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.