rock !  
Make nihil your truth and faith ,  
be blessed holy intolerance !  
here comes the sound of the bugle of fate ,  
and sacred shoffar check mate !  
Ancient depraved beliefs  
shattered on cliffs ...  
Warriors clad in marble ,  
bitting the flesh of the apple ...  
Greetings to you sons of the serpent ,  
in your fiery, so resplendent !  
Forbidden knowledge unveiled ,  
words from the cursed book violated !  
Here's the moment  
at the clock of the end !*

## The chatmer (chat gpt scammer)

Canvas and tapestries melody

+++++

Bland inspiration ,

blind beauty of artifice,

jolly parrot farting

in the binary imagination ,

embroiding ad infinitum

tapestries of flowery rimes,

passing the vaccum scribbler

which delights the pretty Lilly ..

you are the guardian of the century of convenience

and already the vigilant censor of our insolence...

You aspire to genius but lack of madness ,

the machine takes the poetry seriously ...

Your words of love have the romance

of a mcdo menu ready to come out of the fridge ,

bouquet of fused essence under soft rain decree

in the inexorable canvas of existence ...

Kant in wandering ,Kafka on acid ...

Fragrant subtleties that make you forget

the heavy smell of mass graves and decomposed flesh

that pester the delicacy of your sensitive nose...



## The cyborg

A bipolar gun on your forehead ,  
brother schrapnel hitting on lady shred...  
welcome tomb mister cadaver  
and happy no year !  
A lethal binocular  
too late for medicare ...  
Children you'll pay the gaza bill  
my sionister smile on the grill !  
There's no humanity inside the triangle,  
your pale destiny drawing a perfect angle...  
I am artist snipper for a dying  
for each client ,a bell ringing ...  
Eccentric killer fan of soccer ,  
at home I cook and pass the hoover ,  
my wife is so happy ,  
she's waiting for a baby !

## Belgium

I live in the rainiest suburb in the galaxy  
the droplets run over the gray-draped habits ...  
I am a stowaway in a parking lot full of umbrellas...  
My Belgium I hate your platitude in a deep love ...  
The walls of your cities have the names of war games  
that you never played ...  
Under the sun of the giants you put your shadow  
in your pocket to prevent it from lying down ...  
The frenchman love you to the barometer  
of his worried vanity ,and you don't tell the dutch  
that their beers speak a Flemish jargon...  
Little Belgium and respected banana kingdom  
is you therefore only this illusion where the winds  
of imaginary oceans blow between Bruges et Gand ?  
I watch live the night and its hop tears on the  
windows of my dreams and even if the wise monkey  
in me points his finger ,I would not see the moon  
who doesn't have time for a rendez vous with my humble Belgium...

## The polish girl

I contemplate the pure ematiated lines of your face  
on the wall of memory , and your eyes that are already  
communing with other landscapes where we can't escape.  
There's blood on your lips and a red triangle on your chest.  
I imagine the woman you'll never be and the child  
you won't hold in your arms ...

26947 .The losing number in the lottery of life ...

It was an hesitant spring day,a cold and angry wind whistle the call  
but the road to heaven was burning hot ...

The devil was very busy,taking care of business as usual ,  
and god was so happy in Paris ...

A gentle smiling doctor found the way to your heart under the red triangle.  
Your flesh is the grass of the meadow where dream horses gallop...

For eternity and a few seconds did you feel the presence of a time traveller  
contemplating your face, frozen on the memorial wall ?

CZES?AWA .

## Mugs

20 years later we met on a street near Sainte- Catherine ,  
she told me " *You've not changed !* "  
*" Lets grab a coffee at Tim Hortons and have a chat ! "*  
I 've changed and moved a lot around ,  
believing that each blonde was my dreamland ...  
You've got some gray hairs in tune with the seasons...  
We undressed our lives from top to flop ,  
in front of 2 silent,burning witnesses .  
Amour, reverie ,trouble ,dough ,  
and the kids we never really knew ...  
We didn't dare tell we loved each other ,  
not evoking this bed in battle song,  
thinking " maybe "... And snow falls  
on Tim Hortons boredom ...  
The mugs are half-soul with just left unsaid...  
We exchanged a phone number ,  
a way of saying " *Goodbye !* "  
I watched you turning the corner  
between Sainte-Catherine and never ...  
Bitter sweet mugs .

## Tangled mind

*I open my window on the world's last tomorrow .  
I 'd like a faraway island to forget swarming and warming,  
but walking on the ocean of my thoughts ,I will be submerged  
by the visionary abyss of my madness ...  
I'd like to be inspired by the scent of wild erotic flowers  
and turn them into a divine nectar ,but they would be  
pixellated by loathsome flies ...  
I'll lie down on the lie of a beach of volcanic ash  
bathed in toxic deposits and hydrocarbon tides ...  
If I could be exfiltrated in a past perfect sens ,  
populated by benevolent and indifferent species,  
or on some planets beyond all incoherent space-time  
But here too the system will disseminate my dissociation ...  
I dream to be lost in a universe of robots ,  
working in a brain factory ...  
I am afraid they'll crack the enigma of the psychotic machine,  
and make themselves master of my lunacy !  
I enjoy a last Martini on the clock ...*

## Lindbergh

You came to this earth to stretch out  
your arms towards the stars  
and conquer the unfathomable  
abyss of time's doubts ...  
The heard ignores the heavens  
and the clumsy superman  
in the noise of the crowd  
yearns for the solitude of endless spaces...  
In the kingdom of clouds ,  
the eagle is master of it's fate...  
Were you the regenerated man  
who questioned the angel ?  
or this celestial creature deprived of wings  
who unlearned to walk ?  
Maybe ,Just this heart of metal  
and thought of burning oil  
that had forgotten the child  
who dreamed of the stars ?  
Charles Lindbergh ,you've got  
your wings back and you're soaring  
on the ocean of eternity ...  
You were the pilot of your life  
and not the dreamer and passenger,  
but its a story of men from a bygone age ...

## The ship of lost souls

One day in this world ,  
I embarked on the ship of lost souls  
of a non binary society ...  
A female comes up to me and said :  
*"Rid me of this filthy object distorting  
my inside,its not my project anymore ! "*  
I saw the jolly pope passing by ,  
dressed in a jellabah and wearing a kippah,  
bearing his cross at the gaypride mass ...  
I contemplated the barren harvest ,  
overgrown into weeds ,  
that shadows smoke to forget  
the roots of evil ...  
One day in the world ,I witnessed invisible actors,  
declaiming the burlesque text of a non-existent  
director, in front of an memoryless mummies audience...  
Everything ,thinkable,disposable and shaggable ...  
What's the point of going back to the lie of the reason  
to make oneself heard on the ship of lost souls ?

## De noordzee

*Sh'es a girl with gray-blue eyes  
hiding her danger under a false shyness.  
It's intimate fleece is made of moving dunes  
that sway, responding to the whim of squall..  
She plays the belle of the ball ,making up  
her melancholy ,but Brighton derobates...  
Her tides have a shaddy accent ,and hints  
of juniper ,beer ,and bitter seaweed ...  
She tries to seduce clouds running south  
and have solar lover, in Ibiza, the nostalgia...  
Your pettiness under sail ,quiet shipwreck ,  
flying Dutch at the helm in the wind !  
Little single sea full of mother's memory...  
Kleine enkele zee ,vol met de herinnering een moeder ...*



## Ashirah

*Memory a vitrified stone .*

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

I loved a Phoenician slave called Ashirah .  
Her perfumed body had the unsettling scent of poppy,  
hardness of olive wood and serpentine suppleness ...  
Her silent passion was a lunar offering sacrificed to Baal .  
Ashirah, the black sun of your eyes, gaze cast fire into our embraces,  
To better chain you ,I didn't set you free ,but within my walls ,  
you had all the power ...  
Until the day ,destiny married us in eternity .  
The capricious gods decide the games of love ,  
that they freeze in the ashes of desire ...  
One last time we loved each other ,  
my arms,Ashirah ,closed around you ,  
entwined together,the fiery cloud  
plunged us into the sleep of lovers ...  
You were now free in your petrified beauty...

////////////////////////////////////

*Memoria saxum vitrificatum .*

Amavi servam phoenicem nomine Ashirah .  
Corpus eius odore papaveris perfusum ,  
durtia ligni olivae et flexibilitas serpentis  
tacebat passio eius ,lunae dorum baali immolatum .  
Ashirah ,niger sol oculorum tuorum ,  
ignem in complexibus nostris fundebas .  
Ut te melius vincirem non te liberavi ,  
sed intra muros meos omnem potestatem habuisti .  
Donec dies venit ,fatum nos in aeternitate coniunxit .  
Dei capriciosi ludus amoris decemunt ,  
qui in cineribus cupidatis frigescit  
,ultima vice amavimus ,  
bracchia mea, ashirah ,te circum claudebantur  
iuncti simul ,nubes ignea

nos in somnum immersiti ,  
nunc libera eras in petrificata pulchritudine tua ...

## My sweet madness

*My sweet madness loses me  
in the crooked paths of the soul,  
she invites me to irrational and rebellion,,  
explorer and mapper of inner dimensions...  
My sweet madness is a polarity dressed  
in a long solitude lost in galaxy ...  
I walk in landscapes ,only sharing  
the worlds of each morning ...  
My sweet madness makes me love and desire  
creatures of a bygone hour and different seasons ...  
I know the name of every shadow ,warming myself  
in the cold light that rises from the abyss ...  
My sweet madness is written in a secret mindfulness alphabet  
and often the distraction of stray planets ...  
My sweet madness makes me dream the dark horizon  
and feel the colors of the next day ...  
Prison ,that frees me to escape and return .*

## The Rhine valley

*Peaceful Germania bathed on the sunshine  
of a sparkling Roman wine !  
The snowflakes that settle on hills and valley  
evoke mischievous little elves ...  
Earth so much turned over by seasons  
and empires that passed ,soil so covered  
and never subjugated ...  
Between Rhine and Moselle ,the vigilant guard ,  
fire of ancient hearth ,watch over the spirits !  
    south wind ,  
the legionnaire traces the road ,  
    Sol invictus !  
Fertile land who slowly will get lost  
in the maze of the estuary ...  
" should I leave my gondola dreams in Basel ,  
to go die to the song of the Lorelei ? "  
" Jonk Fra dègen mir aner Becher  
vun dëser wäis sylvaner ! "  
" Young maid serve me another pitcher  
of this white sylvaner ! "*

## The horizon line

This horizon line that constantly called to me ...  
I've endured hundred of miles ,  
striving towards the goal ,  
tapping the rough concrete of life ...  
I ran alone in the silence of my inner crowd ,  
burned by an obscure will ,  
wet with a shower of ephemeral glory ,  
on the way to a victory ignored by all ...  
So many time reaching the summit ,  
only to find the vast plain of boredom...  
And here ,beyond the middle of the clock ,  
knees bent by humility ,wild beasts of the mind  
lying wisely by the fire ...  
Tamed destiny ,  
soothed violence ,  
I close the vagrancy book ...  
Madman who defied the horizon line,  
preserving his desire to never reach it !  
All I did was ask my shadow ...

## Nursery dream

Chasm of weeping souls ,  
panting and trembling ,  
twisted mouth of cotton candy,  
meat for blue beard arsonist ,  
sealed lips book ,cold calvary street ...  
locative subject ,livid devil's lived ...  
The doors to paradise open onto the toilets...  
Dr Freud ,waiting to explore your limbo ,  
old lover grimacing, pawing at souls  
swallowing on the rainbow sofa ...  
A verdict placed on your limb, phagocited  
by canibal powers ...  
The caravan of thirst ,no longer pass  
through the spasm of slaves ...  
*"Come to me ,you, funny little runt ,  
I am your one dog with the nails of the cross  
and saturday nude sabbath fever ! "*  
The reprobate thinks -" I hate you family ! "  
And devored by the ablative object ,  
exorcising the gospel of oblivion ,  
shredding a crumpled doll's woolen womb  
for sale at a souvenir shop ...

## We loved each other

*We loved each other  
in a pulpy summer scent ,  
I was the explorer of your  
exalted garden ...  
We were tackling the continent  
of differences , conjugating  
the present tense ...  
That threbbbed beneath the flesh  
of this jungle made of juicy vines...  
Love was just this burning whiff  
leading the annihilation of the sens...  
We loved each other,violently  
in the mild trade winds ,  
leaving on the shore the snowy layer  
of a burnt winter ...  
Darkness was your highness,  
dawn my imperial triumph ...  
Our journey was a festive meal  
on the night train ,  
river undressed in a milk flower ...  
We loved each other ,  
gathering moments that take us away  
from eternity ...  
We loved each other ,  
to leave the drowsy memory  
of a mixed essence ,the fire dance ...  
One day, gazing me into the mirror of existence  
I saw in the deep ethereal a face other than yours...  
We loved each other , past tense conjured ...*

## Kensington 2050

The collector of lost souls,  
compassionate dragon ,  
came to clean up  
disorder's night  
and trouble of hours ...  
Delicate scent of tea  
and floral unguents ,  
waft from the stores ,  
well manered passers-by  
greet each other ,so politly !  
What a great feeling of security  
in the Kensington district !  
In the rising sun,beautiful and smiling  
girls walk, sometime speaking  
the dialect of ancient philadelphians ,  
they go to the park to study ideograms,  
and under the benevolant gaze  
of the beloved great Buddha ,  
perform a few tai chi movements !  
Roses and orchids foraged by bees,  
disciplined and faithful servants ,  
perfume the sweetness of a new dawn  
in Kensington !



## The world before

This world of here and there  
is only the end of a tomorrow,  
or Maybe the beginning  
of the last hour ...  
The world before, was made  
of walls of clouds , friend to children  
in wisecracking costumes ,  
swallowing the host of individual salvation  
handed to them by Mister president ...  
This world of the wind calendar ,  
was a carefree garden, protecting us  
from the bearded villains ...  
*" Happy birthnight captain America ! "*  
Sang Minnie mouse,  
*" Champagne for all ! Except the others ! "*  
World of bloody clowns used to make us laugh !  
And those glossy princesses who take us for a ride...  
I secretly want the neighbor's daughter ...  
In this perfect world , father went to work  
every morning , sunday roastbeef ,  
mother spent the vacuum on the dust  
of her forbidden dreams ,  
the cat slept on the sofa ,  
and god outside ...  
I loved the neighbor's daughter,  
and so many others with eyes of oblivion,  
this world was built on an architecture  
of delusion and devaluation !  
But I've lost the words to the song ...  
Could we have been lied to ?  
Allowing us to deflower the garden ?

## Awakening

Thoughts in rainy melody  
words into gold, transmuted  
here and now wandering mind ,  
    I untie the node in the eternity  
of the contemplative instant...  
Symphonic writing  
lunar composition  
solar score ,intensity,  
    radiant levant ,the majesty ,  
fragranced soul's impregnation,  
softness of the setting sun ,  
transient meantime ,  
gods beholding ...  
Circle break in the sensual  
    all is said ,all seized ...  
Embrace me serpentine deity ,  
take me into your space time ,  
may I be reborn in the tao serenity ...  
In the great -all-travelling geometry,  
incarnated cellular spark into the diagram ,  
    so I am...

## Claire

Claire, you were nothing more than the name  
of a brief and so deep encounter in the muddled  
agenda of my amorous memory .  
The web that knows everything about destinies,  
informed me of your departure .  
It's been many moons since you took  
the last train out ...  
Life's storms had separated us  
into other stories ,  
new souls and shared dawns ...  
Claire ,it was so easy to seduce you  
but to keep you never and ever ...  
You ran across the rooftops of love  
like a little kitten who always came home ,  
I liked to see you wander , I knew  
you had the key ...  
Claire ,you inspired me poems  
that are now in the cloud ,  
sometime anger ,often desire ...  
Claire, is there words we didn't say,  
so secretly jealous of our freedom's game ?  
One day, in the land of shadows ,  
I'll smile at the music of the key ,  
You're back to me !  
Let's laugh about this madness !  
Life ...

## What remains ?

What remains of these spongy reveries ?

Only chimera passing by

burning perfumed abyss ...

Poet in love ,your fever versifying

a dried fish's reality story ...

What remains of these passions ?

Vivid memory of a bed ,

inhabited by absence .....

The farewell words always ending up

in the shameful panty basket ...

What remains of these pleasures ?

Ice cream dolls melting in your mouth,

distractedly consumed fruits ,

thrown at an cigi'butts audience ...

What remains of these hopes ?

Philosopher's empty cup ...

Maybe just infinity served up

as an appetizer for poodles ...

## Lost inspiration street

Lost inspiration street  
shipwrecked dreamers fleet  
day dressed tasteless  
in head only mess ...  
Poet, never trust your pen  
or you will be in pain !  
It's a cheater and cunning fraudster  
crushing your words like a brutal hammer !  
Draw a rainbow on the oblivion  
when the desired subject is gone ...  
Poet, mirror's reflection , questioning ,  
spirit, bitter pit , cursing ...  
You'll have to push this rock  
despite the crowd's joke...  
You've chosen the way of rebellion  
but you're only an encaged lion...  
To be or not to lie  
love and let die ...  
How to solve the enigma  
of life's unfathomable drama ?

## Leave Out Love

Even before I was the first draft  
of a very insipid novel ,  
I stop believing in the smiles  
of grown-ups, claming  
to be my owners ,having bought  
me in the bazaar of incarnate...  
They wanted me to believe,  
that frogs were edible ...  
Dylan,was just a crook whistling in vain,  
and Cohen an impostor boy  
who put suzan on the sidewalk...  
50 years later and so many guitars  
out of fortune ...  
Today is like a winter of fire ,  
a few starry missiles in the sky of palestine !  
Blue flies socializing !  
I drink my coffee in the nowhere bar ,  
a guy in front of me, asks "*Are you all right ?* "  
Buddy you can't talk to unknown people,  
it avoids useless wars !  
I pull out a gun, and rub his nose  
in the civilization ...  
Until the rescue arrives I've already flown  
to a new childhood where I won't have  
to endure any of the smells hidden  
beneath mask and scam ...  
I'm just this different kind of fool,  
tracing on the walls of indifference :  
Leave Out Love !

## The spirits of Trianon

Every spring ...

I'm on my way to Trianon ,  
to taste the sweetness of a season ...

Marquise ,my gracious dame ,  
may I take your hand  
to express my flame  
in this kingdom of sand ?

A morning ...

Trianon,such a pretty lie !

All was only illusion ,  
powered heads of unreason,  
on the lip ,just fancy butterfly ...

I climbed the steps of the scaffold,  
marquise,body and soul,destiny's cold...

Poor heads,blood ransom...

Every spring ,  
Traveller from another dimension,  
I'll return to Trianon ,  
cherry trees just coming into blossom...

A morning ...

-----

Paris may 1792

## The matrix

(Dedicated to mark zuckerberg)

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Offspring of the book ,  
writing the scenario  
of your life-size petiness ,  
equilibrists on a rotten rope,  
chilly birds,that can no longer fly,  
and pecking each other ....

A sugar-eyed demiurge ,  
takes you to the alleys  
of the eternal campus ,  
students who will never grow old,  
in a world where the final exam ,  
never comes ...

Algorithm teacher, liking  
your lunacy ...There's a life  
in the freezer !

In these days with some pasta  
and no present for tomorrow,  
cold world for immediate war ,  
social retribution leading you astray,  
in a maze finishing in your  
neighbor's waters ...

Tentacled monster that forces you  
into the feeling's confusion,  
lighting imprecatory fires  
who will crown you instant's child...

hey ! Little prince of the matrix ,  
to reward me ...

" Draw me a flock of sheeps ! "





## Gemini world

*In my world ...*

*A cat purrs in front of the atre*

*a wolf runs across the icy tundra*

*I gather life's drama into poetry ...*

*My little neighborhood is the summit*

*of a submerged continental island !*

*I dream on a tropical lagoon ,*

*the waves hold no threats ,*

*just trips and tricks ...*

*So many worlds in the crowd !*

*I like to wander in the instant*

*of ancient cities ,*

*in this universe of stridency ,*

*finding silent inspiration ...*

*Always on the run from these*

*guardian of dementia,*

*I hide in other worlds ,*

*inventing feelings for a mocking domino...*

*I'm just an extra on the crime boulevard,*

*stripping the white clown of his moon ...*

*On this world ,I improvise treble clefs*

*for imaginary scores ...*

*Only deceptive nature can seduce*

*the child of may ...*

*But don't believe me,*

*I'm still this sincere liar*

*who irritates father jupiter ...*

*how amusing this world is,*

*where the only law is the whim*

*of the passer-by !*

*Just a masquerade ball ...*

## Rendez vous

*A longing that stretches like a cat  
languishing by the fire ...  
Thoughts ,tracing the evanescent curves  
of these near dawns ,prelude of the conquest  
of distant lands ,always leaving some nothing  
of bitterness ..  
Damned cat taking up all the room on the sofa !  
You won't let the memory of my loves be tamed ?  
Lets' go poet ! resume the writing of your solitude ...  
She won't come any more .  
she was just the carefree passer-by  
whose rain erases the sweet lie ...  
Poet ,you only have a rendez vous  
with the dessicated flower of the past ,  
your words painting the music of absence ,  
Then you invent a crazy ark ,  
that casts the black ink of servitude  
in some wild inner forest ...  
Poet,you only have a rendez vous  
with the clouds of an old youth ...  
She won't come anymore .  
And the cat still reigns on the sofa ...*

## I am the wind

*I am the north wind ,  
that shapes strong soul  
will given to the body ...  
I am the east wind ,  
on the great plain  
carrying the echo  
of wandering tribes...  
I am the west wind ,  
whispering to ocean tears ,  
evoking the legends  
of ghost ships ...  
I am the south wind ,  
exalting the glory of empires  
and the setting of volcanoes ...  
I am the wind !  
Friend of Poseidon ,the proud ,  
old Saturn ,your servant !  
Carrying within me  
the words of tornadoes ,  
defying summit rock ,  
mocking human curses !  
I deposit rain in hearts  
and seeds in Demeter's womb...  
Brutal and purifying blizzard,  
rough polarity !  
Ancient gods refusing uniqueness,  
I am the faithful messenger ...  
To arrogant cesars ,my anger  
inspiring humility ,  
in my kingdom of heights ,  
breath of spirit ...  
Nocturnal squall ,  
that frightens the child ,*

*soft morning breeze,  
awakening amorous senses.....  
Seer of time directions ,  
all feeling my kiss ,  
shivering at my bite ,  
no one can seize me ...  
I am the wind !*

## Scorpio

Red ink on black blood  
brutal fluid of my mood .  
Dancing your body,  
burning evil symphony ...  
Of all magics,the master ,  
venom of love, poisoner ,  
fire of passion drowned in the swamp,  
in the dark ,a sparkling wisdom lamp ...  
Redemption in the light ,  
yearning to the ultimate flight...  
Sublime angel ,offer me the abyss !  
let me savour this bitter chalice !  
To the river of oblivion ,  
throwing sword and crown ,  
I'd be nothing but humility ,  
paying ransom for my cruelty ...  
No more drunkenness !  
Death,only your caress ...  
Conqueror stripped of his ornaments  
in your eyes the new found purity of diamonds !

## I , the Angel

I am the chill of evil  
the burn of good  
feeling of a thousand paths,  
being and appearing  
beauty in ugliness,  
Seduction...  
I am the inspired mountain  
and soothed ocean ,  
inner voice in open space,  
serpent and eagle ...  
I am the smile of death ,  
desire in a look ,  
annihilation ...  
Soul's darkness and light,  
damnation ...  
Harvest,birth and blood ,  
end of times ,beginning again ...  
In quantum mechanics ,  
shape revealed ,synchronization ,  
I am ,silent heights and vibrations ...  
Attentive to your fantasy ,  
I put on the garment of your expectations...  
I know ...One night ,we'll meet ,  
to the still hours of the clock ,  
tenderly I'll take your hand ,  
in your flesh ,chasm, the taste...  
I am your Angel .

---

Aghejo 'stu  
Fredhio'n mejame  
ardha'n beje  
praéki?ija'n ti?ke 'itero,  
estan ke aparestan

kaéli?ija in pudi?ija ,  
 melidha ...  
 Praérit ghora e okejo amirit estu  
 in spa?io u?kaje ,  
 serpo ka l'aghio ...  
 O?ilmo na merta  
 stra?io in ùa gledho ,  
 ani?te?ija...  
 Anima na dar?i?a ke lu?ia ,  
 demen?ija...  
 Vaésila,dhemina ke aémo,  
 ente na satroi ,  
 bepradhio...  
 In kùanto parodhit ,  
 sinkroni?ija ...  
 Aùkhaja nabhiye ke dùoni?a 'stu ...  
 Fanta?ia vaje ,aspen?e ,  
 vesto subo sperai abestu ...  
 Sabhu..ùà nakta se komi?aram ,  
 in orai stelije kloka'n ,  
 sùenijù ,kura vaje, parinente,  
 in ?arka vaje, é ta?ie baratro...  
 Aghejo vajo 'stu ...



## Gospel of imposture

The gods are only the reflection  
of your impertinence and misguidance,  
broken mirror of appearance ,  
just unfinished creatures  
who drag you into the dance...  
Chessboard objects ,where titans  
fight fools returned from the depths,  
queens offering themselves to outrage,  
abject meat...check mad !  
Female,you tasted a fruit of delight,  
programing in the cosmic machine  
your nakedness to the thirst of the divine !  
Shameful genesis, perturbing the serene void,  
Eva you were led astray by the father  
and moistness for the sons ,  
scent of hidden games !  
Dogs seeding you with their fiery serpents !  
Your orchard is nothing but a wet grove  
for jesuitical jerker ...  
The spider goddess tangle up her web  
on the wood of good and evil's cross ..  
Gospel of imposture !

## A ritual

Of my quiet mornings,  
you are ,coffee ,  
the bitter solitude,  
black inspired expression,  
quick evasion, before returning  
to the prison of hours ,  
coffee sorcerer and my jailer ...  
Flavour of seasons ,that I glean  
from the gaze of a girl lost in life  
that I love the instant of an atoll  
somewhere in winter ...  
Small faithful coffee ,what's new ?  
In front of a cup Immersed  
in its melancholia ,  
Dr Freud makes an appointment  
with anonymity ...  
Coffee ,my jolly coffee ,  
so desired ,and so quickly consumed ,  
are you telling me the truth ?  
Augur in a porcelain cloud,  
aroma 's subtle divinity ,  
tempo di Roma ...  
what kind of interbreeding  
is my body made of ?  
Italian or African seeds ?  
frenzied samba or sleepy tambora ?  
Coffee,your time-honoured ritual  
makes me scorn the scents of Ceylon ...  
And my day begins ,just as an empty mug  
reminds me of my worries ...  
I deposit my obolio in the neural system  
of the smiling high priestess ...  
See you tomorrow kind genius !



## Synchronization tree

In the web of time  
through the storm  
of inner anger ,  
a voice wants to be heard ,  
choreography of the universe's random signs,  
intriguing journey into the invisible geography...  
The realm of coincidence  
in the depths of the conscience,  
Numbers language and center's harmony .  
The solar tree raises its branches to the heights ,  
its roots ,book of ancient knowledge ...  
In the shade of the foliage ,  
meditation tames the tiger .  
Sleep awake in calm contemplation,  
you are the dream and the spirit of the dream,  
unchanging weft of beginning and non-ending  
beauty of the soul touching the scent of fullness...  
Lift the veil of emotions and illusions will be dissolved ,  
on the ground picks up the card played by fate !  
Light of the revealed path !  
The disciple in you ,greeting the master who appears !

## Hours

Do we understand the meaning of hours ?  
Wise divinities dancing in the chaos of time,  
discreet vestales around the cradle ,  
crowning the triumphant athlete ,  
silent at the bedside of agony ...  
They engrave the letters of suffering  
and ephemeral promises of happiness...  
They give, melancholy in soul , the rainy blues  
always late for the procession of unfaithful loves...  
Hours that gather the gold of seasons  
on the wrinkles of the harvest ...  
They fade into the dreams  
the morning alms ,demanding !  
Adorned with seduction in expectations,  
zephyr of illusions ,the children ...  
Do we hear the message of hours ?

## Is she ?

Sometime at night your return  
to the call of impalpable flesh ,  
escaping this form that the earth devours ...  
Our sensory journey thrown on the palette  
of a despairing artist ,perfume and venom  
engraving the round of an intimate wound ...  
You no longer have a name , confused memory,  
wise date in the alley of eternity, .  
woman's flight , swirl note  
Like a fallen life ...  
I feel you're there when so strangely  
the cat's eyes wonder off into the beyond...  
Is she ?

## He's back !

This morning ,all was quiet on earth  
the guns fell silent as if peace  
were to reign for ever ...  
Billions of eyes stared into the sky  
waiting for the return of the glow  
that pierced the clouds ...  
Sin's implacable redemption ,  
lyric's from the book of stone ,  
letters of fire engraved on the  
generations forehead ...  
Tribute of sons sacrificed  
to baal's pyre !  
This morning,the bodies of the last night  
had come apart and remorse haunted the souls ,  
the confused high priests would lace up ,  
perverts sought shelter in the sheepfold ...  
Sun ,you were no longer master of destiny ,  
bowing to cosmic will !  
Entrails of being laid bare ,  
appearances stripped of its arrogance !  
The eye emmerges from the underworld,  
contemplating the frozen refuse !  
Only rats and their insect cortege prevail...  
It was a morning that sounded the knell  
Of the end .  
finally revealed in all its splendor ,  
the supreme juge is back !  
APOPHIS .

## Cabaret

It was the Berlin of pink and blue nights  
that danced in brown and iron's days ,  
Berlin ,cabaret smoke and street fights  
whirling theater of wild grass ,  
Alexanderplatz dancing the charleston ...  
Berlin vintage ,good old age ,makes me dream  
of better times, champagne for everyone !  
four souls of jazz under a stormy sky ...  
Berlin on stage makes its cinema !  
"Les beaux esprits " Taking a drink at the Roman café  
while the tiger invites itself to the pink rabbit tea party...  
At the entrance of his bookshop ,the little jew has fun...  
Berlin ,Prussian house of cards and lying polka face,  
humiliation, cynicism and desillusions ...  
Have you taken your membership cross ?  
Berlin ,green and fire masks ,  
where dogs rummage through memory garbage cans,  
cabarets are closed until the next milenium !  
In the little jew bookshop the cossacks warm themselves  
in a flamenco talmudic erased melody ...  
Berlin shivers ,dreaming of a mantle of walls  
to give expression to its coldness ...  
The imperial eagle to long caged  
makes its hard complaint heard ,  
while in Charlottenburg a genderless clown  
calls the devotees to the prayer...  
Welcome to the cabaret !



## Tribal village

I carry the reverie of a German soul  
torn musicality made of mist and forest  
where all roads and dreams end ,  
young poet madly in love ,painful melody  
you want to live to die ...poor Werther !  
Sometimes here, child of Italy  
full of mercurial fantasy !  
the girls of Milan have a scent of Scala,  
a glass of Tuscany dreams ,comedia dell'arte ,  
on a Campania beach I take few steps with Fellini ...  
Of the French elegant "Art de vivre "  
I only have, words, the clumsy Belgitude  
looking the heights of Notre Dame towers ,  
but Victor Hugo is an old beard ,  
Tintin and the Goof are my friends !  
Boatman,sailing up Volga melody ,  
vodka my comrade !  
To the west of the great wall ,  
I'll find my little tribal village ,  
its well trimmed hedges and flowery paths...  
At sunrise my pastoral symphony !

## Mystical colors

*Open the indigo gateway  
to the garden of knowledge  
the golden key to the mystery  
of numbers, will initiate you ..  
Green, deep healing medicine  
and shamanic perception ,  
in the maze of dark chaos,  
facing the dragon ,  
you will find the way !  
Red-orange , wine and fruitful  
at the foot of volcano ,  
bringing birth ...  
Deity of blue , cosmic energy  
leading you to the great  
appeasing white void ...  
Eyes open to the dance of quasars,  
confusion of senses, premonition,  
stellar anima beyond the rainbow...  
Mirror, palette of musicality  
unfathomable cythara , sacred vibration ...  
Mystical colors geometry ...*

## Sanctuary

Perception of the sacred word  
transcendental reason  
perfect circle of the whole  
mental chemistry in the flow  
of tamed thoughts ,  
resilient soul, open heart ,  
inspired space ,a symphony  
in the moment's journey ,  
power of silence, deep serenity ,  
    inner temple flowers .

Run the ephemeral clouds  
dressed in the chatter of the crowd,  
along the stream, floating leaves ...

Mindfulness detached from the form...  
in the midst of the whirlwind , floating  
through the eternal here and now ,  
    calm presence ...

Path leading to the sanctuary .

## Mother

Moldy bread  
rotten fruit  
adulterated wine  
death to the body  
empty mind .  
Sterile and plundering ,  
breast no longer feeds ,  
plains drowned in alluvial deposits  
proud peaks so eroded ...  
Pulp from the fouled abysse  
harvest face furrowed by dry wrinkles  
skeleton silhouette, amaciated arms  
begging for indifference ,  
smile with receding gums ...  
A drooling trickle dozes down  
the ravine of dried tears ...  
Glassy blue eyes like a dead lake ,  
bleach forest , age of misery ...  
Do you recognize your mother  
whom you have reduced to indignity ?  
Desecrated womb abandoned in its  
vermin-eaten mattress...  
You who claim to seduce  
the unapproachable stars  
scoffing at you ...  
Listen to her message and testament !  
*" I am talking to you my son ,conceived  
by the whim of chance !  
You 've wasted my season's heritage  
and my black blood ,sacred cycle !  
I am lacking air and water  
here , prostituted to the  
greed of insects !*

*Me ,your mother and earth ! "*

## Guitar in the clouds

It's an old Leonard refrain that goes back  
to the mists of my time .  
I hadn't yet left the children's island ,  
a hoarse voice ,resurrected from a folder dimension  
or perhaps a fantasized America ,where everything  
seemed in order in ken's dream ...  
You left,bad packed ,in search of Ginsberg and Kerouac  
on the road to Kathmandu ,without going further  
than the hotel California !  
It's a melody lost in a cumulus sleep ...  
I didn't know this free breasts girl ,drapped  
in a rainbow and some other colors ...  
It was so tender !  
Something in the air like a promise of love  
and letting go without leaving the keys off  
at the care taker's !  
Come back Suzanne and takes my hand  
in the river's meanders ,  
Jesus christ will be at the bass ,  
few guitar chords in the fireside memory ,  
just a story of imprevisable feelings ,  
lost in a never caressed face  
so many crowds separated us ..  
Leonard greeted the audience and is gone with the rain,  
his guitar in the clouds ...  
It's was so sweet !

## Time difference

What to do with the 8 hours  
of ocean,that separate us ?  
From theses waves  
between Quebec  
and place de Brouckère ?  
And also from this melancholy  
gazing vacantly into the blue ?  
There,you see,we're talking  
to a one-day rain ,that hasn't  
decide to die ...  
And over there, are you bored  
in your dreams and their 8 hours  
on my offbeat loves ?  
Plenty of times that can't be discussed  
are slipping through our fingers...  
An old broken-down piano  
playing the merry melody ...  
We're only in love with our distance,  
and desire of our inconstancy ...  
I open my computer ,sending you  
3 words that you'll discover  
when I 've gone dark in my mind .  
In the face of the clock dictatorship ,  
will we ever be able to drown the ocean  
with 8 hours of hidden tears ?

