



the triad

poetry one

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Scars Publications

Blind Boy

[You don't know me...]

But I see you, *boy*.
You think you have
Power, strength, steel,
When all you have
Is a vicious demon
In your hands
That'll deliver your death
Before ever having the chance
To pull the damn trigger.

[Better to die fighting...]

So self-righteous and asinine,
Thinking fear
Is a formidable force;
When it's just a breakwater
To your breakdown
As you break down
The untainted youth,
Finally freeing the foolish tides
Locked away in your
Scared, scarred, little mind.

[Look, the kid just got in the way...]

If you're not cindered
By blind bullets,
You'll walk through hell's hallways
And dark cellblocks,
Wearing nothing numbers
On your cool crewneck,
Hoping some hardened thug
Doesn't break *you* down.

[I'm not scared...]

It's never too late
To drop that .38 caliber.
Open your eyes.
I trust you want to live--
So live, *man*. Live.

Sinful Secrets

A man sees people not through mirrors,
But jagged pieces of glass
Where only parts of him scatter--
Hateful of each other, and torn
By the tyranny of blind evil
And selfish pride and lies.

What secrets sleep in the heart of a man?

He breaks his beguiled heart
By shattering the shields of peace
People wield to protect themselves--
Why does he waste his worth?
His fear hates and fears,
Fights and frightens him
Until his heart hardens and hates
Enough that his body dies!

If hate rests within us,
What secrets sleep in the heart of a man?

Time cries to awake those secrets--
Our world will face the shards of rage
If the doors of demons won't close.
And yet, seeing our weary world
Through the many mirrors of mankind
Reflects nothing in his tainted eyes.

If hate rests within us,
What secrets sleep in the heart of a man?
Death and damnation do.

Wedding Night

Like supple cinnamon kissing my bed
Am I sanctified, sensually reborn to wed.

And the sandalwood succulent to my eyes
Touches, tingles, arouses, and never dies.
Inviting angels, like rose and sage, have said
That love's creation should be eternal, instead
Of fear and inadequacy that eyes have read.

Also, my lips, sweet jasmine mystifies;
Desire embraces me with shapely thighs.
And love like ylang-ylang caresses my head,
Blood brine rushing beautiful hot-red.

My muscles tense to moving, calming cries
Of neroli's heat, where my throbbing member lies
And now my love's warm nectar sleeps, passions fed.

Now, I am sanctified, trusting--and trusted.

The Mirror

Dealing with wickedness *wickedness with dealing*
I'm facing the mirror *mirror the facing, I'm*
My dark self staring back *I'm staring back at you*
Like a mocking mimic *mimic mocking a-like*
Everything is backward *backward is everything*
When vision reflects *reflects vision when*
I see a perverse universe *you're the perverse universe*
Speech likes being evil *evil being likes speech*
Turn my face, now! *now, face my turn*
To see the world *see me right now!*
I ask, who am I? *you're my slave*
(Cold silence) *I'm your master.*

Skipping Stones

Incomprehensible

Fire frost in my veins
Burn me like the rush of blood
When I'm in the mist
Of mere talking ears.

All they see is an ocean
Of cold smoke
Surrounding their senses,
Keeping them from breathing
The invigorating scent
Of understanding.

I begin to wonder
If that boundless brine
Is something of mine.
Or even more forlorn a thought,
That I simply *am--*
The Incomprehensible.

You bounce off my skin--
Ripples of time shatter me,
Sinking to the past.

Revelations

Tear my dark blindfold
Away before my waking
Eyes!--they see the light.

Vengeance

Look into my eyes,
And remember what I've done
To you--don't forget.

Slent Prison

Lxxk, behld--hxpe it dxesn't cxnfuse txx much.
Sxxry, wxrds are wxrthless nxw. Knxw the
hxrrxr xf lxsing wxrds, as if pexple nx lxnger
cxmprehend. It's a clxsd dxr fxr a mxuth--nx
xpen dxr tx freedxm. There's nx hxpe.
There's nxthing. Help.

Tears of Passion

I search the stars for a seraph's face,
Having faith in God's compassion and grace.
And I see divine beauty's gleaming light
Touching my lips and making it right.

I see her smile raining on my soul;
From above I see how my heart is whole.
Yet, I can never reach the love I see--
For she sits with the stars so high above me.

Nevertheless, her kiss makes my heart race;
And makes me hope for this passionate place
To be my dwelling on this solemn night,
As I watch the crescent moon beam bright.

Still, inside my spirit remains a hole;
And the loneliness begins to take its toll.
But I know her gentle whispers will be--
What in the end will finally set me free.

The Seraph's Sonnet

An angel of the Lord casts forth his wings.
His heart of fire and passion bears the life
Of love for earthly souls that he then brings
Against the devil's schemes of evil strife.

Two souls of solemn peace begin to merge
With godly ardor stirring truest love--
The luscious lovers writhe and senses surge,
Created by the Father up above.

