

Louis E. Bourgeois, Poems

A Few Lines Before the Shots Go Off

There are too many who still cling to this black and rotting corpse we call literature and writing.

Hard to say if they should be pitied or massacred.

We who wait patiently for the Revolution know writing and literature must be annihilated; that we need a world *un-contaminated* by any replication of reality at all.

Either accept the brute nakedness of ourselves and of the world or into the pit you go.

Answer to a Mis-Directed Prayer

And if it were suffering he could bear it, but these days he never suffers and that worries him. Someone or something has taken suffering from him, and he wants it back.

Area of Occupation

The area is a rectangle. The room concrete and pure white with no photographs, plants, electric inventions except one floor lamp with three bulbs. Single cot with a thin blanket, nothing else. Next to the cot, the only three books in the rectangle: *Silas Marner*, *The complete History of Rome*, and *Concluding Unscientific Fragments*. No table or chair either. Use of a granite high desk only. Ten notebooks and twenty-five pens. The area is exceptionally clean but not in the clinical sense of cleanness. There is no lavatory. Only a chamber pot, always empty. There is exactness to the room only found perhaps in certain prisons. But prison cells often have a least a sink or even a book shelf. Not here. Only a floor lamp, a standing desk, three books, ten notebooks and twenty-five pens, a single cot with a thin blanket, and a chamber pot. Clear white and concrete....

The Bird Catcher

All he wanted was to catch all the birds in the world. He didn't understand why he felt this way; all he knew was that it bothered him that birds could take off into the sky whenever they wanted. *There's something wrong with that kind of freedom*, he often thought, as he was snaring birds with his dozens of traps. *They should be captured so that they'll appreciate freedom, so they will become humble and not place themselves so high above the rest of us.*

One day the bird catcher was thrown in prison for trapping birds without a license. In his cell, all he could think about were all the birds he didn't catch and how they still flew into the sky whenever they wanted.

Doughboy Against the Stars

Ancient darkness, old friend. All existence will soon be over forever, and how pleased I will be. No more stars, moon, sun or sky. An original *nothingness* will free us from all complications of on-going movement and matter, every particle of molecular articulation will cease eventually—eternity will finally be ours—everlasting stability, ever lasting silence, where not even night will have substance, when not even a single atom will exist to keep us waiting and wanting, and even you darkness, even you, sweet night, will be no more.

Earthbound

He left the city and spent his days walking the dusty roads and worn trails on the outskirts of town. He came across an old gray goat; he called the goat Alice, for no better reason than he liked the sound of the word. He and Alice spent their days walking in no particular direction; just walking, because they were alive.

The Dangers of Moral Progress

The Earth coldly demanded a Human Sacrifice to be performed precisely at noon that day, but because we are a humane culture, we flatly refused—

And the Earth responded by blowing itself up until nothing was left but the moon.