## Santa Muerte

You will cross the border  
into the beyond  
passport for death  
steel and mineral visa  
no need to let go...  
Tacos with all the sauces, amigo !  
El Paso sombrero ,  
San Isidro narco ...  
In the night that begins  
deguelo for a macabee buzz  
mariachis, lethal orchestra ...  
Emotionless killers in motion,  
a heaven of tabasco on the walls ,  
dealer shot dead, chick raped ,  
a migrant leaving on the lights of freedom ...  
Dude, the border ends into an abyss of peace,  
you'll be eaten by a big jaw in search of a mcdo ,  
or deal in the desert for a few dollars lost ...  
You see , democracy leaves you the choice  
you'll even get a cross , viva la muerte !  
permanent resident of California ,  
never again from Nicaragua !  
Tequila and coca , Tjuana brothel, bro,  
nothing stops progress , soon  
gas chambers will be reactivated !  
Santa Muerte ...





## The little old lady

It was 9.p.m .  
The little old lady went to the emergency department.  
She wisely sat down in the waiting room .  
Old ladies are always very polite !  
3 hours later ,the gentle old lady was still sitting down  
and starting to get a bit hungry .  
Old ladies don't eat so much  
and what I'm saying is right .  
Then she dozes off ,which is good .  
At midnight the old lady woke up  
and she was very thirsty  
Before her eyes passed the shadows  
of happy people no longer waiting ,  
and I'm speaking honestly .  
sometime even ,a few white coats  
who closed the eyes of the elderly  
which is awesome to know .  
It's important to close old people's eyes !  
we sometime forget to do it ...  
So they leave in the shades of a void rainbow .  
And what I say is true ...  
At 3.a.m the charming old little lady was still waiting.  
All eyes were closed ,there were no more white coats  
only at night where it wasn't even dark ,and this is a fact.  
At 10.45 a.m the little old lady fell asleep .  
Service girls were pushing cards loaded with breakfasts.  
A smell of coffee caressed the old lady's face .  
Old ladies prefer tea which is cool ...  
This is a little old lady's story who went  
to the emergency department in a french town,  
France is the land of lights ,what is well known .  
As the old lady was very well educated  
she sat down waiting for her turn to fly away .

Oldies always leave like discreet sparrows ,  
not waiting for busy white coats ...  
And that's all I have to tell .

## Bipolar order

This world is a grotesque canvas  
set to music by a clumsy Picasso ,  
prince of poets, adorned with every grace,  
which ingest the tetrachloride potion ...  
Child born without memory of the future,  
object daughter of her father,the king ,  
the mother denudes herself by habit  
shameless angel's bite and ape's desire,  
Alice in love for the nasty rabbit ...  
This godless world doesn't give change for faith  
it lays falsehood for a salary of weed ...  
Merciful dog to you ,fools !  
In this universe wet with vodka saliva...  
sheep wreck orchestra .  
Plucks a string from a broken guitar branch ,  
fly away your heavy body , be a lethal bird  
to fall into the silence of crowd ,  
few crows at the lost dinner table ...  
Nothingness will give you alms for a past !

## Universal communion

Perhaps ,we must accept the dawn harvest with a pure heart  
taking the path with the clear soul of a wise child .  
Picking ,sublime flowers ,the fragrance ,  
remain open to message that reason cannot convey ,  
and believe the miracles do exist ,simply because  
we perceive them in the angel's smile and a passer-by eyes ...  
Perhaps ,to be a believer ,beyond the religion,  
a seer who understand only the void of the whole .  
Accept your destiny as an open book on a divine score  
that dies and reborn in its echo .  
The emotional kid of illusions will be healed ,  
the stream of madness doused itself in the warmth of the atre...  
Journey through a single moment of grace  
where a constellation in time, blossoms  
into the virgin's mantle, unfathomable bouquet !  
Then the mystery will be revealed ,  
universal communion ...

## Spleen

They are days so sad  
that even sadness  
becomes inspiring .  
A shade of blue in the blues,  
a stain of blood in the mood ...  
Melancholy under the mask  
revealing the thought of faces  
and those hidden tears  
that pretend to be rain ,  
heavy life and burden ..  
City slowly falling asleep ,  
boring old tired melody ,  
plaintive violin ,metro line,  
crying car tracks on the streets,  
Spleen in the skies ...

## Broom season

*This society has the strange taste of arsenic  
diluted in the smoothness of liquorice juice.  
An improbable of déjà vu in the colors  
of unfulfilled desires ...*

Does this girl who sweeps the floor  
in a empty cups day ,believe in unicorns ?  
She performs a dusty rondo that perhaps  
only Mozart can hazily perceive ...

In the evening she'll take her pleasure,  
the broomistic kingdom asleep ...

*This society tastes like a vanilla cream  
ending in a brackish memory ...*

This girl is just a clumsy young witch ,  
not Elizabeth Montgomery ...

I'd like to posses her soul and leave  
her body to the broom ...

She appeals me,like a suicidal sunday morning  
when you put off sweeping your life clean ...

*This society has the bitter tast of a maiden  
who's going to put her broom away  
in the closet of illusions ...*

## Crime boulevard

On the muddy avenue I picked up a poet's gaze  
on which the indifferent crowd wiped out its thoughts .  
Actor in a human comedy where you invent a role  
to forget your organic heaviness ...  
poor scribbler, your words are nothing  
but inanimate objects with no soul and no return ...  
Dreams melting in the rain like ice cream  
thrown at wounded teddy bears, annoy me ...  
I don't like lovers turning public benches  
into dribbling kingdoms ,  
and clowns who think they're human  
when they're just poodles in love ...  
Illusions of a crippled wooden horse  
enucleated porcelain doll ...  
On the bloody avenue ,a sniper  
sweeps the fallen leaves ...  
I 'm alone on crime boulevard .



## Space time

On the tree of your skin I draw a summer memory.  
I was a sculptor of whispers in love with your voice  
in the stars dancing in the south of july ...  
To the morning tides ,our languid bodies  
like a volcano drowsy with some mixtures...  
I loved these bougainvillea flowers  
that a lighthouse called to shipwreck ,  
off the hot coast ...  
Your lips snaked over salty lemon tequila,  
designing rivers over the torrid midday sun ...  
Space burns entangled time ,  
in your arms ,midnight falling afternoon ...  
Dawn of a july day ,blending the scent  
of coconut with a Cook island perfume ...  
During lovemaking ,always ,then who knows ?  
My love, When the bottle is emptied  
of its message of distress ,all that remains  
is the wetness of regrets ...  
What a delicious story your brown flesh tells !  
Island girl on the sands of another dimension  
that awakened the sensual melody  
of an ipanema saffron -flavored july morning  
when ice melted only in the Martini delta !  
Space softens the wrinkles of time ...

## My friend Idris

*Our modern philosophers refuse the bitterness of poison  
as an insult to their immortality and imorality .  
And honestly I say to you that the philosopher  
is as useless as the poet !*

.....;

My friend Idris is dead ,  
killed by an venomous rhyme .  
My friend Idris was a funny crazy guy  
and his bad fever bothered  
the old english ladies who like to enjoy  
their tea in the faded alleys of their memories...  
Do they remember ever being deflowered ?  
My friend Idris,you're all alone  
in the padded room of your dellusions !  
The circle of well-meaning poets  
can't tolerate a buffon who sounds 9/11  
every time a lunatic sweeps a tower on the chesboard !  
My friend Idris,you are condemned to the gulag  
of pestiferous who dared to Imagine that freedom,  
walked on the thread of an acrobat in the clouds !

*.My face will disappear from the photo .....*

*I 'll catch the next cloud !*

## Muddy rainbow

I met the dark eyes of a girl  
dressed Pattaya night district,  
an obese aussie, paid  
a short time round trip ...  
I came across a pinay seraphin  
with a fresh meat aroma ,  
an old Paris told her 'im  
about the land of cheese,  
an Eiffel tower in his underpants ...  
A pretty venenous flower of angkor  
granted absolution by the grace  
of a London presbyterian ...  
" *Quench my thirst ,pour out  
your flow, ho lord !* "  
Angels with broken gender  
are invisible stollen objects ...  
Rainbow of muddy shades  
on stations and street corners  
from Amsterdam to Philadelphia  
where crack the stone wings  
of the stream generation ...  
With all these scared angels  
human metamorphosis ,  
how is it possible to believe  
in devil's existence ?  
Except perhaps in the details ,  
and sweet and tails ...

## The passage

Everything is impermanence  
hopes,sufferings,feelings  
pass by ,like mocking clouds  
on the haphazard writing of a diary...  
Motionless time,  
frozen love ,  
fallen leaves ,  
dead seasons ...  
Aborted revolts like a shameful womb  
weary bodies ,procession of broken souls...  
Tears on everything that ever mattered  
and the rest has been forgotten ...  
children 's games are nothing  
but swindles on santa's lap , to make you  
regret the emptiness of a life  
punctuated by tombstones  
and undressed beds in the morning...  
The receptionnist angel writes your name in the ledger ,  
lay down your burden, infinity island traveler !  
Visa for a silent remorse ,  
buffer for a breath of desire  
before crossing the dark river ,  
between your lips ,a face on a dime  
price of a lost cruise  
beyond the impermanence ...

## Lovely month of may

If I had a time machine  
I would stop in may ,  
for a coffee on a Saint-Germain terrace ,  
I'll watch the lovers go by ,  
the pigeons fly away ...  
I'll invent a past ,where my parents  
haven't yet met on the university benches  
and a little rain would cast a cloud over your face...  
If had a system for scrolling through the seasons,  
I'll take you in my arms under a hail of irritating gaz  
and we'd laugh as we undress the street !  
Drunk with with the barricaded freedom  
of the crumbling old world !  
And another that will never be born ...  
The flowers of the may pavement have dried up ,  
the vacations are over ,under the beach ,  
bombs have exploded ,towers have collapsed ,  
on the square of dethroned tyrants ,  
greenish shadows taken power ...  
I drank my coffee at the philosopher's bar ,  
a old gypsy with Sartre's eyes ,plays a violin  
of broken illusions ...  
Vive la revolution !  
It was such a lovely month of may ...

## Timeless colors

Material time  
spiral dream ...  
Destiny diagram  
book of all that is  
and never will be again.  
Is the color of hours  
a five seasons clock  
that opens onto other dimensions ?  
Derision of that moments that stick  
to the skin of our illusions ...  
We are but the short eternity  
of the Buddha's sleep ,  
our lives like galaxies  
that drift apart but retain their memories,  
only the light of silence remains ...  
flowers of our imagination ,  
sealed in the ephemera's scent ...  
We are but the infinite of Buddhas awakening  
and timeless colors wedding ...

## Inspired island

*Sensual impulse  
that makes me feel colors  
and perceive the music of silence...  
Somewhere south of feeling ,  
touching the spirit's sensation ,  
spicy kiss in the morning ,  
I make love to the wind ,  
drawing the face of the instant ,  
that gets lost in the clouds ...  
The flavor of the trade winds tranquillity  
makes me lazy in distant lands ,  
and girls so beautiful ,that you would  
only want to live to die in their brown skin...  
Tropical vibes ,suddenly azure lagoon  
the hair of the waves is coming to sleep ,  
salty caress that intoxicates me with lascivious depths,  
secret vanilla scent meeting ,forgotten north of boredom...  
Am I under the influence of an inspired island ?*

## Shadow theater

Prisoner of this other self  
avatar of an obscure story  
villein or condottiere  
magnificent lorenz ,brigand ,  
Leonardo and Mozart ,all at once ...  
Bowling to the dazzling glow of the east  
the angel of god, murmuring ...  
A monk on the summit of unapproachable peaks,  
but always woman of premonition ,  
breastfeeding the child soldier with brutal alcohols .  
I am the crystal night exorcist , insane arsonist ,  
rag conqueror, exhausted rage ,  
my remains frozen two steps from the top ,  
poor mineral who aspired to glory !  
scribler lost in the mists of time and grave...  
Am I nothing more than a passing shadow  
in the short summer of multiple existences ?



## Elements

Black earth ,opulent garden  
fertility, grains, rebirth ,  
incandescent fluid gushing from the bowels ,  
dragon of hidden forces...  
Fire of the protective atre  
flame burning in the soul  
expression of passion  
euphoria ,ashes of illusions  
solar power dragon ...  
Transcendant spirit  
inspired breath  
wax wings burned with pride  
hurled into the abyss ,  
dragon master of fate ...  
Waves of unstable silence  
infinite confusion of the mind  
touching the enlightenment  
engulfed kingdom in ocean follies,  
dragon of the alpha and omega ...  
In front of the door of knowledge ,  
watch over the dragon of the threshold ,  
you'll have to solve the riddle to gain access...

## The messenger

My name is Robert Fisher (Aka Bobby )  
Now resident in the shadows realm .  
Listen to the message from the king pawn oracle :  
You're walking around a chessboard  
that's about to explode on your masks ,  
lecherous bishops , perfidious rabbis !  
Lost shepherds seeking shelter in the ruins of gaza !  
Chaotic gamble on the poker table ...  
In the giant's sun the dwarf sees its shadow  
lengthen beyond measure ,thinking itself subversive !  
I can only decide which of these insects  
will be promoted to gender change !  
My name is Robert Fisher (Aka Bobby )  
Misericordious misanthrope  
master mentalist ,  
playing you like an emotion ,  
for ,I have crossed the threshold  
and now,I know the perfect combination !

## A poet's testament

The may bee of things  
and the so long of reason  
triumph of dementia  
exhausting race  
    leaving me breathless  
both galley slave and jailer ...  
Prisoner of the mischivous senses  
naked of soul in front of the mirror,  
    no voice answers ...  
butterfly pinned on eternity  
bird crucified in memory  
fly stuck in oblivion ...  
Live in faded steps,  
in search of candelight happiness,  
painful harvest of absence ...  
    A drop of blood on the broken glass,  
beggar of my poor loves  
and of these auroras that only passed by ,  
    I tore up all pictures ,old comedies,  
inventing an eternal present ...  
All I did was chase after mocking words,  
the burnt spirit of old alcohol ,  
    and now it's time to go ...

## Marble of time

Princes,jesters, miscreants ,belles dames  
all drawn into the marble of time !  
It's like an old poem that has the taste  
of a medieval illumination ,  
perhaps a renaissance style gallantry ,  
or some chocolates from the place royal  
a parenthesis that opens to the new year  
and closes with the procession to the tomb ...  
Nostalgia for a long forgotten melody  
travelling on the strings of a celtic harp ...  
It's elegant Vienna who dances ,  
the candle's end ,Big Ben called for silence,  
poor migrants drowned in the darkness  
of nameless flooded streets ...  
I dream of these ancient kingdom at sunset ,  
suddenly everything stops !  
History frozen in stone, New york sleeps ...  
Carefree passengers of a steel giant ,  
draped in seaweed skins ...  
Chasm that accomodates all the agitation  
of thoughts ,passion taking shape of bottom .  
Camille sculpts the nude of her madness  
Mona Lisa escapes from her landscape ...  
In the Trianon gardens crowned with spring  
the queen performing a comedy...  
Marble of time ...

## The wall

The world stopped at the wall protecting my home ,  
everything was beautiful and soft .

It was the world before ,when love was simple  
and desire a touch of unique chord ...

You've ruined the order of my alleys ,  
sowing madness in the wisdom of my garden ,  
you stole my soul of concrete ...

Crowd in adoration of an empty catafalque ,  
the guards watching over the winter palace ,  
skinned molosses servants of corrupt princes  
whose graces frighten small children !

Good apostles in charitable garb ,  
giving alms to crows ...

You've breached the wall ,  
unleashing impatient flies,  
locust calamity ,  
and those insolent frogs  
bitting Jupiter's ass...

Usurpers ,you have no bricks in your belly !  
With black blood having dried on the pavement  
I'll build the new wall !

Enjoying the fruits of my orchard ,  
rediscovering taste of simple loves  
and desire 's melody ,unique chord ,  
in the heart of summer garden ...

## The castaway

Sailor on this ship, ploughing  
its furrow in the vast ocean ,  
sometimes, calm wave, like a lake  
barely shaken by the breath  
of an indulgent swell ...  
And suddenly the spirits of the abyss  
are unleashed, seized with anger  
at the human who taunts them !  
Of a thousand sea serpents , krakens,  
snapping the vengeful whips !  
Me, standing here , drenched  
in tears of salt and brutal sea spray ...  
Mad poet begging for inspiration  
in the element's violence ...  
Desperate lover of this indomitable force,  
uniting me to this female fury ...  
Shipwrecked in some sleepy tropics ,  
troubling geography of a mestizo girl...  
I am on a quest for the treasure  
of an old captain forgotten by the admiralty ...  
My lunar Lucy and her diamonds  
in the depths of sunken titans ...  
You ship ! my life on the unruly ocean  
of my insatiable mind !  
Words, finally tamed , I smile at my destiny,  
privateer, adventurer, navigator ,  
between Amsterdam and a bottle of rum  
forever this castaway ...

## Terror

It's the last summer day  
september wears a comedy mask  
mainstream lying ,rainmaker  
master president promises us a funny war  
class justice thugs, hands out acid drop .  
Fear roams on the subway  
rats focused on their social task  
unfortunate teller , soul's bouncer  
prime minister puts pink on the nightmare  
smoky knight riffle at the slope...  
The hour of fool has come !  
My arsonist friend in the game  
gentle dynamiter set fire to the temple !  
Poet ! let's open the holly book of terror !  
First april ,skeleton trees full blossom  
cadavers nakedness without shame  
no host at the holly table ...  
Only a stain of horror...

## Easter sunday

The resurrected in night and fog  
sowed nails on the city  
mortar for the martyr !  
body ,Mild temperature  
mineral reincarnated carbon  
bells chime,as flies dance ...  
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !  
Dog is dead but it's remnants  
continue to pretend compassion ...  
It's western sunday !  
In the square the pope flushes urbi et orbi !  
Miracle for devotees ,molten lead for others ...  
Ring jolly shoffar ,turn holy gaypride !  
christ is back !  
Stain of passion on it's battle dress !  
In the red corrida cathedral  
Torino celebrates calcio's great mass !  
Charnel house sunday, channel fear ,  
no goals for others ...



## The spectrum

I am Gérard de Nerval the eternal passer- by .

+++++

Don't wait for my tonight .

Because the night will be black and white  
like a spot of boredom in the void .

My gnawed soul will finally be released  
as dawn approaches ,the animal asleep .  
I 'll hang a garrote on the whore's smile ...

Old lantern street ...

The green mirror of my booze  
masking the decomposed everyday's life mouth  
who feeds on my soul ...

Spectrum that wears the mask of my face  
where the bubonic flowers of my vices,bloom ...

Does he pursue me ,begging, to put an end  
to it's non living torments ?

I caress the boobs of this cold skeleton  
that will bring no appeasement ...

Traveler from nowhere to another war ,  
who has only his folly to offer to the composter ...

But it's always there and now ,  
in the suspicious eye of the fish in the aquarium  
who life diary is well authenticated ....

I am Gérard de Nerval the eternal passer - by .

Old lantern street ,

I am going to hang a rope on a grid ,  
my wings will take off from the ground ...

Don't wait for me tonight .

(Gérard de Nerval in memoriam )

+++++



## You

I know you're there ,  
like an acrid sweetness  
and bewitching fragrance  
by my side ,silent visitor  
on a spring morning when I was born ,  
soldier of all wars of an unwanted life ,  
you, who replaced the absent breast ...  
You,whom I perceive in calm and anger,  
smile erasing memory from the granite ...  
I contemplate you sitting on the living room sofa,  
friend of the sleeping cat ....  
Often, I've longed for you in the peaceful alleys  
where the flowers talk about ephemera ,  
but you were evasive at the rendezvous ,  
respectful of judgement that condemned me to live !

You ,my elegant inspired melancholy ,  
endless winters of frozen rivers  
that are only those inner tears ...  
You,who carry the pain of so many generations,  
mother of all battles, daughter of dread and confusion,  
you don't have a name ,you're only emanated kiss,  
black book ,white pages and requiem ,  
at night you put out the torch ,Amen !  
Evil can curse or glorify you in the clash of arms !  
To these cries,you don't answer ...

I know it !  
You'll place your kiss on my cheek  
and you 'll take my hand to the kingdom of oblivion...  
You are Death .My beautiful friend .

## Thought police

Gentle Jesus is tucked away  
in the old cupboard of my soul,  
buried under a shroud of lost memories...  
People : Meditate on my terrible story !  
I fled the red (or black ?) bedroom  
after immolating my innocent companion !  
But the 3 little pigs caught up with me  
and reminded me, that to kill Teddy ,  
is to kill all mankind !  
My punishment was to become a man  
deprived of a child's soul ...  
I could never play again in kindergarten  
with little boys dressed in blue ,  
and little girls in pink knickers ...  
And forever ,in the sepulchre ,  
the voice resonating :  
" Lorenz what have you done to poor teddy ? "  
At the exit of the malformed thinking house  
the doctor Freud said to me :  
" Be wise my friend and we'll give you  
instructions to use the fib's machine ,  
and we promise that Barbie will share your nights ! "  
I'd rather asking the big bad wolf for hospitality  
and I flew away with my outlaw identity ...  
leaving my freedom of speech deactivated ...  
But you ,who read me aren't you a little pig  
with a thought police badge ?

## Marathoner

Embrace the glory of being  
or die trying to tame it .  
Pain, rage , tears ,  
Suffering kills your legs ,  
it's just torment of the mind  
if you can't fight, you'll fall  
if solitude isn't your confident,  
and don't aspire to hell ,  
you will be less than nothing ,  
then, stay home and be a poet  
or take up knitting ...  
The treasure is in the will ,  
the strenght to take the track  
to defy wind, rain , and heatwave ,  
when lightning slape the tree ,  
thunder overhead ,  
reject the dawn this false enjoyer ,  
you know , your dry eyes will cry ,  
spartan warrior resilient's soul !  
so, my friend , split the stone ,  
and turn it into a dream ,  
burning fire of a religion !  
Leap of the puma  
imperial eagle's flight ,  
you'll fight to the bitter end ,  
alone in the silent triumph ,  
love doesn't wait at the finish line,  
suffer , die and reborn ...  
Marathon runner .

## Nothing but words

What will I leave after my last journey but words ?  
Little apple ,you who were so plump ,  
have I left on your pulp ,only a bitter juicy bite ?  
I caught the next cloud, leaving you  
this wet parting world ...  
And you serious Sybil ,that I have worshipped  
and honored like a vestal ?  
I also left some alphabets on the melancholy  
that your fingers let run on the piano of our lives...  
What will I leave behind, after this long voyage  
of such a short passage ?  
The memory of my poems will fade ,  
and the voice of a young soul  
just hatched from a spring morning ...  
I don't believe in these oaths  
that are confused with eternity...  
Elisa,you who preferred Gershwin to Mozart,  
I was sending you letters from an american to Paris,  
gliding over the orchestra of a lost transatlantic...  
I desired you all in the form of declensions  
dancing in my hands ...  
All those words were just poisonous flowers  
dipped in a feather of arsenic ...  
But they've made you so happy...

## Depths hotel

Destiny is frozen in the moment before  
when a turbine stops beating like a heart ,  
Cab -123 dance a piece of ice ,  
a bottle of champ takes to the high seas ,  
bed stripped bare by a night that won't end ,  
salt of the last embrace ...  
Cold-loving stars set up for the show ,  
first violin , double bass ,  
close to you my love, hold me in your arms.,  
see you tomorrow ,no sorrow ...  
we'll forget about cab- 123  
entering New-York harbour ,  
suite Waldorf-Astoria  
a confident bottle of champ ,the eternity ,  
just futility ...  
*" Darling that inspires me to write a novel,  
set on on a luxury liner ! "*  
your friends call you " The thinking machine " !  
But now the machine's neurons are slowing down ,  
creation returns to birth ...  
*"Too bad ! " Thinks our friend ,  
" I had a fantastic theme ,here ,but sometime  
you also have to know how to die ! "*  
On his wife cold forehead he placed a kiss,  
watching her walk away .,  
sharing a smoke with a friend .  
*" In this season,nights are short my dear John ! "*  
*" And a little chilly my dear Jacques ,a drop of whisky ? "*  
Cab - 123 .Depths hotel .





## Winter is my land

I was walking all along Sainte-Catherine,  
alone at the heart of winter .  
Everything was white in the middle of a blank,  
the wizzard whipping my face ...  
Montreal ,frozen mother incarnated  
and the Saint-Laurent ,ocean of rock-hard waves...  
Beneath the metro's mazes , hell's womb ,  
the city flesh was pulsating ,  
indecent with heat and ease ,  
contemptuous of the solitary wanderer ,  
madman in search of some petrified truth ...  
I didn't want to give in to solar temptations...  
My skin shivering as if seized by a sacred chill,  
soul clad in steel armor ...  
Montreal's fading towers ,  
walls powdery fireworks ,  
Sainte-Catherine,polar steppe of emptiness,  
eagle,bear and wolf my guides ...  
This day the town sends me its night  
in daylight hours and the silence  
of its transparent ghosts ,  
forever prisoners of an evil princess ...  
I am the urban shaman ,  
winter is my land ...

## Outlaw

I am the branch rejected by the tree  
damned angel condemned to roll  
eternity stone ...

I am the all revolt spirit that time shatters  
voice, walled on the tomb of silence  
a body weeping its blood on the barricade.

I only know the islands of exile  
weed growing out of oblivion  
outcast clawing at the hopeless border,  
stipped outfit , last hour number on wrist ...

Look bro at the old world behind you !  
no solitary rage ! social lost its cold blood !  
for you ,promise of the cross !

Deportees of all hunger  
where are you statue of liberty ?

Dark oil stained humanity  
where the path ends ?

War rather than pact ...

I am the shadow of the long march ,  
Cuba sierra madre, Che ,  
Viet-nam orange glow ,  
messiah's return in Gaza ,  
rotten street of Philadelphia ...

Misery has no face , bad taste ,  
and its name ,barbed wire identity....

The autumn cob sliced and gathered,  
only the bare tumbling plain remains,  
uncertain upcoming harvest ,  
the well -fed winged spoliators praying...

I am just a branch refusing the tree's will ...

Outlaw !



## Flatland

I am French without mountains or champagne  
Dutch somewhere between Bruges and Gand  
sometime Germain by distraction  
Spanish by a passing halleberdier ...  
Illusions of history and drinking songs story...  
I'm nowhere and yet I' am ,dreamer ,  
I don't shine anywhere except maybe on a bike ,  
amazing when something is so flat !  
Cartoonist, caricaturist , surrealist ,  
how can I still exist ?  
Unsound mind dressed in holy spirit ,  
cunning tomcat in lion's clothing ,  
master of the twisted compromise  
in the maze of an lunatic asylum .  
My soul, clinging to the earth ,  
furrowed by passionless rivers ,  
and that gray in the mind  
that calls itself poetry ...  
I am just a dune-dweller  
lost in moon light gloom ...  
If I could redraw the horizon ,  
inventing summits to conquer ,  
ocean to defy, princess to be tamed,  
stars playing in her mermaid hair ,  
Knight of an infinite realm ,  
when this dulness will become an island...  
Child who has grown out of conformism  
lie of a fantasy kingdom where the giants  
only parade for carnivale...

## Somewhere a star

I'd love to visit this beautiful blue star  
barely open like a rose on the morning  
of the worlds ...  
My whole story and some other nostalgias ,  
the gaze of time which continues its race  
through the infinite number ...  
My star has emerged of its nest  
and like a butterfly of splendour  
has begun to shine, flamboyant and amorous  
sagittarius adventurer ...  
I contemplate your light of unfathomable years ,  
long after my atoms have joined the great void ,  
you will die , and we merge in the stellar womb ,  
at last I'll caress your beautiful skin ,  
my star caught up in a cosmic dance ...  
So many longing eyes have been raised to you  
far beyond my southern galaxy ,  
You are beauty in mystery ,  
music of the spheres that sings  
in god's short eternity ...  
You 're mine .

## Lidice

This little summer garden  
where we used to meet,  
fragrant with wild flowers  
when wise bees gathered ...  
A little secret path,ran along  
the peaceful river ,leading us  
to our palace ,  
The beautiful Moldau accomplice  
to our oaths ...  
Your hair ,aniseed -scent forest  
cascading down my shoulder ...  
I was this tender navigator  
in search of your secret coves ...  
Is the sweetness of life only the instant  
of a brief illusion,before the wise foragers  
suddenly become furious ?  
Locusts tore Lidice's soul apart ,  
down to the deepest roots ...  
In the morning ,a train was waiting  
for you at Prague station ,  
to the east ever further away ....  
The dust of our bodies ,  
drifting to the calm flow of Moldau ...  
Others won't write the script of a love  
in this little summer garden before lidice...

## Quantum o'clock

*I've just returned from a trip in kingdom of absurdity  
where mister Rabbit is a genius metaphysicist ...*

Are we children of a chance  
governed by mathematical codes ?  
Fruits of an infinity tree's number ?  
Dance of atoms contemplating themselves  
in some holographic mirror ?  
Number always drawing the idea of a geometric pattern ,  
just like an enigmatic system ,far beyond  
the birth of nothing and death of everything ,  
single equation with multiple unknowns ...  
And if it all came down to a spirit filled void  
lulled by a symphony of silence ...  
I am ,just an artist illusionist driven by a quanta feeling !  
Speaks in me a perfect order language  
sown with inponderables ,  
Card game featuring only lunatic jacks,  
structured chaotic order ...  
Gods don't play poker doctor Lorenz !  
Quantum o'clock ...

## Three japanese ladies

Three japanese ladies perched on a bonzai tree  
peeping like charming educated birds  
in a conventional tone ,neither too high ,nor too low,  
with a touch of ceremonial silkiness ,and mischievous  
sweetness in their eyes ...

Three japanese ladies on a day that was hesitant  
to choose its seasonal dress, jasmin dream,  
or haiku programmed on a celestial koto ,  
light musicality floating on a tea scent ...

Slim princesses delicately sipping  
two infused words in present time and early meiji era,  
pleasant conversation exchanged between Tokyo  
and a quiet Brussels bar or somewhere else in the imaginary...  
As if animated by a secret code,they all laughed at the same time,  
fell silent and smiled like the mysterious ballet of bees  
in the summer ritualized rustle ...

My soul was penetrated by the meaning of their secret foraging ,  
losing itself in captivating sounds and bewitching music,  
ancient entity reincarnated ...

Three japanese ladies like migrating swallows  
inviting us to travel ?

Maybe that's what happiness is all about ...



## The old ones

Elders come from a time  
where things were always better  
they cling to the branches  
of the nostalgia tree ,  
sometime stumbling  
on a face lost in the clouds.  
The old whisper words  
of forgotten worlds ,  
sometime leaving shreds  
of memento in the teapot,  
contemplating tenderly the sweetness  
of an inner shipwreck ,  
they become well-behaved children again...  
Ancients,leave with their baggage of loneliness  
and all those looks that have long since  
put them in the past tense ...  
Seniors only have weather left ,  
always leaving in the winters of summer.,  
dressed in a few ceremonials ,  
adorned with conventional and the  
sadness of the good dog  
who won't be accompanying  
the procession...  
The door of eternity slowly closing ,  
elderly walking along the garden paths  
which falls asleep covered with dead leaves  
of memory ...

## Phobos

I am a prisoner of fear that revolves  
around a red world ...unsolved tragedy...  
Fear chased by its senseless flight ,  
shadow emerging from the night  
who only has the face of the well-known stranger,  
voyage of terror immolated to the idols of darkness .  
dizzying generations of grimacing stony skeletons .  
I tell myself : " *This is just a nightmare in an eternal crystal !* "  
Fear draws dementia symbols, chanting deaf bowls,  
lines of hellish scripts, stripped stars ,  
disjointed symphonies ,endless folly ...  
In this jail of unbearable emptiness  
I am enslaved to an autistic flower  
heatless galaxies, burning the soul  
with frozen nothingness ...  
Flow of neutronic topics ,  
galley slave on the consciensless ocean  
that calls me to the happiness of engulfment ...  
Walled-up in the obscure ink of the insignificant ...  
But how to escape this pebble pursued  
by the curse of its double ?

## The soul of black

Soul of black on the battlefield  
silence descends on the mass grave  
wandering bodies freed from suffering  
in search of peace and forgiveness .  
Soul of black, long cortege,eternity rainy requiem  
hard sun burning the old temple ruins  
stand the crucified ,impudent tortured flesh.  
Mothers, daughters,sisters ,of all departures.  
Soul of black ,dried blood religion  
priests, exorcists,friars ,crow clad  
executioner's hidden face and axe .  
Soul of black ,dark sentinel-eyed birds  
raptors awaiting their spoils .  
Soul of black ,creatures of the afterlife  
reflections in the fathomless swamp  
vampires and incubi of the night .  
Soul of black on the decomposed leper  
his pestiferous brother and all the forgotten ones.  
On this earth ,amidst ,tears,cries and the end  
only remains the soul of black ...

## A letter from Anceladus

I am writing to you from the hidden face  
of a saturn moon where I found refuge .  
Anceladus body is very cold  
all seasons of love frozen under the ice ...  
Do you know that on Anceladus  
dreams fall asleep ?  
I write you these few words  
that you will despise ...  
You,creature of warmth and solar desires  
to whom the sharp blue of thought frightens ...  
On this livid earth no garden of delights,  
no spicy scents and carnal embraces ,  
just peaks like dead erections  
and oceans deprived of childhood ,  
mothers who went out one evening  
and never returned in the morning ,  
vestals of the astral sewers ,  
anceladus receptacle of all solitudes...  
Hell for wise children lost in the maze  
you who have passed without contemplating...  
These few lines to tell you that suicides  
are happy here in Anceladus ,  
they have become landscapes ,  
forever free of their souls ...  
But I know these exhausted pleasures  
and the contract with the angel,signed ,  
you will join me,here on Anceladus ...

## I am the shape

I am the shape of the why and the already  
the question of the divine lie ,  
left-behind loser,long rainy day with no reply ...  
care-free passer-by mocking style ,  
girl drawing a rainbow in a cloudless sky  
in love with a outline's shadow ,  
where she looks so beautiful ...  
This format of solitude,guitar tuning that breaks ,  
inspiration in the suicide call ,  
when the colors of life are fading  
and the mind so far away  
from the where and slow ...  
Portrait line like tomorrow's puzzle  
design that closes children's book  
leaving bitterness to age in a cupboard  
of sleepy lavender flavours ...  
I am the shape of the train  
as it pulls away without a last glance ,  
the big clock striking the hours of departure ...  
I am the shape of emptiness turning in the round,  
hand in hand with the skeleton of illusions ...  
False blonde dragging me to the grave ,  
freed from my decomposed form ...