They undulate up to the highest peak!
They cry desires that sing their minds to sleep.
So now the wonder lives inside so weak--
She sheds her joyful tears at what they reap.

It is a gift from God--thanks be to Him!
The seraph smiles so deep to God's good whim.

Soulmates

I always see the ocean in your eyes--
The crystal sapphire singing songs of bliss,
The kind of beauty bright in boundless skies
That bring my passion's peace with every kiss.

And in your eyes, I see your selfless heart--
It keeps our wish to taste desire pure
Enough to hope we'll never be apart.
To love and live on Earth we will endure.

But I see something else that makes me cry
The tears of joy for God Almighty's gift--
I see this gift which gives me wings to fly,
And all the glory sends my soul adrift.

In Heaven does my life ascend to be.
Because the gift I see--is you with me.

Checkmate

On squares of black and white, they stand to fight.
The light of glory facing death alone--
To trust, protect, and praise my sacred throne--
Reconnaissance will be their only right.

And then there is my raging pastors' light
That compliments my knights beyond the stone
Of fortress soldiers--cunning courage shown
When they profess to save my righteous might.

But only one, who stands by me, is sent:
My queen, seducing sweetly other kings,
Distracting them from war and strategy.
In light of blind desire, death is meant
For them--for she, my noble queen, then brings
My victory, their blood and crowns for me.

The Damned

The paradigm of they who walk the earth--
Eternal hunger walking with them all--
Is immortality, a sacred call,
Bestowed to them, a freedom singing mirth.

But truly realize and know their worth
And you will see by solitude, they fall--
They waste away, their minds an endless hall
Of never-ending doors of death's rebirth.

They kill, not care--they feed, not fear. They hate
The world, the Hell, and Heaven's wisdom fire.
Imagine what it must be like to wait
For night to come so you can hunt the game--
Believing that the silence is your sire,
And all the days you live would be the same.

Flashbacks

Every time I see
Her face tremble,
The tyrants of fear
Teeming in her heart--

Every time I watch
Her look at me
With eyes upon a demon
Desiring to devour her--

Every time I hear
Her convulsions carry
The king of chaos
In her fragile voice--

Every time I touch
Naked time on her skin,
Feeling it shed
Sheer contamination--

I remember the man
Who did this to her
In the past--
Wishing I could kill him.

Angel's Wings

When an angel weeps,
Cold November rain
Falls all over my face,
Stealing away my breath
Like the hand of death.

It's like my heart dies
And I hear her hopeless cries,
Feeling helpless
To show her wings
Flying high in the sky
Of opal clouds
And the gemstone stratosphere--
The place where songs of joy
Are sung for eternity.

Sometimes she forgets
She has those wings;
And she only sings
Despair forever.
Much like how I forget
That I have a face
Until I look in the mirror.

But I, a mere man--
Humble and weak,
Faithful and meek--
Can see those wings.
And I won't rest
Until I can remind her,
This bright angel,
That she can fly.

Lucifer

Selfish pride infests his narrow mind--
His wingspan wide, yet wisdom unsound.
 Banished from the beautiful realm of God,
 His kingdom of hell and damnation found.
The pain pulsing inside him, a fallen angel
By the Almighty's judgement--he is bound.
He hunts silent prey of ancient earth--
As a black wolf, a horrid hellhound.
 Seducing hearts and tempting spirits,
 He makes man's lust in his loins pound.
 Spawning the antichrist to burn the world--
 And bring the lies to everyone around.
The fatal fury of his breath bleeds jealousy.
 He steals souls and deceives from underground.
A feared and despised demon is he.
As king of darkness and evil--he is crowned.

Addiction's Soliloquy

Desolate thoughts are dark shadows,
Silent and solemn as stone.
They bear the wretched throes
Like wasted youth alone.

Not one soul sees their sorrow,
Nor one spirit able to hear.
Their hearts simply echo,
Fading endlessly in fear.

Hopeless humans lose their breath
And drift into the night--
And feel my choking death
Swallow all glowing godly light.

Why does my love hate everything?
Forbidden the good life must be.
As if the good life will sing
Of a curious creature like me.

This Child

There's something pure
 About a child,
 Curious about cardinals.
 The child can't speak, can't walk--
 But the child can feel.
 Sometimes the world ridicules,
 Unable to see the righteous flame
 Inside the heart of this child.
 No naked eye can see
 Or even comprehend,
 Because the arrogance
 Of blind mankind
 Can't see beyond human disability.

But when I
 Look at this child--
 Painting, drawing, writing
 Complete truth--
 I must only feel.
 I must feel this child's mind.
 Because that's where God rests.

Mad City

All the useless drivell
 From an ignorant population
 Turns truth
 Into porcelain porridge
 Served cold.

Rabid reporters
 Twist and terrorize
 The facts
 That exist in a world
 Without peace and understanding.

Stories, like prime cuts
 Of porterhouse,
 Show only one-half
 Of tender meat--
 While the other half
 Leaves lard portions
 That some people
 Actually swallow
 And then retch.

