

POEMS from TALES OF ANARCHY

JASMINE IS DYING

Dark silhouette

Cutting with the look

The Mortuary alley

Of the cemetery

Of a workers' area

Near a forsaken port.

Jasmine is dying

Invoking the sepulchral

To join her sister

Lily in the sepulchre.

She touches the subtle

Organ with her finger

Before the cold eye

Of a virile statue.

She wants the impossible

Quick-tempered sex.

In the accommodation

Of the puritan guardian,

She does challenge  
The right-thinking  
Folks afraid of the night.  
It is her last breath.

JM AVRIL

### LEVIATHAN IN THE FACTORY

We were drifting in the ports  
Seeking for the prohibited  
Shadows and the factory sleeps  
Close to the rusty docks  
Where the deceased worker  
Tried to understand the numbers  
Dwelling in the stars  
To activate the revolution.

In the factory the revelling  
Fades in the unsurpassable.  
Our senses are lamentable  
Facing the eternal saturnalia.  
In the factory homeless die  
Overcome by tough terrors

Of forced exile in the cities,

The churches and the inns.

The plans of destruction set

In God-forsaken warehouses

Allow the fleshhood of Leviathan

This force of the scary Abyss.

We play like mad cavers

Taking used oil as mud.

Leviathan in the nameless mill

Leads us to annihilation.

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THE WANDERING BUTCHER

The wandering butcher

Absorbs our vitality

In throwing the fatal

Hook into our dreams.

He absorbs the sap

Causing us to die.

The vampire-king appeared  
In the corpse of a cow  
That the cowardly butcher  
Was cutting with his tools.  
A naked, sky-clad verity  
Inflated the naive butcher.

He claimed to be blood priest  
In honour of the vampire king.  
The story makes the police  
And psychologists laugh a lot.  
In spite of this, children  
Are still offered as/in sacrifice.

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THE KING OF BABYLON

The king of Babylon  
Returns deaf and voiceless.  
He is mad in his mysticism  
Dark and pathological.

He imprisons his people  
In the jails of death  
Where gold is produced  
In the sweat and the blood.

Then Trotsky comes to spread  
The black gospel of Spartacus.  
Revolution, struggles and plague  
Turn the king into a corpse.

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THE GIFT AND ME

I am story teller  
And, right now,  
I tell you a story.

For a long time  
The children  
Gave in the evening

A present

To the elders

Of the waters;

But I was hungry

And then I ate

Those pretty bodies.

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CLARA

Streetwise girl

Lover of Eros

And Thor's hammer,

She is naked.

She is here

For the fulfilment

Of an ancient law.

She is a child.

The scarlet lover

Gave her the fluid

And the low liquid.

She is exalted.

She yells, the fair one

To death and the Night,

Gave herself, the whore

To the darkened angel.

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CARPENTRAS'S STORY

The dark commando in the night

Trespassed into the cemetery

For an accursed ritual

For the sectarian fulfilment.

The desecrated tombs. Raped

The intimacy of the coffin.

The dark commando exults

In creating the tumults.

Carpentras's story,

Night and Fog,

The Lord of the Night

Rules the black deed.

It was a Jewish cemetery

Profaned by the dark rite

That caused the scandal

Fascistic and sepulchral.

A corpse was impaled.

I die a second time.

I am the dead penetrated

By the tool so cold.

The commando was anonymous.

The Lord of the Night

Knows their faces blackened

By the ritual of the Abyss.

Followers of Adolph Hitler?

Devil worshippers? Racists?

Freemasonry of sorcery?

Guilty black magicians?

The ritual contaminated

The minds of the people.



Saint-Herblain's cemetery

Profaned by sectarian skinheads.

The deceased of Clichy

Were abused one night

By a dark commando

Ruled by Master Leonard.

But the golem of Carpentras

Awakened by the blasphemy

Came to life for the horror

Of the desecrating soldiers.

The Jewish homunculus

Devastated the dismal spirit

Of the profaners on the run

Towards the Great Darkness.

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