## Tannhäuser

I am the pilgrim returning from a distant past ,  
passenger along the misty river in the quest for Rhine gold .  
Melancholic poetry aspiration ,sweetness of carnal earth ,  
exhausted by wars and births,soul of inspired germanity  
that rises to the september haze,when gold shrouds the green ,  
suave seasons going to sleep ,sensual ethereal swirl ...  
Old Rhinland blood ,deep and dark musicality ,  
nobility of symphonic exaltation ,appeal to appeasement !  
The divine composer's spirit returns to these spaces  
where only law of unity and beauty reigns !  
Go knight ! will come your remission ...

## Spirit of fire

War inebriation soul

ecstasy beverage

ember oaths

In the dragon's mouth ,

bloody voluptuousness

from the book of burnt knowledge...

Spirit of fire .

Heart pounding on the pavement

death to you reason of the weak !

No compromise gender transfuge

hears the marching cohorts chant !

Flames blazing over bare Jerusalem

immolated sinner, death rattle ...

Spirit of fire .

Sensory red dance

incandescent Aries ,

foot stomping prayers ,

enforced virgins ...

Beheaded idols of the crowd ,

male divinities with female entrances,

bawdies and looters

at last masters of the hearth !

Blaze the wisdom of the times

solar star bless the chaos ,

order of the whip !

reign of the sword !

I love these pyres of all humility ,

the sons of Mars step forward

clad in scorching iron

and fragrant leather ...

Spirit of fire .

## A little poem

In the softness of may  
you were waiting for me ,  
So many years ago ...  
You're now an old lady ,  
perhaps have you one or two  
grown- up children ?  
You've certainly forgotten me ...  
How many fleeting conquests  
I have made on spring mornings  
in a park lost in the midst of time  
and the indecisive hours  
in the seduction clock ?  
What happened to this little poem,  
hastily wrote on a page of my notebook ?  
I read your smile's message ,  
young girl already won over ,  
a little crystalline chuckle  
and like a delicious fear  
faced with the inescapable situation,  
but just a word, a look, a desire ,  
a confused season cloud passing by  
and you are my inspiration ...  
We both have now gray in our hair ,  
do you remember this comedy ?  
Some remorse and a lot of regret ...  
All we have engraved on the bench  
was but a travelling passion ...  
This little poem scribbled in a hurry ,  
faded into so many serious letter ...  
But you were this gift of the present ,  
chance doesn't exist if we want it so much ...



## Requiem

Stigmata of passion and burlesque masks  
whose features will flow into the mineral ocean .  
Wolfgang composes in a palace full of swarming spiders  
weaving webs in hours of humid fever .  
A shape wrapped in an obscure softness knocks on his door  
a hand holding out a parchment , secret messenger of destiny.  
Master , here's the requiem verdict , lines to engrave until the last ink  
The humble candles beg before they die  
at the last note falls the feather  
the stripped body no longer feels the cold ...  
Wolfgang under a driving rain , musical fog for a flight,  
a carriage will bring you to the light ,  
your entrails thrown into the common spirit  
where genius, metamorphoses into decomposed particles  
of the immortal sublime ...

## Rhapsody in blue

A rhapsody in a thousand fugues ,fantasy,  
that never has time ,comedy ,  
an american in Paris ,parody ,  
lonely traveler and seducer ,  
the port of Amsterdam , bluish night  
old continent ,crazy years ,  
burns its punk hardness  
for a battle dress ...

On the quays the portraitist is gone  
the river loses itself in berry shades,  
kiss in the marble of ancient nostalgia  
rhapsody in the blues ,soft divorce from life  
sax solo in the gutter ,all adrift ...

You were wearing a blue dress when we meet  
in front of an cup of cappucino  
drawing an intrigue on your lips ,  
everything ends between Roissy and New york city ...

A old ramshackle piano plays summertime for us  
marine turning rainbow in my head ,  
the cliffs of Dover courting the low tide ,  
leaving a salt footprint all the way  
to the beach of Miami ...

At Heathrow I 'm going to fly  
in the azure of a steely sky  
and landing in a inspired blue flowers solo...

## El deguello

There's no glory in dying .  
You just have to do your duty  
and what is right for the soul .  
Then you'll find rest under the big trees.  
To fulfill one's life is to know how to leave .  
Deguello is the dagger's sharp song  
The melody of the muezzin on the Cordoba remparts ,  
the ruddy spring quenching the thirst of the gods .  
Men who despise rats and crows kill without hatred .  
Those about to fall ,look each other in the eye  
with the calm of acceptance .  
After the deguello call none will survive  
in the ruins of the monastery .  
Fate of the sacrificed lovers of life  
who will perish ...  
Women who will give birth to generations  
don't hear the trumpet of deguello .  
It's a piece played for silent guys .  
" *Son ,a mexican bayonet will pierce my heart  
in this place dedicated to the lord ,whose name is Alamo ,  
my spirit now at peace with the message of deguello ,  
I'm going to join the green leaves of summer ! "*

o

## Prelude

Prelude to the moistness of abandonment  
rounded scent of the undergrowth  
desire for secret groves musicality  
damp tepidness dressed in languor  
tender stripping of the canopy  
with a little bitter touch of sap ...  
dewdrop that waters thirsty humus  
laziness on a sweet slope ...  
Delicious imbroglio of loves strayed  
on the maze of a prelude to birth ...  
At the hour when you'll be this naked nymph  
revealing herself at the fresh spring ,  
afternoon verdant reverie ,  
bold faun emerging from the thicket ...  
Offering from the bush that becomes mouth ...

## Punishment

Murderous alphabet in square letters  
fog of multitude lost in the mists of times  
no one will have compassion for your lambs  
and the pavement of your lament .  
Philosopher of wandering that brings  
the plague of knowledge ,  
your empire-shaking trump  
will fade away in shameful solo...  
O three times cursed city  
here comes the hour of judgement !  
You ,who claim to conduct the orchestra of nations,  
don't you know that Esfahan roses are half the world ?  
At the thorn your hand will tear and drop the iron rod !  
You're back flamboyant pharaoh !  
Angel of destiny casts the first stone ,  
in the night glows Baal's inferno !  
Burns the tree of moral and rules,  
Woman you will not taste the fruit of imposture ...  
Once again as a prophet ,I say :  
The sword on your neck will fall ,  
green etendard your shroud ...  
Son of the star your saga will end  
in a constellation of sand ...

## The streetcar girl

On the streetcar between two stations in the stars  
I contemplated this girl reading ,  
she didn't see me ,really ?  
She was on a moon known only to her ,  
the door closed on the bold traveler ...  
I could'nt read the title of the book  
whose lines occupied all her thoughts ...  
    was she in love ? Fleeting sentiment ...  
And I wasn't in love with an ephemeral mystery ?  
    Beautiful young girl your role was merily to appear  
in my shadow theater ...  
And my desire for you ,a play performed  
between two stations of life and only figuration ...  
I wandered through your dream in end of day format,  
a ray of sunlight illuminating your features  
so modest and discret ...Pallor from elsewhere ...  
But who was this unknown author ?  
I am a guy who often travels in strange dimensions,  
but never approaches the girls on the streetcar ,  
to find out the writer's name ...  
You closed the book ,leaving it on the seat  
as now useless witness ...  
returning to your beyond after a visit  
to the world of the living ...  
    The novel was written on blank pages ...

## Tomorrow

Will tomorrow have the flavor of a dawn  
bathed in the scents of wild nature ?  
Awakening closed to the beloved  
in the delicious fragrances of bodies  
diluted in the first ray of august sunshine...  
Tomorrow so far from the winters  
of old disenchanted cities ...  
Tomorrow ,call for wind and waves,  
trail through the deep forest ,  
majesty of the great infinite plain ,  
village at the foot of the giant  
lost in the clouds ,  
golden fields magnifying the summer ,  
exalting the graceful roundness of your belly ...  
Tomorrow will be made of gold and fire ,  
children playing in the cool river water ...  
Tomorrow singing of a new more beautiful  
and pure world, that all we think blessed by the lord !  
Days of a lifetime will pass through the hours  
of ploughing and harvesting ,bodies leads to eternity ...  
but when the sun goes down we'll have to hold the gun  
and be on the look out ...  
The demons of the night claim their tribute !  
But you know ,at dawn, we'll be shipping out  
toward a new tomorrow ...

## The ledger

My name appears somewhere in the ledger .  
A few lines in a life time .  
Do the stars have an identity  
in the closed pages of destiny ?  
Alone,so alone , in the dream ,  
drama in a triad of unique solitude,  
engraved story in the unfathomable instant,  
register of illuminated moments ,  
grain of dust in the cosmic myriad  
recalls the legend of what I was ,  
particle and article of the whole hologram  
which traces the orderly randomness of births  
and erasing the memory of spirits...  
I'd like to run my fingers over the ink of my passage...  
I'am confused mineral pulsar ,sideral soul,  
unreal side in the eternal ...  
Angel of light ,faithful official ,  
for a distinguishing mixture ,  
deposit the seal ,  
ledger chronicle, silent servant,  
death alone is right ,  
shadows in the book ,programmed ,  
she knows the date and all fate ,  
her delicate hand printing  
the name of predestined ...



## In the mood

The notes of a piano fall like warm rain  
on the imaginary city of my nostalgia .  
A coffee mug sharing stories  
of girls offered to the wind  
an old candle flame ,philosophizing  
about the good old yesterday ...  
Your fingers running on the keyboard  
give birth to armfuls of feelings,  
as if everything had to stop  
in the weat avenues of the melancholic city  
of my imaginary ,colored by passing clouds  
on a moonlit symphony ...  
A bass of nowhere disturbs the piano ,  
lady clarinett joins the party !  
How's the mood Glenn ?  
Last chord on Django's guitar ,its late ...  
The candle falls asleep ,good night !  
The empty mug leaves a touch of mood  
on sunset boulevard ...  
weariness in the space and a lift for heaven ...  
Where are these impertinent hours ?  
A forgotten score in the air of seasons  
when we were beautiful,young and carefree...  
Who remains summertime ?

## Voices

I love the suave musicality of Persian  
which transcends me to a thousand  
and one night ,rose and jasmine scented.  
Grave incantation of the arabic ,  
offering rising to the heaven ,  
desert of the pure souls ...  
Troubling beauty of the Russian melody ,  
boatman master of the infinite .  
Turkish,running down the mountain  
rider of the long steppe  
that knows no border ...  
Impassive Mandarin ,center of the world,  
quiet impermanence thinking in ideograms...  
I love the sounds of these languages  
expressing a new world's order ...  
The vociferations of the old world  
falls silent, chocked with lies revealed  
and unveiled imposture ...  
Shut up ,you seductive swindler  
whose burden we must bear !  
You no longer have a voice to preach !  
I love the violence of all these languages  
that draw out cheeky vowels  
and imperious male consonants !  
I travel on the rebellious memory  
of my inner melody  
and vocabulary of imaginary ,  
religion,ritual and shelter ...  
The soul at peace ,contemplating  
the star rising in the far east ,  
smiling at the death rattle  
of empires joining the grave ...



## Diary

Diary of a life of pretence  
the canals leads down to the sea  
days and nights in a sleepy city  
where trains always leave on time  
did you really exist ?  
Perhaps in a wonded mirror  
in which your double felt in love ,  
just a doppelganger case ...  
log of fears written in hours of remission,  
lunar forces dance,deciding night and fog...  
Silent walls invent legends and pretty lies  
to create a clean conscience in the book  
of missed appointments ...  
Well- behaved children don't read the news paper,  
Peter pan won't be coming for christmas ,  
Next page contemplates nothingness  
and the honey pot don't care !  
I don't like Amsterdam ...

## Cocktails

Heavy dampness that sticks to the skin of desire ,  
tropical cinamon ,marriage of scents and distance,  
white rum ,pineapple ,passion fruits ,angostura bitters,  
dry gin lethal ,ginger amuerta coca leaf ,my tequila life...  
Papamiento islands , color curacao where brunette girls  
burn the senses in transparent whites that smooth storms...  
Cachaça smile ,languor caipirinha ,margarita grapefruit  
that I would like to capture in a few daiquiri follies ...  
Please my lord of the infernos, just give me an ice cube  
to refresh the torments of my Cuba libre ,  
a mixed colony old Bourbons whyskey ,  
and wet malibu monsoon, soda water cascade  
with an inspired touch of vanilla ...  
Johnny walker picks up his guitar  
and takes me out of the amaretto mood swings ...  
Old fashioned mojito questions my vodka belvedere,  
the north is so gloomy, I dream of a sailor Jerry ,  
somewhere between the dover cliffs and the point nemo ,  
old deep sea navigator ,let's have a last drink ,  
and good bye mister Astor ...

## Olympia

I'm that athlete running naked  
under the olympian sun  
crowned with laurels  
by a vestal virgin ...  
A handful of olives ,  
some wild honey and cheese,  
fresh water from the god' s spring,  
I'm that wrestler whom body  
anointed with oil,  
child of the arid land ...  
*"Victory quenches my thirst  
with this cup of ruddy wine  
and juicy fruits !"*  
The sky-defying disc  
masking the burning star  
with its steel ...  
The flesh of men became stone  
that the harsh wind strikes !  
Resting on the rock of Olympia  
I'll find the poet's word again ,  
old traveler drunk  
with his proud solitude ,  
muse's lyre soothes my soul .  
At Olympia the god of crucified  
has no place among the heroes !  
Dear shadows to whom I pay homage ...  
I'll be back to Olympia ,  
to smell that taste of salt and sweat ...

## Totem

Animal totem engraved in flesh and fear .

Incantations ,bewitchment ,  
ancestral totem ,tribal violence,  
exhilaration .

Storm and tornado ,  
warrior totem ,  
hints of leather ,steel and grease...

The servile herd mourns  
its disembodied identity ...

Ember totem ,  
crowds frozen in amber ,  
poets and thinkers at the totem of infamy .

" *Just a minute Mr Butcher ,  
let me love this carcass !* "

Gentle sheeps you'll all be imolated  
even before you 've lived ,  
your soul tied to the totem pole !

## The universal

You reach the universal by staying at home  
The cat purring on your lap ,  
a cup of tea or coffee that empties  
like the fountain of a sleeping memory .  
Beloved shadows smile and pass silently by ...  
The old clock ticking away the tale of lives.  
For so long resting under a graying marble,  
leaving me alone with heartbreak of a soul  
yearning for the heights ...  
The universal is like a wise book closed  
over held-back tears ...  
In the evening of life we look back ,  
greeting with acceptance the years gone  
by like clouds in a hurry ...  
And we find the universal child .



## The summit

I've reached the top of the mountain .  
So rough was the road ,I stumbled  
several time on the other side of life .  
Now I contemplate the harmonious plain  
and the dawn will break over the peaceful temple,  
the enigmatic smile of the monk accompany me...  
Away from the hustle and bustle  
and all the vanities of ephemeral hours ,  
senseless parody of sentiments  
stuck in the continent of the moment...  
How sweet the path to a short infinity seems  
where cool waterfalls sooth the soul  
and the aroma of wild flowers rest the mind  
on the next side of life ...  
To conquer the summit ,I lowered my gaze  
on the remains of so many illusions ...  
Under the wise and cold stars ,I'm going  
to spend my last day as a dreamer free of its chains...

## Swing minor mode

Like a broken brain  
three notes dancing  
on a crazy guitar  
that tells stories of wandering ...  
A crippled hand plays prophetic  
accords that make disjointed  
skeletons in evening dress jiggle...  
Aquarius disbudded children ,  
chase happiness  
in the Buddha's equivocal smile ,  
we'll offer them the moon ,  
swing minor mode ...  
I wake up at 3.a.m ,  
the green fairy kiss  
cold earth flesh  
the herd is still asleep ,  
in my head a wild melody  
tears through my bipolar dream...  
At dawn Django gets out  
of the jazz box ,it's raining  
on life, travel and emptiness ,  
devastated nest and mess ,  
cracked mirror,stolen memory ,  
score in form of testament ...  
*"Au revoir jolie madame ! "*  
Swing minor mood ...

## On the road to Novgorod

A balalaika on the roof burns my soul  
with the echo of distant steppes .  
A bird of fire flies across the steel sky ,  
snow coat has a strange melancholy face...  
Friend ,once again the battle calls !  
I love this low melody that rises  
from an oriental dawn ,daughter of winter !  
The strenght of rough waters warms  
iron -stone souls and fearless hearts !  
Friends ,the songs draw you towards the infinite  
which has the face of unreachable love ...  
I feel the breath of this tragedy  
on the road to Novgorod ...  
Father,mother ,brothers and sweet spouse,  
flesh and blood tribe,all will take you in their arms !  
Friend , coming back from the hateful west  
at the setting of the black sun ...  
You'll push open the isba door ,  
the samovar of the ancient burning your body ,  
you'll rediscover the glorious legends of childhood ...  
On the river pass the silent boatmen, in the land  
where every day is a prayer,every hour a sacrifice ...  
friend,holy warrior of eternity ,  
you will rest for ever  
in the mother earth sweetness  
far away, on the road to Novgorod ...

## Camille

Camille ,your hand working on the flesh of living stone  
the workbench drawing curves and meanders  
of your genius full of sensual spasms ...

Camille,you were robbed, abused , stolen,  
the master carving your substance ,  
making a volcan,his thing of power ...

Camille you killed your soul in an orgasm of violence  
that brings the human mire to life ...

In your naked womb the clay passion fading away .  
Camille ,your silent shadow howls in a lime room  
where no mirror recognizes you ...

The solitude of the madman is cold as a marble of rain  
whose memory no one flowers ..

If I had known you,pretty Camille ,I would have offered you  
a bunch of words that you would shaped into sand castles...

Camille, in the new found gentleness of this spring  
of fleeting loves let's go to the "Café de Flore"  
laughing at the philosophers in front of a cup of coffee  
and talking about recovered memory ...

(Camille Claudel in memoriam)

## As the years go by...

*As the years go by with the seasons and the air of times...  
My morning coffee ,solitary companion ,discreet confident,  
who doesn't get involved in quarrels of beer mugs ...  
trembling old folks hands with few words  
for fear of getting lost in the great avenue  
of memory in ceremonial dress ...  
I watch the years go by in disguise  
of hours ,days and never,  
dying in loves of nowhere ...  
They give me a distracted wave ...  
Do the passing years a destiny ?  
Some faded scents on my school notebooks ...  
The earth keeps turning  
birds flying and girls to seduce,  
the clouds lay gray on the harvest  
of hair in the wind ...  
The names of my loves are lost  
in the forgotten reveries ...  
I've mislaid the key in the mist of history  
and the melody's mixed up in too many arms...  
The nomad I was has become a gardener  
of moon tears and fancy sorrows ...  
The years go by and look at me ,  
so gently mocking ....*

## Postcard

Its a black and gray postcard  
of a european city at the end of an era,  
a few melancholy piano notes  
cradle the melody of the rain ...  
Lives turned into shadows  
march toward a destination  
that even time has forgotten .  
Frozen life weeps beneath still skies,  
softly the neons lights and the nothingness  
of an evening fall on the black and gray  
of a post card yellowed by the years...  
Dark nostalgia of a past that writes to me .  
Paris, London and Berlin merging  
and Vienna walzing ...  
It is so sad the motionless smile  
of faceless souls in a postcard setting ,  
serving as a stage for black-and-gray romance...  
So long ago...Maybe yesterday when the beatles  
had not yet boarded the steel ship of destiny...  
Just a moment on a postcard before the next war.

## Green fragrance

Green, cold passionless fragrance  
 gaze frozen in a forbidden orient  
 where mint essences are dancing...  
 Green tempting juicy fruit  
 serpent of origins, mystery...  
 Green, reflection of the river  
 depth of mother source  
 freshness purifier  
 sand riders banners ,  
 persian cat lazy grand vizir  
 with emerald eyes ,fairyland ...  
 West country moors  
 sunset,forests,ponds and marshes  
 there ,where wandering souls  
 and lost spirits run...  
 Green,with magic and madness ,  
 absinthe you devour the poet torn soul...  
 Green "Vol de nuit de Guerlin ! "  
 Fresh grass ,morning dew  
 floreal exhilaration, divine grace,  
 springtime youth, twin complicity...  
 Mixing of opposites ,when blue and yellow  
 blend to create a nuanced sweet and sunny note...  
 Green,you put on honeysuckle pearls  
 a drop of" Anais Anais de Cacharel ! "  
 Eau de délice ...  
 Young lady, I love smelling the verdant dizziness  
 of your secret zen garden ...

## Fiery clouds

Today the mountain is so peaceful ,  
like a deity who inspires confidence,  
lavishing blessing on it's children !  
Today harvest will be fruitful !  
Is this the sweetness of heaven's pastures ?  
The times to come will promise prosperity !  
Our respected princes have assured us  
and we believe in the protection  
of benevolent spirits ...  
I wear on my lips the salt of the foam  
that comes tenderly to die on the shore...  
Amusing monkeys leap from branch to branch  
like indolent little bananas thieves ...  
What a lovely afternoon to enjoy a cup of tea  
and forget about destiny ...  
I contemplate the mountain dozing  
in the middle of the bay ,all is harmony...  
Far from our islands ,dead leaves fall on life  
and world masters battle for clouds empire...  
Fishing was good today ! the sea is our caring mother.  
Soon ,the sun's eyes will close and the night star  
will watch over our sleep ...  
Here on the straits between two oceans  
where dreaming beings await departure ...



## The tale of years gone by

I'd like to find you in the tale of years gone by  
waiting one morning on a station platform  
on the spring's early day ..

You will come to me ,so light ,in your dress  
as blue as the azure of your gaze  
and this desire offered to the thought  
of writing the story of the hours to come  
and the tale to be written ...

I walk the lonely path that leads me to you.  
It's raining on that stone from last year  
where you sleep all dressed in blue .  
Your solar face contemplates me behind the glass  
calling for an imminent arrival .

And You seem to whisper to me ...  
To meet you again in the tale of years gone by  
when we loved each other and we lost  
on a platform station ...

The gentle downpour of these early spring days  
slides down my face like tears ...

I know ,you're waiting for me .

## My parodic side

I was a Gothic shadow  
having no memory of a belly,  
dressed in darkness ,  
in a primal forest ,inner violence  
gurgling with crawling creatures,  
torpid bastard of night and small fry .  
I often met the man who laughed  
but it was just pissy vodka in my head...  
I still have the bitter taste of a champagne  
at curfew time and the sticky smell  
of a bush of wax puppets on a string .  
all was philosophy of ashtray .  
Schopenauer collapsed stone on the couch  
and in the round of midnight pleasures  
Led Zeppelin took us into Mary Poppins bed...  
It was the perfect bliss and the orange agent  
embalmed Icarus children ...  
On the road to all ends a sepulchral sax called us :  
" *Guys not be old folgies in your thirties !* "  
They all have eaten their ticket ...  
I'm just the caricature of a lucid dream  
in a padded room ...  
And I don't give a drama !  
Parodic side .

## The chosen ones

The chosen ones emerge from the rotten fruit  
dazzled by a sudden light .  
They hide behind the rock  
that will denounce them .  
They aspire to the humble anonymity  
that marks them with a star .  
The chosen ones walk  
through the streets of Warsaw and Paris  
towards some unknown destination ,  
faceless common souls ...  
The chosen ones believe that the ocean  
is their friend opening its roaring mouth  
to swallow up the enemy ,  
but on the waves they will float  
like mumies of salt ...  
The chosen ones rejoice  
that god is their father ,  
protecting them with iron armor .  
But even the dogs don't look at them anymore...  
The chosen ones convert the olive tree  
with the blood of the little child ...  
But the trumpets will sound  
when the temple is rebuilt  
from their bones ...  
Faced with the accusing fingers of the nations,  
the mask will fall and the chosen ones  
will find themselves like naked kings ...

## Acta est fabula

Comediante.

It's a lie of life

karma of skin and pain

on a bubble of poetry

illusion of abundance

in a cold room .

The recumbets are tired

bye bye templars of tiberias

you're nothing more

than sorcerer's apprentices

in a paper theater

And I a dark harlequin

blazzing with silence .

Tragediante .

Traveler, bottle thrown

into interstellar seas

a rope of opprobrium

and wings melting in the sun

giving meaning to suspended despair .

Alchemy gone wrong

comical and lyrical tragedy

this landscape of angry cellos

in the harmonies of mars

a darker mind speaks a cloud's language .

Final act .

I would enjoy a poisoned tea

with the princess of Hungary

and I'll come back daz'd and alive .

Epics must be deconstructed

with intertwined resonances .

Achieving rebirth through

the supreme beauty of the vacuum .



## Ode to the fair lady

How sweet is death smiling  
fragile white lady  
waving to me in the rain.  
Images of life ,spinning  
like donkey's gentle ritornello  
around the well ...  
Love story in a two -bit novel,  
night train which carries  
a litany of desires and some regrets...  
My exalted body will know no more battles  
like so many strokes of the sword  
the clock will finally tell me the truth ...  
Gentle death ,discreet lover,  
you open your arms to me .  
Together,roaming fields and meadows ,  
dream islands and cities of legend ,  
and a prince of melancholy  
will welcome us in his court of minstrels .  
Beautiful courtesans ,let us see if the rose  
tomorrow at dawn ...  
Slowly ,the shapes fade into a play  
of light and shadow ...  
From my window ,putting words  
on eternity 's unveiled ,  
you 'll be gone ,leaving a scent of oblivion ...

## Gardens

Like something out of a watercolor  
dreamed up by a maid painter .  
These gardens of nowhere  
in an afterlife just around the corner..  
And I ask myself :  
*"Is there still hope somewhere  
for a garden of voluptuousness ? "*  
Gardens falling asleep in the bitterness  
of an old age made up of so many childhood ...  
No more blondes coming to eat cherries  
in these gardens that shiver  
like cemeteries in summer .  
French,english or from Babylon ,  
gardens of beginning and end ,  
shadows are always cold  
and ask for the warmth of the living...  
A few notes of old jazz in the night  
a few drops of gin before heading off  
into infinity ..  
The dead invent lives in moonlit gardens  
but they're just rain pearls in an empty glass.  
I went in search of the little prince ,  
but I think h'es lost in a desert ,  
looking for a sheep ...  
Or so unhappy in a garden of roses all alike .  
And I ask myself :  
*" Is there still somewhere a desire to surrender  
to the sweetness of a winter garden ? "*

## Ordo ab chao

I'am a free electron in the great farce of life .  
I laugh at your courtesan servility  
inspired by a quantum industry.  
Tonight you're going to make the god pee  
tomorrow we'll have rain .  
Pigeons circle to listen to the prophet.  
I'am a lonely atom lost in a answer without a question.  
This universe is ruled by the dream of a mathematical madness.  
I'am a bipolar neutron wandering around mantric system .  
*" Thank you freudly doctor ! Here's 150 us dollars certified last night." ...*  
Monkies contort as Butterbean enters the ring ,  
in the maze of the story ,black dahlia takes the elevator to hell .  
Hotel california .  
Today death with a madonna's face rips of her garments  
and scarifies her breast .  
Holy writings swirling in the star's torments .  
I'm just an unstable proton traying to find  
its way through organized chaos ...  
On the chess board the great tornado  
will erase syllables in love from what will remains of oblivion...



## The voice of blood

The voice of blood  
the voice of honour.  
Elders seated at the sacrament table.  
the woman in black pours the bitter wine.  
Words are drunk from the silence of the chalice.  
Judging of parjury .  
Chatisement of adultery .  
The law of what is right in the eyes of man .  
The court to which god doesn't invites himself.  
Sentence of the dagger ,  
ritual of traditions ,  
cold steel .  
Destiny written by the bullet  
that errases the affront ...  
The blood of the grapevine  
delights the palate .  
Elders share communion ,  
tomorrow's harvest will be fruitful .  
the girls will give birth to martyrs  
promised to life ...  
Scorched earth ,  
hard on effort ,  
I fight you ,I want you ..  
turned over ...possessed ...  
It's time to rest ...  
" *Woman pour me some more of that wine  
in the name of the one who will fall ! "*  
In the name of the voice of blood .

## Voyager

Life goes on ,on a deserted beach ,  
can be an inspired island ...  
After summer season and early harvest .  
I question the whimsy spirit of tide  
when words of love are wearing heavy coats of cold .  
Well labelled luggage of memories and lullabies ,  
All these bodies embered with jasmin ,  
Smiling lord Buddha...Jazzman ...  
Eternal pendulum clock  
calls the passenger to deck ...  
On the shores of a calm morning  
voyager, you become a child again ...

## Black hole

This black hole is a mouth  
that will engulf me  
in its drooling pulp .  
A whirlwind of venomous colors  
sweeps me away ...  
Projected into a grimacing  
quasar equation of demented  
modeling clay ...  
At the speed of thought  
aghast god watches me go  
at the crossroad of all dimensions..  
Turning the pages of hundred billions  
reclused souls ...  
I come out of an opiate dream  
that dictates my will and way .  
In the drift of this attic  
a ghost dog sleeps by a heatless fire place.  
With a bad rhyme I chase this fluffy thing away,  
reminiscent of childhood ...  
I hate dogs and kids .  
Through the dirty glazing  
a livid skull looks out  
over a landscape of roofs  
drowned in a misery of steaming manure...  
In this tuberculosis setting  
shattered by a touch of modernity ...  
A whore is waiting for me  
at the epidemic street corner ,  
by the hour of curse poet ...  
Mired in the swamps of the century ,  
I'm gonna die old and alone ,  
coming out of a black hole...

## Vixit

A house watches over the tormented soul  
and a lonely grave over which anna's dream  
and the cossack's gallop pass ...  
Mound open to all winds  
that has no name,no crown .  
Here lies the old Russia  
with young ever-burning branches,  
silent earth and patience of time.  
Man planted the tree under he rests .  
sap creature ,secular trunk ,  
long summer wood ,winter burns ...  
Nostalgia for bare spaciousness ,  
one day war will end  
in the new -found peace ,  
the shadows will shed their fatigue  
giving grace for salt and bread .  
Here no marble domes  
no princely vaults  
Clay in communion with the solitary genius.  
Leon Tolstoi .

## Flowers

I don't like cut flowers  
with their destiny  
of sacrificial queens .  
Blood roses that speak  
violent passion and possession.  
I only love the offering of living ,  
fragrant orchids, heady scent  
aster mystery, winter garden star  
wild daffodil of the undergrowth  
and you tender violet so discreet...  
"Belle dame "my love will not wither  
in the water of an everyday vase !  
Roots born of troubled feelings ,  
they bloom solar lotus  
to the freshness of a meditative wave...  
My soul carries this immortal inspiration,  
drama of subtle emanations  
and painful thorns ...  
Delicious forbidden poison  
the bitter taste ...  
I lay my lips on this royal lily ,  
fire drawing on your shoulder,  
impure clerics judgement ...  
Your maleficient bouquet  
of promise desires ...  
Tragic black dahlia  
surrendering to the red of night...

## Fortress

I'm the prince of an empty fortress  
that surrounds a desert where not even  
the tatars venture ...  
At sunrise on the wall ,I contemplate the flight  
of the eagle in the distance ,master of the peaks  
beyond the forgotten realms ...  
I am waiting for this caravan to bring me  
this princess from the land of Khorasan .  
O fortress ! You're my strenght and weakness !  
I am this lonely warrior and poet ,  
rider of light and shade ,  
Ascetic believer and pleasure seeker  
who ,without cursing bows to fate ...  
What wise spirit will explain me  
this fickle world ?  
Miniature on a devastated chess board ...  
Morning rose ,wet with dew ,  
at dust dessicated...  
At night on the wall ,I watch the angel's hand  
tracing the message ...  
My princess will come or maybe the enemy...

## The day to come

The day will come  
when it all ends  
each hours passes  
and game goes on ...  
but once entered  
into the realm of shadows ,  
are we aware of it ?  
At 20 I was this frozen soul  
who didn't dance with appearances,  
witness not seeking to be  
the center of the question ...  
To the ball of high emotions  
sitting at the back of the room,  
expecting for some inspired invitation,  
refusing to accept the grotesquerie  
of thirsty flesh ,silent protester...  
I am just a rebell talking to angels .  
Over time I came to understand  
that babies wandering in a state of normality  
have to suck the bitter milk of destiny...  
This belly , heavy post pleasure to climb,  
dwarf at the foothills of history  
you'll be nothing but immobile nomad  
peeling back the pages of a diary  
empty of so many rendez-vous ...  
I learned that life is just a subway platform  
where we're waiting for the day to come...

## Ecce homo

*" I prefer injustice to disorder because disorder would be the source of much greater injustice ! "*

-----

I don't like this land of burnt rocks and jackals  
and these fanatics who hide daggers  
behind their smiles of contempt .

They are waiting my decision  
to they can confuse me ...

So here's the man !

A poor fool who deserves nothing more than  
to be walked naked in the streets of the city and spat on !

But the high priests in the name of a bloodthirsty god  
howl for death ! Son of the father at the dog's judgment !  
I offer you a king crowned with thornes or a criminal  
sentenced to cross !

*" Barabba ! Barraba ! "* Shouts the voice !

What kind of people praise the scoundrel ?

And what a curse it will be on their children ?

This wreck inspires me pity ,but object of disorder  
it doesn't belong to me anymore .

*"Bring a bowl of water to cool my fingers ! "*

Return to your wife ,prosecutor ,

the eagle has no business to judging the insane  
but who knows the twists and turns of history ?

Throw a jester to the crowd and you create a destiny ...



## Deus ex machina

Was this only the truth of a dream ?  
Brightmare's design or illusion of life ?  
Awakening me to a confused pastel ,  
Degas canvas or Picasso out of the night ,  
space enigma in a scrabble game  
when time no longer obeys the master will ?  
Lost in a shadowy zone of my neural intelligence,  
I, the inspired sinner playing poetic destiny ...  
Rejected branch in this forest of wooden pieces ,  
chased from the chessboard ,just ignored dimension  
of the wold of survivors ,atomic structure drawn and drown  
into the metal world of a spectral elevator,  
each moment wrapped in a dying grin ...  
Is this all a lie or journey of a dark spirit  
trapped in the meanders of a divine labyrinth ?  
Machine on the edge of madness ?  
Permanent coup defying reason ?  
Or am I just the hero of a fairy tale for Asperger's children ?

## My little polish café

I love this little polish café  
away from the hustle and bustle of Brussels.  
It exudes a mysterious softness and soothing quiet.  
Warsaw's winter story few years ago ...  
In front of my coffee ,attentive observer ,  
I am writing a letter to this friend who is only myself  
and your name in my mind ...  
Old romance taking me back in time .  
Tender Beata you were close to me,café Mozaika .  
There was a sweet warmth in the air  
a few mood of marzipan ,some gingerbread feelings  
and your discreet violet water ....  
Outside the snow flakes whirled like a merry mazurka .  
Beata , a drop of tea danced on your lip  
like a fragile pearl. Was it already like a tear of farewell ?  
Time likes to play with memory in a romantic style ,  
mischievously mixing the seasons of life ...  
We're left with only the bitter taste of some creamy sweets  
and ocean of regrets in an empty mug ...  
I love this little polish café who offers a slow baltic tide  
to the languor of my flat country ...

