

POEMS FROM JM AVRIL'S TALES OF ANARCHY

DRUIDS

Priests and healers arrived

On atrophied remote lands.

They celebrate the spirit of Lug

Returning from the Detour.

The druid shape-shifts into

Cockroaches, wolves and toads.

The nuclear kills the roses

And modifies the clumsy Celt.

Winds are blowing deadly.

The druid is above the quarrel

And goes towards Northern ice

Containing the misty palace.

THE CASTLES

Masses of stone

On the lands,

In the mountains,

You are penal colony

For the yokel.
you are fairytale
For other poetry.

The old baron
Has disappeared
And his companion
Without virtue
Has ruined the soul
Of the castle
And the old lady
In the painting.

The blue blood race
Brought fire, steel,
Horses and death
In the golden country.
The castle an edifice
Against the fools.
But the race is dead
And the castle is bare.

POLTERGEIST

Familiar, I feel the presence

Here expecting a fact

Coming to comfort

Its adorable essence

Now in the month of May

Towards the milky way.

Familiar, I hear

The blows in the wall

Done by the child

That squeeze the future.

There are beetles

In the chimney.

Poltergeist, poltergeist

And the ghost remains

For the warmth and charm

Of this odd dwelling.

The child and its powers,

It has opened the drawer.

HELEN AND THE GRAVESTONE

Silence

On the memory

Of Helen

The queen

Is pending

In the drawer

To frighten

Elves and fairies.

By night

I return

To see the name

Carved here

By my hand.

Your name

Of star

On the gravestone.

I like to think

Of your beauty

Lording late,

Glory or its absence?

Under the fatal

Gravestone.

But the vampire

Truly breathes.

WATER LILIES

Sitting on the pool's bank

I see the water lilies

Devouring the pond

Good-natured.

The green spots

On the liquid surface

That is limpid

May go downhill.

For I see the bulldozer

Going to Cairo.

It will pass greedy

Near the pond.

And I see the water lilies

Becoming flying saucers.

They destroy the greedy one

They are insolent.

THE MEMORY

Time is contained

In the neurons

Contained in a zone

Of the cerebral building.

There is a jackal

Reported missing

In the dark recollection

That is my memory.

Dinosaurs, temples,

Cities, continents

And the whole universe

Are contained in verses

Of children

In the corridors

Of my memory

THE CANDLES

I am gone

To party the 19 years

Of a girl

Innocent and Breton

Who banished

The autumn

For one evening.

But loss of memory!

It was a maimed guitar.

It was an upset dinner

And tears were noticed.

And I sweat and you too

The infernal evening

In the corridors

Of a sinister building

That is priggish.

THE CORPSE AND THE TRAIN

There was the railway line

And nearby the sorcerer.

He has gathered the herbs

To make beardless

The insolent train

Barely cunning.

He drank the beverage

By him prepared.

A last whisper

Left his throat.

He became a zombie

Gross and rude.

The corpse thus created

Ugly and misfired,

Saw the train coming.

He put his hand

Against the sheet metal

And played the role

Of a surreal drifter.

Climbing in the wagon

To seduce a braggart

He broke the windows

And acts the fool.

He was a surreal killer.

PHANTOMS

The obsessive fear of owners,

The demon of the children,

The graveyard of reason,

The nightmare of the lad ...

The phantoms

Under the dome

strangle the soul

Of the pieces of meat

That row in circle ...

May you be hanged!

The teacher and the doctor

Torture the miserable

Creature guilty

Of not having honoured

The murdered soul
Of the evil dictators.
The electronic ghost
Infests information technology.

Hunted castles,
Workers took their lives,
Militaristic poets,
Peace-loving police,
Psychedelic work force,
Psychological demons ...
The phantoms are drowning
While sinking in fear.

DEATH AND THE STONE

In the house of granite
That exudes anthracite,
I tear reason to pieces
In invoking the poison.

The stone registers the deed
For the eternity of the night.
The sombre eagle crashes

Erasing the memory
Of the past social and moral,
Phoney and fatal
Hunting the neurons
Of human wildlife.

The Sickle and the Poison
Are at the appointed time
In the den of the lunatics.
The stone crushes reason.