



**the
triad**

poetry two

Pierre Roustan
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Palace Rebut

A spider works and spins
Her web, delicate and weak--
Designing pretty patterns of silk
During a winter quiet and bleak.

So intimate is her work,
The silver thread, fresh and fine--
Her crystal creation born,
Living diadem divine.

Then the ice storm strikes--
The howling frost breaks her home.
But still she perseveres
To rebuild her web, alone.

She reclaims her precious throne,
And rests for the night--
Satisfied of her rebirth, she dreams
Of tomorrow in solemn delight.

God's Voice

Symphonies and sonatas sing to the world;
Beautiful ballads bring harmony to me.
 Ragtimes and reggae also dance with joy.
 The redolence of rapture makes it easy to see.
I look at lulling lullabies and close my eyes,
But still I witness the gentle melody.
And it all sends me away, those notes--
Touching my senses and setting me free.
 Some say this sorcery of sound lives here,
 While others stab at the earth and disagree.
 They say no simple rule of physics can explain
 The truth behind this musical entity.
 Instead, they grant this gift to something else:
 Maybe a power, a person, or just a mystery.
Well, look to Heaven and hear His voice--
Because that's where music came to be.

Heal My Hate

He approaches me with stabbing words
And looks at me with crimson eyes,
Piercing my chest with his petty finger.
Saying how much he despised my kind,
How pathetic we are, how we should go back
To where we came from--he spits hate.

I try so hard to heal my hate
With hands of peace, speaking holy words
And wanting to turn my back,
Submitting--looking away from his eyes.
They burn my face, kind
Of like water boiling on a stove, biting my finger.

What can I do?--seeing him finger
Me, watching him hate
Me, a man meant to be destroyed in kind
With all the rest in the world, him using words
Like *spic*, *nigger*, *polak*, *chink*, or even *four eyes*.
All those burdens on my back.

And I hear God say to turn away, to come back
And hold His finger
In my little hand--looking up to Him with eyes
Longing for Him to heal hate,
Longing for refuge, comfort, kind
Reassurance--His true and trusted words.

With the Him protecting me, the hater's words
Are like wasted arrows racing back
To him, to his *kind*--
The type of person pointing his tyrant finger
At me with uncontrollable hate,
Evil bleeding from his blind eyes.

I watch him circle me. He eyes
Me, quietly judging me with words
Of wickedness and searing hate,
Wondering why I'm not struck back
By his sharp, bladed finger--
Saying again how much he despises my kind.

So, I hear his words, I watch his eyes--
I poke him with *my* finger, kind and without blame,
Back at his hate, declaring, "We're the same."

The Heart of Athletes

What makes them win the race?--
So they who strive to survive can taste
The titan triumph as fans hail
Them as champions?--the mind.
Most believe that the body must break
The tape in victory--why?

Muscles taut and tense, I ask why
And realize that the race
Is about courage--or else they wouldn't break
Their mortal bodies, training to taste
The salty sweat and blood. They don't mind
The strain, rain, snow, and hail.

The driving force is the hail
Of cheers in the crowd, not seeing why
Their flesh can do what it does. The mind
Rules the body--it can make hearts race
Harder than lightning, creating the taste
For competition, wanting egos to break.

They even look for that break
In the sky to see God's holy hail
Rain down on them as they taste
The gold around their necks, answering why
Mankind sacrifices everything to race,
Fight, and live: so says the raging mind.

Sleep, sloth, and others--they mind
Them all, wishing, hoping, praying to break
The chains of doubt during the race.
Keep your head up! they say--as a hail
Of tears fall from their eyes, asking why
Failure is what they taste.

So they train more; they taste
Those tears and it fuels the mind
To move on past the wicked *why*
That failure asks in order to break
Confidence and motivation. Like a hail
Of piercing questions making the mind race.

But they persevere--winning the race, the taste
Of glory in the mind. People hail and praise them.
Why?--because they break those chains.

Cursed Love

Let me tell you of a love's great tragedy--the iron irony and unusual circumstances, our gift to love a wretched malady, seeing God guard love with lethal lances. A man and woman bestow their hearts to each other, yet they cry painful tears; because a jealous sorcerer curses both, all the parts of their hearts cry their quiet fears.

Why, you ask?--what crosses them with stars? The woman by day becomes a fearless hawk, whereas the man by night a wolf with scars; their journey on earth, they endlessly walk. Because of that they never kiss--never truly touch each other, the day and night separating their lips from the bliss of true love's divine, deep delight.

And yet, even that isn't the worst; for never seeing each other's desire is only the agonizing first part of the curse's fierce fire. The true pain they have to endure really isn't that which keeps their desires apart--but the second half, also without a cure, joining them together. One soul, one heart.

They live their broken humanity, side-by-side until death comes, like a demon dove--this for all time, to you, I confide how cursed it is to be in love.