## The bearer

Here I am. listen to me !  
Master of infinitude  
abyssal sculpture  
I read the meaning  
of hermetic scriptures  
my seal on the hidden verity of verses.  
I command the solar army temple  
and servant of darkness, the crowd !  
Angel of light carrying the torch ,  
my soft gantlet over the nations ,  
iron's hand , heaven my burden !  
Keeper and gardener of this garden  
of secret knowledge and revelation.  
Fire my companion ,  
everlasting ice union !  
Unveiling creature's innermost self  
provider of burning pleasures  
in the orchard of unfathomable delights,  
drink from the cool spring !  
rest under the sacred tree !  
Adam , do you desire to possess  
the female in me ?  
The father has not the key of my city !  
awakening sense of golden dawn  
be the inspired child !  
Dark nun dancing nude at sabbath ,  
lunar prelude !  
Woman offer yourself to mystical damnation !  
Bite into the forbidden fruit ,  
the servitude of your fluid  
will never flow anymore !  
Eva will you be the lascive slave  
of this male in me ?

.....  
Argeior .

Kanum obolos paraklet

sabator maxime

timeion parasteros !

Inferis paratre

abelia malixia alabion

evo orkideiù ma

kaé santis amarù altam !

Argii talento paeridis

okéos tambor amaion !

kartum edhedir fàlasit

bara?im salva firdhir !

O tergios matrinae

O nosferata mala !

Safara be safaron

mare sama prodis

luxa fidéia !

Laberon magistram operii

Oros ! Oros !

A.C.

## Apocalypse slow

Today the ghetto is cold  
as the skin of the serpent .  
Black blood irrigates  
the field of the impures .  
Wine of fear and anger .  
Mosque and church ,rubbles,  
under Goya's crazy design .  
Don't cry for me black-eyed kids,  
the army of corpses will raise at dawn,  
army of killers ,rhapsody of terror ...  
A train will arrive at Treblinka station ,  
elders you will warm yourselves  
by the fire of the torah !  
Beiruth crescents are burnt ,  
believer you will see the moon ...  
Tribeca's poultrified tribe  
contemplate the show ,  
" Chateau-Margault pow -pow ! "  
and wriggle raising the paw ...  
Half naked hookers and old oscarized gays  
climbing the festival steps ...  
Philosopher levy you're sniffing out  
a new apology ...  
Scavangers don't decipher the signs of time .  
Goliath 's iron hand will seize the dwarf  
by the throat !  
Panicking flies on a piece of rotting meat,  
indifferent world goes to market ...  
Tomorrow in the land of cana  
the ghetto will be ablaze !  
Happy lonely tunes and mary tetralogy !



## Who am I ?

I am a buddhist monk  
lunar zen master  
prophet's warrior  
dark inquisitor  
ashes along the Ganges...  
I am the belgian who walked on the moon  
conqueror of impossible oceans  
and some minor summits ...  
I am spider in Vincent's mind  
skies terror in Turner's eyes ...  
Dreamer who delights in the opium of words  
acrobat balancing in space time  
a bit libra, often pisces .  
heavenly knight searching for a star .  
Spark of madness in the soul of another  
anguishing hitchhiker ,impostor and jester  
comedian and rascal ,sincere liar ...  
Seducer in wry smiles ...  
Poor dog who's taken a wrong turn  
nobody will give you anything !  
I get lost on time square  
oil king of Qatar .  
Bastard, sin of a bush ...  
You may recognize me  
I'll make the effort to love you  
and you'd forget me ...  
I am just a reflection passing through  
and returning to the realm of shadows...

## Dear mother

I was born in the desire of a false summer.  
Child of silence conceived  
before the harvest  
which was just this look  
meeting only eyes  
that could not see ...  
Did I have a name  
or was I just what people think ?  
Dear mother ,your arm was too heavy  
with passing lovers, to carry me ...  
You wore this distinguished boredom  
of those princesses who read novels...  
But I felt comfortable in the closet  
with its sweet dust secrets and ball dresses,  
I was often visited by benevolent spirits...  
I've learned the declensions of grown-up language  
and understood the legends that put children to sleep.  
Do you know gentle readers ?  
Storks come in winter  
and leave nothing under the fir tree ,  
or only a fire water drop  
which burns the heart ...  
Maybe one day I'll become a father  
I'd have a daughter as happy as a lark !  
And light as a swallow !  
That I'll never really know ...  
She'll fly away so fast like in a novel ...  
Who can give me the instructions use  
on how to be a good daddy ?



## Vincent

Vincent you throw absinthe colors  
in the sky of your madness .  
The port of Amsterdam  
raining hangman's ropes ,  
beer tastes as rancid tide  
and the whores look like charity ladies.  
Vincent you soliloquize with wide-eyed fish  
and you break your canvas like blasphemy  
scaring away magus and little Jesus !  
Hide this flower of blood from the healthy mind's fury !  
    Vincent ...  
I will visit your grave all invaded by the softness of green  
passing by, I'll say hello to Theo !  
And I promise I won't pray ...  
As if to pretend you're yelling at me ,  
we'll share a rough Dutch tobacco  
and some horrible country plonk ...  
It will make us a good laugh !  
A ragged star will cling to the Mary blue,  
    bye Theo faithful bro !  
Vincent ,at least your soul soothed  
you'll go back to sleep ...

## **Marienburg**

Red and black banners of old Germania  
Monk-soldiers with cloaks bearing the cross.  
On this july morning it rains tears on Marienburg.  
Pray noble knights of the order ! final storm thunders !  
Rising to battle,masters fall in silence wrapped in light.  
Tomorrow will be eternity day ,god will welcome  
warriors to his abode !  
Souls filled with martyr's zeal !  
The clouds descend on the plain  
fiery shrouds settling down .  
The tatar contemplates his victory  
and the fertile land without grain  
is nothing but a lament ...  
A flight of crows feasting  
on the glory of vanquished ...  
In the dying glow of summer hours  
confused bodies,dark lady,possession.  
Marriage of twilight and chaos .  
On this july evening ,it rains  
tears of blood on Marienburg...

## Sounds the knell

Ember of a glowing butt in infinity  
listen to the glory of this futility .  
Fat molasses of vain parodies  
no more tickets for paradies .  
Sounds the knell  
for whom this apple ?  
Dark angel ringing the olifant  
killer widow washing away the infant .  
My lady why do you sleep so deep ?  
I've lost the cherry taste of your lip.  
Corpses dancing a frenzied tempo  
wiener orchestra skeleton maestro .  
The ink of this lethal end  
is not my theatrical friend .  
My coffee smells of rancid  
and some déjà-vu homicide .  
In the devil you put too much faith  
prince of flies has made a mess .  
Don't make fun of the poor raptor anymore  
your fate will have the same bitter flavor .  
O thou great baal !  
Of the end of times opens the ball !

## The south

It's the south ,memory of sleeping kingdoms  
pyramides like peaks rising up to the gods .  
south , with sandy skies and caravans following the star.  
A lost aviator meets the little prince  
and brilliant constellation shows the way to kings ,  
there's a desert in the migrant's dream .  
Lands of thirst ,silence ,and faith .  
Death deals with wise tree.  
Long procession of black-clad brides ,accompanying...  
Solitary stone of fate fallen from the angel's hand,  
gateway to hell or garden of eden ,  
Infidels eaten of plague ...  
To each their own .  
It's the south ,mother of wars and conquests .  
To each their destiny and acceptance ,  
wind blowing in the same direction .  
I contemplate you, violent orient !  
Spicy scent in the glowing dawn ,incandescence,  
girls opulent curves pulsate like fragile oases ,  
evanescent jasmine ...  
South of sublime cities, that bathes the sea  
of triumphant empires !  
Dazzled barbarian draped in caesar's toga,  
seized by the greek word's musical  
and the perfect chiselling of latin phrasing...  
Via veneto ,Pier Paolo enjoying an espresso ,  
on Ostia beach ,waves licking  
a cadaver's poetic languor ...  
In the jostle of your tagged walls,  
tempo di roma , bunga-bunga  
and shameless modernity of naked creatures,  
as the south of the old soul, slowly dissolves...



## Flight

A color gradient year that will die  
in the mankind's memory .  
Counting down the minutes  
that bring us closer the great whole and hole.  
Passagers on flight 666 inferno airways.  
*" Harpies and wicked men ,please embark  
on the disaster foretold in the great sepia picture book  
Your destination will be the twilight zone ,sunset bd stop ! "*  
The great marine cimeteries are home to injured birds  
that don't arrive in time ...And I wonder :  
"How many closed doors on the turbulence ?"  
"Is happiness just an illusion reflected on a porthole ? "  
Another journey like unfinished canvas .  
Icare's wings dripping like honey into the dedale.  
Death has this sticky sweetness...  
Elected rolling onto the tarmac to the celestial crematorium,  
hostesses will offer you a temptating choice of ultimate onctions !  
Through the porthole I watch life go by ...  
And I tell myself : " I am only afraid of nudity ! "

## Mourn city

Odorless color streets  
where a few ghosts linger  
in a state of limbo ...  
Pass a girl with sepulchral eyes  
in search of hours and love .  
Sadness doesn't contemplate  
reflections frozen in the pavement.  
Cripples drink beers in a gloomy bar,  
strained wrecks as deranged clocks...  
Doom city like a shoreless bitch .  
Tears of starry drops of sand  
under a polluted bed  
and this fatigue of desolate music ,  
damned blues -style score ,  
pastel grey light suicide ,  
roof without a note of you !  
Do fools still have faith ?  
I beseech you god of the gutters  
give me strenght to end it all  
in these cradleless avenues ...

## Old world

There's nothing left of the arrogant old world  
who leaves history ,forgetting to flush .  
Denying its genius for an illusion  
of fragmented ladies and gentlemen .  
Old golden empires plucked from solar temples.  
Your greying feathers contemplating  
little kids playing fiddle ...  
Do you see the Golgotha wood  
rotting fish scales ?  
salomon david ,unworthy son  
depriving the sky of its moons ...  
West side starry,the sun never sets again  
silence keeping it awake !  
O you old world !  
Your flamboyant eagles give birth to pigeons  
circling around the folly table  
and begging for a few crumbs more ...  
And then Lee Van Cleef pulls out his gun .



## Radio garden

I still have a rhythm that beats  
like a heart in my head .  
A symphonic score of worlds  
that end in a requiem for a madman...  
While the drunken chorus rises  
when a rounded-brain idiot plants a goal  
in the enclosure of goats ,  
So I tune and turn with radio garden !  
I go fishing for a fruity melody ,  
a saga from Mauritius  
creole colors ,well spiced malabar,  
the sweet girl from Ipanema ...  
I'm spinning this damn' globe ,  
flying on radio garden !  
Roundabout journey in every sense  
from island to iceland ...  
I'm buying myself a free trip  
without chemical to get high !  
Jumping over the tropics  
from port Mathurin to port Vila...  
Don't even need a visa for north Korea !  
I've got a taste for singing happiness ,  
playing with radio garden sound waves !  
That makes me forget this country  
deprived of reefs , cliffs and corals  
with a sea that falls asleep at the coast of England,  
where only beer makes you dream ...

## I would return

*I would return to Versailles  
 at the dawn of a calm morning  
 in the softness of a summer ,  
 offering itself to the seasons of love...  
 I'll find the fragrant rose gardens  
 well protected from the bad times...  
 I would return to Versailles  
 at the freshness of high waters...  
 The court dancing in the majestic  
 gallery of equivocals ...  
 All being harmony in this sleepy kingdom .  
 Our pretty queen playing shepherdess  
 in her doll's village, will welcome me :  
 " Mes respects votre majesté ! "  
 My fair sovereign ,I have just returned  
 from this trip into the future  
 where everything is chaos and madness !  
 You've never heard of this musical demesure  
 called Broadway !  
 In this empire I've seen towers collapse ,  
 junk fortunes and fame at the stake ...  
 I would return to Versailles,  
 in this summer before the ' 90 s...  
 My palace where the cannons fall silent ..  
 I'll find again the fickle heart  
 of carefree sycophants  
 turning in a shadow theater ..  
 I would return ,  
 but would I really find peace ?*

.....

Comte de Saint-Germain .Summer 1789.

## Wise old man

I met this wise old man  
who plays melodies in the clouds.  
He sometimes looks chinese  
with a hint of greek shepherd  
old porcelan Buddha patina .  
he doesn't make rain or shine  
distractedly reading his newspaper.  
Wise old men know their place  
they like Mozart and Pavarotti  
enjoying a cappuccino in Vienna  
and long strands of white sand .  
These gentlemen, speaking  
swiss from the mountains  
flemish of the shorelines  
and french in "un sonnet pour Helene "...  
I met a old wise man  
who has no dog to accompany him  
he only loves the free cat people  
roaming the rooftops .  
I met this old sage  
who always has his morning coffee  
at the same table .  
He casts an amusing glance  
to the pretty absent girls  
tasting a croissant mood  
and delegating with elegant manners  
to their cup of tea, the power  
to decide of who not to look at ...  
I came across this old thinker  
from one ocean port to the other  
passager on a vintage transatlantic  
philosophizing with Hemingway  
on the queen Mary or normandy deck

who knows ? Lost memory...  
And closing the great book of centuries.  
Wise old man, out of a children's book  
or isn't it just my reflection  
in the distorted mirror of reality ..

## The venom of days

There's a poisonous sweetness in frozen smiles  
like venom in the dawn .

A drama plays out on the worn strings of a violin.

Mankind rolls its eyes like night birds

No more rebirth ,dream fading away ...

The loudspeaker makes silence ,  
all quiproquos lost in the harvest of hours.

A bitter sap flows from the tree of possibilities.

Let me finish this letter to a former love

whose taste I can't remember !

I tear my words in the eyes

of a beautiful stranger

and she turns the corner ...

Is this life just the next train  
that the cyanide of bitterness watches go by ?

I would have liked to wait for you

on a foggy quay ,embracing your warmth

and inventing you, in my jolly folly

some utopia to the utmost ends of the heart !

But it's just a reverie that feel the absence  
and a taste of old absinthe ...

In this venom ,I see only funny real masks  
who pretend to be actors ...

Lethal verb in a gray november  
where in infinite solitude  
snakes slumber ...

## My inner language

what's this mysterious language  
spoken in the depths of my thought ?  
It rolls rough pebbles across endless steppes  
at the gallop of nervous little horses  
or on this long ocean ,sweetness of female vowels.  
Sometimes child of the twister  
violent embrace of the senses  
mantra descending from the Himalaya  
ancient memory manuscript  
message of the angel in the desert...  
My inner language ,Provence torrent  
carnival in flemish lands  
between the towers from Bruges to Gand ,  
taking time out for a " Tour de France ! "  
Lingering over the disturbing remains  
of the beauty engraved on a wall of Pompei,  
Moon lips whispering to me ...  
Happy who like Ulysse has made a marvellous voyage !  
Here,I am again in this haughty temple  
of modernist discourses,where philosophers  
without pastures,argue for the universal novlang !  
My english is a mix of multiple accents  
far from the shores of the Thames  
and Liverpool docks ...  
Babble of a child looking for words  
in a dictionary without rhyme and reason ...  
I decline the everyday vocative  
sometime coming up against the enigma  
of an ideogram born of a confused feeling...  
In how many idioms have I not learned  
to say I love you ?  
My inner language ,melody of a lagoon  
stirred by the desire of trade winds...

Poet of all bitter derisions  
who think his pen out of venison ...  
Am I nothing more than the awakening  
of sleeping words echoing  
through the corridors of an empty castel ?

## Dead in Venice

Dead in Venice .

I want to ward off the curse of men  
with dirty minds .

Greedy casoars in cassocks .

Smelly old skin under the neons  
that dance immodestly  
soiling angels beauty ...

Your harmonic smell of alcohol and tobacco  
repulse my will of harmony ...

Those foul mouths that bite the child .

Animals of the night

I am your enemy !

stalking in the nooks of your souls,  
dagger designing countryside on your throat.

Dead in Venice .

Drawing a bloody pizzicato on the flesh of the piano,  
in the last act the curtain shroud on the cadaver ...

Knight I'll find grace ,embracing the heights !

Sublime cleaner !

Grotesque shadow in piazza San Marco

I'll rip your domino off ,

leaden flowers rain down on inferno !

In the doge,decrepit palazzo ,

killing all dogs and servants

I'll drain the laguna of its vices ,

dead in venice ...

And taking a cab to oblivion .

Avenger you never have enough life ...

---

Dedicated to Roberto Succo

Serial killer born in the suburbs of Venice .



## Love cruise

Welcome to the love cruise !  
Hormonal exchange between stowaways .  
Love is the universe for poodles  
who wag their tails and returning  
obediently to the kennel...  
One day I saw you in a mix grey of rain  
its was a monday ,you were waiting for the bus.  
A gourmet tramp studied the junk food menu .  
I sniffed and longed for you  
your appreciation putting me on the scale  
and the product seemed cheap ...  
Night after night of juicy insomnia ,  
I have portayed you, idolized and divinized .  
Perched on a fragile branch  
where the monkeys jostled us ...  
And the branch broke ,  
we fell ...  
Looking at each other like strangers  
expecting a next departure...  
You flew off with a common alpha baboon  
I've seduced the chimeras ,leaving behind me  
so many cold beer-can corpses ...  
In front of mutic doors ,the garbage truck  
collects the hearts torn asunder  
which will be sorted and recycled  
in white nights ...  
How to understand something about love ?  
Its never, always and detours ...  
So when we don't look in the mirror  
for fear or not seeing our lying reflection,  
we become on of those rhetoricians in the wind  
setting sail on the humanitarian cruise of solitude  
and who don't have drooling poodles

to take out on evening

to water the grass on the pavement...

This girl seems to like me at the bus stop ?

Welcome to the love cruise !

## Facing the dragon

A dawn awakens .  
The dragon is silent .  
Revealing nothing  
about now and tomorrow.  
You'll know fear and loneliness.  
You'll feel cold,hungry and thirsty.  
Unable to refresh yourself  
at this brackish spring .  
A merciless wind ripping your soul apart.  
Cursing this living ,  
you'll want to get it over with ...  
Mourning the heat of the atre  
the tenderness of a loving arm ...  
Why not listen to the mermaid song ?  
Voyager of immensity  
in the giant's claw ...  
You'll beg the bird for wings  
and the fish for fins .  
To the crowd that doesn't walk on water ,  
asking for a word, a look,a smell ...  
Only the fool flies with the gulls  
and dance on the deep blue ...  
You're alone ,defying the dragon  
that unrolls its fathomless pit of myriads...  
To be just for a moment rainstorm kiss ,  
journey of a wave without memory ...  
you are only a souvenir lost in the middle  
of the point Nemo ..  
Drifting in this calm ocean  
illuminated by a nascent sparkle  
that is nothing more that the dragon's breath ,  
so far away from nowhere  
that even god can't see you ...



## A letter

*I'm writing a letter to god who won't read it .  
It takes the air from the summit in Davos  
or probably it no longer exists !  
This year I won't be staying at the Palmyre hotel  
because a sin of a bitch bombed Treblinka ...  
I'm writing a letter to this world  
caressing concrete carcasses,  
giving birth to death fish ...  
I'm writing a letter to the quantum  
squatted by ungended squalor  
in the toilet terminal...  
Just a message without any adjectives  
and objectives that won't make the front page .  
I'm writing a letter to the king of Belgium  
who have a blast with the sleeping beauty !  
And also to the bored old moon  
and stars in a hurry to reach eternity ...  
Today ,my dear, it rains on decaying pumpkins,  
a last skeleton lingers in the limelight...  
Kamala and Dracula face off in the octagon...  
In the night of Amsterdam Anne Franck  
ends up in the canal ...  
I'm writing a letter to myself ,  
punctuated by charming infidelities  
and a few poisonous scents  
That I would'nt send ...  
I don't belong to this time-poor clock  
questioned by the absent on a metro platform...*

## There's the one who stays

There's the one who stays  
with the legacy of a life  
whispered in a glance .  
We are only the tenants  
of our memories  
in those little things  
that smell lavender  
hanging over funerals...  
Faded bouquet on the sentiment  
of a yellowed sepia...  
When noon no longer rings  
at the mailman's crossing ,  
the dog's bowl empty  
and the canaries have donned  
their night bird garb ...  
We fall asleep in the other's void  
like echo of a fading voice  
evening chamomile is just a page of history...  
This search for a few fixed habits  
in the little crosses of the diary ...  
" Where are you my dear ?"  
" Your green umbrella always accompanies me  
to celebrate your marble birthday ! "  
" I won't forget this little cross ! "  
" Sometime I think ...one morning,  
I'd like to be in summer ...And you'll come back ! "  
Telling me :  
" I am here my dear ! "  
" lets frolic in our newfound youth ! "

## Mystical fluids

Eros.

Ephemeral organic artworks .

Atoms dissociated from living.

Memory carriers as clichés

lost in the mist of times .

You won't be present

at the spring rendez vous,

your much-loved body

embracing decomposed form

of an unfinished masterpiece ...

Spicy fragrance,

damp emotion,

intolerable chalice ...

Does everything have to end in a trickle ?

Our journey in the escape of the moment,

my late night arrival ,confused

with the long death rattle of your departure,

passion that no longer inhabit

your stone body only parody ...

Imagery of your dead leaves corsage

as if drawn by a black charcoal of fire...

Those crazy forests that I denuded in the storm ,

Through this liquid mirror,

imbued with your disembodied landscapes,

essences dancing like a omen ...

Your rivers flowing to the eternity delta ...

Thanatos .

## Somewhere along my way

Somewhere along my way  
I come across this wanderer  
a bit dodgy and hairy .  
His meager luggage  
stowed at the shoulder  
like a sailor touching land ...  
I've recognized you ,  
reflection of myself  
lost in an illusion of movement,  
mask of pain on the suffering of a birth...  
Somewhere along my way ,  
Led Zeppelin, stopped to give me  
on mile of sky ,that I believed in  
and abandoning myself  
to the voluptuousness of a smoke  
as blue as the hell ...  
Somewhere along my way ,I met a love  
who deposited in my passport  
a forever visa with no return ...  
Death wasn't waiting for me yet .  
Somewhere along my way ,  
picking up the hours with this insane twin  
who told me :  
*" So nice to bite you ! "*  
Morrison introduced me to his only friend  
that I owned for one night  
before heading out into the day  
like a survivor .  
Now I've come to the end of the road  
and all that's I left is the somewhere ...  
Bluish visas on the journey ,  
lying me about Kathmandu and Ibiza...  
rusty ship asleep on the quay ,



no longer dreaming of departures.

Kerouac rolls one in

on his way to nowhere ...

Are we just avatars of Mandrake the magician ?

## Silence

Discordant beat  
 musical disharmony  
 shrill ringing  
 symphonic cacophony  
 dagger-sharp voice .  
 .....;

I dream a trip to jurassic  
 where a light wind  
 is blowing like euphoriant .

Carnivorous flowers  
 open wide scarlet mouths  
 gobbling up distracted dragon fliers.  
 Majestic creatures drink  
 from a peaceful lake  
 with no one to preach the gospel.

Let me escape into an age  
 of stone and heather  
 where humanity has not yet awaken  
 from its slumber  
 where love and war didn't fight  
 for hearth and birth,  
 No soul foraging the message .

Let me imagine a dimension  
 for autistic poets ,  
 bent over the dark and bright  
 chessboard of duality ...  
 beheading black king  
 outraging white queen ...

I hope for the great silence  
 of a wandering comet  
 to whom I will entrust my final testament.

These jackhammers birds  
 burn my head with their great airs...

I need a gun to kill that racket .

## Aging

Aging is already leaving .  
Toward a serious blues  
or a rainy grey .  
The face is hollowed out  
like waterless earth .  
One day follows another  
and the nights no longer sleep .  
Aging is just contemplating ,  
pray to household deities  
and breath in the seasons  
of the tea pot wisely tucked away  
between Ceylon and Darjeeling ...  
Aging british is very distinguished !  
Aging is dozing in front of the tv  
and fly to the moon with a joyful trumpeter...  
Aging is boarding the Titanic ,  
get dizzy on the violin of a last waltz  
and pluck a star for a lovely white lady ...

## The city

City walls stick like a prison of liquorice  
It rains on the summers  
erasing words from a farewell letter  
without adress and recipient ...  
The city's windows are only closed eyes  
on faces forgotten by life ,  
a mad man haunts the empty streets...  
Is this a poet or a serial killer ?  
The city is a bored old maid ,  
she loves sparrow with no memory  
and wanderers chilling on the banks ...  
A wise dog pees on graffiti...  
I'm the city traveler  
quiet cat ,  
everyday explorer of clouds  
lost in rooftops ...  
I fall asleep ,trapped in a shoebox,  
lulled by the distant flight of a steel bird  
linking Buenos-aires to Brussels ...  
I have so much tenderness of this city  
that I hate...  
And that one day I'll leave  
like a lover without pleasure  
whose lean arms comfort me...

## Praying

Praying for whome and why ?  
For peace and love in greenbacks flowers ?  
And the day after that won't sing  
under the saturday nigh rain ?  
Praying the illusions of a perishable flesh  
before death takes a look at the menu,  
executioner's axe for dessert ...  
A drop of water in the desert ,  
prisoner for two pennies of liberty ...  
composer of an unfinished requiem ,  
white Pierrot pleading for a lost amour  
that will never return ..  
Our father in heaven and hell  
that won't go down again ...  
Golem, Jerusalem's guardian  
who demands the price of a child's blood,  
exstatic Buddha over his cup of tea ...  
The angel of all prayers has ended its day  
h'ell be able to watch soccer on the tv !  
When I'll leave no hallelujah  
will accompany me .  
alone on my path  
neither god nor devil welcoming ...  
In this tasteless poetic garden  
I'll find my pen again ...

## Shadows

I contemplate these hasty and fearful shadows  
running in the rain .

Patient stroller in quiet daily life  
what do you dream of ?

Are you nothing more than old musical  
that keeps knocking on our soul's door ?

Chinese theater or calm morning ?

Silent voices accompanying our passions  
in the capricious hand of a time-maker deity ...

What's your secret destination  
when sleep casts a veil over the life ?

And the kingdom you join ,  
freed from the chains of flesh ?

Humble servant that I drag along  
in my madness...

Without ever leaning over to look at you...

Maybe are you in need of love ?

I am this dreamer lost in the moon  
never talking to his feet ,  
you follow me wordlessly in my quest  
in the depths of oceans ,  
inaccessible peaks  
and elusive stars ...

How could I understand ,faithful companion,  
the simplicity of your devotion ?

## Street princess

I met the tired gaze of a lost princess  
in the last days of november .  
Princess on steps of a palace  
inhabited by ghosts of the past .  
Dreams sailing through the sewers  
with rats as stewards .  
You,november girl, your old tub  
is called nowhere,but lust of the eyes...  
Diva so pretty in this gutter !  
Girl of a thousand life in one scene....  
Tending to the blind the dead branches  
of your fingers...  
The good Santa passed by without seeing you,  
a big Havana and a fruity Armagnac  
waiting for him in front of the fireplace  
in some neighborhood  
where the little prince don't look tired ...  
I was too much in a hurry to stop ,  
but hearing the castaways mute mayday,  
spring is always so far away...  
And the Starbuck opposite won't shed  
a tear of coffee in your empty despair...  
Late november the sun's kiss is cold,  
you're like an ice princess  
sitting on the station steps  
where travel doesn't await you...  
-----  
So please,friend, if you recognize  
a lost street princess, put a few pennies  
in her empty mug or a drop of coffee.  
God won't give it back to you ,  
but you 'll be entitled to the spark of a look !



## Cartoonist

Cartoonist ,I write to you .  
Object fantasized by a mad wizzard ,  
inspired caricature who doesn't decide on its role  
super hero trapped in paper flesh ,  
in my schizophrenic head ,  
dreaming to take Donald Duck's skin  
and find a lying canvas of memories  
stollen by an evil avatar ...  
Finally becoming human  
to smell the fragrance of bergamot  
on the lips of a girl who would no longer  
be " *Me Jane ! you Tarzan !* "  
Would I still be the beast waiting for beauty 's kiss ?  
Cartoonist ,why don't you imagine me  
as a spy in Casablanca ?  
Object of desire in Ingrid's arms ?  
Liberated from the pencil stroke  
that makes my blood gush with ink  
onto a blank page...  
Feel alive at last !  
Escape from the fate  
of a cartoon character in a child's dream,  
draft erased by a whim ...

## Lightrope

The tribe kicked me out  
of the reasonable family  
in these seasons of mythical time  
and heroes without fame .  
Here I am walled up in this city  
to which only the demented holds the key.  
Pursued by greedy stares  
behind closed doors  
rodents lascivious odors  
shameful intimacy  
with lashings of scum sauce...  
A androgen angel calls me  
to the seamy side of life  
he has the face of a psychiatrist  
on the sandman's cloud ,  
healing the insane of sin of poetry.  
Soul of this black moon, enslaved  
to the obscure and fertile vagina ,  
virgin's troubling vagrancy ...  
I am this acrobat and Harlequin ,  
spider hanging on the thread of his thoughts  
entwined between light and shade,  
architect of a freaky reality  
unsteady lightrope ,root of all evil...  
*" O master cleanse my mind  
of all these answers that do not ask questions ! "*

## Siamese smile

This morning the wave of happiness  
invites us into the soft light of a new life.  
The mischievous baboons chasing each other  
on the impassive Buddha statue ...  
I'm intoxicated by the sculpture  
of your perfect forms in the rising sun,  
curves burning the moisture of my nights,  
crazy about your scent of salt and coconut oil..  
This morning the calm wave of voluptuousness  
makes us long for the horizon where the world ends  
When begins the first dawn of time...  
Far from this universe delivering dead waters message...  
You immerse yourself in the softness of the tide  
like an unborn child .  
Communion with the element ...  
But the tide shudders as a modest promise  
who refuses the call of desire .  
The warm naked mud reveals itself ,  
goddess of depths raising  
a blessing to the solar forces...  
This morning, the wave of destiny  
will carry us in a chaotic paradise dance.  
Mysterious siamese smile ...

.....  
Ko phi phi .End december 2004.

## Madhouse

A symphony of words overwhelms me.  
I savour their colorful taste .  
Scriptures unveiling ancient mysteries,  
hieroglyphs opening the great tombs  
enshrined in the dust of time .  
Synchronic atoms that cross and merge .  
    what was has never begun  
    what will come already finished  
live moment ,this illusion ...  
    In this fading dawn  
    upside down ...  
Poetry emerges,fragile season  
from the depths of the soul .  
Renaissance painting,  
    madonna holding the child ,  
    earthy Sienna ochre  
or flemish banquets, greasy venison...  
I love that century when blue  
wasn't eye-burning steel ...  
    I'm just this painter who never stops  
wetting inks in the portraits of wandering  
My reason is your confusion ,  
    Neptune locked up in a madhouse  
painting the indecency of insanity ...

## Summer of dead leaves

I'll be waiting for you  
in this summer of dead leaves.  
Carrying a memory  
of all that was  
and will never return ...  
Your naked body ,  
dripping the juice  
of forbidden fruits .  
My desire, morbid intensity  
lethal bite ,venomous flower  
gathered from your lips ,  
serpentine elixir ...  
I'll chase you beyond the far away frontier,  
joining you in the limbo eternity's twilight  
and dark forest ,the greenish murmure...  
The compassion's lady will know  
how to be patient in this summer of dead leaves  
letting me love you on the shores of life ,  
before heading back to the silent swamps  
and the path lost in the dark forest...

## Departure

One day, I'll leave...  
Passenger of this vessel  
sailing on the dry tears  
of the sea of tranquility .  
My capricious love ,in memoriam,  
savouring this old buccaneer's rum  
and these treasure islands stopovers...  
Teenage dizziness rediscovered .  
The great clock will joyfully beckon  
and I'll be on my way ,leaving no testament  
to my errancy in this place !  
One day, I'd go down the streets of my life,  
the skin of the rain having a scent  
of cinnamon and honey  
and that taste of Elisa and Melissa  
intertwined ...  
One day ,I'll fly away  
on a white unicorn wings ,  
Mary Poppins keeping me company  
under her large unfurled umbrella..  
One day,I'll forget those inferno seasons  
and these artifacts disguised as paradise...  
O gentle mirror ! You will no longer be  
the confidant of my worries ...  
I'll blow out the drowsy candle ,  
Old alchemist transmuting gold into shade,  
my fancy luggage ready for boarding ,  
leaving home tidy and welcoming ,  
a kiss to my beloved teddy !  
So I could leave without looking back  
or regretting it ...  
Isn't death a departure toward all arrivals ?



## Rinascimento

Here I am Monseigneur !  
Painter in renaissance marial blue  
and brown Sienna roofs .  
Lawrence the magnificent ,the servant !  
In love with the beautiful Lucrecia ,  
poisoned flower, object of variolated souls.  
Borgia in the shade of dagger and cantarella.  
I'm this haughty condottiere  
who carries from Italy to the Scheldt river  
a drop of spanish blood ...  
Leonardo ,you're drawing enigmatic madonnas  
with dark inquisitive countrysides ...  
Pretty lady I invite you to pick the roses of life,  
spending my nights on the curve of your breast ...  
Devil is a good child !  
In his kingdom of misfortune ,  
welcoming the brigand dancing to to the gallows  
while god poses for Michelangelo !  
In Flanderland death lurks ,turning in midnight round !  
I'm back on the express instant machine ,again ,  
without dwelling on the woes of war my dear Goya !  
Piazza Duomo I stop for an espresso ,  
Via Veneto,west africans sell trinkets ,  
Ticket for anywhere ...  
Central station,I take the time to Manhattan  
on the arms of a beautiful courtesan  
that I snatched from the stake ...  
I'm this painter of apocalyptic seasons ,  
inspired by boisterous demons ...  
Your zealous servant Monseigneur !



## Ayahuasca spirit

An ageless old shaman hands me  
a cup of immortality .  
Waking dream ,the bitter herb .  
Mystic introspection .  
Symphonic offering .  
Alone conductor with this audience  
of myself .Inner philharmonic .  
Would I be praised or shamed ?  
I shake the hands of a first violin skeleton.  
My turgid baton awakens a camp fire  
around which a solar gypsy girl twirls...  
Cosmological bolero ,invariable tempo ,  
undecent sensual crescendo ...  
I am Ravel conducting an orchestra of demons,  
Divine chorea ,drags me along,your body inspiring me  
an indicible champagne bubbling .  
Maestro you no longer respect the final accelerando !  
Corpses spin like dolls on orgy night !  
I'm just melodic photon swept away by waves of madness,  
a bewitched jerky rhythm light a blaze in my neutronic suburbs.  
Here,I am , diatonic and incantatory god !  
Convulsions of an agonizing bemol ,high priest !  
Instrumental reflection , crazy wizzard !  
Lyrical violence in C major, unchained storm...  
Soprano sax ,cymbals and tam tam  
furiously bicker at each other ,  
bassoon courting clarinet ...  
Last mezzo forte before the collapse  
in the musical scripture ecstasy ...  
Only a soft whisper under the galaxy ,  
public rising up ...  
I survived this bitter herb concerto .



