

Seven Poems by Jean-Marie Avril

THE CAVE

Maternal, they keep the
Light in that Mother-obscurity.
Stones, rock, mineral corridors.
Deflowering of the Earth.
The entrance to the temple
Under the mountain.
Containing, sheltering, mysterious.
Initiation they give (to) the traveller.
Kali, Mary, Isis.
It's a womb.
It's tomb.
I go in there, undress,
Welcome the cold, naked.
Aeons ago, shaman dream(t)
The mysteries. Fire inside
Revealing natural craft
In embellishing rocky walls
With hard undulations.
Natural, mesmerizing, holy,
Enticing.
Don't bring Freud into it
Or I'll kill you.

JAPANESE FUNGI 1945

Light.

Tremendous.

Tremendously destructive

Uranium. Bomber. Drop the baby.

They call(ed) it Baby Jesus. Blasphemy.

Unless it was the first one. Nevada or Japan,

What's the difference? Does it matter?

An angel of light, erasing light.

Thousands of folks are disintegrated.

Sinners against sinners.

One survivor is a nun.

God is a woman.

Not just a man.

But America

Thinks that

God is me

Science,

Logic,

Rocket,

Penis

Cut off

From Mama

Cosmic, Earthly

Mama. The rape

Of Nature by physics

Of evil. Betrayal

Of Einstein. The

Gate is open. UFOs

Two years later.

A rift in the fabric

Of matter. It was in 1945.

An atomic mushroom.

PARROT

I repeat myself. The vinyl is stuck. They call me the parrot. Speech impediment. Goddamn it. Yeas I repeat myself. A curse from a long time ago. The angle was a female you see and she was a parrot woman or a woman parrot. I can't bloody remember the proper word arrangement. I was a mischievous elf from the planet Delta, located in some obscure constellation of the galaxy. I met her and we had a date. And I became the trickster. I made her fly around some star for a thousand years repeating the word 'barrel'. A thousand years later, she didn't like it, came back to me, smashed my face, kicked my balls and turned me into this grey, soul-less being stuck on the telly screen. And now I repeat: "EDUCATION, EDUCATION, EDUCATION." The chavs rule the show, and I repeat; "EDUCATION, EDUCATION, EDUCATION." Teachers commit suicide, and I repeat: "EDUCATION, EDUCATION, EDUCATION." Bullying is an epidemic, endemic, and I repeat: "EDUCATION, EDUCATION, EDUCATION". Etc.

GREEN

Green. The grass. The foliage. Thanks to the rain, yet I dislike anything pouring down from the sky. Green. The Green man. Native Spirit of the Vegetation. The British pan was carved on the walls of churches and cathedrals. The Green man is also Robin Hood, hiding under the protection of forests. His is the heathen spirit, the mind of the land, revolting against an invading army trying to impose an urban order derived from Rome. That Roman, urban-centered, mind and body splitting tendency has resulted in the Ozone layer hole. Are our Green Celtic lands threatened to be endowed with the yellow of dry sand and burnt deserts? Oh my God! I don't want to see the Green Man's land and Green Ireland become a replica of Saudi Arabia.

