

Sixfold

November 2021 Poetry

ARS GRATIA ARTIS

Poems:

Reflections

Don't Cry

Before the ER

Flowers in the Field

Silent Wood

Reflections

I remember sitting on the beach
My back on a coconut tree
Father swam so far, he became a dot on the horizon

And Bobbi went with him
My best friend, my canine companion

Paddling by his side
Determined to keep up, like a racer going for a win

Mother can't swim
She just walked in the ocean, with waves licking her waist

My younger brother was there too
I can't recall what he was doing

He was wearing shorts
We both had towels, so I guess he swam

Such a tease my brain
It lets me taste the past, but never serves me a full meal

Bits as sweet as mangoes
Others as sour as Brussels sprouts

Moments in time, distorted by time
Reflections on a river

I have a memory of sitting on a beach
My back on a coconut tree

Smelling the salt, feeling the grains
Hearing the song of wind and sea

I was a boy then
Didn't know a thing, so innocent
And Bobbi was still with me

Don't Cry

If my tomorrow never comes
If I should fly up to heaven's gate
Before this day or night is done
Then on a cloud I'll sit and wait

While a billion souls in line
Take baby steps toward the saint
While they chatter to pass the time
I'll find a way to guide the fates

So worry never calls your number
And pain never sees your face
I'll make sure your smile is a fixture
On any picture you will grace

I'll slow down your flow of sand
And when I'm finally caught I'll say
I did it for love

Then I'll march back to my spot
I'll sit
And with watchful eyes, I'll wait

And when the angels give you greetings
And they wing you to this place
Where the lost are found
From the sky to the ground
I'll light you into my embrace

Before the ER

I'd rather be lying on a bed of snakes
My head resting on a pillow of rusted nails

Eyes wide open, I see nothing
I scream, no sound

I'm falling, floating, going up and away, moving sideways, standing still?
I don't know

No point of reference, no time
Just blackness all around me

It engulfs me, blinds me, everything is black
There's nothing, no light, nothing solid

I was six or seven, living with my parents in an apartment in Lyon
I remember I locked myself in an old refrigerator on the ground floor
Playing Hide & Seek with friends

The fridge was in a storage room
The lights were off
The air was stale

Perfect hiding spot
Won the game, wasn't found for a while
Even by grownups

The darkness in that refrigerator was brighter than this
The silence there was louder than this
And I still felt a part of the world

What is this emptiness, this bottomless pit, this starless universe?
Where am I?

If I'm dead, where's the light, the brilliant tunnel?
If I'm not good enough, where are the demons, the lost souls, the Devil?

I want out!
I'm trapped in a fucking color

Flowers in the Field

I)

Jackals believe in monogamy too
So do wolves, eagles, porcupines, seahorses
A whole host of animals

They meet, flirt, mate, have kids
They stay together, for as long as they both live
I don't believe in love

II)

How did she smash through my wall?
What happened to my impenetrable defense?

Where are my soldiers?
What happened to my men?

Every time I look at her they run away
When she touches me I crumble
She has conquered me

III)

Tomorrow, my world will end
I'll be married

Tomorrow, my life will end
Officially
I'll be married

Tomorrow, half of me will belong to someone else
I'll be married

Tomorrow, I'll be wed to the one I love
We'll be locked into a future together

For better or worse, or worse
We'll be married

IV)

She's the flowers in my field of dreams

Silent Wood

The winter nears
I saw it on the leaves
You loving him

We break apart
I see it in the leaves
I walk away

I see you cry
I rake up and pile the leaves
I lock the gate

Silent wood, hard, cold and dark
Can God bring back the day when she and I planted
That God damned tree my axe will raze