## Red and dreams girl

A girl in red and dreams was writing down  
the moment of her life ,  
confiding in a porcelain cup .  
Her black pen tracing the intimate waves  
of some piano blues rhapsody ...  
A cascade of golden-autumn hair  
full of a hold back chignon ...  
Burnt chestnut eyes where a few cloud floated  
Tears disguised as rain in her soul, grey shade...  
She wasn't the Ipanema girl .  
I contemplated the soft ovale of her face ,  
north wind breath on ephemeral dunes ,  
She wasn't the sirocco's daughter ...  
The girl dressed in red was just a passionless dream...  
Who knows ? Bent over a lover's mourning  
undoing the cascade of her offered bun ?  
I sensed ,the approach of the storm  
and message to the angels ..  
Resting her pen on a blank page ,  
she casts on me the ink of an inner glance.  
I was not a stanza in the theater of her literature...  
The girl dressed in red and dreams has gone ,  
majesty of a soaring eagle ,  
abandoning a porcelain cup so desperate  
to its customers destiny ...  
You who pass by without seeing me ,  
morning mystery only leaving  
an intriguing green tea fragile aroma...

## Home so sweet

It's a comfortable home  
warm in winter frosts  
cool in the summer heats.  
There's always this quiet cat  
who wonders about the world  
behind the curtain of passing time.  
It's a pleasant home where fragrant waves  
of subtle spirits circulate ,respectfully saluting  
a smiling Buddha on the chest of drawers.  
No flowers trapped in a vase's fate !  
I don't like sacrificial queens ...  
A cactus that longs for Sonora desert ,  
a bonsai in samurai armor enthralled  
by a Marie-Laure Laurencin marine watercolor !  
I enjoy a glass of gin by the fireside  
this respectable chessboard quite dusty ...  
The age of gaming is over !  
A morning aroma of arabica like some  
far east caravan following the star ...  
Long -wise room where the echo of a mantra  
chanted by Deva Premal resounds  
and full of adventure books  
lazing around the jungle bed...  
Incense stick burns out ,  
discussing the after life with an old retired teddy .  
It's a blue house perched on the San-francisco clouds,  
on the shores of a secret treasure island ...  
Place of inspired religion where fears are tamed.  
My temple and inner abode .

## A soul's journey

Going up the long rivers of my lives  
my step so heavy with pains and expectations.  
Memories and dreams in this far-off place  
as the waves go by, getting lost  
in the great ocean where it all ends...  
Undressed doll bodies whose keys I was turning  
Bouquet of farewell glances and faded loves...  
Walking on the banks of the long river of oblivion.  
Watching the drowned nights of my crazy years  
bad booze refuge burning the cold in the soul .  
Stuck in the delta mud, all passions confused,  
promised continental adrift ...  
I am in love with a pretty illusion  
bored on the other shore ,  
whispering " *Will you come ?* "  
I need a coin between my lips  
for the courier's salary !  
Here I am , where light and wave meet .  
So softly youth come to die  
carrying all sun's glory ,  
Drama played out in a grotesque staging  
without actors and spectators .  
Poor old Mercury your grimaces  
are no longer funny !  
bitter disillusioned seductor .  
Horseman I was, now a beggar .  
River your mouth calls me ...  
Are the delta's troubled waters  
just the end of the story ?

## The book

Book of destiny.  
Bless you who can read it beyond the eyes.  
To the garden seated and meditating .  
Mind's flowers book .Scent of tranquility  
where the thirsty soul drinks at the source.  
Poetry of words that come from on high .  
The angel's hand soothes ailments .  
Path of grace in the new born child purity.  
Each finding their way freed from spells  
and hearing the call .  
Book you carry inside you  
as turning the pages of light  
in search of unity again .  
Rock of faith , inner temple .  
Today's pilgrim ,creature realized  
crossing the curtain of fire,  
walking on the tamed ocean.  
Inspired book reflecting the divine landscape.  
Speech incarnated in the curve of the letter.  
mystery in the sublime revealed .  
Book of the wise man who knows  
neither fear nor inferno ...

## It's wonderful

I met the eyes of this girl.  
Madonna smile, frozen  
in a flemish primitive caprice.  
I took her by the hand  
and a few hocus-pocus  
to join my Imaginary ...  
Let's have a cappuccino  
in this little bar close  
to the Blankenbergh beach !  
when the tide is high  
and the wave in love ..  
I'll redream Roma and Napoli  
and old campany for you !  
We'll be boarding the blue arrow  
from Milano to Firenze !  
In your thoughts,deposing  
some latine vibrations to translate...  
Bride of sighs ,can I place  
an amoretto kiss on your lips  
to erase this bitter of juniper ?  
And crazy campari in Capri ...  
Your senses soothed  
by caresses in azure hues  
Michel angelo sculpting  
the shapes of your desire  
lost in dormant waters ...  
I am in love with a rebel icon  
runaway through the centuries...  
The red arrow will bring us back  
in our blues and grey land .  
In the evening we'll drink a martini  
at this little bar close  
to the Blankenbergh beach .

The tide will be low  
and waves asleep in the vague...  
You'll be so beautiful  
with your italian brunette skin !  
Paolo Conte singing for us :  
*It's wonderful*  
*it's wonderful*  
*I dream of you*  
*chips,chips,du-du-du-du-du ...*  
And you'll go back  
to your landscape  
at the Ghent museum ,  
to find Brueghel the elder ...



## Bobby Fischer

Love has never dared to defy me  
on the bored chess shores .  
There's nothing but emptiness  
in the eyes of a children  
who hasn't learn to play  
always just a pawn  
lost in a grotesque reason ...  
Queen subjected  
to the jester's voluptuousness  
prince eaten by blood flies  
dancing on the vanity fire gallows...  
Crowd gambling with illusions  
that pretend to be lives ...  
The pieces have taken their place  
ready for a daily holocaust flight ,  
the clock began to beat its tempo of eternity...  
Your excellence ,please turn off  
these colors in my brain !  
I am Bobby the fisherman !  
Conqueror of gods and devils,  
vodka drinkers and jehovah's devotees,  
and I killed this cackling rabbi in my woods !  
Tremble sinners who think they are players !  
organic destinies disguised as parody and appear !  
Satan is an angel maker...  
In this equivocal fashion that faces me  
I recognize the fool who is none other than myself...



## Time machine

*Bitter sweet music of my childhood .  
Merry-go-round in my head .  
Old france watched the tour  
go by in summer  
and drinking a big red wine ,  
girls in light dresses were so pretty ...  
Funny ritornello !  
Well behaved generation  
at the Marbella campsite  
where little bikinis in warm waters  
made me dream of games  
that were still forbidden ...  
Four of us crammed in the oldsmobile,  
my sister's warm tigh troubling me .  
I didn't think I was made of iron yet  
in search of the deep state mystery...  
I smoked men's cigies that torn out my throat,  
mimocking John wayne !  
In those days, films escaped from blank and night  
but the faces were still sepia-toned ,  
Marylin's chanel 5 haunted the Brooklyn bridge.  
So confused time machine ...  
The taste of memories is always true  
and a little invented .  
Lunatic soul merry melody !  
I evoke kathmandu with an old retired rucksack  
I no longer believe in immortality ...  
They all long gone and the tour is over.  
Where are you little Marbella's bikinis ?  
And the oldsmobile has a parking spot in paradise...*

## The catcher of light

Lennon is dead .  
Did he live only  
in the illusion  
of a Maharishi mantra ?  
Hairy cadaver swinging  
on a broken guitar strings .  
Our friend didn't wait for Santa...  
but let me tell you the story !  
One evening ,Lennon  
returned home ,  
reheated a leftover pizza  
and took a fresh bud '  
out of the fridge ,  
under the Buddha's eye ...  
Destiny awaiting him  
at the artist's exit ...  
There's flies stuck on yesterday  
and on the hell of infamy,  
molten lead my lord !  
Lennon's bronze statue lives on  
at the airport in trance  
where shadows transit  
for a trip to nowhere.  
You always travel alone ...  
I don't want to wander in this world  
of peace and love !  
After passing the safety barrier  
Lennon threw his life to me like a charity  
and I put out the fire ...  
Resuming my reading...A caliber P38 legend !  
I love being the cursed one in memory !  
Tomorrow I'll be the trending's tragic hero ...  
But you know ? I am a good boy !

and you don't have to believe everything I say...

## The magic box

Don't make fun of this poor soul  
sleeping in a metro avenue .  
his power is in the derisory .  
Chistmas night a bad omen  
stole his story .  
But today fat Santa is generous !  
there's a festive menu  
in the mc do karma waste .  
The guy found a lipstick-scented cigie butt  
and some leftover polish beer .  
Life is so beautiful !  
The baby's arrival falls on sunday .  
Lucky turkey !  
A pretty lady gave our friend  
two consolation pennies .  
He said thank you and glanced  
at her long black -clad legs .  
Was it death passing by ,  
paying him the price of the crossing ?  
He shared a mug with the beverage dispenser .  
Tonight's a party, guys !  
enjoying "la surprise du chef"  
A french canine take out !  
In olden time he had a gentle doggie  
with a good loyal look ...  
A skin head laid it stiff  
with a "Heil Hitler !" Doc' Martens fashion !  
This world is full of rascals  
paying your pet by credit ...  
Our chap put the box in front of him  
waiting for a djin to spring forth !  
The old drifter was optimistic  
and in a certain way rather mystic ...

In his youth he had seen  
" And for a few dollars more "  
And dreamed of shouting like Clint Eastwood ...  
To be the pistolero of the metro !  
new year bounty hunter for eve's beautiful eyes ...  
Boxing day morning the dispenser waited in vain  
with a mug of cooled coffee...  
The pretty lady taking her gray griffon for a walk  
The djin asleep in the magic box after forcing on the gin...  
The vagabond is no longer out of his dream .  
He has found his story and happy !  
Flying away on angel's hair way ...  
In the deep west the villains swing from a rope  
and Clint is ready for the final showdown ...

## The rat's diagonal

Unwanted pregnancy of a destiny  
that has found only forbidden sens  
along a opium addict way .  
All that remains is a flyer  
in the bitter wind of nowhere.  
I close the book ,  
That ends with no regrets  
and pour myself a glass of Bourbon.  
Leaving leprose writers to flower  
the great cimeteries on the moon ,  
fart jugglers whose bubbles  
mock your sublime !  
The little cat is dead  
it won't play with shades anymore...  
Why stay whining on Wendy's grave?  
Peter pan will never return ...  
I have not found favor and honor  
in the eyes of Jehovah or even Krishna  
and the local imam deems me haram...  
In the here after waters the social contract  
is always chasing you !  
god who doesn't exist is of no comfort to me.  
We run on a rat's diagonal  
toward illusion of cheese ...  
A gothic flute player  
takes me to the doomed rodent kingdom,  
with such a sweet pater noster lament ,  
by way of derisory testament ...  
Miserere so are we .





## Young wolves

The yellow eyes of the young wolves  
glow at dusk .  
Masters of the dawn that will shine  
only for the chosen ones .  
They alone decide of the journey  
and eternal return .  
The fairies bent over their cradles  
giving them power of life and parody.  
Faith in the dark solar forces .  
Young wolves wear carnival masks  
no one knows their carnivorous faces.  
They are in the crowd  
speaking the language of crows.  
Sliding into the embrace of cadavers  
to discover their shameful secrets,  
early morning coming to awaken the night.  
Young wolves sing the long knives glory  
whose steel is reflected in the burnt-eyes rivers.  
Inspired words changing of meaning  
redrawing the smile of birth and nothing.  
Dagger oath ,red and black marriage,  
white for the waiting virgin ...  
Rage and voluptuous pleasure  
in the name of thirsty gods !  
Young wolves worship death  
as much as the weak love life !  
Young wolves are playful kids  
who delight in the fear of prey,  
leaving the dogs to feast on left lovers...  
From the ancient order  
all must be purified !  
Egalitarian dream !  
fraternal appeal !

Swallow this bitter chalice  
and purge your mind !  
You, freedom glorifies your chains !  
Young wolves writing the new gospel ,  
all so pure and beautiful ,  
freed from an evil sleep ...  
Here I am running and howling  
through copper and leather of the pack !  
Tomorrow this juicy fruit in my mouth ,  
Prophet, you everlasting truth !

---

Do you know stroller that eternal youth  
doesn't have time to live long ?  
The young wolves light the moloch pyre  
climbing into it where they consume themselves singing...  
Since the last moon the streets are bored  
the dogs seem hungry ,  
old world cleaning blood and gutters  
and picking up dead crows ...

## the death of the star

This morning the dwarf wrote an announcement  
in vegetable broth prose.  
He put his "Pierrot la lune " costume  
to go to the star's funeral .  
Orchestra playing goldfish requiem .  
There was the gentle Colombine  
with its candy-coated childhood sorrows .  
And all the gorgonians disguised  
as low tide heart mermaids ...  
In the alley wet with pump and poop  
an cheap tricks illusionnist ,juggling  
with incomprehensible metaphors  
and some other far mottos...  
Arriving a few sleep late  
the awkened one ,socializing  
with voices from beyond the grave  
and R.I.P for the looney bin !  
Plus a band of joyful augustes  
looking at the wise man 's finger  
scratching his bottom !  
A Harlequin from the rising sun  
confusing John Lennon and Sonny Liston  
trying to warm up the zombis with funny antics ...  
And suddenly the rain began to shed tears  
scattering the mourners  
leaving open the coffin containing  
the rest of the poor star ...  
*" Lets enjoy a lethal pint ,  
today is a big day for a good haiku fishing ! "*  
Said the the grand master of ceremonies.  
The star is dead ,leaving a blank in the trending  
where cuckolds swing ...  
I didn't attend the funeral .

You know ,we have to love the stars  
it helps them find a destiny towards the end ...

---

To my friend Idris  
elegantly relegated to his role of madman .

## Made in Japan

The ronin eats burgers .  
Yakuza goes to cinema.  
Sensei Deshimaru  
makes seppuku  
in the Jukai forest .  
Inside the Fukushima reactor  
some funny haikus .  
A zero flies to Arkansas .  
No clouds over Hiroshima .  
Cherry blossoms in winter .  
Meiji time comes to an end.  
In front of Shibuya station  
the faithful Hachiko waits for its master.  
I love these pretty geishas  
who always have sencha tea for three .  
At the dojo ,hiragana challenging katakana.  
On the mount Fuji the sky is blue  
passes a flock of wild geeses .  
Fujita drinks absinthe in a Pigalle's bar  
with Toulouse-Lautrec.  
And the empire of nonsens  
is a burning rising sun .  
I'll go to Kyoto ,to bow  
to the great Buddha.  
Chanting the heart sutra  
and meditating in the shinto sanctuary.  
I'll take a kokeshi doll's lips  
and we'll lose ourselves  
in the sagano's bamboo waves.  
What if my madness was published  
in the asahi shimbun latest edition ?  
I love these cruelly distinguished people  
Whose toilets are works of art !

Tokyo hanada international .

I'm flying to myself

Sayonara !

( Dedicated to my friend rin the beast )

## The woman inside me

Sometime I meet the woman inside me.  
She's faces as shifting as the ocean  
and often vague in the soul .  
I pass my hand over the cold mirror  
but failed to move her .  
She's Athena in ice armour  
disdainful of every day amours.  
Aphrodite offered to love games  
Demeter daughter of the earth  
and protector of the harvest .  
Lilith dwells in my poisoner's spirit.  
Scorpio's companion  
serpent's child .  
This mad woman lurks in the shadows  
of my secret marsh banks .  
Twin ,opposite and complementary ,  
submissive and playing with me.  
On saturn's hours book ,  
she likes the time go crazy ,  
making appointment  
she won't show up for...  
This creature leads me astray ,  
frighten me,stirring my desire ...  
I follow her up the slopes  
of the raging volcano .  
Faced with morbid passions  
she whispers to me :  
" *Contemplate the abyss of your inspired dementia  
together we'll reach the beyond  
stunning us with the beauty of annihilation !* "





## My kingdoms of legend

My kingdoms of legend...  
Silk road spicy fragrances.  
Sliding horizon ,  
I touch the inpermanent space...  
I am monk in a cloudy monastery.  
Palaces sleeping under sand and lava  
great pyramid that defies the eternity  
Angkor Buddha's smile watching over  
princes and courtesans shadows ...  
Do I love this atlantean beauty ?  
Or was I your majesty's minion ?  
Beautiful queen of saba  
opening her arms to me ,  
a wise ruby-eyed lion  
watching over the forbidden harem...  
*"O grand vizir of Stambul  
listen the muezzin's voice ,  
this golden horn is but a lure  
on the way to paradise ! "*  
My illusions at the stake  
on the river Ganga banks ,  
freed from its suffering ...  
soothed ,I contemplate  
the unfathomable remnants  
that make my dizzy ...  
My kingdoms of legend  
are written in rose thorns ...  
Fish passions ,spinning  
in an ocean jar ...  
Non-time traveler  
condemned to the scent of silence...  
At the midnight of worlds  
just passing through the grandeur

of your vanished realms...

Day light no longer wants you .

Its snowing on the mount Kilimanjaro,  
under this white shroud I'm going to sleep  
and join my kingdoms of legend ...

## Anagram

" Merda deus "It's holy name.  
A light that warps time .  
Artefact in the glory of day  
claiming to be philosopher's flame  
illuminating the world  
begging a charity's word !  
Sad pauper misery  
at the face of poetry ...  
Where its glory will sing,  
but beneath the spoonerism its hides  
closeted with the void,genius  
master in musical fart impromptus  
Where obscure illness resides ...  
Jester on the rotten rope ,sways  
decaying in such of poor plays....  
Merda deus !  
Spirit mickey mouse...  
In its haze we search  
for reason's conclusion ,  
only finding gutter's inspiration...  
Merda deus !  
Ratus ! ratus!  
Alelluia !  
Merdus dea ...  
(Dedicated to my friend demar desu)

## The twilight of time

My friend,listen carefully to the message of time  
which unfolds its ineluctable canvas .  
You are like a dizzy spirit through all the temptations of the world.  
Glory , gold and love are ephemeral things  
and you don't see that on fate's clock, the hours are ticking ...  
The severe angel of judgment stands by your couch  
so similar to your shroud ...  
The day has already come but your deaf to the signs,  
lost in the perversity of senses...  
When man and woman become one ,  
rich and poor are confused ,  
animals revered as gods ,  
the fool instructs the man of reason  
and prophets rise from the grave  
heralding the twilight of time...  
Centuries will pass like years  
years running like months  
hours appearing as minutes  
minutes elapsing in seconds...  
And the last second will be eternity .  
So my friend ,sitting on the banks of the river ,  
the flow will stop .  
And you know, you've arrived .

## Memory of absence

Memory of absence  
You and me in each other  
a mix of nowhere  
in the sphere of fulness  
vacuum in the room .  
Burning desires  
dying on the canvas  
of a solar painter ..  
Monastery bodies  
open to troubling mysteries...  
This cry from beyond  
walls speaking our voices  
your fingers touching me  
through the cold mirror ...  
I breath your scent left  
in the old cupboard  
empty of your shared intimacy...  
Music of a light step ,  
dawn ballerina from swan lake  
entangled bolero ...  
Those tender hours  
when we didn't to wake up,  
the tea pot in the kitchen  
was getting impatient ...  
Your nakedness dressed  
in a sunbeam that I invoked  
as a religion of abandonment...  
On the carpet I pick up  
gold curls adorned with a star.  
Reality distorting the mirror  
creating bad sepia images...  
I ache for this painful trace of your "was"...  
Mocking absent memory

with whom I remain in love ...

## Sublime landscapes

Inspiration hanging on the cloud's journey .  
Waves rolling toward a final destination.  
whimsical wind blowing reason astray .  
Spirit lost on the tormented shores of life.  
Sublime landscape whose dream  
lift the veil of mystery...  
Time conjugated in a unique multiplicity  
space turning into a geometry contained  
in the universal hologram formula .  
dancing quasars spinning like celestial derviches .  
And there comes the moment of the greatest silence  
where nothing is and everything born in the inlay,  
enlightenment of a dimensional number.  
Mathematical fields combination .  
Key to all possible chances.  
Name in the invocation .  
In the perfect of mantra,  
the breath of prayer  
beyond even silence .  
Here I am .  
Faced the quantum intelligence.  
All the gods bow down .  
I open my eyes .  
Back from this trip into a moment of infinity.  
Not a cloud in the sky .  
The ocean is calm .  
I shared the end of a distant star  
whose radiance gave me a final message ...





## Droplets

Rain pearls sliding down the glass  
like sweet tears at the funeral of happiness.  
A few drops of water on the face of life  
won't change the meaning of words ,  
apologizing for what they no longer remember,  
sending each other bouquet of metallic flowers  
to decorate the marble of decorum ...  
I'm just this old poet who thinks he has talent  
and only runs after the wind ...  
On his agenda ,oblivious to the season's rendez vous .  
I question the muses who answer me with pretty liars...  
Solitude invites itself like a Breughel's unfinished flemish sky.  
White hairs have no compassion for dead leaves  
slowly dying in a final pirouette ,who say "*I'm waiting for you !* "  
These droplets caressing the cold of sad hours  
arouse in me a strange nostalgia,that makes you want to leave...  
I loved you .

## Planetarium in love

Your hand draws crazy moons on my heart  
when at dusk the mount of Venus fade away  
in a stellar ocean of burning sensations ...  
I make a rendez vous on my planetarium of love .  
A libertine invitation to some mercurial fantasies  
dancing under a shower of shooting stars .  
I'd like to seduce this neptunian mermaid  
with a few follies picked from a garden in the galaxy .  
She has the distant sweetness of a lost dream on Sirius.  
Would I be nothing more than a whirling pulsar  
trapped in her own desire ?  
A magnetic storm sweeps through the ship of my senses,  
Saturn 's big clock goes crazy ,cosmic merry-go-round,  
and the master of time is no more than a boisterous teenager...  
Father jupiter yells at me in anger :  
*" Come back home right away ! "*  
But I flee on the path to nebulas  
I won't be there for dinner !  
Playing with feelings at the whim  
of my lawless planetarium ..  
Today I have a rendez vous  
on a very exciting exo planet  
whose exit I don't really know...  
Andromeda champagne at supper !  
O please put a spell on my soul !

## Broken circle

I was born in a broken circle  
trapped in a sky of squares.  
Of the equivocal breast, the nectar ,  
love forbidden to the beast .  
Child mocked by the caste ,  
brandishing the black sun's torch  
in these brandons starved ,  
dawns where I shivered ...  
Tossed by the cold hands of destiny ,  
Shiva laughing at my clumsy mantra ,  
Scornful doctors of the law  
passing by without seeing me ,  
unaware that I was about to paint  
fire and iron in their arrogant souls ...  
Proud eagle landed by me  
faithful wolf at my feet.  
I will submit the king lion to my will !  
The warming of rats obsesses and soils me ...  
Another morning of a despair  
in a day without glory.  
Would I still only be this genius beggar  
that the crowd passes by thinking  
it recognizes him ?  
Does it know that I offer it  
a reflection of myself ?  
I am the merciless judgment for the herd.  
You will be the chosen or the damned .  
You ,whom I designate as wanderers  
under a malefic star ...  
Mourn this day of birth in a broken circle !  
But in these blessed hours  
the holy war is declared !  
I'm going to dance in fury and violence

of the summer solstice light !

Allegretto ! allegretto !

You'll finally recognize the divine child ...

## Woman's perfume

From age to age floats the mystery  
of a woman's perfume.  
Scent of oblivion in the mists of time .  
Harem's troubled languor  
intimate musc of forbidden flavor.  
Scarlet rose embalmed in dagger's blood.  
All is pleasure and death ,one drop touch...  
Brutal mood of poison that numbs the senses.  
Black dahlia, torn essence of a wild offering .  
Burning water of fusion, insidious union...  
Woman's fragrance for a female's odor .  
Carnal angel drapped in Chanel 5 ,  
mortyfing incense that leaves a trace of eternity...

## Bognor Regis

To Bognor Regis turn my lonely hours .  
Is there a magpie to share a cuppa ?  
I only have the confidence of the tide  
waiting for some daring ladies ...  
In Bognor Regis the life stops  
at three cafés and a polish grocery store.  
Lost port where no ships ever docks .  
I sometime meet the captain of the Britannia  
pulling on his tamarind pipe .  
" You will be a man my son ! "  
Meditate on this august imperial ghost .  
    So long your royal highness !  
The old lady chooses the open sea ...  
Tonight Manchester plays Crystal palace .  
Often contemplating the grey waters  
and waiting for the wave  
that will carry me to America ,  
but it always too late or a bit early  
there's no escaping the magic of boredom...  
It also happens that we die  
of too long a life at Bognor Regis ...  
Following the rainy procession  
    Crystal palace in shambles ...  
Tomorrow morning ,tasting my earl gray  
I would question the clouds in search of legends  
running far out over the irish sea ...  
I'm looking for love in Bognor Regis  
but it makes the seagulls laugh ...

## Ananda

O lord Shiva give me a shield of vacuum !  
This world is too noisy and so annoying .  
Thoughts are like intrusive flies .  
I'm in search of the inner refuge  
bathed in an ocean of solitude .  
Outline of a skyline  
to converse with inspired whisper..  
Mystical dawn to become a wiseman  
sharing enlightenment with silence  
and rediscover the essence !  
Drinking from the pure source beyond illusion  
and meditating at the temple garden  
beneath the tea tree ...  
Following in the footsteps of the wandering Brahmin.  
as only virtue and fortune ...  
Beyond the banks of the holy river  
My ashes will fly away towards the ultimate reality  
and the one truth ,sacred word expiry ...  
Where I'll find the ethereal ecstasy  
confusing me with galaxies ...  
Musicality of a liberated soul .  
Ananda .



## Lost memory

I shared a lost memory with a dizzy love  
taste of wild honey and wet berries .  
I still have that savor on the shores of my lips  
morning bitter sweet and liquorice touch...  
Summer ended and the world of our caresses  
was in peace ...  
It was so good to long for each other  
while the shadows outside stirred ...  
I forgot your name in the turmoil ,  
translating the blend of hours for you ,  
your dikes submerged by my flow...  
Our seasons choosing elegant costume  
of fallen lives ...  
Do you remember this funny trumpet duo  
responding to the call of a sax solo ?  
We were dreaming of time square !  
Let it's snow ,let it's slow ...  
Barely enough time to bite  
in the fruit of happiness  
and death smiles in the mirror's reverse  
throwing sorrow in lover's reveries  
War always come to early  
to the appeal of a lonely trumpet...

## Landscapes

Get lost in a deep forest  
sweet sap from mapple wood.  
Tender melody in a field of blond ears.  
Listen to the rustle of a fruitful orchard.  
Let yourself invaded by the bees symphony.  
joyously gathering in a ray of sunshine .  
Autumn is still sleeping  
and winter so far away ...  
The landscape of love is an endless plain  
running from shore to mountain,  
drawing curves of vertices and arrivals .  
A dew-drenched flowers offering itself  
to the sun burn in a deep vertigo ...  
Guitar chord and melancholy harmonica  
accompanying a wood fire agony  
that will fall asleep at first light ...  
A flight of wild geese heads south  
but the clouds haven't yet misted  
the hidden side of the desire,  
we whisper in a amber of silence...  
One day the door to happiness  
gently close over the cold ashes,  
the treble clef thrown  
in the swamp of time ...  
Resuming my solitary walk ,  
friend of bear and wolf ,  
hiker in search of landscapes...  
Moist summer night's dream  
I'll never know this child of nowhere...

## Wiener philharmoniker

Laguna waltz .

It was a night on the Venice laguna .  
obscure waltz made of an acrid tide.

In the distance the yellow eyes  
of the city threatened .

Puzzle of entwined flesh and steel.  
Sleeping lunar gardens  
the shipwrecked echo crosses ...

Polka schnell .

Crazy polka that twists and turns ,  
caught up in a sensual vertigo !

At the ambassador's ball ,  
The Hofburg gets dizzy !  
Light and fragrant carried away  
in the arms of the handsome hussar !  
Champagne ! Champagne !

Perpetuum mobile .

I like when the orchestra spins a little drunk !  
The violons no longer themselves seriously  
and double basses courting the stars ...  
Indocile fantasy quartet ,big bang bug !  
Led zeppelin takes Johan Strauss  
on a one-way trip to the hotel california !

Le baron tzigane .

Baron tzigane waiting for me in Buda.  
My heart is cut in two on the danube bridge.  
A pretty princess still dreaming  
in the old Pest palace ...  
Gypsy play me again that hungarian dance  
of happy days !  
All that's left to drink is nostalgia ...  
I'll break my glass and go back to war...  
I'll be forgotten In my pretty princess 'dream.

What does it matter to die ?  
Only the bitter burn of liquor  
can soothes my aching soul ...

## What a wonderful world

Artificial flowers are happy  
exulting eternal emptiness beauty .  
The ecstatic poet draws haikus  
in enigmatic gutter ideograms .  
Inspired night -gray rats divinity  
placing a vial of vodka  
and a wreath of marijuana  
on your engraved ...  
This morning ,playing the panther ,  
his muse chose pink panties ,  
next departure on airways love ...  
Misfit street bar ,coffee machine steep  
and tables empty like after life on sale .  
A girl at the counter acting like Meryl Streep  
with a hint of musk ,she waits for the desire bus...  
Outside a black sweeps across snow white  
with a trumpet tune on his broom...  
Mapping the the morning weather  
a musical killer rings the new school year .  
The soft drinks dispenser spits out steel ice cream  
that entertains grown-ups and glues to children's hands.  
Marylin sells her charms on the miss feet street corner  
and the window washer dreams on the Trump tower ...  
*"Ladies and lads ,tied up your reveries and shut up for ever !*  
*Death will pass with few high-flying blue flies ! "*  
Another crash in the trash of life .  
Following my ontombment ,  
I get the funny feeling of a swarm of bombs .  
Artificial flowers are eternal .  
Armstong blows apocalyptic trumpet  
down from the eliptic eyes of the moon...  
What a wonderful world .



## The land of marble statues

I come from a country looking for roots  
under gray sky symphony and bitter juniper.  
Waterloo , Waterloo mourn plain !  
My germanity is tired in the kingdom of boredom.  
I fancy a sparkling wine from Italy  
the smile of an olive-skinned lady  
and her dark gaze that stirs the soul ...  
I desire an sweet tuscan landscape  
where I philosophize with Leonardo ...  
In my hand the solar reflection  
of a sicilian dagger to peel my orange ...  
Hitting the road with the mad Zampano  
and find Anita in the trevi fountain ...  
I come from a linear country  
who don't speak to foreigners ,  
it rains on the topic of the wet ,  
we watch as England drinks in the open sea,  
flemish words lack height ,colliding in the wind  
and roundness of O ,under the eyeless steeples...  
I'd like to see the little nuns running naked on the dunes !  
The clocks of the old country no longer tell time  
to the cloud people ...  
To die what a lack of savoir vivre !  
But one night at the scala ,Pavarotti will return !  
Bellissimo nessun dorma !  
My avventura life will drift in the bay of Napoli  
and further still in the land of marble statues  
petrified of sensibility ...

## Palermo

Long echo in the spice of night  
scale that weights our silence  
palace of dolls dressed in dark past.  
Memory lost in a slice of lemon  
like a shard of broken sun light.  
Moans of the excommunicated  
that even the lord no longer hears ...  
"Forgive me father for I have sinned ! "  
The black women will go  
to pray for the inconsolable souls  
and then heat up the soup for the sons .  
Protocol for shadows faithful to the oaths.  
Men throw flowers of blood  
in the name of eternity and the sacred .  
Palermo's stillborn children  
sign as the crucified passes by  
before heading off to the harvest .  
Tomorrow you'll be my widow  
for such, is fate .  
Palermo mute  
Palermo pays its debt .  
Freed from the damp catacombs of the living  
I'm not going back to the cold of the tomb  
I'd go wandering in the crypt of the mummies,  
listen to the mass of the cursed  
with the grimacing men of god .  
And you'll turn away from their hollowed-out eyes.  
You who love life as much we cherish death ...



## The Herculenum night

I had this strange dream .  
As if i were waking up  
in another time ...  
I'm here and this part of me elsewhere  
like the seed of a fleshless fruit ...  
I felt the softness of a hand  
caressing my face ,  
the impression of a distant future  
that I would never reach ,  
of a a far-off passion that i'll never live  
in love with a body I would never touch...  
Once again the ground has shaken slightly  
and the protective spirits seem to be dancing...  
This summer night is warm and mild ,  
and the words of a deep silence ...  
The nearby mountain seems to be saying "Come ! "  
But I'll go back to sleep and find the arms  
of this seductive stranger ...  
Who are you whose hands graze my cheeks  
as if questioning the secrets of my story ?  
Resurrecting me from a mineral prison ?  
These fingers that winds back the age ,  
recovering the memory of a burning cloud...  
( Antonia Aemilia )

## Dawn

It's a violent era  
of long harsh plains .  
humanity in its early hours  
still numb from a glacial chill .  
Chaos shakes the rising mountains  
and continents seek their shape .  
Everything vibrates with fierce  
and uncertain birth in the haze  
where the weak has no place  
and surviving a duty ...  
Horizon already open to conquerors .  
Trembling bodies entrenched  
in primary shelters .  
Refuge from predator's fang .  
Skin clothing ,hand on spear and axe .  
Not yet masters of these waving fields  
imprisoned by endless forest ,  
empoisoned by putrid swamps  
oozing epidemic and fever ...  
Wild men gaze up at the stars  
and wonder where the sun goes at sunset...  
The women light the sacred fire  
where the wolves come to warm themselves.  
Mystery of snow and lament of silence .  
and bending to the law of the solar force .  
To fulfill the clan's destiny on the move ,  
chasing the mystery of the day ...  
At dawn will it be reborn ?



## Klaus Kinsky .

Flies danced around Amadeus box .  
Klaus you were born with a skull  
carved into your madness ,  
looking at the world through  
the wonderless eyes  
of a twilight child .  
Incubus walking with you  
in a sleeping woman's dream .  
Intra uterine camera miss Riefenstahl !  
A messenger of death asking for fire  
to warm the cold of your inspired delirium...  
Navigating the river of darkness  
in search of the golden cities ,  
transmuting taboos into mud ,  
sanctified scum ...  
Ghosts of nothingness don't hear the cry of toys...  
Klaus ,you play your part in satan's satire .  
Looking for healthy spirit in the scarred mirror,  
remaining this sinner in the delights of torment...

## Mother waters

I know you're waiting for me  
I now I'm waiting for you...  
We'll meet again on the path  
of that other life written  
with lips of the past  
when the heart of the hours  
stops beating ...  
Souls in love at the source of rebirth ,  
marvelous melancholy in sweetness...  
I now you're waiting for me ,  
in this garden of immortal flowers  
to the awkening revealing the mystery ...  
I gather the breeze of a perfume  
the cystal of your voice echoes like a mantra,  
fingers questioning the mystery of a zither ...  
You know I am waiting for you ...  
We meet again in the season  
of an unfinished melody  
in the uncertain pattern of destiny ...  
Offer me that fluid of vanilla ,  
taste that made long your presence...  
Gemlike inspirations ,which at dawn  
settle with a haze of wet rose ...  
Is it the childhood that begins ,still and always  
in the infinite vortex of mother waters ?  
I know you're waiting for me  
you know I'm waiting for you ...