LES FLANDRES

Men walking through and in the mud. Lunar landscape. Could this be a pancake, but one that is not edible? Did some huge beast leave incoherent, giant footprints in the spongy soil? Those holes are filled with water, differ in size and some are natural looking pools, but are they so natural? What if an explosion from above dug the earth to be filled later by the rain? Meteors would burn in the atmosphere unless... But judging by all those water filled holes, the rain must have been intense. It does make me think of swimming pools though, for I can even breathe the scent of chlorine, which you find in human-designed models. Dear me! The smell is strong. I can at once recognize scents of mustard, some sweetly sour, nauseous, sickly odour. And I walk on the muddy ground, or try to do so. They are what appear to me as dead bodies, mostly humans, with animal carcasses here and there. I can also notice those bizarre metal things lying around in places. From afar, you would think to see some miserable bushes, possibly with thorn but, coming closer, you realize the thorns are made of metal, steel or iron as they're all rusty. What has happened otherwise to decimate those trees? They are only a few trunks here and there devoid of bark. Did some silly artist waste his and our time designing some modern, dada 'sculpture', or were the trees 'beheaded' by what created the water filled holes in the first place. And the whole is impregnated with this silence, fitting the vast flat horizon, save for some detonations in the distance. Are the local folks partying using big bass drums of a kind? Strolling further, I discover groups of men moving or still in the corridors dug in the ground battered by the rain. Their hygiene is appalling. All those uniformly dressed men are unshaven and some appear wounded judging by the poor quality bandage dressing the presumably sore area of the individual concerned. In any case, those guys look older and wearier than they probably are. Most of them carry some sort of shotguns, or a rifle or some kind. They seem to guard something. But what is there to be guarded in this muddy desolation apart from the water filled holes and the tree trunks, unless they have been assigned with the mission to look after the rusty wire, heaped in such a way it resemble thorny bushes, but the thorn is metal made? And what if they were keeping safe the mad work of that previously envisaged artist? If artistic piece it was, then it is either absolutely hermetic or it's a dada, anarchistic attempt to upset ordered geometry, as the disposition of the metal bushes appears random. But surely, one would provide an infrastructure allowing those guardians to wash, unless the water filled hole fulfils that purpose. I get uncomfortable when I think of other pressing body necessities, and the pools render me sick. I leave them behind me and mentally formulate a complaint as to the utter neglect of hygiene imposed on those poor guardians of what I can only describe as a no man's land. Ah yes, I was going to forget the crosses, few and erect in insignificant spots. The one I see is kind of odd, made of metal and wood, evocative of cage-like structure, except that it

is a cross, or something resembling a cross, perhaps the tail of something that has dived from the sky. Could it?

WICKED FAIRY

Enthralling wicked fairy...
It's not funny. Meanders
In a region of the astral...
Disconcerting, I lose the pole.
I thought there were wonders.
Did turn out to be revelatory.

Games are not games, sadly.
Misleading appearances, badly.
Words are not what they mean.
Sin is a sin, is not a sin.
Pledges in the air, evaporated.
Expectations raised high, perforated.

All this glamour was unnecessary.
She could have been a good fairy.
Can't be bother to err in a maze
When the light is bogus, the daze.
Let's keep it at a distance.
I need to build a fence.

(Anyway) Flirting was a performance
But it causes damage to the gullible.
Coping with Vivian's bubble, unable
Am I as I'm fuelled by passion
And the fire. But my compassion
Nearly died. Need for distance.
Need for a new stance

RAW VEGETABLES

Raw vegetables

Really raw vegetables

Monks food

It's really frugal

I know it's healthy

But I do like my burgers

I'm thinking of kitchens

A kitchen assistant

Peeling off vegetables

I hate it

Cos' I've done it

Mushrooms, no way!

Weird looking

Alien beings

Brownish of the autumn

And they're not magic

Raw vegetables

Primitive man

Destitute man

Bye bye civilization

Market men

Sun readers

"All right mate?"

"Only a pound!"

"Only a pound!"

Raw vegetables

I'm not a cow

Or a rabbit

Raw vegetables

Countryside

I like my cities

Raw vegetables

Piled on the

Stand, on the

Street. Could
They be rotten?
Disgusting
Raw vegetables
Cardboard crate
Get up early
Really early
Open air market
Cold in the winter
Raw vegetables
No good for
A lazy git like me
Who happens
To love the night
Raw vegetable
Carrier bag
It's all functional
No art in there
Cookery is art
But I can't stand
Kitchens
Cos' I've done it
Peeling off
Infinities
Of sprouts
I don't like them
Potatoes are dirty
To work with
Raw vegetables...