

Nine Poems by Jean-Marie Avril

FAIRY OF MY DESIRE

I hold you, fairy of my desire
Who escapes my shaking fingers.
You lacerate my body, odd thing
Who eats my bowels. Butchery!

You sing a rhyme to appease
The anxiety of my baffled soul
And I enter dignified the dreamland
With a thousand roses and petals.

While my guts are, to the sight
Of the greedy, no secret anymore,
The fairy of my desire enchants
And my inner sight is hypnotized.

As I lay bare and disemboweled,
I ignore the fate of my body.
Enthralled in moon rapture, a soul
Lies with a fairy in sorcery land.

SPOOKS AND CROOKS

Spooks and crooks, sparks and fusion.
Temporary reality dramatized in fictional
Parades create a consternation infecting
The last moron on this planet. You spy
And I buy more cotton than necessary
For obtaining the monopoly quite unlovely.

I only forgot the goddess of the stars
And my networking visual reality tunnel
Dissolves before the ample beauty of she
Who farts pestilence to those who commit
Rape, extortion, desecration and internment.
You confront the shadow and embrace it.

The spy I was, the buyer I dreamed to be
Have vanished and banished is the system
Allowing the deflowering of purity inside
The connections made available by the gods
Of the mushroom. It is time to re-enter
A land of shadows more real than society.

ELECTRONIC HIVE

Welcome to the electronic hive,
You the humans who believe in progress
And who are robotized faster and faster.
You're giving up the likeness of God
For the satanic parody of the mind
Made of silicon, data and electrons

Welcome to the electronic hive,
Where the total sum of your details
Is within the range of Big Brother's
Soulless eye and mindless database.
Virtual sex and orgies await you,
Craving for immersion in the collective.

Famine and war, murders and violation
Are the norm of today. And so bad it is
That artificial paradises are insufficient
For bearing the monster within and without.
So the illusion of electronic immortality
Is provided to the orphans souls of today.

But beware earthlings poor and rich:
Someone might take the plug off the socket
And your conscious mind projected
Into the computer would cease to exist.
That's great for Satan who would inherit
You soul dissolved into quantum particles.

COME TO DADDY

Come to daddy, you ruined parents,
You crippled leaders and insane barons,
You immaculate burglars and unholy kings,
You workers in chain and exasperation,
You plotters in Sunday schools vomiting,
You crystal-clear demented cynics,
You mothers with the knife instead
Of the pram. Come to daddy, Come.

I will make you a cake. It will be
Poisoned as you are rapacious rats.
I will calculate the right dosage
And you will be happy and content.
I will present you with a nonsense option
And you will feel relieved of pain.
And I will burn the flesh and you'll sing:
I came to daddy. I am an happy idiot.

GIVE ME LOVE

Give me love
In a potion,
In a tractor,
In a global pot,
Enchanted and bad
And I'll behave.

Love is given
In many instances
Of everyday objects
That we take for
Granted and power
Is Off; we collapse.

Too bad! I lost the love
Give me love, greater
One who refuses nothing.
I'm given love.
I've become a butterfly
Trapped in a test-tube.

SEEKING FOR A HERO

I wander in the streets of tomorrow
Meandering along the twists of life
And the number is reckoned by ardent
Followers of machines, oracles and
Poisons. The time is fast approaching.
Where is the hope in the heart of men?
We prefer to stare at the void within.

Non-enunciated thoughts and memories
Prevent you to tell your story. You sink!
Thought police patrol the collective mind
And the curtain of silence is closing
The freeway to the blossoming of fulfillment.
The cosmic clock is not heeded. Collapse!
Answers are not forthcoming. Loss of beliefs!

So seeking for a hero we project our duties
Onto the one who would rescue our lives
From mediocrity and cowardice. We're wrong.
He's here or she's here the androgynous ONE
Impartial in the objectivity of the mind.
We're called to reflect on our duties, Yes.
We don't like it and reject the hero.

ANGER IS BAD

Anger is bad upsetting my inner
Space and threatening my heart
With a cardiac arrest. I wonder
What my karma is to have resulted
In this constant fretting about
Anything and nothing. It's crap!

I don't know why but it always
Endeavor to sabotage the inner
Side of me with stupid reasons
And fanciful plots. What does
It want? It's like a bad kid
Craving for attention. Useless!

And it wants to run the show...
What's the problem with this one?
Never happy, always looking for
The plinth in the eye. Detachment
Is the answer but it's so hard
To come by. I can only persevere.

A MYRIAD OF PLANES

Come ladies and gentlemen,
Youths and elders, beasts
And computers. Come to daddy.
See the many planes awaiting
The first step of you entering
Into the myriad of many levels.

See for yourself the beauty
Of connections and junctions.
See the multiverse showing
Its splendors to your eyes,
Mesmerizing you with many
Possibilities and futures.

And you enter and meet faces
And many other faces. Too many!
You can't keep track of the many
Faces in the multiverse. Huge!
You becomes mad, crushed by the
Sheer number. A new quantum blip!

A BELL IS MY HOME

A bell is my home. I am happy.
The priest attending the church
Knows that the bell is my home.
And he ring the bell and I die.
The coffin is a fine white cloth
But I return exuberantly dull.

The bell is my home. I am happy.
The priest hires a deadly assassin
To remove me from the bell my home.
The priest prays for the mission
To be a success and becomes mad.
The bell rings killing the killer.

The bell is my home. I am happy.
The priest has to abandon his call
And is replaced by a priestess.
She rings the bell and the incense
Is reaching my level. I am spirit,
A soul living in the church's bell.