

POEMS FROM JM AVRIL'S TALES OF ANARCHY

WINE PRESSES

Dear grand dad,

I don't want

To inject the syringe

And therefore shut

The lawless up,

Future anarchists.

The accursed doctor

And his blue ink

Have given the night

To the casualties,

To the nervous suicide.

It is the supply of death.

The hangman with the needle

I don't want to be.

The great sequestration

Is horrible torture

For me miserable

In the sand pit.

As a child I wrote
But the kids played
In the fateful sand pit.
My guilty jealousy
because of you, parents,
You baby-batterers ...

... Turned into alienation
When you allowed me
To join the children;
My emptiness is not bogus,
I became demented
In the mental night.

And the corpses injected
With detested blue ink
Are like grapes
Horribly ground
In the wine presses
They want to put me into.

Wishing to send me to the army
They would have killed me,

With the help of the blue ink

And I see the bloody

Wine presses,

Governmental destiny.

GRANDFATHER CLOCKS

The wood-made coffin

Is mechanical in its own inside.

There are springs, screws

Mechanisms and other technologies.

Wow! To see Time

From right to left

In perpetual movement

Makes me sleepy in remote places.

The box yells its chanting

Every hour towards the squire.

Sweet mechanised cupboard,

I open the door of your envelope.

Grandfather clock mesmerises me

And I take the risk

To destroy content and container.

Only wooden bits remain.

Oh! pretty formless clock,

I contemplate springs and screws

And deposit the geranium

Next to you. You are a stiff.

THE PRANKSTERS

They come back at tea time,

The pranksters are tired

Of razzia on the eve

Of the great Sleep.

Oh! Give me the key

And I will give you forces!

Proclaims the numbed prankster

Swelling his torso.

But time is at bay

For arrive the king's soldiers.

The pranksters, in their cauldron

Prepare magical anthrax.

They want to blacken the soul
Of the lady-less fanatical troops.
They succeed in boiling
The mixture of becoming.

The pranksters want a melon
to turn those rogues
Into sad cockroaches
Becoming mad upon water lilies.

The pranksters transform
Into shapeless jelly,
They had the wrong book,
They were drunk.

THE CLIFF

The cliff upon which
I have
Tried to start
My beautiful project
Of constructing an investment property.

The cliff upon which

I start

The sweet engine

Of the bulldozer mechanical,

Stupid and soldier.

The cliff upon which

I have taken away

Trees, grass, flowers,

Insects and rabbits.

It is now desert and arid.

The cliff upon which

I labour

cracks into a thousand bits.

The ocean welcomes me, death

Liquid for me the profaner.

I AM THE RAVEN BECOMING LUNATIC

I am mechanical ...

Polluting acid

in the modest meninx
And, refusing
The sublime becoming
Of rhyme-less
And war-less
Songs of stone,
I clean my cellar
Before sensing the water
agglutinating drop-wise
On the roads
Traced by the very drops,
O mystical watercolour.
Along the old walls
That are not urban-like,
I attempt the drowning
So that I, insipid,
Am re-born encircled with a halo
Of a dust-free wisdom;
But the informal forms,
Living and dishonest,
Wash up the bowls
Of the becoming of beasts.
The metaphysical recollection

Distracts me, the raven
Becoming lunatic
By dint of playing the fool.

THE SUFFOCATED GARDEN

The mystery of tulips
Catching an influenza
Presages bad news
For the master of the place.

Geraniums and roses,
At the dawn of death,
Are inflicted a chemical
Dosage on the body.

There is the gardener,
Captain and patriarchal
Who, behind the steering-wheel,
Is the sorcerer's apprentice.

Take the weed-killers
Functioning in the fields,

Water the pretty flora
And curse the spell.

Sad flowers now withered
By the insane gardener,
Here is the lament
Sung without constraint.

Nettles and thistle
Punish the little rogue.
Deceased gardener
For suffocated garden.

THE PRETTY YOUNG LADIES

They have grown dreaming of,
The pretty young ladies,
The charming princely fools,
Sweetnesses non-eternal.

They listen to the story-teller,
The pretty young ladies.
Devastating the prankster
Is for them sad news.

They hear the distant gallop,
The pretty young ladies,
Arrive then the wagons
Of a non-sensual wood.

They notice dodgy-looking men,
The pretty young ladies.
They have very fierce eyes,
Mysteries of old alley-ways.

They feel the coming tragedy,
The pretty young ladies,
They won't be wifely ladies,
It is eternal gelatine.

The murderous killing men
Take the acidified bodies
To breath the essence better ..
Those men smell of red wine.

They show grandfather clocks.
They put the bodies inside.

Towards Venice in Italy

Will go all those dead weights.

The men take the old rakes

To plough their virile skulls,

Thinking they are great heroes,

And pass away near the donkeys.

Remain then the wooden wagons

Motionless without the captain.

The asses in the fountain

Have become idiot and fool.

DEPARTING TO RETURN

Winding torrent

I come to the footbridge,

And I discover the Fair girl

In the fire.

In the fire

And holding the flame,

The fair girl

Possesses the knots.

The cosmic structure

Incarnate in Eve

Call upon the mosquitoes

To re-integrate the Sap.

The Sap is in the Self

Of my laws.

None is to be retained ...

Departing to return.