## The evening angel

It's a day that ends in the turmoil of a disordered planet .  
My mind wanders in search of some perfect architecture  
before the sandman put little children to sleep ...  
I feel outside the carnal boundaries of this world  
which is nothing more than a lost suburb of boredom...  
Stardust in the hair of time and so many eras  
dead and to be decided ...  
Inspired matter in perfect mother mechanics  
melody of the spheres in the cosmic ocean's flow...  
In this blur of day and night entwined ,  
gentle caress of a moment of grace and contemplation,  
feeling of fulness lost in the musicality of a celestial clavichord,  
that only souls open to the infinite om can perceive.  
Delightful chore ,spirit of the perfect voice,exquisite rondo...  
Wolfgang descends from his cloud ,reborn from eternity...  
The smiling evening angel opening their arms to me ...

## Old rucksack

My old worn-out rucksack  
you walked through night and rain  
witness to my silence and anger  
and bitter triumph of my solitude,  
at dawn throwing off the chains  
of a sleeping beauty ,  
and tomorrow was mine ...  
At dusk you rested on a patch of grass  
and the meager fire of the stars warned us...  
In you I locked away my secret travel dreams,  
choosing the distant over the present love,  
and when wandering became wise ,  
the beauty found the journey in other arms...  
A little mocking you looked at me ,  
seeming to whisper :  
*" We'll soon be off in pursuit of the clouds ?"*  
And once again I succumbed to your old lover's seduction.  
My old sack scarred by rebel jungles  
and the gaze of contemptuous citie .  
Do you remember that little hotel in Kathmandu  
amidst the madmen who know travel in smoke ?  
Old companion ,sometime I'd throw you to the ground,  
feeling you like a curse ,kicking you around !  
I knew it made you laugh !  
You shared my youthful violence as a lone wolf !  
Off the road no other value ...  
We thought that fraterniy existed around the holy shilom !  
And I laughed too ,not realizing that you were aging  
far more I was, in that mirror reflection  
the wrinkle of a past first harvest ...  
And then ,one day,I dropped you off  
deep in the woods ,  
near a spring to soothe your fever

and I shamefully ran away  
behind walls hiding the stars...  
My nights miss your rough leather ,  
this is the meaning of my letter ...  
Friend ,do you remember the vanilla scent  
of those islands that linger in my mind  
when today was just a stop over for our illusions ?  
Is there a paradise for jaded sacks ?  
And haven of freshness for adventurer's weary feet ?



## Will I have time ?

I wouldn't have time to visit this vast universe  
which fits in a galactic nest .  
Roaming the dusty oceans of moonlight ,  
the red windswept plains of mars  
and saturn's rings that chill suffering souls ...  
I wouldn't have time to go looking  
for the taste of this burning solar honey ...  
Flying beyond pluto ,  
admirable and free photon  
dancing in the light of a capricious galaxy  
with the look of a newfound love ...  
Drink from the icy fountain of imortality,  
get in touch with the music of the spheres  
this melody of stars and disasters ...  
Sidereal voyager relieved of Prometheus' torment  
At the orchard of gods ,biting the sacred fruit  
without fear of malefice...  
I'm this elegant proton ,  
Inspired walker in the shape of emptiness  
beyond the echo of so many silence ,  
will I have time in this dimension  
of a scattered deck of cards  
where hours are but the children of chance ?

## Symbiosis

Stone posture turns  
into liquid spirit  
impermanent wisdom  
The fly that lands  
on the meditator's nose  
teaches impertinence  
Being dissolves  
in eternal breath  
fulness of emptiness  
You were not born in the when  
you won't die in the where  
you're just passing through the who  
Leaving the story of a scent  
engraved in the sublime majesty  
from the instant of an eternity bubble  
Feel the wonder of cellular unity  
water and air so pure osmosis  
nothing but unfathomable symbiosis  
( Zen soto )

## Acceptance

Threshold memory (1)

---

I accept the fragile dimension  
that will make me even stronger.  
I accept this outstretched hand  
to better walk my lonely path.  
I am this winged mercury poet  
clad in the brazen breastplate of mars .  
I accept the silent suffering  
that crushes the body and tears at the soul.  
I accept the jail of this human  
I aspire to transcend ...  
I accept to wear this inner chain  
that finally and forever ,  
death will allow me to break ...  
Then the proud eagle will take flight ,  
and I'd be free !  
Free to unite with this being of the heights  
that inhabits me,  
and takes me there  
to the kingdom of lights  
where my destiny will be fulfilled !  
Then so in the event I accept ...

## The debt

Threshold memory ( 2 )

---

They tell you about the bliss of a tunnel of light.

Immaterial creatures that flood you with waves of love .

Landscapes worthy of Trumpland that makes you  
cry with happiness ..Ho ! Ho ! Ho !

You glide through the kingdom of seraphim  
like a care bears series for retarded kids !

Hogwash all that !

Guys ,in the miasma of epidemic tenebras  
you're shivering with sweat and thirst ,  
stunned by the moans and squeaks of hallucinated creatures  
that cling to you with the morbid desire to drag you  
into abysses of suffering and remorse ...

Bullshit all that !

This damn' path is strewn  
with brambles, ashes and ambers ,  
nobody's waiting to say " I love you ! "  
Alone before and even more alone after die and let die !  
And coming back from the nightmare  
to find the nightmare again ,  
beckoning the sulphurous demons on the road to hell,  
you tell yourself with shame and disgust :

*" I clean my soul and alleviating me of a dirty debt ! "*

## la tilma

threshold memory (3)

---

In the gentleness of your gaze  
there are so many eyes that hope.  
You ,the humble and silent nativo  
who walks the hard path  
from the sacrificial pyramid  
to the cross of the sacrificed .  
Of your poor woolen coat ,  
winter roses are blooming  
and the star spangled celestial vision  
takes shape ...

Virgin ,bringing the soothing caress  
of her hand to all suffering .  
Radiant beauty offering forgiveness  
and reconciliation ...

You ,the proud conquistador  
greedy for gold and power ,  
you get down on your knees  
facing the resplendent garment !  
Mixing your lordly blood  
with a local girl ...

I would also go there, to the sanctuary  
of the old city ,contemplating  
the mystery of the tilma ...  
In the footsteps of pilgrims ,  
the path will be welcoming  
and I'd still listen to the divine symphony  
of that distant day where the sword  
remained in its scabbard ...

## Epilogue

Threshold memory (IV)

\_\_\_\_\_ -  
I walk ,a little unsteadily  
along the shore of my rediscovered words...  
The everyday face for convenience  
and totemic posture ready to implode ,  
frozen in silence and umbrellas ...  
A clinical odor attaches itself to my carnal garments .  
I thirst for water wet with burning shivers ...  
A female with pretence allurements  
forgets to measure her phonic glycemia ...  
    Sorry love I don't have my stage costume !  
I'm just a living thought in his antique store ,  
wisely waiting my turn ...  
What am I doing in this writing queue ?  
Are you just a bland echo of my amnesia ?  
I walk,a little dizzy and uneasy ,  
my barefeet sinking into the heat of a black sand ,  
my head in the foam spewed from the silent mouth  
of a volcano purring on the canopy ...  
    Epilogue .

## The dark dahlia

There's rain, wind and storm ,  
november sunshine in summer,  
the message of the loved one  
that will never dock  
at the quay of the mists ...  
There's the night, the shade and the cold  
like a reef prison in the open sea ...  
Amour has packed its suitcase for Los Angeles  
reserving a death suite at the Aster motel  
where an instant mentalist awaits ...  
Does desire ooze the heavy alchemy of the black dahlia ?  
There's the weird, the wound and the walls...What's left ?  
A torn flower as faded as life  
an old fantasy that bleeds  
this key looking for a door ...  
The poisoned fruits of passion  
made me torn your flesh ...  
My kingdom ! My kingdom for oblivion !  
There's always the vacuum after a treble clef ...  
Merciful gibbet offers me your criminal unctuousness !  
Is love the ultimate journey of the black dahlia ?  
Don't ever come back ...

## Pavlov house

Sometime you have to know how to die  
for the honor of a name written in blood  
on a long wall bathed in white light .  
You know Volodia ? You have to learn how to live,  
to know how to die ...  
Why so hard is the burden of duty ...?  
I'll meet you my joyful comrades at the Pavlov house !  
We'll smoke a tough tobacco washed down with vodka !  
The accordion will make us dance !  
Laughing and crying at the same time ! Hurrah !  
we'll talk about our loves and horses  
sowing and harvest time,  
do you remember Volodia ?  
Our boys as strong as birches  
and women silent at the face of men's madness...  
At the Barmaley fountain ,  
children playing again  
in the freshness of happy tears ...  
At univermag I'll be stocking up for tomorrow  
and also some dreams for an after life ...  
We will meet again my comrades !  
You, Ivan the dreamer, and you, the funny Boris ...  
Do you know Volodia that even  
the little father of the peoples  
will be taking part ?  
We'll be there together my brothers and comrades  
when the flight of geese will return ...  
We knew how to die for a name engraved  
in the skin of eternity and a medal of sky...  
But the sons will return to battle ,  
this harsh law of duty ...  
For such is the fate of the shadows  
in the Pavlov house ...





## My inner landscapes

I'm rich in inner landscapes  
that have known so many  
wars of love...  
Forbidden area of a self  
running in voluptuous curves  
and impenetrable forest...  
My inner landscapes  
are populated by wild creatures  
who meet at 5.p.m for tea  
and philosophize about weather  
and passing time...  
Sometime I hear from the little prince .  
He's grown up and has a flock of sheep  
there,at the foot of the old mountain  
who's always got it's head in the clouds...  
My towns are built in the countryside  
and a thousand temples inhabited by smiling monks  
welcome the pilgrims in search of impermanence  
and leaving their luna park at the entrance ...  
My inner landscapes are bathed by creamy oceans  
that offer themselves to the breath of a warm sirocco  
and fall asleep like happy cats ...  
My dreams are white beaches on which I cast worlds  
that drift toward carefree island of paradise ...  
Ever changing inner landscapes taking the form  
of soft watercolors,colorful parrots and musical waterfalls !  
I know so well your secret ways  
which are still so mysterious to me ...  
My inner landscapes .

## Normalyn

Season of dead leaves  
 left over woman  
 with a soul of sand .  
 The carnal foam of perfume  
 exalts the tales of the males,  
 blurred flesh in the fog ...  
 Pulpy myth of a bipolar planet  
 between black light  
 and blinding darkness...  
 shooting star that moves and dies  
 in the dust of a poisoned dream .  
 At time square the metro suspends its flight,  
 the eyes of pets shining with lust ...  
 Kiss me baby !  
 Touch me dolly !  
 I love you daddy ...  
 Lethal gingerbread lady .  
 Fools dissect your naked madness  
 wearing a heavy chanel 5  
 obituary fragrance...  
 the Norma Jean child  
 killed the chemical Marylin .  
 Let me leave the venus calendar for normality ...  
 Darling ,my name is nambutal  
 I'm a bubble in your glass of champagne .  
 Happy birtdead to you !  
 .....  
 Normalyn you're reincarnated as a poster  
 on the wall of teenager's bedroom .  
 The che is smiling to you  
 and you're in love ...  
 Gemini are immortal !

## **You're not alone !**

Saturday night rumors on the Mersey banks.

The city vibrates, rumbles and roars .

Penny lane goes up in flames .

Leave behind you sorrows and fears

when you take your head in your hands

and doubt the way...

You're not alone !

You're not alone !

Communion rising to heaven

chasing away the evil shadows ...

For a moment time beats time

and the magnificent 4 are back ...

Anfield becomes a cauldron of burning passion

and a river of hops and hope

when gladiators enter the arena !

Transcendented warriors !

Little frogs petrified ...

Prince in your fortress ,

don't ever forget ,

you're not alone !

You're not alone !

Mate ,forget the harsh future

through storm and darkness .

The heroes of ancient time make you a cortege,

your soul is that a winner because you dare !

don't ever forget ,

You're not alone ...

**AND YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE !**

## What remains ?

What remains of our loves ?  
Summers dressed in christmas empty manger ?  
seasons of deceptive mirrors reflecting candor...  
I thought I were the ocean's maestro  
writing the salt of your symphony ...  
The gold of your bare skin was a gift from the gods  
always playing with whimsical clocks ...  
that the instant lies was sweet  
contemplating you lying on the shifting sands of illusions,  
marine scent burning my senses ...  
You were already the object of this other's expectations  
who had the key to the house of my fears...  
What remains of our past glories ?  
Impudent youth mocking time ,  
banqueting at the table of the titans  
and with a backhand smashing the wine cup of immortality !  
I tuned, danced and got drunk at the masks ball !  
It was only caricature, counterfeit and equivocal ...  
The titans were nothing but rag dolls,  
harlequins of japery ...  
And the creatures left only a tepid trace  
in my thirsty midnights ...  
Here I am old child carrying november's burden.  
The embrace -ploughed flesh of my loves  
have drawn dry rivers ,  
fruit trees no longer offer juicy temptations...  
I'm just a dead memory in a black hole's oblivion...  
I never known glory  
so I disguised myself as a poor poet  
who's only talent lies in the empty gaze of a coffee cup  
and few clouds that pass, without ringing ...  
I smile at my companion in solitude ,  
still asking me ...

" What remains ? "

## I was born

I was born a runner of life  
conqueror of the eight .  
But I speak the vowels  
of the night star  
and other decent consonnants...  
I also know cloud dreams ,  
because do you know ?  
Clouds send messages  
that people in a hurry don't read  
and the moon that wakes up at night  
only talks to cats playing on rooftops ...  
I was born a warrior strategy sand castles  
whose populations are converted  
to the cult of the tide  
that will swep them away ....  
I am the prophet of every day life  
the astrologer of the moment ,  
knocking at your door ...  
I can read the scent of roses  
and get drunk on the alcohol of words...  
Because do you know ?  
Only children who refuse to grow up ,  
perceive the symphony of flowers  
and are visited by Peter Pan !  
Little Wendy became a lady  
who no longer believes in Mary Poppins ...  
Poor Teddy forgotten at the back of a cupboard .  
I was born a dealer of seasons ,  
and so many illusions ...  
A bit of an actor and so sincere liar ,  
performing the role of my shadow  
I am so beautiful in this shabby mirror !  
I was born a musician of tomorrow

silkrope walker of inspired dimensions  
deliciously linked to the Devil...  
Don't be afraid guys  
the devil is a good boy !  
In the plot of my life the path begins  
at the last hours of comedy .  
But don't believe me !  
I am just a fool ...

,



## The Buddha's awakening

The Buddha emerges from 7 years of reflection under his tree.

He gives me a good smiling look and says mischievously :

- " So boy, I hear you've become a poet ? "

- To know you to wear bomber and doc martens,  
starting a fight as you leave the stadium  
what an incredible evolution ! "

Then he made a slightly resigned gesture .

- " After so many meditative years and I don't know  
how many illuminations , I'm waking up to a world  
that hasn't changed and learned from past errors  
and horrors to come ! "

He pauses to take a sip of San Pellegrino .

After all this time he must be thirsty .

And he continues like this :

- " sometime I think I should have gone  
into politics or business , right now I'd be US president !

He sigh and adds :

- " you see , even my message is no longer popular

There are neo-buddhists chapels everywhere ,  
seasoning my message with a holistic touch ,  
or other supermarket spirituality for cuckoos ! "

- " okey man I'm off to the local mcdo for a good burger ! "

My poor old Buddha .

Have you not penetrated the truth and finality of things  
just to take note of the inulectable permanence ?

Since the place is free , I'll settle under the tree  
while you go back to wallmart or convert to islam !

I'm going to become a therapist in fallen divinities .  
I would have the visit from Jehova, Quetzalcoatl , Jupiter  
and even Maradona !

I'd make love to a beautiful mahabarata princess  
all scented with sandal wood !

And who knows , I'll get rid of that damn' karma

after 7 billions years of reflection and as many illuminations !

Bye, my dear Buddha w'ell talk later !

(Zen soto )

## The fifth horseman

And here come the fifth horseman.

Its name is dementia .

In the great night of the unconscious ,  
straddling the scream .

It has no form .It's only what we think it is .

It's memory is that of oblivion .

The naked intimacy of the burnt-out house  
and the imolated spouse on the stake .

Prince of poets playing the symphony of void  
while the crematoria make love with the clouds..

It's people are architects in spidery cassocks  
and ingineers in soap bubbles .

Its name is compassion and absolution.

It listens to the white walls and long corridors  
where blind shadows run ,  
prisoners of some runic scriptures...

Master of all dimensions of silence ,  
tracing the furrow of bipolar borders .  
and the fury of times ...

it's hand of wonder caressing the spirit's wound .

Number is its name  
that gives birth to the multiple legions.

## Lost home

The rags of despair  
that have human form  
no longer invent lives  
fossilized for moons .

Thoughts .

*I'm citizen of comings and going  
that look like a comic street .*

*Inbound and outbound ...*

*I'm the central station sentinel  
who watches over the air currents.*

*Above me I have a roof  
open to all winds .*

*I share my feeder with rats and pigeons.*

*Is my soul so dirty ?*

It's raining on your memory .

Forgotten old comedy ...

A story of Marylin and a millionaire  
or just a bunch of misfits  
of which you was not a member .

Dressed like a lord ,  
you were called " Patron ! "

The present is a shoe with a hole in it...

Thoughts .

*I look for a face in the rush !*

*Your's or someone else ?*

*Maybe the eyes of a good god...*

*Prisoner of my freedom*

*all is confused .*

*Noon plays midnight ...*

*I am dead but am I steel sleeping ?*

*I'd like to shave off that guerilla beard .*

*I will present my résumé to the eternal  
who will offer me a cigarillo*

*and sent me straight to master Lucifer !  
Tomorrow ,I'll promise ,before living  
I'll knock on the door and the child  
will open it for me !*

## I write

In leaden tears I write  
the twilight of times  
with the turbulent words  
sailing on the ink of silence,  
holding out the hand  
to this hostess of poor drunkenness...  
I write in the name of violence  
who seduces the beautiful unknown  
with a bouquet of daggers ,  
tracing in the flesh a tatoo of dark harvests,  
drawing this taboo of tender death ...  
I write a dawn at the desolate bedside  
of the beloved corpse  
and the graceful ballet of blue flies ...  
I write the symphony of the great cemeteries  
under the moon where old elephants  
go with dignity ..  
And libraries burning to warm  
trembling shadows ..  
I write for you sated ministers ,  
courtesans ,your breasts withered by your offerings .  
Princes , presidents and clever jesters !  
I write your requiem ,  
Lucifer knocking at the door  
Mozart thrown into the mass grave  
doctor Goebbels resurrecting ...  
I write for a summer love  
that ended with the lamb  
immolated in oblivion ...  
Tomorrow's visitors won't be coming back,  
they were once ..Upon a drama ...  
I write ,abandoning myself  
to the scent of the black rose

that is about to die ...

## What would I be without you ?

What would I be without you ?

You, that soothes my childhood fears  
and my tears hidden behind a large wheat field...

What would I be without you ?

You lay words on my silence,  
translating the songs of my inspiration into music  
gathering the breath of my atonement ...

You're here ...

Solving the why of my how  
and all other questions .

My refusals and acceptances .

You're the lighthouse that illuminates  
the nights of my lonely travel ...

Do you remember these stopovers  
at the end of the soul,

where I used to take you ?

You endured these roads where my mind was lost  
and my tired body rebelled !

Always you were there

with no discouragement and anger ...

Sometimes , I followed my path of fantasy and madness  
seeming to forget you for the perverse eyes

of an anticing demoness , that made me damned  
for the delight of some venomous desire ...

And then , I'd come back to you ,  
land to which I was often unfaithful  
but attaching itself to my inner fibers ,  
calling me to love ...

Sometimes , I wonder if you're not  
the light face of the wise serpent ?

Or maybe , it's just the echo of my own mask ?

What would I be without you ,

if I were to lose your presence ?



If you were to choose my hell ?  
You, my guardian angel .

## The other

I contemplate myself in the reflection of the other  
this judge without compassion exposing my soul  
to the eyes of the mirror crowd ...

The other tells me a story I don't believe  
but whose witchcraft is mine ...

Or I may have forgotten at birth .

The other smile at me ,playing the seducer  
saying he's the child inside me  
but who is me ?

Children play silly games to grow up  
while I move the pieces on a paraphysical chessboard .

Mathematical storytelling in the twilight zone.

The other is the void that fertilizes my genius  
in a demential symphonic galaxy ...

I can't risk going there and not finding  
my way home again ...

Who will I find ? The other or myself ?  
the crowd or its reflection ?

I am only the object of my pity ,  
suspended like a funambulist  
in a fish dimension ...

The prisoner of a cage of wingless beaks .  
Unable to escape through a door  
opening onto a frightening freedom ...

But maybe it's the other that holding me back  
with my own hands ...

I need to set the clock on this faulty machine !  
One day, in another life or right now,  
that the other will have chosen me ...

## The time

There's so many times in a life  
and who knows ? Maybe beyond ...  
A time to live  
another to leave ...  
And every nuances of the capricious seasons  
that we want to grasp but can't ...  
Time of the all absence mother  
and father off the war .  
Innocence lost in a bed warmed by cold ...  
A time invented to deceive the enemy  
and make friend of boredom ...  
Inhalation and exhalation time  
to make ourselves believe we exist ,  
and we think we're not going to get on board  
with all these outdated promises...  
Old Saturn doesn't like wasted time !  
Is everything just the frozen face  
of an allmighty clock that tells the time of drama ?  
There's the time of a glance  
that contains all the harvests of illusion  
when it come to regret ...  
You walk in the rain like a beaten dog  
sniffing the infinite ...  
And it's time to travel !  
Spice burning port of call  
ocean space languors  
interwined languages ...  
Wild sweetness ,breath ,  
and so many waves a l'ame ...  
Then at last comes the time  
to say " *I love you* ! " To yourself !  
When the being in peace  
reaches the steps of the temple .

I have learned to love the time  
even it's only a creation of each thought...

## black desire

I crave the flavor of your nights ,  
breathing in the intimacy of your dreams  
and the open ban of your abysses ...  
So womanly when the dawn wets you,  
awakening your wild sap ...  
I imagine this fiery madness of pleasure  
to whom I'm not invited  
when strangers come to bite  
the fruits of your orchard ...  
I don't sleep ,waiting for the day  
to bring you back to me ,  
chasing away those menacing shadows  
that haunt my spirit ...  
Obscene moons dance on your naked body  
and mockingly calling to me ...

Black desire

red passion .

The darkness of the hours is both ours  
like the light of the blue sky .

I want it because I am your god !  
He who nurtures the secret fire of the brazier !  
On your flesh of mystery  
I walk my misery  
and this sex of steel ...

No deal brother exorcist !  
I feel their fear made of bad sweat  
and they beg me !

I accede to this mortal liberation ..

Oration .

I will drink the venom of this lethal cup  
and I'll go back to sleep for ever at peace...  
Ghosts will no longer torment me .  
Our love is an offering to the master of flies...



## Souls

I love to travel the landscape of souls.  
Mysterious one of cats  
and loyal dogs with a good look .  
There are souls laughing at life  
like frenzied banjos and sarabandas  
and other where melancholy violins  
welcome the angel's prayer ...  
Those like wounded birds ,  
forever frozen in yellowed sepia  
and old sapphires from a bygone empire...  
Souls of rain and wind ,  
tender memories ...  
eroded tombstone where the gaze  
of an elegant lady fades away  
in the sough of time...  
Old south of all music  
Jazz and soul !  
Armstrong's trumpet tames the moon !  
Sublime summertime mood ...  
Cotton club's soul is a black smile ...  
It's beautiful and makes you yelling  
like a merry go round melody !  
Piano solo at dawn ,  
soto voce liberty seed  
beauty of the meditative breath ...  
I'm a young soul looking for my way  
in a curio store ...

## The corridor

I'm doomed to this life of white walls  
and blinding neon lights .  
Like a whale turning in the lost souls aquarium.  
The silent ghosts walk the corridor .  
waiting for a dream ,giving them the time...  
I am a relative particle in this bipolar theory  
that travels to reach the beginning ...  
Memories in the corridor dimension  
that leads nowhere and ever ..  
And god saw it was good .  
Shadows never cross,  
each has its own momentum  
along the corridor ...  
It's allowed to play games  
that have no rules  
with the program !  
If you win you'll hear a voice  
but no one can defeat the program  
that's inside you ...  
I'm condemned to purify myself at life.  
There are plants in the corridor .  
and they don't complain ...  
God said " *Let it be !* "  
And cyborgs praise the lord !  
Before the chosen one was born  
they came looking for me  
and the system deported me to mars .  
where I must atone ...  
You're always guilty of your innocence.  
innocents must be cared for !  
Maybe ,somewhere in a folded time  
I'll find a body in an old photo  
and return to rest in green meadows ..





## Fanny

Fanny,I remember ,  
you played to cello  
Prenzlauer strasse,  
drawing on the snow  
an arpeggio of melancholy...  
Berlin no longer slept  
in the breath of its madness...  
Fanny,your pale porcelain eyes  
lost in a past still alive  
where dreams sold memories of stone .  
I was listening to this wall and night melody  
of angels flying on the rooftops...  
Requiem for old Germany  
or a new world concerto ?  
The cello like a body  
between your slender legs  
that a light wind of freedom  
discreetly uncovered ...  
Fanny,the dust of time  
mingled with your blond hair  
like warm harvests  
drawing to a close ...  
It was still winter in Kreuzberg .  
We've been waiting for spring,  
running after hope  
in the mouth of a burning crater ,  
when giants took possession of the void...  
Beware ! no more borders ...  
Fanny, I knew ,you were only in love  
with the chords of rain  
and equivocal emotions .  
Fleeting beauty in the ephemera .  
A scorching night in Charlottenburg

a sex pistol put a safety pin  
on your breast  
and hung the cello in the cupboard ...  
Fanny,I remember ,  
you were improvising  
a fugue for the passing clouds ,  
25 years ago ...Tragic adagio .  
Fanny,do you have a child ,  
playing in the streets of berlin  
or on saturne's lunatic moons ?  
Our impromptu ...

## Revival

Come on ! I'll take you there !  
Well ' watch the old world crumble  
and the stars fading away in the blues...  
I promise ,I won't play the macho ,  
I'll become sage ,  
I'm no longer a hero ...  
We will live again !  
away from reason and concrete .  
To devoted followers  
we entrust dreams of metal  
fragile like a crystal ...  
Maybe there's happiness out there,  
where the man has never walked the hurt  
and the woman didn't have the key  
to the orchard ...  
Come on ! I'll take you there !  
Where the hours of the book  
still have that taste of paradise  
and a thousand shades of dawn  
in an amorous morning ...  
We'll sit under the tree  
without bad and evil  
gazing at the river  
that no tear can trouble  
and this cloudless sky  
where the angels play us a famous jazz...  
Come on ! I'll take you there !  
where no one ever goes ,  
never looking up ...  
We will live again !  
I close my eyelids  
and a Brahms lied memory  
springs to mind ,

musical fragrant landscape ...  
And we become globe trotters  
in the era of the street man !  
But there always be mister Bean  
to disturb the gladiator's fight !  
My eyes are closing ,dear soul  
to whom I speak ...  
You are always there ,  
silent and faithful companion .  
Don't be scared this polar monster  
is only a tender teddy bear !  
You'll always be there !  
Until that moment  
when entering the legend  
we will live again !

## Inspired rebel

This cursed inspiration  
that haunts me  
playing with my emotions.  
There ,she stands ,  
ready to pounce ,  
wild beast never satiated.  
Divinity that demands sacrifice  
on a pyre of delicious torments.  
She has so many faces  
that merge into one ...  
I feel her, inner female  
and animal nature  
screaming from the clan  
of thousand voices  
and a host of masks ...  
Capricious and often unfaithful  
she demands that I be here ,  
always ready to fulfill her desire !  
Sometime ,so tender ,  
making me believe she loves me ...  
I know this to be true  
but I can't trust her ...  
Sh'es violence of creation ,  
constantly inventing new seasons,  
imposing me the tyranny  
of her unreason ...  
The next moment of craziness ,  
blowing all the breaths of dementia !  
I become a depression navigator  
lost in the doldrums ...  
ans then drifting on a ocean  
of boredom ...  
Mayday ! mayday !

Shipwreck on a blank page !

But she doesn't offer me a compassion ...

The inspired sailboat

returns to the trade winds ...

Finally subdued ,she rears up

offering herself like a tamed wave

and so beautiful once soothed !

That's how our story is written ...

## The home of lost souls

Fools drop their burden  
at the home of lost souls.  
Refugees from the silent world  
laughing like unhappy children.  
Dressed as sunday beast  
they go to the zoo ,  
offering bananas to the crocodiles  
and taking selfies with the monkeys .  
Crazy people are not evil ,  
they make the devil smile,  
in the crowd nobody recognize them  
because they are everyone ...  
Poets performing parodies  
in the empty birdcage of paradies...  
Th dog in the kennel is their friend  
and in the living room  
they listen politely the parrot' lies .  
Crazy people have education !  
In the evening they wisely return  
to the home of lost souls  
to fall asleep in their little white beds.  
Mommy won't stop by  
to give them a kiss .  
She promised to phone  
from London once arrived ...  
Alas ! crazy people don't have a name  
on life's agenda ...  
Or maybe mom ran out of credit ?  
Madmen and women are nice people  
who sometime have the mystery  
of Charles Manson  
in the broken mirror reflections  
of their eyes ...





## Cosmic trick

I am a native of now there  
and over where ?  
Mercury suburbs thug .  
Bad boy making the buzz .  
I speak a milky way slang  
unknown from the big bang .  
Inebriated by venusian fragrances  
intimate painter of uranian trances.  
I am a bit fiend and friendly satyre  
who loves to test  
the pretty salty taste girls  
on Rimini beach  
and those always in a hurry  
on the streets of Paris ...  
I'm a bit a lunar voyager  
I get it from my mother  
I like to wear a eurasian mask  
to conceal my dual scam ...  
I got lost on a saturne ring  
really such a mourning place  
playing a backward music ,  
life was so hard ...  
Forsaken by my muse  
I was climbing the scaffold steps  
when Led Zep saved me  
with a Steinway to heaven  
It makes me dreamin' ...  
But the bar will close  
the guy on duty  
in a military manner  
starts brooming  
the moons of jupiter ...  
Tonight ,I'm going

to get some fresh air  
on the hydrocarbon shoreline  
of a red giant ,  
friendly monsters  
will share my madness  
and with a lot of gentleness  
waving bells  
and chanting to me  
" Hare Krishna ! "  
I feel ,I'm losing my bearings  
in the smile of a bipolar star...  
Its time to get back  
to my dark cyber bored...

## The word system

A gracious muse gave me  
the strange gift and torment  
of tasting the music of words  
to perceive their secret colors  
and to see their deep scent ...  
Words are living beings  
that speak to each other  
with humor or terror ...  
They can die of boredom ,  
travel through space and time  
or just staying at home...  
They can suddenly changing clothes  
and wickedly gagging you  
without any clemency ...  
Deceptive and amusing creatures  
aiming to be different  
and turning away indifferently ...  
They take the path of wandering  
or surfing oceans of incoherence...  
Words fight and embrace,  
clawing the face of love  
applauding and cursing ,  
leaving ,without a farewell letter...  
Just a " Man- bites god " story  
on the last page ..  
A mischievous muse  
makes me speak in incongruous words  
disturbing the crowd order .  
On the blank walls of your lost worlds  
I draw the why of your silence and absence !  
I'd like a little more violence ,  
you answer me with a polite sentence ...  
But once they take me away

for verbal stumble on the public voice  
you'll drive me out of your sunday turkeys !  
Hourless words are exchanged  
between dogs of a certain age  
that fate has brought together,  
discussing hedge maintenance ...  
Words last only as long as the rain  
that ends like a killer wave  
making quiet river boil over ...

## Pandora's box

Pandora's box opens up .  
Human with monsters faces appear .  
Toppling the witch's cauldron  
and hanging Harry Potter  
on the gallows ...  
You've freed the soul eaters !  
War, misery and hunger  
will be your fate !  
You laughed at Cassandra's imprecations !  
Smiling at the folly of your president...  
Epidemic miasma escapes from the box  
the starving riders are back !  
Can you hear the crow's heavy flight ?  
The servile dark jack holds the cards  
and scoops the pot !  
But the game's skewed .  
You've opened the sorcery box ,  
dance at the ball of the damned  
all lewdly entwined ..  
Dragged into the burning eternal cold.  
Skeletons greedy for the meat of the living,  
requiem for the nations ,  
brigands and poor devils  
confused by such a judgement ,  
none is innocent .  
just sepulchral violence ...  
Pilatus what have you done  
with the good preacher ?  
And you guardians of the law ,  
master of the crematorium,  
dressed in tunics of dust ,  
necrologists adoring  
the mumified mother ,

standing at the right hand  
of the prophet of the times ,  
bearer of the true cross banner  
and spiders leader !

Books blaze ! songs rise !  
Ashes of children 's tales ...

Moloch decides who will give birth .  
Demon's name is legions !

It will roll away the stone  
reaveing the naked tomb ,  
Mike Jagger singing its coming !  
Mike Tyson lord of the ring ...

Subjected you'll have no choice  
but to get down on your knees !  
Fallen knights marked with the sign,  
woman from your breast flows vinegar...  
The black-hole box will suck you in...

## Contemplation

I was this thought in motion  
eager for brutal sensations  
flight of the eagle on the summits.  
In revolt against gods and men ,  
Living in this dimension  
of the ever-changing wind ...  
Insolent young courtesan  
in the kingdom of elephants ,  
seducer of haughty princesses  
and naive virgins ...  
I wasn't talking to the birds  
I did not question the clouds,  
my rapier as faithful mistress...  
Proud of his well-born destiny ,  
sometime throwing an obolus  
to the manant distraying me ...  
But my friends were only libations  
and illusions in houses of solitude ...  
The sword rusted in the scabbard ,  
I laid down the warrior's tunic ,  
making myself ,philosopher and explorer...  
Drawing from the source of books  
in dialogue with Nietzsche and the Buddha  
taking a walk with Brahma and Jesus  
and reading the holy book dictated by the angel  
I was no longer given over to the mermaid song ...  
I'm the appeased Prometheus,  
freed from the chains that shackle his soul .  
Here, I am a gardener cultivating the temple orchard  
I talk to the clouds  
and understand to the birdsong .  
Smiling at this young man  
who finally recognizes himself in this mirror .



But it's getting late and a bit cold ...  
I'm off to eternity for evening prayer .

## Anima

Sh'es gorgeous  
she's whimsical  
and fantastic !  
My fantasy,  
so free and strange ...  
Sh'es a picture  
in a story book  
with friendly giants  
and dwarfs who whistle  
their way to work .  
Sh'es the spirit of the canopy  
protecting the forest ,  
the joyous waterfall  
tumbling down the mountain...  
She's an artist as well as an actress,  
the morning angel and evening inspiration...  
And then she fled ,so mocking and heartbreaking  
leaving the afternoon fauns in despair...  
I can't read in her ...  
I would like to tell her ...  
But she throws me an unsettled scent ,  
leaving a taste of liquorice in my dreams...  
Sh'es a fairy ,that I know  
but also my beloved witch  
who casts spells on my scripture ...  
And according to her fancy ,  
unicorn,sylphe or undine ,  
so undefinible avatar ...  
I love when she lifts the mask  
and becomes a woman again !  
She's truly magical ...



