

Ten New Poems by Jean-Marie Avril

THE LORDS OF THE WOODS

The Lords of the Woods
Gather to discuss the topic
Of creating portals in the
Foliage of noble trees
The Lords of the Woods
Work hard to establish
The gates to transcendent
Foliage of noble trees

The Lords of the Woods
Finish the conclave happy
For they have become
The portals they talked about

THINGS OF FUTURE REMEMBRANCE

Things of future remembrance
Swarm in my soul. Astonishing!
Memories not yet born
Abound in my soul. Paradox!

I fly in the mysteries of above
And below between the gaps
I feel the future yet to come
Is it wise to know what isn't born?

Is there a point where all things
Exist simultaneously? O wonder!
Things of future remembrance
Is the future already a thing of the past?

TRY ONE MORE TIME

Try one more time
Calling the fair folk
Not upsetting them
Leaving them total freedom

Try one more time
Bless them and love them
May they all be cared for
By the Great Mother

Try one more time
Let yourself be led
But not misled
Life is beyond the physical

THINGS ARE MOVING FAST

Things are moving fast
As one grows older
Time is not slowing down
It is speeding up

I would like an experience
Of the otherworldly
Before I pass away
Which could happen any time

Meeting with invisible friends
And exchanging what needs
To be swapped and my creativity
Would resolve partly around them
Those invisible friends
Could help me contact
The inner child and the
Inner feminine to be alive

THE SILVER GIRL AND THE FOX

The silver girl from sphere
To sphere meets a fox
Who doesn't know what
His position is in this world

The silver girl teaches the fox
To discern the rose from the weed
But the fox doesn't know
The point of this instruction

The silver girl strolls with the fox
He only wants to eat a chicken
He doesn't see beyond his hunger
He wants to return to his wood

The silver girl grants the fox
His wish and he is back
To the three-dimensional world
Now the fox longs for the spheres

THE FEYS AND THE HIGH RISE

The feys do not approve
Of the construction of high rises
They abandon the place
Where sky creepers reign

Is this why there is no magic
In concrete towers reaching
To the sky and leaving
An emptiness in folks' minds.

The concrete high rises
Proliferate all over the place
The feys do not fear for the future
The towers always crumble

Meanwhile I aspire to go
To the woods or to the swamps
Where I could pay my respect
To the feys and their magic.

IN THE BLOSSOM OF THOUGHT

In the blossom of thoughts
Silly things happen
Silly images appear
Thoughts arise and disappear

Now that I know thoughts
Are psychic entities
It would be good
To discern the good from the bad

Thoughts and dance are in the mind
One and the same thing
Thoughts coming from nowhere
Known to my memory

Thoughts now creative
And now very silly
They can poison or ravish
The mind. Emptiness is the key

TRANSFORMATION

I am called to change
My habits. I am stuck
In rituals which seem
Devoid of meaning.

I have to reconnect
with the inner child
And be creative again
As I was when I was a kid.

I have to reconnect
With the inner feminine
And I don't know
What form it will take.

I have to protect myself
From the assault
Of bad news coming
From the media.

May the silver girl
Help me fulfill those goals,
Reconnecting with myself
and with other people.

May the silver girl
Guide me towards a spirituality
Which could help me feel alive.
So mote it be!

FIGHTING THE OLD PATTERNS

Fighting the old patterns
Is not easy when a certain
Age is reached and the
Zone of comfort is familiar

Yet I need to fight the
Old patterns so that my
Imagination is set free
To envision the subtle realms

Routine can be a trap
In which one repeats
Without any meaningfulness
Old habits and old thoughts

May the silver girl
Guide me to break free

From the old patterns
So that I can honour her

Let my inspiration
Take me to mountains
Of immense beauty
And fantastic shapes

May the silver girl
Take me to the fountain
Of inspiration and
Set free my creativity

THE PEOPLE ARE DIVIDED

The people are divided
They fight for illusions
While the real menace
Is getting stronger

The people are divided
They fight for the claims
Of their ego while the
Real threat advances

The people are divided
They fight over trivial
Issues while the real
Danger is approaching

The people are divided
They fight for nonsense
While the reality check
Will be implacable

The people are divided
And it is our duty
To strive to become
closer to our real self