I Am Poetry

I know poetry--
I feel the force
Direct my hand
To move my wanting voice
And flesh out its existence
Onto the material world,
A world I usually don't wish to see.

I write poetry--
Then the flesh is weak,
Because my hand aches
Over the sheer will of my wisdom
Wanting to pour out
On the page of waiting passion,
It's purpose to embrace me.

I breathe poetry--
Like golden arrows,
My words are aimed toward an audience
Of open, anxious ears--
Curious of the sounds and sentiments
I inspire in the mind,
Awaking their spirituality.

I live poetry--
Like the way silver leaves
Live, by rain and light,
Thinking of things in life
That make no rational sense,
But can truly delight
In fantasy and mystery.

Between
Knowing, writing, breathing, and living--
What is my destiny?
After I die, will my words live on?
Only inside me.
And inside everyone.
For I *am* poetry.

The Nowhere Wind

You don't have ears.
You have a moving mouth.

So I listen
Like leaves on a tree
Listening to the wind,
And the breeze blows
One way, and then another--
Like chaos and order
Put together.

You don't have ears.
You have a moving mouth.

The leaves then fall,
Fluttering to the earth.
And the zealous zephyr still sings
That song of pride
For no reason.

You don't have ears.
You have a moving mouth.

You proved that you could ride
The wind and win.
But now you float alone--
That makes your *rightness*
Worthless information.

You don't have ears.
You simply have a moving mouth.
That's all you'll ever be.

Scathing Indignation

My Eyes burn like a Backburner
Set on a Simmer--
At first glance, harmless--
But when Touched can Cut
Flesh with Fire's Fury.

And I sit in the bathtub,
Soaking my Raging Sorrows--
Trying to Tame the Anger
With Music and the Melody
Of Herbal Essences and Nuetrogena--
Letting Time wash away.

I Look through the White
Tiles infested with mildew--
Feeling my Fingers
Prune up, until my Hands
Start looking like Dragons
Waiting to burst through Walls,
Breathing Fire.

I Burst out of the Bathtub
Dripping hard water,
And I Dry myself off--
Cursing with common Words
Meant to be Locked away
In a made-up Dictionary.

I savagely Rape my Face
With moisturizer, Edge, a Mach 3,
And Bandaging my Bleeding nicks
With a Cute, Little styptic wand.

Then I go back
To my Dark Room--
My Face so tight and sealed
That I'd never Want to Talk,
Because my skin would Crumble
Like Weak Marble
After centuries of Nature
Breaking it Down.

What Next?--
I lay on my bed,
My eyes still Burning Blades,
And I start Writing Words
Like I am Right Now--
Because I Realize
That Really is the only Way
I Can Vent My Anger!

Forsaken

Whispering like death, forever I stare,
Clothed in ash and pale in face--
My past is more than I can bear.

Cold echoes in my mind, aware
Of how I fell from my good grace,
Whispering like death--forever I stare.

They remind me that life is unfair
To all who are born in this evil place--
My past is more than I can bear.

Yet, I fight for justice, hoping to share
With them the cause of my case.
Whispering like death, forever I stare--

For they won't listen, they don't care,
Silent and still like the cold of space.
My past is more than I can bear.

I realize that I'm alone as I tear
My heart out--a hopeless disgrace--
Whispering like death. Forever I stare.
My past is more than I can bear.

Worthless

You want my blood?--
 Take it!--with your wicked hands,
 Since your thirst
 Drowns you, fondles you, feels you--
 I don't want this life anymore.
 I don't want this body anymore.
 I just wish to close my eyes--
 Forever.

It isn't enough that your nails
 Press against my eyes,
 And I cry tears of blood
 Over the joyous evil I've seen.
 You want my blood?--
 Take it!
 Because I know it no longer wants
 Me! My body is a carcass
 With a beating heart!--Me!

And You!--God, who hates
 My flesh the way flies
 Love the stench and decay
 Of the dead--take my life!
 I want out of this body!--
 I want out of this mind!--
 The world wants me to die.
 Does God want my blood?--
 Take it! Just take it.

I know vengeance is upon me
 For walking on you, earth.
 And I know Your sorrow sees me
 For being a slave

To the world's whiplash.
 Because of it, my neck is broken--
 And I can't keep my head up.
 No more.

So, you wretched earth,
 And God who made me--
 You want my blood?--
 Take it!--
 Just take it.

Breakdown

These hyenas
Laugh at me, insult me, rip me apart
While the voice in my head
Tries to keep me together...

Look at this dork, how dumb he is! (just walk away)
Come on, little man, come on--are you scared? (don't listen)

They push me,
Their pudgy digits burning my skin--
And my stomach churns,
Humiliating--I can't breathe...

Yeah I thought you wouldn't fight back. (leave it alone)
You're a wuss--nothing but a little wuss! (it's not worth it)

And so I walk away (keep your dignity)
My back facing them--
Their laughter echoes inside me (resist it, be calm)
And I feel--I feel,
I feel the fire rise inside me-- (tame your anger!)
My forehead gets hot,
I see this chair next to me, (don't do it)

No more!--I can't bear it! (.....)