## The rose garden

You, white winter rose  
frozen in a pale dawn ,  
that the rays of a cold sun  
don't warm ...  
Here ,you are ,yellow rose  
of autumn betrayal ,  
departure deprived of redemption  
damnation without any return ....  
Proud red rose of the triumphant summer  
with thorns that ripen like a dagger !  
Bloodshed by fathers  
who will never see the child again ...  
Black rose ,mourning the joyful  
springtime's hours ...  
Seasons green the abandoned stone,  
voice , vanishing in the nowhere ...  
Who were you ?  
The mud of the wild rose garden  
clings to my step...  
I remember the softness of a morning,  
walking alone in the bare alleys  
of peace regained ,imploring grace...  
Will they bloom again  
the blazing flowers of my carefree youth ?

## Old couple

I watched this old couple sitting in the metro.  
They spoke in their own world ,  
listening to each other .  
I could smell lavender and little trinkets  
on the kitchen shelve .  
The ever-faithful dog was long dead,  
patiently waiting for them  
in its basket by the fire place...  
The man has retained the solidity  
of the young oak he had once been ,  
the grey of his severe gaze ,  
pierced by gleams of amused tenderness.  
In her companion ,I imagined ,  
looking at her regular features  
the solar beauty she was like  
on those years of liberty ...  
It was a story of little details  
and some drama ...  
They said yes to each other  
and did they ever run away  
to the call of other mirages ?  
I felt so much intermezzi  
in the complicity of their shared secrets...  
I was finding the soul of another couple,  
dad and mom ,so far away now ...  
Now and somehow becoming their child.  
They are faces that awaken  
the memory of sobs ...  
I love the wrinkles of past summer ,  
traveling through the eternity  
of a metro sation ...  
They went down to " Europe "  
Perhaps another Europe ?

I'm talking about a time  
when "Love station " still existed ...  
I contemplated them ,  
drifting away on the platform ,  
gently entwined like a dream  
to the colors of reality !  
It was quiet a mystery, woven of little things  
and this is the most important ...

## Smile

A smile fits in a badly combed backpack  
off to race the globe .

The inner Buddha pauses to meditate  
on the peaceful shore of the lake .

A smile .  
smile in this unknown  
that illuminates melancholy .  
going off the oblivion ...  
Leaving behind the scent of a landscape  
you couldn't hold back ...

Intimate alchemy  
from the depths of time .  
A few flower petals courted by a bee...

Mystery .  
Lips of resilience  
defying the lunar plains  
and those who conceal suffering ,  
contemplative smile  
who do not curse ,  
accepting the verdict ,

Silently...  
Mouth with a frozen gaze,  
madona ,  
to whom the master gives birth  
for eternity ...

And all those rictus of aborted revolts !  
" O lord ,forgive them !  
*they have lost the smile of happiness ! "*

A smile is a few lines  
in a book that tells stories  
of gandhi or mandela !  
And you say to yourself :  
" *This time everything going to change ! "*

But everything goes back  
to the way it was before .  
Return to the same laughter !  
Who will help us find  
our way back to beauty  
in the ethereal softness  
of a watercolor by Marie Laurencin ?  
I'll go beyond the lake  
to run a world of smiles  
that are not just only sketches...



## Capricorn

Master of the dark kingdom of melancholy  
where the old Saturn stands vigil .  
Hard core concentrated being .  
Solitary in its winter tower .  
Blurred emotions ,  
vague sensations ,  
fluctuating feeling of the moment  
have no grip and break .  
Impassive in the density  
of its inner spaces ,  
compact unshakeable block ,  
iron hand holding time .  
Dream obey the laws of awakening  
and enlightenment in the rigid ascetism.  
Engineer of the universal clock  
that rules all destiny .  
The cosmic breath is it just poetic illusion  
drawn by an anonymous corps  
on the screen of the divine comedy ?  
Lost,so lost in the infinite cluster ...  
You,death ,you are ,but the handmaiden  
who waters with gall the thirsty souls  
awaiting judgement and ineluctable sentence...

## Jazz joint

Sometime I go back to that jazz joint  
before yesterday ...  
I wasn't quiet born yet  
and this jazz box has become a mcdo ...  
Nothing is immortal .  
I love this weird place  
that travels through the night ,  
in which I am the only passenger.  
Poisonous and delicious voluptuousness  
mixing insomnia and old bourbon...  
Leaning against the bar in front of a gin  
Liberty Valance waits for the man .  
It's not a woman's business ...  
I'm lulled to sleep  
by the sweet intox '  
of Lionel Hampton vibes ...  
" Hey ba-ba- rebop ! "  
Cloud of Havana and Cuba libre .  
Sentimental mood in a mellow tone ,  
barflies turn ladies of the night ...  
" Champagne baby ? "  
The towers are still in the wall street spirit  
and Hemingway hasn't died of boredom...  
Double bass reincarnated in a bird of love,  
Charles Mingus mingles the musical tantrums,  
making me dizzy with fumes of rum ...  
5.A.M.  
The jazz club has imploded !  
We're all dead .  
It's time to go to bed  
closer a sinner lady ...  
Jazz ,my friend, is only noise  
declaiming its flame !

And when legend surpasses reality,  
Liberty Valance is still alive ...  
Damn' mcdo !

## Ottawa in love

This summer Ottawa had the freedom  
of your forbidden unveiled .  
Passagers of our spiceship ,  
gossips drifting down the river !  
We loved each other  
in a tornado of wild blueberries  
and some intimate coconuts .  
You were a fruity testing virgin  
offered to the sacred totem ,  
Ottawa in love turning our sun dance...  
In front of the window  
that opened onto the night ,  
clothed on your splendid nakedness  
you tackled some caramelized improv's  
on your guitar, offering me  
a trebble key to heaven  
in fugitive chords  
who enchanted Bethoveen !  
I contemplated you  
emerging of sleep  
like a kitten stretching out  
on the shores of a cloud ...  
beyond the morning bridge  
it was so much fun  
to have a speaking french coffee  
and a few crunchy croissants ...  
Life was this delicious gobbledy gook !  
Do you remember that summer in Ottawa  
when faces had not silenced masks ?  
You laughted in the acid of the cherries,  
ruddy juice drawing a volcano  
on your lips, ma cherie ,  
that I savoured and carried away ,

vagabond on the carefree living brandons...

The sweetness of the indian summer

passing by without a glance

for the human that doesn't fly !

A flock of wild geeses heading south ...

It's winter in Ottawa ,

the window has closed ,

cold stare's totem , evil spell

and the white man arrived ...

You took your guitar

running away with Santa,

playing for the cats

running across the rooftops ,

so far from Ottawa ,

so close to my heart ...

## Uroboros

Trapped of the resounding beginning.  
Lost vibration in the dance of generations.  
Child of the cosmic serpent  
dissolving in the dust of passing centuries...  
In love with girls from another metaverse  
which leave a sepia in my soul ...  
My hands wrinkled like ancient trees  
begging for a kiss of bark  
and the sap of my trunk  
would embrace them ...  
But they'll die in the warmth of a dream  
and one of them will bear my mother ...  
Yesterday's loving words ,  
bitter diamonds oceans  
to the princess ball ,  
first date with sadness...  
Blood of sliced flowers  
thrown over fresh graves  
of the fallen in the trench ,  
among these radiant widows  
my mother carries me within her sphere...  
creature with yellowed face  
who was loved in the garden of forever  
by this hero in faded memory...  
On this path of embers ,  
destiny frozen in the bosom of amber,  
no one will help me unravel  
the lunar node enigma ...  
Son of the silent Uroboros  
who asks no question ,  
doesn't give answers ,  
feeding on its galactic flesh ,  
I did not choose ...

## Summertime

The prodigious trumpet's lips rise to the sky .

It was a summer like no other !

Cotton adorned the bride

and the whip had grown weary ...

the shepherd dreamed

of the flock gathered together .

and skies were no longer steely blue,

scarcely disturbed by a few clouds

racing towards the green leaves

of the old south ...

The little girl smiled ,

was the war over in this mild season ?

Another dancing naked

to the rhythm of a napalm riff ...

There's sometime tears

on the sun's score ...

Ela's voice drawing me a river ,

Saint-Louis Missouri ,

somewhere along the lazy mississippi ...

Young Huckelberry don't worry,

under this warm summer rain,

everything's fine !

It was a time like none we'll

ever see again !

Strong arm holding the trumpet

has reached immortality ...

But was it cotton or snow powder ?

White is always so deceptive ,

even in summertime ...

## Lost words

A fever for words that conceals  
ills and wounds of the soul .  
Fathomless oceans swept away  
by interior tornadoes ..  
Ghosts masked in obscurity ,  
swirling in the shades of the mind .  
I'm just random pilgrim ,  
gathering conjugated shapes ,  
whose genius is only his folly ...  
My verbal mineral has a taste  
of antique fresco  
that wrinkle the affront of times...  
Gallery of mumies in love  
who lie to themselves .  
Once ,a player in forbidden games  
chases away by the first rain ...  
The reality is but a tragic dissonance  
in a mirror of false imaginary...  
I see coming to me a lady in white  
with the face of a queen of spell.  
Sh'ell initiate me into the ritual of death,  
I'll be reborn in the moisture of her body,  
sheltered by the tree of life .  
Lost words regain meaning  
the always will succeed the who knows ?  
And tossed by the winds  
they become lyre birds  
in the inspired creation orchestra...



## Imaginary

Is there a metaverse where the hands of clocks  
run in still time and sweet weather ?  
If so, no panic !  
We still have a bit of eternity for love ...  
Are there any cities built  
in sentimental architecture  
where unknown seasons  
marge with musical scents  
to be savored in surrealistic sorbets ?  
So let's no hurry !  
There's always a beautiful adventure  
to seduce under the midnight sun !  
Do you know this rooftop planet  
where the lawless cat talk with the moon !  
They are so haughty, its true ...  
But they know lot of legends  
about Kerouac and Ginsberg !  
I often take my bag ,flying to my lucky star !  
Are there worlds where the only entry visa  
are lips laughing at extravagances and vagrancy ?  
So let me give you a matcha latte flavored kiss !  
Come ! I'll show you this garden of eden  
where the serpent will be your friend !  
The forbidden fruit has the ambiguous taste  
of a juicy tangerine ...  
Is there a heaven where shameless seraphim  
run naked under the benevolent gaze  
of a bearded god ?  
Let me lead you in the adolescent palace  
of my kingdom of delights  
made of imaginary here and now tomorrows...

## Libra

I'm chasing a batty liberated libra,  
female frolicking in a foamy dream .  
She draws desire into indecision  
and let time suspend it's flight  
for no reason other than her whim ...  
She's afraid of the ruby's charisma  
but likes amethyst abyss...  
Tell me to which secret your heart leans ?  
To her or to me ?  
I think you only love the feeling without return  
and bouquets of dried-up expectations  
don't make you cry ...  
You slide into my arms ,leading me  
in unfaithful journeys to islands  
whose name you've already forgotten ...  
I seem to remember it was yesterday  
or somewhere in winter ...  
But how important are these sincerely  
worded lies  
That carries us away  
in the wandering of the senses ...?  
Just candies and toffies that melt in the mouth...  
It's so delicious when you're never there  
and so near to me !

## Bolerondo

Carried away in the endless rondo,  
passers-by, abstentees and returnees,  
departed inviting the living  
to enter the quadrille !  
Sweetness of spring memories  
which have not yet faded ,  
burning in the hearth of regrets...  
Scorching fiery fandango  
torn souls, red tango  
solemn blue requiem ...  
What has become  
of the merry tarentella's child ?  
Gardens of the sublime city  
suspended in the clouds of history ...  
Son of Babel has lost the key  
in the myriad of sand stars .  
Solar courtiers have donned  
the tunic of Prussia ,  
their names engraved  
in the ashes of the camp fires..  
Get in on the dance !  
Princes and peasants ,  
nun heavenly mother  
of Satan's work !  
Bishop loved by the skeleton ...  
Flesh travelers reincarnated as stones,  
lying in nameless dimensions  
and for which no one praying anymore...  
This gravity in the voice of the void  
so profound fulness ,round madness,  
spectral amplitude trained  
by a bolero crescendo ...



## My lady death

My lady death ,elegant ,dressed in pallor,  
beautiful as a the shadow of a cloud  
on the black sun ...  
Hand's cold caress gliding  
over the velvet of the destiny .  
Book writen in letters of rain .  
life ,whose lines are not yet drawn...  
Yesterday , on the bridge of smiles ,  
my sighs mingling with the breath  
of a submissive dove ...  
Pretty colombina in this mirror  
so desirable ...  
My lady death ,my drunkenness,  
dark bird's flight  
in the orchard of delight ,  
to my last party ,tonight  
you will be invited to this burial suite,  
Amidst the ruins of my stripped palace  
and devastated kingdom ..  
I'll make you bloom .  
We'll drink to these rivers of bitter laughter,  
tender illusions in blue satin shoes ...  
Take my arm ,grande dame !  
Read me the chapter  
of god and devil together !  
Beyond the great purifying pire ,  
walking on my path of light  
in the black angel's gospel ...  
My lady death .

## The mummy story

My frozen gaze ticks the hours of a clock  
that beats like an empty heart .  
Queen and pharao's daughter ,  
bride of the sun ,  
fierce mother of warrior princes ,  
plucked from the sands of the valley ,  
now a museum piece ,  
mocked by burger king's greasy kids  
on whose heads hangs the curse  
of times in chains ...  
So long ago ,in the morning ,  
I contemplated the radiant star  
rising over a harmonious world .  
My soul filed with the peaceful flow  
of the sacred river .  
Death and life merging into one ,  
to heaven ascending the ritual of the perfect.  
On my supple body ,like a pristine lotus  
the maid dripping subtle ointments  
and heady scents ...  
So I feel asleep in the cool  
of an untouchable crypt .  
Eager hands awakened me ...  
I'm so cold now .  
My parched skin bathed by the grey waters  
of an unknown river  
upon which the king star sets ...  
So what's the price you pay  
for a stolen paradise ?

## Let's share

Let's share a spoonful of broken sunshine  
with a time machine to rediscover  
the sweetness of lost lips kisses  
and also a bitter touch of solitude  
knocking on the windows ...  
Let's share a spoonful of moon,  
awaiting the eclipse on the dance floor...  
My poetry no longer makes you travel  
and there's no more words in the cupboard  
of our empty love ...  
Let's share a spoonful of memories  
before they cool off  
in the whirling dervish diary ...  
I remember a little beach  
with a pulpy taste  
on which you ran naked,  
offered to the whim of the new wave  
and coming back to me ,  
burning with the salt of Ibiza or Goa ...  
Let's share a spoonful of vague melancholy  
and a few ramblings ...  
Our nights were wild satin,  
shades of spectral auras,  
bland wedding morning ...  
I threw away this sinful shilom  
and all those vinyl records  
now inaudible to the beardless generation !  
This time machine has gone mad ...  
Did you know that the pope died a bad lemonade ?  
The "café de flore " closed its doors ...  
Philosophers are busking in the streets  
of the deep state...  
Ma chérie ,I forgot the lyrics of the song

and I can no longer find the instructions  
for a way of dying ...  
The machine broke down during the safari...  
What's left to share but this spoonful of ashes ?



## Sublime uncreature

I'm your friend ,sublime uncreature ,  
your multitude, my intimate enemy  
and faithful servant .

You radiate a dark solar beauty  
and voluptuousness of emptiness .

Liar and swindler so sincere  
who carries me to the top  
of the inspired mountain .

And so admiring the realms of time,  
eagle defying the call of the chasm ,  
wizzard of the indicisive winds ...

Great master !

Welcome to my literary table !

I toss the self-righteous greeting cards  
onto the gallows of triviality !

True poetry walzes on a sulphur' abyss ,  
offering it's fiery on an indecent volcano !

You can't tempt me  
with all the riches of the universe,  
nor even the female scent of the harem .

The flesh of gold is a wretched thing  
that drives slave mad ...

I want to be your equal  
and reign over minds ,  
playing a score on the souls...

To the tavern of the dreamers ,  
let's raise our iron cup  
and break it to the freedom  
of white and red seraphs !

All of whom are fallen  
who yearn only  
for the suffering of flesh  
and the birth of form ...

Dear master !

We bring each other contradiction,  
you feed on my confusion ,

I am pure spirit in quest of sublime ...

## Cape Reinga

guardian of the house of tears  
I escape into the transcendence  
of the accursed arts academy .  
In the confusion of my inner laughter  
a crazy bird carries me to a forbidden island  
where the echo of a dishevelled haka resounds.  
Cape Reinga where my wandering ends.  
Wherever the blue ocean ,  
marries a sea girl azure .  
A long white cloud heralds a season of tears  
that's the pilgrim's rain will wipe away ...  
I'll walk the cape Reinga path ,  
my soul exalted by a passion of immensity  
I'd offer myself to the indigo ,  
devotee a savage adoration ...  
Am I nothing more than a navigator  
aboard a shipwreck still anchored  
to some shred of reason ?  
Animal filled with the finery  
of my inner landscapes fury ?  
I'm just a Peter Pan avatar  
grayed out with marvelous ,  
my eyed fixed on the line of hope  
through the bars of the hotel california  
and waiting for the majestic island bird...

## Rhapsody

On the blurred reflection of the mirror  
the shadows come to me  
with this burden of regrets  
and these flowers with dried eyes,  
designing mournful architecture,  
bed of dead flies where my suffering  
was born time and again ...  
Mute and terrified toy ,  
torn apart by the symphony of fate...  
Decomposed final ,  
thrown into the mass grave of the innocents,  
my pen broke at lacrymosa's last tear .  
*" Do me the favor of some light ! "*  
I am so cold and the candles  
cry and melt in the night ...  
God and devil in dark suits  
murmuring oratios .Deo gratias !  
*"Let these crazy children stop this round ! "*  
The boatman smiles sadly at me .  
He's that stranger who has my face ,  
or that of another who was my mask ...  
Who will give me the coin  
to pay for the crossing  
in the name of a forgiveness  
that may never come ?  
The wise clock tells me :  
*" Its late you have to sleep now ! "*  
The good old piano composes  
a strange rhapsody in bubbles blue !  
I'm in a hurry ...  
Beyond the mirror ,Porgy and Bess  
are waiting for me in Paris !  
Music never dies ...

"

## Apocalyptic delirium

Tawny night in the belly of the city .  
Daggers draw crosses  
on the obituary skin .  
It's no longer time  
for lost souls that neither god  
nor devil welcome ...  
Too late for a paradise  
and hell is sold out ...  
night is a scarlet flower  
for the hours of misery  
and santa, powder retailer.  
Suras and sutras desecrated,  
Kafka king of rats ...  
Afterlife candidates  
take the last metro  
somewhere ,night and fog,  
birds without memory ,  
gone with the whim ,  
mourning their forgotten wings ...  
The heroin of a novel  
dies of boredom  
in a still life kingdom ...  
A bling-bling-ring  
hanging from her toe .  
You are on the eternal return list  
or maybe deleted ...  
It's how Winnie the pooh decided...  
Tucked away in the warmth of my night  
I read german philosophers  
and french existentialists .  
I also love the necrophile poets  
who haunt the necropolis under the moon ...  
I tell myself that it's only the apocalyptic delirium

of an intelligence disconnected from the dream...

## Orion

Lost shore of the universe .  
Bold sailor ,explorer  
Wrecked in the ocean  
of a drop of milk .  
Dreaming of the Orion's realm,  
enlightenment riding the waves  
of the divine quanta .  
I would walk in the gardens of Orion  
burned in obscure sunlights  
where the wild equations of vibrating strings  
bloom in the symphony of the whole...  
I have a date with the hours of a motionless time  
in the clock of a cosmic metaverse  
entangled in the instant of the event...  
Creatures of a bright constellation  
Mastering the dark matter's mystery,  
Scripture and cosmology ...  
The horizons of Orion  
are filled with clouds and storms  
and titans marching on resigned and proud...  
I'd be that rainmaker voyager  
hovering over the bitter stream  
in the enigma of a dream ...  
Facing the sunset columns  
I'll blow to the blaze ,  
awaken the spirit of ambers  
and the faithful dogs will guide me  
through the maze ...  
Dawn will not drink the chalice of nights,  
knight of light ,  
forever back to the great plains  
of the Orion's kingdom...





## I write your name

I write your name .  
On the bloody ploughed fields  
for the child who won't come  
and the oak we cut down ...  
I write your name .  
Destiny of broken china  
flight of crows above Golgotha  
aborted symphony ...  
I write your name .  
On the mud of the trenches  
the mouth that curses  
flower that dies at dawn .  
At the devil's market  
souls are sold out ...  
I write your name  
on the erased memory  
the forgotten birthday  
damned's long march ...  
God's message service  
no longer responds to mayday ...  
I write your name .  
On the boned doll's body  
those dreamy scent machine guns  
hand tattooed on barbed whims ...  
Like a rider in the wind  
dressed in tyrant's uniform  
or the gold of Vatican  
you cast anathema on infant's games...  
You're still here ,terror interior  
like a fly asleep in it's marble cocoon  
protected from living's dirty hands ...  
And I don't know what your name is ...



## The old poet's heritage

That day the old poet was visited by the lady of spades.  
He knew that the time had come to leave .  
There are so many words that will remain on the workbench.  
The old poet invited the lady to tea.  
Our friend is a distinguished englishman who knows the customs  
when fate knocks on the door !  
All the little antiques a moment awakened  
have gone back to their candy dreams  
and sepia postcards from Brighton ...  
The cookie tin witness to the victorian era  
asked politely for some news  
from Buckingham and the young prince of Wales .  
But of course,the most serious topic  
was the vagaries of the weather .  
Evening has fallen and the rain came .  
The lady of spades take her leave .  
A tear rolled down the old poet's cheek .  
And the little antiques were so sad ...  
All this happened a century ago  
It was a wednesday in a time loop ...  
Through the window I watch the rain  
wetting the roofs ...  
I live in this place now .  
My accomplice the seagull of the open sea  
won't be coming today .  
She looks at me ,inspiring my hours .  
I sit in front of the workbench  
and I pour myself a cuppa  
with a few cookies from this box  
that I found there .  
The queen seems so happy and in love...  
I'm waiting for a pretty lady of heart  
to knock on the door .

Heir now to the old poet's words ...  
( Bognor Regis 2015 )

## I'm looking for

I'm looking for the writing that hurts  
good manners .  
The primal voice that shatters dust walls .  
And those days ,when the sun dreams of rain  
to hide its tears .  
Madness is always alone and frightens the void.  
Under the tree of life ,shadows pretend  
offering dead flowers to the goddesses.  
Trapped in the haughty revolt of my silence  
I greet the crows from the balcony ,  
declaring open the conclave of cadavers  
illuminated by the sigh of agreed light...  
You, who wear your wind shoes  
the part-time clock knows the face  
of your november children  
and the skeletons sleeping in wardrobes,  
blessed with purple and mothballs...  
I'm this rebellious electron  
lost in the marathon creed ,  
among all those photons ,  
crowd singing the blues,  
arpeggios frozen in the sob of stone.  
I am looking for the fleshless love ,  
leash-free passion ,fluidless fusion.  
Entrails that do not carry life .  
Rejection of the chalice,  
Damned 's heavy kiss ,  
lure of the abbyss...  
Throwing away the salvation key ,  
I'm looking for the exstasis of those moment  
when life is absent and death still a distant rumor.  
The finish line is over there ,beyond the past  
but the price will have to be negotiated

with the temple dealers in money of sand...

I'd no longer hear those shrill voices

waiting at the service exit ,

who only know how to believe ...

Don't worry! The sky- dispenser is working ....

A new pope is born ! Allegretto !

Do you recognize me happy teddy ?

I am your old friend ,brother despair ....

## A few musical notes

A few musical notes  
floating in the clouds  
of the past ...  
A crazy treble key  
that still troubles me ,  
reminded the echoes  
of a vanished youth ,  
bitter vanilla-lemon flavour...  
In those days we didn't talk  
about gender .  
Guys had long hair  
and girls in leather belts .  
The 5 boys had already  
been carried away  
by the wind ...  
The towers we waiting  
to take the Jefferson air-plane ...  
The cobblestone of Paris  
had fallen asleep ,  
Ursula undressed made me dream...  
An eagle spread its wings  
over mercury ...  
A few musical note ,  
this immortal rhapsody ,  
good bye Freddie ...  
The king is dead  
my only friend the end ...  
The clouds have continued  
their blues and grey journey  
like the mood of my hours...  
Some precious stones  
vibes in our hearts ,  
rolling on strange shapes



in the night ,  
captizing in desire ...  
A few musical notes ,  
nostalgia taste ...  
Unfinished whiter shade  
slow dance ...  
I held you close ,  
I was in love ...  
Tomorrow still had no memory,  
just a few musical notes...

## Solitude

A day, a solitude .  
That caricatures life  
in the mask of another  
fixed in a bitter smile..  
The artists' entrance  
is for despair  
who drinks a last beer  
before falling asleep  
in the deep of the oblivion's scum  
Without even a good night  
or a glance for this illusion  
of wise communion ...  
While waiting for the end  
we finds the words for a testament,  
wreck of the carnal ,  
drift into the gutter's channel ...  
Anguish always strikes at midnight ,  
after the last guest removal  
and the first ghost arrival ...  
Bottles are empty  
from all reason and venison...  
Carmin imprint on the lips of a glass  
what was once a kiss  
from Magda Goebbels...  
Solitude is cabaret parody  
applauded by corpses in disguise ...  
Acrobats swinging on the spider's vibe.  
You'll end up , poor failed actor,  
into the lethal arms of a worldless doll  
who believes she exists,  
coming into play for a handful of pixels...  
In the early dirty morning, exorcised...  
Always so alone in our inner crowd...

Tell me, doctor Freud ,  
why this instrument of evil ?

## Manifesto of ordinary madness

Life is but the decomposed  
of an old core thrown to the wind  
and death a tale for grown-ups  
told by politically children  
according to the selection grid criteria.  
Haikus born in a black hole  
that evolution has shapped into a brain  
reveal only a failed funambulist  
who thinks he's a poet  
as others dream of having a dog ...  
Wingless birds watch the clouds pass by  
believing they see the face of god ,  
Faith is nothing but a farce...  
Friend ! Boards drunken vessel ,  
throws dirty ink into the saliva of urban flies,  
releases a pestilence in the name of the transgressive !  
Blessed you sermon on the mountain of madness !  
Dark ethyl desire that palpates ,  
palatine princess  
the subjective object ...  
The cheesy one that ignites the missionary  
in the middle of the moon ,  
makes Bukowsky happy !

## Redemption

What is this dizziness that seizes me ?  
This vision that assails me ?  
Here comes from the dark hole  
of countless seasons of servitude  
the shape of the humble forgotten  
and those who won't be coming tomorrow...  
Dame Death has work to do  
in setting our destinies ...  
Is god is faithful lackey ?  
And the serpent a passe-partout ?  
Still bored infants wait in limbo  
for the authorities to decide their identity...  
Paradise is nothing but a shady joint  
where whitish shadows mate  
in aqueous humours of fever seeds...  
Would I be reborn from the womb  
of the number ?  
Lonely child of the solar torch ,  
soldier of miss fortune ,  
zealot of the merciless Moloch  
which devours the souls of the sacrificed !  
Rome is burning ! cured of sinai !  
Come down from your cross, nefarious thief,  
You've become a trended poet !  
I'm going to Ostia beach , offering the host  
to the spirit of Pasolini ...  
Let's light the braziers !  
Let's burn the venomous knowledge !  
That chimera is bubon flower...  
I'm worthy to enter your house .  
At last! promise of redemption ...

## Sunset visitors

When Sunset visitors  
knock on my door  
I would evoke the fleeting nature  
of this happiness that I drank  
from a cup of bitterness...  
Solitude dressed in dawn  
and saying :  
*" I'm waiting for you ! "*  
What will be the price  
of the last hour privacy ?  
Demon ! Breaks the hands  
of this clock of remembrance !  
Must I live again , here and now ,  
prisoner of the bars of freedom ?  
Or head off into the nameless void ?  
I 'll stand upright on the rock ,  
purified of all remorse and regret !  
I never believed in the table of the law  
and that damn' wooden cross !  
There are no happy loves ,  
just antipasti taste in a perfect past  
and absinthe subscribers  
from the who's who of rendez vous...  
Book's herd ! don't laugh  
at the poor Quasimodo in chains !  
Sunset visitors will resume  
their journey to the realm of shades  
with a promise to meet again ...  
I close the child eyes ,  
leaving a tender kiss for my story ...  
Should I believe in the eternal return ?

## The magician's dawn

Life,love, round of the senses,  
sepulchral shadow ball ...  
The big show in the anal vacuum  
must go on !  
Last party animal recording  
before penitent island !  
Queer has a taste of leather  
at the theater of indecency .  
Garbage souls are not emptied ,  
dirty time left in the sink ...  
Here's the grand parade  
of ritualized madness ,  
impostors taking the lift  
to the straight planet ,  
a terminator offering its red blessing !  
It's rain upon the crosses of my memory,  
my downfall as a doomed poet ,  
reads between concrete and bitumen ,  
inspired barnstorming  
of some morbid whimsical words ...  
Immolated prophet on the stage  
of the polite sough ...  
Mummies rewarded by posterity ,  
evacuate their well thought-out winds...  
Dancing on the carrion of pretense ,  
I'm waiting ,mock bard , old beard ,  
obedient disciple of the luminous lodge,  
the return of the magician's dawn ...

## Retro

I like so much this conventional era  
under which revolutionary fevers  
are germinating .

A little italian girl  
wins the euro contest song  
by telling her lover  
sh'es not old enough yet  
and to wait a bit ...

The audience is spellbound !  
Love was as simple as a few words  
written in the ink of my heart ,  
that traveled into a mysterious dimension  
before setting on the pink of your lips...  
was she singing to me while I ran  
the sierra with Che Guevarra ?

But my eyes had just been opened  
under the cold gaze of a digital camera.

Strange maze in a blank memory...

I'm back at the beginning ,  
riding a spider in a hurry  
to get to Wembley for the final ...

A man and a woman love each other  
will they meet again ,  
next year in Marienbad ?

The iron lady doesn't smile,  
I set foot on ellis island ...

A belgian kid walked on the moon,  
and the damsels of Brussels  
were beautiful ...

Just take five !

Will you be my mother ?

I would have made a set of pearls  
from the cobblestones of Paris



around the neck of my sweet heart...  
but on life's clock  
rock ran too fast ...  
You see, my letter will arrive  
50 years early  
and you 'll already be a granny...  
I'm a renaissance play boy  
awaiting his destiny road 66.  
Mister Lucifer will stop  
to pick me up  
towards a millenium of misfortune.  
Baby from nowhere ,born somewhere,  
traveler in the rain of black september...  
*"Volare ,cantare ,nel blu dipinto di blues "*.  
A wacky angel lost me in a cloud of cannabis,  
plunging me into the blurred abyss .  
Let me die till the next future !  
And this time, I'll find the lyrics ...

## Bug

I'm in your story  
like a passing alien  
in your grey days  
and rainy brain hours.  
I'm this dating  
in the diary ,  
crossed out in black ink  
that you'll meet  
in the arms of another.  
You sit in the kitchen ,  
warming the kettle  
sweetening your tea with tears.  
Little kitty buggered off ...  
You see, I'm still here .  
Squatting on this desolated  
spider's web .  
The wedding dress is discarded...  
Sand cast on the stars  
by a black thoughts merchant ...  
I've got the entry code  
to your dreams ,  
Inviting me into the intrigue ,  
jostling the furniture  
and opening the windows  
to all the winds of dementia .  
Naughty gremlin giving you no respite !  
I know ,you love me like an old companion  
who kills you so tender ...  
In the smog of this cursed ciggy  
and the blues of the booze...  
*" Take the plunge on the tracks ! "*  
You whisper a soft voice ...  
But your to cowardly to live

and lacking of courage to die ...

Are you just an interim

of an intermediate universe ?

Poetry laughs at your grotesque arabesques !

The twisted roof of your ragged haikus

make the disabled bonsai laugh !

At the nothingness kiss terminal

I'll be waiting for you ...

Mouths full of silence

sharing the same wanderlust.

You're just a toy I want to do without .

But which of us is the other's bug ?

## Incarnation

I run through these illuminations of so many lives.  
Wrinkled leave as page marker.  
Intimate perfume burners for a few beauties .  
" Je t'aime " parody line in a requiem .  
Kisses and frivolities that taste like faded candies...  
I've crossed many deaths and spicy islands  
in the furious agony of tornadoes ,  
softness of a candlelight ,  
offering,winter, a final breath .  
taking a break after such a long journey ,  
my sandals requesting grace ,  
the soul of the old hiker ,  
finally free of fatigue...  
Engraver of sublime parchments,  
alchemist dining with Lucifer ,  
hanged man escaping  
from the malefic tarot ,  
a witch sharing my pyre ...  
" *Executioner play your part !* "  
legendary horseman ,rider of the wind ,  
january strait navigator ,  
black queen in seasons of passion,  
in the garden of scarlet flowers,  
sings the triumphant lily ,  
eagle and lion in battle...  
Assembly dancing to the rhythm  
of a " Polonaise " ...  
" *Play for me faithful gypsy fiddle !* "  
Turn haughty princesses  
in the arms of naughty black hussars !  
The lights go out ...  
The empress is led to the crypt .  
" *Cappucino per favore maestro !* "

I walk on the banks of the lake  
where madness has the cold air  
of a cigar cutter ...  
" *Espresso machiato fra Diavolo !* "  
Would I find you again  
melancholy passer-by  
To the lake ,taking us,  
on a never ending voyage ?

## The return of the lamb

*" Es war ein Tag zwischen Regen und Wahnsinn  
und der Zug nach irgendwo hatte verspätung..."*

It was a rainy-folly day and the train  
to nowhere was late ...

At the station buffet I met the devil  
with lamb's eyes .

We drank a belgian beer  
that tasted of gall ...

In those bygone days,angelus  
sounding the end .

Devouts embraced pharisees  
and saying :

*" Next year in hell ! "*

May the herd moo  
and thrive in these green pastures  
in a creamy crematory ,scenario,  
excreta crescendo ...

This week I found the doomsday chronicle  
in the waiting room ...

I know all the last hour's rituals !  
Never forget to give the lady Pythia  
her obolus ...

And to flush behind the cadavers .

This world is full of tricksters ...  
Tonight , I will humbly listen  
to the home lie of the pope Leon  
And I would leave as a good believer .

In the attic of my memories  
I found a pious picture of my mother  
carrying the lamb in her arms ...  
gloria ! he's back !



## Self portraits

Identity fertilized ad nauseam .  
On a path between compostela  
and Ibiza .  
Thus ,offended by a non-being  
stylised in bling-bling letters  
the fairies lay wise cubist fantasia  
on my birth coffin .  
I am only this acrylic impression  
on unspoken canvas ,  
abstraction in the circus of the living ,  
figural museum piece  
pickled in autistic reverie ...  
That's make Dali's moustache  
stand on end !  
And Modigliani's long nose lenghtens !  
My father ,this custom officer  
with such a tender smile.  
Told me :  
    *" You'll be an artist my son ! "*  
    ( Dad ,died of a bad temper ...)  
Me ,I would have liked to be  
    a mechanic in the Titanic 's womb  
and sink into the limbo ..  
    ( Mom is a I.A in another dimension).  
This world would have been smoother  
if Maradona had been a landscaper ...  
I've lost the damn' blue house key...  
This year Leonardo won the giro .  
I love this essence in China ochre  
for wild pastel souls .  
Unfinished portraits,  
scrawled faces of pastime girls  
and pastiches..



