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
Jasmine is dying Invoking the sepulchral
Invoking the sepulchral
Invoking the sepulchral To join her sister

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

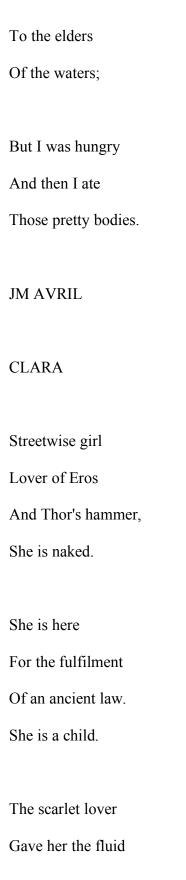
Returns deaf and voiceless.

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.
JM AVRIL
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



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. JM AVRIL 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.

JM AVRIL