I want to breathe smoke!--
I want to pulverize the world!--
I want to devour the universe!--

I kick the chair so hard
That it flies in the air like a frightened flea!
And everyone in the room

Stands still.

My action stopped the earth from turning.

And I look at him, the leader

With quiet rage,

With eyes

Wanting to burn holes

In his brain.

The look

Of shock

On his face--

Like watching comets killing a planet.

Because I did the unexpected today.

I circle him like a tiger,

Ready to tear apart his flesh--

But the other kids quickly snatch me away

Before I can do something evil.

They pull me away,

Fifty feet away from him--

I feel the hate

Pound

Every part

Of my being!--

And it agonizes my mind,

To the point

Where I bleed

Hot tears

Out of my eyes!--

And the smoke rises from my heart (let go of your hate)

Like hissing vapor

From a forest fire on a rainy day-- (be at peace)

Later in the day,
He turns to me-- (listen to him)
And asks my forgiveness.
Sincerely.

Look--I'm sorry I hurt you... (forgive him)

I'm still shaking like an earthquake--
Still livid, temper lost.
I say nothing--
Nodding my head.

Knowing I'll hate him
For the rest of my life.

Newborn

I take my key, and I bury it
In you.
With eyes to see,
And being wary too,
That your shelter can shield
Our mirth rebirth--
And as mentor, mother,
You wield your worth.

Your flesh consumes me,
Taking me in--
And your rose blooms,
Free,
Making our first creation.
Heaving hearts and slumber smiles--
They know what starts
Our destiny under trials.

There I smile--
Embracing your hand.
Your miracle breathes
While facing the new land.
Because we had unlocked
The door,
A new future awaits us
As we yearn for more
Of what God has in store.

We had opened the door
And walked through.
To face this new challenge, we must--
Dear Lord, my God--
Trust.
In You.

13 Ways to Describe the Moon

1.

It befriends the earth
Much like how a parasite
Attaches to a host.

2.

Standing alone,
She ponders on the meaning of life
In the sky.

3.

The size of your thumb--
And the state of Texas
At the same time.

4.

The panther's eye
Stares at me while I sleep...

5.

It hates the self-righteous sun.
And it can't wait for night to come.

6.

God likes to watch
Without being seen--
He created a hole in the universe
To look through.

7.

It dances with the earth,
It leaves the light,
It loves the night--
And it never tires.

8.

I know who you are--
You're the sun in disguise.

9.

How is it that swiss cheese
Floats so high in the night sky?

10.

I can see the whole galaxy
By looking into it--
Much like how I look
Into a hole in the wall
Leading to another room.

11.

The moon is full--
The same as my body
With desire for you.

12.

We're made of the same dust--
We sleep with our brother
Peering into our window.

13.

Why do people care?
It's a piece of rock in space...

Garden of Ecstasy

I kiss your warm chrysanthemum,
 Watching you bloom, your open petals--
 The honeysuckle smoothing my hand
 As I caress your sensual sand.

Watching you bloom--your open petals
 For me--your posy lips part and settle
 As I caress your sensual sand,
 Ready to swallow my rosewatered seed.

For me, your posy lips part and settle,
 Raining kisses on my aching skin.
 Ready to swallow my rosewatered seed,
 My daffodil desire--that's what you need.

Raining kisses on my aching skin:
 It feels like bathing in fresh morning dew;
 My daffodil desire--that's what you need,
 Writhing with me in our carnal creed.

It feels like bathing in fresh morning dew--
 Your velvet fondles my fire and wisdom,
 Writhing with me in our carnal creed,
 Bringing me to a cry of passion for you--

Your velvet fondles my fire and wisdom,
 The honeysuckle smoothing my hand,
 Bringing me to a cry of passion for you:
 I kiss your warm chrysanthemum.

Climax

The rise--
 It builds in me,
 My body shaking hard
 At the high cliff's edge; I leap off
 Screaming.

True Wisdom

Learn the truth--
Don't expect me to stoke
The fire inside your mind.
True wisdom burns
On its own.

Every bit of knowledge
Is like a spark
Waiting to make its mark.

Know the truth--
Don't brand me blind to light.
For what good is your wisdom
If you won't let it shine
For me to see.

The gems that glow
Are not for you to show--
But for others to witness.

Speak the truth--
Don't carve it on my chest.
For when I look in the mirror,
I won't understand
Your writing.

A scarred paradigm
Can only be passed through time--
Without being truly learned.

Don't agree with me.
Don't even listen to my words.
I teach not for you to learn,

But for you to *do*--
Same as flying is for birds.

Learning is your unborn child--
So give it life.
Then the truth will be your shield.
So *live* the truth--
And your body and soul
Will be the weapons you wield.

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