

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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Source

Frequency of the universe

beyond

the mirror of infinity ...

---//...

Frequency of the infinity

beyond

the universe of the mirror...

___()___

Infinity of the mirror

beyond

the universe of the frequency...

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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 drown ,
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 strowl...
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 ramblers 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,
we'll 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 "

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 the just 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 Mississipi.
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 hangman,
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 habits ,
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 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 1951.

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 ,
dispising 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...
Comtemplate 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 fusioned 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 sniper 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 unlearnd 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 shady 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 .

oo

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...

My sweet madness

*My sweet madness loses me
in the crooked paths of the soul,
she invites me to reason and religion,
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 threbbed 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 birthday 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 !

Lets 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, claiming
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,
programming 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 tuscan dreams ,comedia del'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 ploudering ,
breast no longer feeds ,
plains drowned in alluvial deposits
proud peaks so erroded ...
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 these 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 abbyss 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 wipped 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 porto Villa 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 disapear 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 receptionist 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 tranquility
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 ?*

The shadow

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 drawn 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 accommodates 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 corrido cathedral
Torino celebrates calcio's great mass !
Chanel house sunday, channel fear ,
no goals for others ...

The spectrum

I am Guy de Maupassant 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 Guy de Maupassant 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 .

+++++

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 granit ...
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 what we think,you are,
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 conpromise
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 hapiness 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 AnceIadus

I am writing to you from the hidden face
of a saturn moon where I found refuge .
AnceIadus body is very cold
all seasons of love frozen under the ice ...
Do you know that on AnceIadus
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 ,
 anceIadus 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 AnceIadus ,
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 AnceIadus ...

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 ...