We have to see
 With hearts of impartiality--
 To wipe away
 All the greasy fat.

But as long
 As money-hungry fools
 Saturate these stories,
 A city of suckers
 Will believe them.

Holocaust

A hellish hierarchy
Of fierce hatred
Lashes out like harpies
Of primal fire.

They salute a god--
A god to them--
And execute useless hardtacks
Called Jews.

Their harp of darkness
Rings a dissonant chord
Of discord
As the keepers of the star
Are captured
By these hardshell satyrs
Of blind sickness.

The captives are thrown
Into a hellhole
And utterly destroyed--
The horror of hades,
The heinous carnage,
The hopeless hardship,
All a part of the star
They stain with their blood.

A dark, devilish paradise--
A nirvana of doom--
Only few survivors
See the light
Of the next day.
To tell the tale.

Walking with Whitman

The leaves of grass fondle my feet as I feel your words kiss my aching ears. Your song echoes occupations, thinking time, and sleepers--body electric, faces, and the answer. Thoughts of Europe, Boston's bright melody, the walking child, your complete lesson, and the great myths--so much to say and even more to grasp. Deep is the canyon of your mysterious mind. Look at me, look--with your voice, so I can understand what you mean.

Because when I do, I'll keep writing. And--through *my* voice--I'll make you live again.

EnlgMa

Like a jigsaw puzzle,
 Seemingly unsolvable--
 Scattered parts
 All around
 Everywhere,
 Anywhere.

A chaotic rhythm
 Beats a symbol,
 The key
 To connecting everything
 Together.

Not eyes can see,
 But a heart and mind
 Seeking the reality,
 The reason and raw
 Sheer will
 Of fitting
 The pieces together.

Then, only then,
 Can the whole picture
 Be seen.

Lovestruck

Her cinnamon sensuality enchants
 My eyes--her eyes
 Coddle me, a sweet starry
 Ambrosia is she.

Her fascinating beauty,
 Her blueberry charm,
 Her passion of peace
 Showers me like
 Fudge over vanilla icecream--
 It amazes me.

Like brindled gingerbread,
 I stand before her--
 Her gossamer
 Wings breezing me,
 Her cavalier spirit
 And her flippant features
 Of strawberry candy
 Hues giving supple sentiments,
 The mirror made
 Easier to envision my face.

To know who I am
 That is pure and good--
 And wishing I could sleep
 Inside her,
 This sacred place.

God's Eye and the Black Knight

I look to the horizon
For some kind of harmony--
The golden hue of God's eye
Upon me, closing slowly
Behind the shadow
Of the weak wasteland.

But He still sees me
Through the backlit canopy
Above my weary head,
Watching me through the stars
Like little holes
Punched through the heavens.

I, in darkness, see the fear
In my sweet companion--
Because the black knight
Draws his sword and strikes
Her heart of pure hope.
And watching her fierce terror
Pierces my heart tenfold.

So I look behind
And see the blackened path
Filled with melting clock faces
And howling chasms,
A sea of fire on the trees
Reminding me of the many scars
I've endured through time.

And I'm massacred by the knight
With the mace of meekness--
Fearing that my scars
Will frighten my soulmate
Away,
Leaving me alone
To face my pain.

But God's eye
Rises again in the sky
Looking upon her;
And the divine light
Reflects in her eyes of blue
As she stares darkness down.

The knight shatters
Like a mirror tinted ebony--
The shards melting
Into the cracks of courage.
Draining all fears forever--
We reach the land
Where light shines eternal.

Morgue

Icicles of anguish,
Freezing frost--
The sharp, pounding,
Throbbing pain
Is unbearable.

Like white thorns
Stabbing with razor
Snowflake stars--
They slowly
Drain the heat from
My heart.

A frigid delirium slows
Me down to
Silence.

I feel nothing, but
A deadened numbness.

I say nothing, but
Thinking thoughts.

I hear nothing, but
The cold whisper...

(That's him...)

I see her face,
her broken tears.
They close me up.
Now I have to deal
With the darkness again.

Reflections on Water

I stare into the lake
And watch the world
Look back at me.

I hear it speak
Waves of words--

Telling me
That Nature's mirror
May reveal
Someone else's face--
Instead of mine.

Venomous

You inject me with your absinthe,
 And my life lurks in this labyrinth
Of impiety's haphazards,
 Dark lies and germicides.

How your vernacular makes me vehement,
 Thinking the quantum of your nirvana
Was the zephyr's zenith,
 When instead you cracked my confidence
Like a mindgame tempest,
 Breakneck firebrands and jackknives in the sky.
And I examine you and ask--why?

Why do you whitewash my mind
 With this xanthic opiate of passion?
Why are your coalescent kisses
 Remnants of a dead deodorant
All over my skin, leaving dry powder?
 Why do you use my hardedge
To measure your cunning and player power?

You're a pretty paroxysm--
 Now all the muckraker spies
In this mad, misshapen world
 Embark on a rotten reconnaissance,
Keeping my kickback
 From breaking the stalemate.

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