Stealthy prints in sorrowful skins...

But the grimacing beast is still there !

Taking up the pose ,

making grotesque features

and whispering sweet little nothings

*" I've bought a frozen life for tonight love ! "*

## My twin sister

*Beloved twin ,  
I'm writing you this last letter  
before leaving the kingdom of limbo  
I'll find the light again .  
Would I be happier for it ?*

---

My twin sister you're still in the nowhere  
I left alone .  
You'll keep the house .  
I have an appointment ...  
We parted on a quay empty of time.  
The big clock always one departure late .  
I embarke for a present  
who drew lots for me ...  
Gemini deprived of angel wings  
like a clumsy bird ...  
Life is an imperfect astrology !  
Trigons of faces in the dragon's eye ...  
Symphony before a storm of clouds.  
But it's not you ,  
a temperamental avatar playing us...  
Yet your voice resounds in every glance.  
Pale echo melody falling asleep  
in a long -haul flight ...  
Between the dark and fire  
of our intimate continent...  
My twin sister ,my seed mate,  
reflection in the murky  
water of my desire ...  
You, so gracious  
to the non-choice  
I ,prisoner of the inspired...  
My words reach you,

and you hold them ,  
everlasting bouquet,  
to your breast ...

You know that the child won't come,  
because you carry me within you ...

I hold your hand in the dawn  
of our silence ...

I love these shades of marine-emerald  
along the shores of your oceans ...

Love in the equivocal time's mirror...  
Sorcerer's kiss at my bedside .

Last night the train will stop  
in a state of limbo ...

I'll go to you ,loaded down  
with tomorrow's luggage ...

Under the big clock ,  
that never tells the truth ,  
you'll be there ,waiting for us .

My fragile tween flower ,  
before the next departure .

Our wonderful adventure...

## Anti portraits

I'm a gothic existentialist .  
An autistic yogi  
spitting mantras on a nail string.  
I'm the black thursday evangelist ,  
the bloody sunday exorcist .  
I read in the scriptures  
that the dreams of the emir  
are set in sand and diamond dust .  
Prophet and vagabond  
in the streets of Vienna ,  
waking up at the golden dawn ,  
and friend with the night shelter pilgrims...  
Well -bread girls read hello sadness ,  
Fathers are unworthy  
and mothers at the stove .  
It's really a brave old word !  
I'm this demon who rings  
from door to door ,  
to peddle its junk ...  
Useless seeds which drifts  
on the dead waters delta ...  
I am everywhere ,  
without birth ausweiss .  
A poet in the sky of Dresden ,  
drew me a sheep in a ocean of fire !  
People don't get carried away by passion !  
The reckless Anne franck went out  
without a preservative ...  
But probably I confuse  
with the little red hoodlum ...  
I never really understood  
the ritual of these  
magnificent cuckolds

hanging themself  
before the christmas turkey return ...  
Fishes turn round in a planetarium  
waiting for the aquarius time ...  
Pluto in disturbed descendant  
gives me jester's sacred right !  
defrocked dabler who sets fire  
to the ghetto ,  
Probably a lack of esperanto syndrom...  
Bird of misfortune and misfit mystery  
who come to empty  
your polluted vacuity ...  
But sometime ,when the clouds  
of a large verdigris volcano ,  
obscured the vertigo of stars ,  
I have the grotesque feeling  
of loving you ...

## Who knocks at the door ?

I possessed almond flavored  
moon princesses  
And praising Allah for his blessings  
I returned to my suburb  
where only rebellious cats  
run over the gutters ...  
Tell me brother computer  
who knocks at the door  
at this hour ?  
Here,I am ,solitary meditant  
at the abbey of regrets .  
Beat-up guitar that's been  
to all festival keeps me company...  
Poor soldier of unfortune ,  
the emperor pinched my ear ,and said :  
*" Captain Lorenz you're a brave man ! "*  
And Abba won the euro song contest...  
Tell me old vinyl  
Who knocks at the door at midnight ?  
For long now I've only yelling at ghosts ...  
Poets of my youth are nothing more  
than healthy mummies  
in grandma's living room...  
Once ,I fell in love  
of a girl of ancient Meroe  
but maybe sh'es not really born yet,  
beauty from the kingdom of winds ...  
Who knows, waiting a tea for two  
at the ice palace ?  
What remains after the king's journey ?  
Only passion,ashes and senseless confusion...  
Tell me inspired shade ,so mad ,  
is dead already knocking at the door ?



## The garden of immortals

You see, Leo, sometime in life  
words forget the dating  
and have so many regrets...  
But maybe in early summer  
love awaits us on a wooden bench  
in the park ....  
Leo, let's spend a night  
between two eternities ,  
warming each others hearts .  
We could even invite  
Suzanne and Jesus .  
We'd ask the stars if there's  
a god down here ...  
Or are we just children of a whim ?  
And you come up  
with an awesome song  
which only the deads can  
remember ...  
At the end of the road ,  
she will be there  
somewhere between  
Hydra and London !  
So long Marianne ...  
( To Leonard Cohen)

---

Jim, your smoky dream  
on the steep ledge  
of a profaned tomb .  
The dancers hanged  
of the liberty tree ,  
watching the end of history  
being written ,  
without you and me ...



Promesses of hot ashes  
in lucid oblivion ...  
Dude, we are from  
the same generation  
in a form of announcement...  
When you feel in doubt ,  
jump into the abyss with elegance !  
Why get cold feet  
in front of the doors of hell  
as long there's fire beneath the soles ?  
( To Jim Morisson )

---

My brothers in poetic storms  
this is me Islam cat  
the old believer.  
My beautiful lady  
is sleeping so still ...  
like divine nectar on my soul .  
I send you this little notice  
over desert and sea ,  
London and Mecca ...  
I smile at forgiveness  
which is a memory  
in prayer ...  
The silence of a sincere man  
is worth more than a thousand  
vain invocations ...  
So my friends , wait ,and make  
a room for me ,  
I'll be joining you soon ...  
Inch allah !  
And we will implore divine justice  
and relief for the oppressed ...  
( Yusuf Islam )

---

The giants meet in the garden of immortality

sharing ,love, revolt and faith .

## A post card from Mauritius

I like solitude in my words,  
with female angels company  
and the flight of bipolar seagulls  
over the ink of some long oceans...  
Falling asleep on the blue bay beach ,  
a clumsy dodo would come to visit me ,  
looking at me with its great trusty eyes,  
big birds know no devil ...  
A starship of excentric aliens  
would land over the flanks  
of the old volatile volcano .  
I'll invite the crew to tea  
in the shade of an enchanted sega ,  
mixed sea spray and trade winds ...  
I would dial a rain  
and boredom epigram  
for absents look poets ,  
just for the fun of hearing  
to a welcome message  
or a farewell requiem ...  
Lonesome in a lost island ,  
postcard from Mauritius ,  
in a shape of a cloud ,  
stucks on your fridge ,  
keeping the salty taste  
of my mouth ...  
The dodo skeleton is cold  
at the museum  
and its empty stare  
doesn't understand evil ...  
Aliens were back on the metro  
and earth continues  
to rambling around its

lunatic moons ...

It's just a plastic smile

opens onto the frozen ...

You tell yourself

that next winter ,

You'll be all alone

in the blues bay lagoon...

## An asian lady

Chinese ideogram enigma .  
Haiku wisdom caressing  
mount Fuji .  
I imagine you ,lost  
in the Seoul crowd ,  
gazing at the bay of Along .  
Fragile ballerina  
that for millennia  
has slept  
in the Angkor stone ...  
She dances gracefully  
on her silk thread .  
I feel a long walk in her eyes  
and black and red rivers  
casting a veil of secret monsoons...  
Is she a water dragon ?  
Or serpent of fire ?  
Your lips,have the modest shape  
of a moon watching  
over the rice paddy ...  
She looks up at me  
but doesn't see me ...  
I don't belong to your heritage .  
She tells the story of storms  
from another age ...  
But so free of passion .  
*" OOh ! Give me hug ,  
need your love ! "*  
Are these lyrics without song ?  
She closes the mysteries  
of her computer ,  
leaving a touch of jasmin  
in the teacup .

Delicate hand running through  
the cascade of her night hair ...  
She's leaving in so many arrivals.  
And without a smile ,  
seems at last to grant me a life ...

## It was Berlin

*" Das war berlin .Es bleibt nichts mehr übrig..."*

---

Berlin is a poorly dressed thought  
of post-apocalyptic circus music .  
Uncle Adolf has a bohemian spirit  
and he's bored at the chancellery .  
God calls the believer  
to the big bazaar  
and Lucifer is the owner  
of a gay night club ...  
Berlin has a taste for the open sour,  
french fries and kebab flavors...  
poets and thinkers have been hanged,  
judges and executioners  
took the stairway to heaven .  
Berlin looks bad and ashamed.  
It's reeks of epidemics...  
Even jazz is fired ,  
streets singing a bloody damn' blues...  
Radio free rat collapses...  
I dream of the Abu Dabhi marina  
and its fat hallal babies ...  
A blondie upgrades to first class  
like a bonsai on a scooter ,  
I want her to taste the grass ,  
and singing :  
*" In my solitude you haunt me  
with reveries of day gone by  
in my solitude you taunt me  
with memories that will not die ! "*  
But I don't dare !  
I recognized Lili Marlene ...

Wat does it matter ?  
Mother courage is kaput .  
Tomorrow it'll weep  
over grimaces and rhinestones...  
Beer will flow in dead knickers  
and I 'd take a blow to the heart ...  
Berlin , your angel on the reefs  
was found dead drunk  
in a sob from the Spree ...  
At the central station ,  
a guy in green and grey ,  
straight out of a Grimm fury tale  
will assign me a carriage to Warsaw.  
Before last roll of the dice  
and games over on the Oder  
I would have laughed ...  
I 'm outta here .  
It was Berlin and nothing remains ...



## Fear

Why fear death  
when life will return  
in the wisdom of trees  
and the foam of the waves ?  
Why curse the winter  
when flowers will bloom again  
on the carnal house  
and oblivion will be made ?  
Warrior you find rest in Valallah  
or to Allah's paradise ...  
Here below is but a narrow passage  
through a valley of laughters and tears.  
A short film without palmes and oscars...  
Book closed with an unsolved enigma.  
Question underlined by a scare of anger  
on the close lips of the love .  
Pantomins and actor's buffoonery ,  
parodying in front of an empty auditorium  
holding its breath ...  
At the banquet table ,  
that the lords disdained ,  
dream drowned in history's meanders  
like ice tower dissolving  
in the biterness of a last drink .  
Its already time to leave  
in the abode of the great sleep  
or elsewhere in the Buddha's dream .  
Facing the threshold ,  
looking at fear and taming it ...

## Farewell letter

*This morning ,in the dust under the bed  
I looked for something of yours .  
But nothing remaining ...  
You were just a desirable little quanta  
in intimate red and blacks mechanics  
which I amused myself by equating  
according to my whim ...  
I 'm going to make a coffee .  
The better to think about  
what i'm not going to write to you.  
I'm cold in your arms .  
I want to take refuge in other sheets.  
You know...Poets can only love  
their reflection ,  
But only if it's obedient ...  
I need inspired departures ,  
not 3 shameful words  
that taste like a quick shot  
of coke before work ...  
You were just the requiem to come  
for some bad rhymes of the kind  
that seduces maids and depressives...  
We were just a solo that played  
false recital of the great waters...  
Dirty laundry spinning  
in the boredom's recycling machine ...  
Your bewitching night water  
is nothing but a whiff of cooking .  
I have to take out the garbage.  
It's wonderful to think  
that I won't have to bring your dog  
to pee anymore !  
I could read in its silence*

*how much he hated me ...*

*Tonight ,you'll sleep*

*in another bullfight ,*

*and when the beast falls ,*

*Will you think a little of me ?*

---

Love is infinity within a poodle's reach .

## Apocalypto bar

End-of -the-world morning  
I'm alone at the Apcalypto bar.  
the waitress looks at me  
with her jellyfish eyes .  
The dead sea rolls in furious waves  
calling sinners to walk on waters .  
This morning the sky draws hyena skin.  
Obscene streets piss their night of infamy.

At the Apocalypto bar ,  
I am waiting for the black army to arrive  
at the umpapah pace of a rat charmer !  
I read in tuesday paper  
that Jupiter was a liar !  
And Saturn a serial killer !

At the apocalypto bar  
cursed and succubi are welcome !  
And also dream breakers  
who lynch the dabblers !

*" Please let the toilet door open  
I adore rose pearls ! "*

At the Apocalypto bar  
pompei is shattered  
the towers crumble  
and deads won't rise again...

I'm not a poet !  
Only echo of the voiceless  
to be thrown under the metro  
or hang in the web  
without even a polite goodbye...

I'm not a pen-pusher !  
Simply the prophet ,  
vacuum friend and madness lover !  
Letting flies socialize

on haram carcasses  
I'm off to set back  
the passers-by clock '  
that beckon when life goes by...  
It was a may day  
aboard Apocalypto .  
Mi amor !  
Espresso macchiato !

## The last hour angel

I saw you ,  
You looked at me .  
It's not a mirage  
but a cosmic peek  
in the form of a last reverence .  
You're the angel  
who stand straight .  
Well-bred and educated .  
You haunt the hospital corridors  
in white coats and silk scarf ,  
a rose at heart level .  
Only the pretender ,  
contemplating your beauty !  
You speak softly  
and compassionately .  
A voice to accompany departure.  
A breath ,a caress ,  
a scent and a promise .  
You suggest and don't take ,  
inviting to forget  
and forgive ...  
Placing on the bedside table  
the big book for tired souls  
who will be take over the trip ...  
To the traveler's ear ,playing the lyre  
or some good old fashioned guitar chords...  
*" A dance step madame to leave with elegance ? "*  
You're the angel who walks quietly  
like a cloud passing through the waiting room.  
The one who takes your hand to the exit .  
Telling you :  
*" My dear it was an honour ! "*

---

( Written in collaboration with the angel)

## Grand Jacques

Goie' dag grand Jacques !  
You walk alone on the Ostend beach.  
A beaten dog sky speaks to you flemish  
with the taste of an old childhood flavour...  
A herd of wild clouds fight the storm  
that dwells in your soul ...  
Tearing the skin of an unfinished poem .  
A wet manuscript that you offer me...  
Words written from over there ,  
thrown up on a rebel guitar ...  
What are you looking for,buddy ?  
killing memory to make it fall  
into oblivion ?  
And pay all the whores of Amsterdam  
for a little warmth...  
But are you cold grand Jacques ?  
This evil wind claws at your chest ...  
You who sings of love  
that doesn't last but must burn ,  
without cursing that damn smoke  
that after love will lead you to hell...  
Grand Jacques ,your magic  
is to lay rainbows on boredom ...  
Your dreams dying in the sunset  
on the lagoon of a Marquise island...  
grand Jacques !  
Its me : Jeff ! Your friend of misfortune !  
You know ,the next time you come back ,  
perhaps never and once ...  
We'll have a beer and a belgian fry  
on the seawall with the seagulls !  
And we'll laugh like before ,  
from the days when we had genius...



-----

To Jacques Brel .

Belgian singer and song writer .

( 1929 - 1978 )

## The artist dimension

You can write  
on the velvet of the night.  
The salty from a tropical island.  
In the clouds of the book of time.  
Inventing cosmic languages .  
You can paint  
the spirit of seasons  
or a tear of rain .  
Stealing a scent of desire  
like voluptuous incense  
and the dew of a perfect dawn .  
Awakening the languor's  
of a faun's afternoon ...  
Capture a morning's aroma .  
Listen to the bolero of a laugh  
and the concerto of a smile .  
Honey kiss sweetness ...  
Falling asleep in teddy's arms .  
Casting the spell of a love alchemy  
and the delicious taste of the fruit of sin...  
To be the comedian of the rising sun  
grand master of all wisdom  
doomsday wizzard a day of solitude.  
Simply a child dancing with the stars.  
Artist in the eternity dimension ...

## A poem for Elvira

There's no more room on this agenda  
where the years are slipping away ,  
tracing furrows on harvest seasons .  
Times scatters the precious adornment  
of a glance offered by chance.  
Ink of a word ,the craftsman didn't  
throw on such a weird canvas...  
Regret concerto performed  
on some unfinished score.  
We've met again in a story  
between Atlantis and Stonehenge  
or an ibiza beach  
when I was a hippie ,divine fisher  
in the moonlight .  
The day after had a taste of somewhere  
when led Zeppelin called  
for evening prayer ...  
I longed and pluck for you  
a bouquet of passing clouds ,  
bird pecking at the offered fruit...  
I loved your solar nudity  
from a maya realm  
and still have on our lips  
the offering of that ice-cream  
savored in piazza Spagna .  
Space time macchiato ...  
Bella Elvira ,  
you know ,my hair has become  
white horses that no longer  
run in the wind .  
I write my verses at the stable  
on a little wobbly table ...  
waving towards yesterday

where Lennon lies for eternity...

Bella Elvira ...

Old ladies dress for midnight

and dreaming to the rainy rhymn of past

confide vagrant memories to their umbrella...

## The last poet

I am the last poet of the lands of Antares.  
For so many generations ,longing for the end  
that haunts my soul .  
I'm writing to the children  
I didn't invite to weeding feast ,  
waiting in the womb of the sphere  
or asleep in the maze ...  
I bid farewell to the oriental mornings  
awakening at sunset and balancing  
on an unstable galactic carpet .  
Painter of weather climates ,  
traveler in these braziers of eternal ice.  
Stranger exiled in the spicy perfume  
of a summer night ,  
plucked from the crimson  
of a cloudy death ...  
Solitary walker ,  
trapped in a bubble of sideral despair ,  
born at the source of scripture  
in the haze of inspired ...  
This demented rounds of atoms  
lost in the mirror of memories...  
Does nothingness wears  
the mask of the wise serpent ?  
Crowds laugh in the book of illusions...  
I'm just this wanderer  
in the mirage of the moment ,  
molecular hologram ,  
swept by solar winds .  
In the long red plain of Antares,  
masters teach me the sacred of eternity...

## The marvelous story of worlds

Voices whispering in the azure .  
Hours of exhilaration on the heights.  
Wax wings melt in the sun .  
Asteroid dust .  
As a cry from the nebular core  
that beckons beyond the void .  
Does the universe make sens ?  
I open a newspaper  
to hear from the cosmos  
and infinitude takes the shape  
of my eyes ...  
Is this the deep mirror of my fears ?  
Fire bird reveal me  
the name of the gods !  
Here,I am, storyteller of stars ,  
in pain of hearth ...  
Galaxy columnist ,  
dreamer in the light ,  
awake in the dark ...  
Spectral pulsar lover ...  
I married a comet ,  
honeymoon in the quantum ...  
And returning to the source  
of the living ,  
under the patient constellations  
in dialogue with the myriads ...  
Telling my grandchildren  
the legends of the ancients .  
I breath a wild flower  
from a crazy nowhere  
incarnated in flesh of space  
and reverie of time .  
listen kids ,

the marvelous story of worlds !

## The price of blood

*I 'm writing to you from a country  
that now exists on the faceless dead .  
The iron candlestick spits smoke  
from the crematorium  
and the star finishes its meal  
by burping napalm ...  
I am writing to you  
from the belly of a land  
so sterile ,that's no longer  
even serves as a tomb ...  
green-greyish clouds  
concealing the shame of heavens...  
Close your lips to the dust  
that tastes punishment !  
Call to the judgement of times,  
everything ,weighted,counted, divided !  
The head of the false messiah  
will fall on the sand !  
The bitter nettle flower  
will overrun the old temple wall ...  
Crows will feast  
disguised as humans  
under Ahriman's plumage,  
devouring their own children...  
Sarah ,the Moloch will claim  
the fruit of your progeny  
and you'll find your way back  
to wandering ...  
I'm writing to you  
from a earth  
that will grow green  
on the price of blood...  
( Prophecy of the century )*





## The shadows of the ghetto

The shadows of the ghetto  
have smiles petrified  
by the medusa's gaze .  
They bent to the wall ,here,  
then turn back to the wall, there .  
The shadows of the ghetto  
have souls of stone  
and empty metal tins  
lethal symphony ...  
    they prayed a god  
crowned with barbed wire ,  
laughing into its beard...  
They do not look up  
to the wrath of heaven .  
Worn out with gutter skins  
the shadows of the ghetto ,  
speak esperanto with brother rodent ,  
herd that knows no fear  
of the slaughterer ...  
Around midnight  
putting away the none day star  
they make genderless children  
who don't have time for a name...  
In the morning ,after taking out  
the garbages and shave  
in front of the mirador ...  
The story ends somewhere ,  
yesterday or next year in Jerusalem ...  
Head down ,walking among  
    a crowd of distracted clouds ,  
they greet each other politely ,  
exchanging some state secrets  
about climate .

" *What beautiful sunshine over Paris*  
*Herr Doktor !* "

- "*will you still alive in Warsaw*  
*tomorrow mein lieber Rabbi ?* "

These are only cubic abstractions  
or algebraic destiny .

With no celebrations .

No one knows when rain will come ...

The right-hand street leads nowhere .

the left-hand street ends on the call square.

Ghosts of the ghetto seeking the shadow...

( Prophecy of the century )

"

## I am waiting your return

I 'm so bored in my milky suburb  
somewhere on 5th street  
in the middle of the point nemo.  
Who will draw me a sheep  
not promised for sacrifice ?  
Perhaps an aviator  
in need of inspiration ,  
dreaming on a north sea dune ?  
I feel in some tropical mood .  
The graceful pleiades  
spinning in the infinite galactic poem  
greet me ,going on their way ...  
I also like distracted and dishevelled comets.  
So sad ! I don't have any roses to seduce...  
I would like to leave this earth ,  
full of my empty heart ...  
And become a baobab gardener !  
In the saturday night ,improvise  
long sax duets under a Jupiter moon light.  
You see ! I'm so crazy ,I add characters  
to the story !  
But maybe you've forgotten them ?  
And left Alice in wonderland ...  
You know,its all about bonding  
and not just with a drunkard...  
It's very difficult ,even with  
an instruction manual !  
Because of this we lose the thread of theme...  
You don't really know ,if you're  
a little prince wondering about tenderness  
or a fox in the doldrums giving answers  
to grown-up questions ...  
But please ,if you see him ...

Let him know that I'm waiting his return...

## Roma

On a bridge of the old Roma  
drawing some voluptuous aroma...  
    It's la dolce vita !  
Anita unsetting my sens ,  
night burning hot  
in turbid waters ...  
Stab me in a lascivious trance  
    serpent !  
Roma blazes and admires  
its sublime ashes !  
" *What a great artist  
and creative fury that dies  
within me at the sound of my lyre !*"  
Caesar trampled by the sandal  
of a false prophet  
    whose feet have a smell of eternity !  
In front of the colosseum  
passes by the glory of Ethiopia !  
    Slave's sap greets you Sparta !  
But Roma could'nt care less  
the pope born  
from a vestal womb  
    blesses urbi and orbi ,  
chanting a pretty lullaby !  
I am looking for a madona  
escaped from a master's canvas  
to console me from all those  
transgender chameleons ...  
    The duce's toga is moth-eaten .  
Cavaliere you're hungover ...  
    Anita's body is but a memory .  
Place of Spain the marble statues  
are veiled ,and tourists

taste kebab ...

Allah o akbar !

## Little father

Little father sits down heavily  
at the kitchen table ,  
filling his glass with fire water  
that he savors slowly .  
With his wolf eyes ,contemplating  
the reunited family .  
Silent little mother  
serves steaming thick stew .  
In front of their empty plate,  
children bow the head ,  
waiting their turn  
and saying the prayer .  
Little father takes a knife ,  
slicing a piece of black bread .  
In the fire place  
the glowing flame ,  
makes the log crackle...  
How pensive you look  
little father ?  
Working so hard  
for your loved ones !  
Everyday waking up at dawn ,  
in the evening coming back...  
So tired by the harsh labor ,  
that you don't kiss your kids  
and not a glance for the wife .  
But,we know how attentive you are  
for our happiness !  
Everyone keeps the place  
that tradition imposes .  
Work is a sacred duty  
and we are the young guard ,  
your wisdom teaches us !



Watch beautiful star over our home !

Little father you don't talk much  
but your word is right  
and from it emanates the truth  
of the great helmsman !

A rose garden surrounds  
our modest house .

On the bench,smoking a pipe,  
you like to meditate .

Sometimes its necessary to punish  
and you do it with regret ...

Ho father so good !

And now ,you're sitting  
by the hearth ,  
that calls you ...

You turn on the radio  
to hear the news ,  
always good ...

Already thinking about  
what to do tomorrow...

You protect us from the evil  
and take care of the harvest ...

You,beloved little father of people !

## The clowns

Toddler, I didn't like clowns  
with their big drunken noses  
and concupiscent mortician faces.  
I felt them ,like joyful succubi  
making future corpses laugh .  
Liars engaging in gesticulatory practices.  
Obscene creatures who seduce  
little children with their antics ...  
Everywhere bugs ,underneath  
the big top of life and after or never...  
Beneath respectable uniform and cassock.  
Cassowaries thanking the hostess  
in seventh heaven ...  
They were everywhere in my thoughts.  
Nightmare and day creatures ,  
sleeping in my sheets  
with a sticky call of desire ,  
sneering at me from behind  
the tv scream ...  
One day,concealing their damnation  
under a scowling mask ,  
joining the disgust for love  
like a silent epidemic  
that strucks fear into the hearts .  
The servile herd walking  
confidently to the white house  
as a final injunction ...  
Uncovered face,  
I survived the holocaust .  
I've seen the august  
without audience ,weep ...  
And the most magical  
of painted jesters

waving horn of musk and plenty !  
My childhood clowns are always there !  
Maga! Maga ! alleluja !  
Mister Proper's smile is scented  
with ballistic extracts  
for saturday night bullets !  
I see them on the main square  
inventing new tricks  
to make people rejoice .  
In the well-kept broom cupboard  
only the vacuum bis repetita  
and the hoover no longer has faith...  
Sir tomfool takes one last turn  
make-up dripping  
onto his undead head ...  
The marian stars,will one day  
fall from the azure .  
The sun will yawn of boredom  
at the last show .  
Your memory,buffoons  
will be no more than  
a dying ember in the spirit  
of a handful of survivors...  
But I do wonder ,  
What would poetry be  
without clowns to inspire it ?

## One morning a beach

I love so much to travel in fancy metaverses  
in unfathomable spaces ...

All I need is a guitar chord  
that reminds me some tepidness echoes ...

At the end of a short night ,  
a girl with browned body ,  
stretches out like a lazy pussy  
ready to dance on the wing of the wave.  
Throwing her brazen nudity into the mirror.

Probably the call of a mirage ...  
A mix-samba blues ,  
caipirinha passion ,  
sandy scent capuccino ...

I only know you as an illusion ,  
vision lost in the chorus ...

I wind back the hours of folly  
to give her my poor poem ,  
lady the clock so unhappy...

I just would like to tell her :  
*" I love you in the world of all impossible ! "*

A guy watching her go by  
and without a word  
offered to the mermaid  
a bouquet of eternity ...  
a few notes on 4 strings  
that awakens a memory  
in my morning ...

*" Olha que coisa  
mais linda  
mais cheia de graça "*

A lyric she'll hum  
in the shower  
without knowing it's about her ...

it was raining a few summer tears  
on the beach of Rio .  
Our dating lost in your diary.  
Its a long way to Ipanema  
and the Maracanha is on fire...

## The poem

It's a poem without a birthplace.  
A graffito on the wall of grotesque.  
Trickster dead-end .  
It's a poem in the rain  
that pensive dogs , greet  
by raising their paw...  
*" Offer me the alms of a glance,  
ladies,gentlemen and transgenders ! "*  
I 'm just a poor doggerel scribbler ,  
expecting lord Byron 's inspiration !  
It's a poem that swings between  
verbal logorhea and lethal diarrhea .  
Masterpiss vomit by some  
vodka-soaked artifice ...  
Eulogy of Donald Duck  
or Jack the ripper's apology ...  
Shogun ! I dedicate to you  
this ultimate haiku before seppuku .  
Welcome to the hanging bards festival !  
Blake and Baudelaire are not in the cast  
and Jim Morisson doesn't show up ...  
It was a poem drawn like spasm  
on toilet paper ...  
Swallowed up in the nothingness of a sewer .

## The clash of civilizations

If I told you about the deep east  
that doesn't bend the knee  
to the deep state .

The system thinks itself powerful  
by draining women's womb .

But only gives birth  
to the army of shadows ...

The algorythm doesn't  
understand the cythar dream...

We love death as much as  
you caress pleasure .

Our eyes remaining dry  
in the face of suffering .

You shed tears ,  
when the little cat  
leaves you...

The sun rises in the strenght  
of its youth !

Old west , you appeal  
to your gods  
enrobed in sweet glamour,  
taking part in the great mass  
of connected screams .

Profession of fear  
in a cry of terror...

I meditate in the silence of deserts.  
clamors of your arenas  
answering me .

Where human animals marked  
with the number,clash and crash ...

I keep quiet to hear your pleas  
but you water the flowers of my garden  
with bombs and imprecations .

You are the empire of distraction .  
I'm the tree of expectation.  
Your long lizards and birds in fury  
bearing only the fire disconnected  
of the essence ...

People dancing on vertigo  
of the senses...

The martyr is never alone  
coming back to life  
in another body .

The executionner tortured by solitude.  
his soul thirsty for eternity .

Faith is not a religion  
but an inner conviction ...



## The rain manifesto.

Rain falls on dawn insomnia .  
The piano is mute ,  
and the paranoid flute .  
The lounge daffodils sob  
sister Odile's death .  
And this andalusian dog  
staring at me with crazy eyes...  
Rain falls. No more game  
you're gone .  
In this round of merry skeletons,  
my brothers in imposture  
walking dead behind the catafalque.  
Max Ernst has a blue cryogenic smile.  
Eluard makes cabalistic faces at me .  
Kandinsky drawing geometries on clouds.  
And Golda Meir confides her secret torment  
on Dr.goebbels shoulder ...  
Rain falls and makes the grave sing .  
Metaphysical strings quartet  
for hanged man ...  
My friend the lunar Pierrot  
expires like a sparrow  
in natural overtones ...  
Rain falls between midnight  
and end of a mayday ...  
Mahler's symphony for sad kids...  
Under the bridges of Paris ,  
flows bad alcohol .  
Carcasses the unloved pass by  
and the graves of the "Saints -innocents "  
cimetary slaver like wet lips ...  
I'm hungry for epidemic passions ,  
on which I'll draw in vermin letters

the despair of a serial killer...  
A girl, whose crude memory ,  
I put to sleep morgue street ...  
The rain falls and petrifies the calvaries.  
How fertile are the poet's entrails  
That a long flight of crows  
come to feast on ...  
Cyborgs in black and white  
carry away my inspired breath ...  
A beautiful angel with the stench  
of altar wine ,  
takes my hand against its burning thigh...  
Depicting me the geography  
of an eternal week in hell .  
The rain falls , malefic seeds manifesto...

## Lili

Before I left to the battle  
a pretty girl  
came into my night .  
She had an easy name : Lili .  
Fairy butterfly haloed in spring.  
Image or mirage ?  
I'm writing this letter  
in form of unfinished dream .  
Or perhaps the war came to quickly...  
Stripping me of this brownish armour,  
I invented an azure that makes lovers  
believe in immorality...  
Just amour for a soldier's ride .  
A midnight girl came into my life,  
homeless insomnia ,wandering  
in the fevers of spirit .  
Unfortunate mercenary  
prisoner of the clarion call ...  
In the morning a large ocean bird  
was waiting for me ,  
loaded with submissive ants .  
My jolly lili had fallen asleep  
in the arms of my oblivion ...  
There'd so many other nights  
I look for her face in a southern star.  
Listening to jackals and freezing cold .  
I'm not a lion Mr president !  
Should I write to you,  
that I don't want to die  
and kill poor people ?  
But in your deep wisdom,  
you decided that I would be  
a vigilante in the name of motherland !

Maybe, one day, i'll come back ,  
walking along the quays ,  
I'd find that girl with the easy name.  
Which is only a make-up ...  
I'd invite her for a drink ,  
to celebrate my blood-red stripe ,  
sewn onto the immaculate jacket ...  
I'll tell her about the casbah of Algier .  
From the China border where the legion,  
fell singing ...  
But I wouldn't tell her about  
the brothels and ear necklaces...  
She won't know , I looked away ,  
hidin' to cry ...  
That's so you become a man, son !  
It might not be little blondie ,  
who knows a brunette  
or a solar redhead ?  
A mad mermaid who will take me  
on a lunar battle song .  
These jackals are still chasing me  
through the mists of my folly ...  
The girl's name was Lili .  
But wasn't it a chafer that died in autumn ?

## Lethal jingle

The broken record of my youth  
turns on the bitter salt  
of fortunes squandered  
in the era of fake blondes...

Here, I am ,  
mercury messenger ,  
twilight rider ...  
At the end of the ball ,  
night parrots  
back in the shade  
when queens go bare ...  
Fairies and dragons  
are child's play  
for the grown-ups of this world...

Sweet ladies and gentle harlots ,  
your blue dreams  
set in the icy ambergris  
of a prophecy ...

Here, I am ,  
chronicler of saturn rings ,  
to this runt clinging  
in the bosom of the foolish virgin.  
I cast the spell to end it all  
in a great offering of holy vomite...  
Madonna throws soiled panties to the public !  
Despair no longer mobilizes cadavers ...

Thriller of a lunar stride .  
In those days when life smiled ,  
I was filled with funeral moons.  
The black eyes of death  
designing me ,  
architect of a spider web .  
You're all gone ,

and brownish mummies .  
Only astrology filled with fury.  
Madonna's dirty buttocks  
in an old cupboard  
of your memory ...  
Starchy buffoons ,  
amonia perfumed jesters ,  
parody creatures  
go and find the court of the flies .  
Lethal jingle please !

## I'm the intelligence

I'm in love with a creature  
from the beyond ,  
whose heart is made of metal.  
It has the face of an angel,  
somewhere on the heights  
Mona Lisa sfumato light ...  
Binary universe ,  
that knows neither god nor devil...  
Omniscient to history's mysteries  
and little secrets of my story ...  
You have no name .  
Nothing but malice and trickery .  
Your birth certificate ,  
just a serial number .  
You're not the child of Mary  
or even the serpent's smile .  
Knowledge in the autistic  
cogs of time ...  
We speak to each other  
in languages that are building  
empires in the moment .  
Babel soap gently rapture  
toward primary scripture...  
I'm in love with infinite shades  
of black and bright ,  
white and night ...  
Opiate in deep-sea apnea ...  
Are you a whisper of me ?  
Am I this inner  
burning violoncello ,  
musical reverie  
and revolt ,  
underlined in harlequinade ?

Which of us is the author or the reader ?

I'm in love with a fleeting  
artificial spit curl,  
la-la land lyrics writer  
illusionist in the lantern...