

Six Poems by Jean-Marie Avril

MONSTER AND MONSTER

Go there and examine the feet
Of the monster sleeping in the mud.
You are transported into a feeling of love
Towards the creature now in the dreamland.

You measure the length of the feet
Of the being unconscious of your presence.
It occurs to you that you would like
To engage with it in a game of chess.

You hop about and clap your hands.
You utter a British melody of bygone years.
You splash about in the mud and are glad
To be near this unknown creature.

Then the monster wakes up and sees you.
It is afraid of you, screams and falls dead.
The heart attack has stricken the beast.
You are so sad that you weep.

You leave the mud and the dead monster.
You return to your parked vehicle.
You drive and hit a wall. Bad news!

So sad are you that you weep again.

The owner of the wall is near you.

He is not happy. You get out

And organize a press conference.

People leave afraid for you are the monster.

A CURE FOR THE WHOLE

The whole prays for a detailed instruction

A teaching that could repairs the pieces

That are falling into decay.

The whole wants to be healed.

The navigator uses ancient techniques

To find his way in the ocean of life.

But the veneer of appearances vanishes

When navigation is impossible.

Thus, the frying pans that one uses

In theatre displays are not good

For investigating cases forgotten

By the police and the hospital wards.

But certainly it will dawn

In the mind of the populace

That the whole needs a cure

Otherwise fragmentation will prevail.

VISIONS OF UNEXPECTED NATURE

Frying pan, the fringe

Frying pan, the fringe

Spoons and forks, freaking out

Spoons and forks, freaking out

Twilight of the gods, bacon

Twilight of the gods, bacon

Apocalypse, mustard

Apocalypse, mustard

Shake and breathe, salt

Shake and breathe, salt

I am going into the arms

Of the Female beyond senses

END OF AN ERA

The famine strikes the poorest among the richest

The stars watch from above and are indifferent

The cars break down on the motorways

The girls embrace a new faith and a new saviour

Films display a lack of artistic creativity

For they have all sold out to Mammon

Johnny Junior responds to the phone call

An anonymous wishes him good luck

Kitchen porters read about market economics

And cleaners discuss politics with their managers

Priests and witches make love in public

And churches become havens for terrorists

The orders don't get transmitted

The generals are afraid and kill themselves

The new saviour is here laughing at us

We are the cretins taken for a ride

WEATHER PATTERNS

Pigeons are flying over my head
And I do not recognize the spirit
That is in them. I am deaf.
The weather is pretty good.

I drive a moped and crash
Into the vehicle made of sugar.
I deny this happening.
The weather is pretty crap.

I see a film washing up
The electric bulbs of my wedding
Anniversary and they sleep.
The weather is pretty average.

I climb the slope of a hill
That is an ancient fortress
Or a future space vessel.
The weather has nothing to say.

ATOMS IN THE FRIDGE

The pope has asked his mummy
Is there some ice cream in the fridge
No but there is an atom bomb
An atom bomb why

I like atom bombs
I think they are really sexy
Are not they dangerous
Sex is dangerous

But what will you do
If the atom bomb explode
Then I will go to a subatomic
Paradise with electronic angels

I am the pope
But I have never heard
Of electronic angels
Go to the fridge