

A QUIET CAFÉ
IN CAIRO

Collected poems
(1988-1998)

Sébastien Doubinsky

RUNNING SLOW

POEMS

(1988-1989)

These poems were written while I was still living in Tours, then when I was teaching at Sweet Briar, Virginia. Although far from perfect, I included these because some of the pieces were the first bricks of the upcoming puzzle. But you're still welcome to laugh at them.

NIGHT ON THE BEACH

And we became the Ocean and the Sea
mixing their surf and secrets
late in the night
when the fishermen cannot hear
the sirens' mourning songs
and they sit on the pier
smoking their pipe
and they say
"This is a quiet night"
but all around them
we laugh in silence
waiting for the winds
to bring us back ashore
like the bodies of drowned sailors
and desperate lovers

MISLEADING COLUMBUS

Flying over the clouds' strange landscapes
I think of you and the limited geography of your heart
and I remember the Columbus I thought I'd be to your soul
but you gave me false maps and a rotten ship
and the new continent I thought I had discovered
turned out to be but my hometown again
with its gray skies, narrow streets
and cold hearts

BIRD-CALCULATING

Nature surrounds the house
in trees, mud and pale skies
I can do nothing this evening
but watch and hope
to see you tomorrow
while this bird sings outside
in some invisible tree
hiding in the forest of my confusion

PEACE

Appreciating mornings again
looking at the trees anew
-good to see the sun
and the white frost
on the side of the road
I linger in this bridal morning
filled with quiet Zen peace
or whatever your eyes are
feeling so good
I might even shave today

BUS RIDE

She sits next to me
with her beautiful dark hair
and blue tourist eyes
and I can say
nothing
do
nothing
think
nothing
because I am not
in love with her

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE

You tell me that you love me too much
and words burn like bridges between us
collapsing one by one in painful silence
We slowly drift apart like sad continents
Taste of earth inside my mouth

RED #1*To Carrie Nardello***Red is not revolution****it is failed revolution****Red is not blood****it is poisoned blood****Red is not love****it is painful love****Red is not a color****it is a raging color****the color of souls****lost and found and lost****again --just red****like the hearts in our hands****and the tongues in our mouths****our last presents as we sit here****in this café****waiting for****the crimson dawn**

RED N°2

ashes diamond ashes

victory red victory

CHAFED ELBOWS

I look down at the thousand roads
thousand rivers thousand veins
slowly spreading below
like a beautiful disease
and I think of your body
and the polluted waters of your eyes
and the corrosion of your smile
and last but not the least
my chafed elbows burning red magnificent
for days and hours
reconstructing through their puzzle of pain
the blessed pornographic movie
we used to live --and never watch

COFFEE

My reflection shines on the bar
like a dark halo
--angels like bitterness

240 BUDDHAS

**Cigarette smoke and the ashes of a handshake
in a quiet café on a rainy day
wondering if I'll ever see you again
while two hundred and forty buddhas
dance around my cup of tea**

MEMORIES

Paris is pinned on my wall
like a dead butterfly
and your letters
are spread at my feet
like dried flowers
I never knew
I was such
a collector

WHY IT IS GOOD TO DRINK AT PARTIES

Angels have no sex and women have no hearts
and it's raining pearls and diamonds outside
but the door is locked and I am polite
A glass breaks, somebody laughs
and I think I'll have another cocktail
-- shaken, not stirred,
like the soul ought to be

YOU ARE LATE AGAIN

I am waiting

The cup of coffee

on the table

is cold

I look at my watch

walk to the window

open a book

close it

etc, etc, etc.

INSIGNIFICANT THINGS

First:

the big blue stain
of the noon sky
hanging by my window
like a wet cloth

Then:

ten thousand words
on insignificant things
gathering around
the large white table

As:

I am waiting for you
and very carefully
looking at the sun
caught in the doorknob

MINIMAL PAINS

are like

little cuts

on your fingers

nothing at all

until

you eat

an orange

and

wince

ROOTS

The summer evening falls on our shoulders again like a big blue burden or a cracked ceiling or anything heavy you can think of -- your eyes are painted merciless tonight you cannot stand my solitude you say --very well then leave-- but you cannot because the roots are still growing inside-- tear them out and we'll both die --I laugh --and the roots curl up inside us like barbed wire --it is night outside now indefinite and growing like a desert you cry I light a cigarette --tiny red light that burns slowly like love ought to do --then we go to bed full of ashes

WRITERS ARE BORING

They wear clean shirts

and speak about love

writers are boring:

they believe

in the reality

of their own words

NEWSPAPER IN THE WIND

There goes another day

so far so good

life is still in print

CARS AND SEASIDE

Cars are speeding by the water

hissing the same song

over and over again

in a glow of burning metal

Cars are speeding by the water

--rust on the wheels

STAIRCASE EROTICA

Legs brushing against mine
--breath, soft hair, elusive
breasts met for a minute,
a second, forever
on these treacherous steps
Watch out, you may trip, fall
and break your heart

ME AND MY OLD SHOES

Me and my old shoes
love to sit in the dark corners
of little cafés
and tell each other
tales of cities travelled
and bottles drank
--the boring old stories
of long time friends

THE OTHER SIDE OF INDUSTRIAL NIGHTS

Quiet industrial nights by the river
spent with you (the name is not important)
spent in the tranquil glow of neons,
fumes, chemical haze, etc.
spent on the edge of the city
our city
transformed by steel
once and for all
transformed
I remember you now
you liked the river
because it seemed untouched
that's what you said --untouched
"By what?", I said, "Everything is touched"
"Don't be so pretentious" you said,
and you walked away untouched
and since then I have liked

the river too

it bears your name

THE PEARL

The pain in the heart of all things
can sometimes become a pearl
but it is so frightening
to open up
and let the world
come in and pick it up
There is no price
for a poem
There is no price
for trying to live

MIDNIGHT IN WINTER

Nights in France
are often cold and distant
and the stars shine
like silver nails
piercing your hands and knees
but around your shoulders
thin ghosts gather
keeping you warm
with their tales
of death in the kitchens
and love in the fields
--the battlefields

DAVID HUME'S TOMB IN EDINBURGH

I could start
with the tower itself
large
round
gray
and the barred door
Then
I would look at
the philosopher's shadow
little round stones
a blade of grass
and some materialistic earth

GERRY MULLIGAN LIVE IN NEW YORK, 1960.

This music links our silence

this is not our childhood

this is not our past

yet so close

to our heartbeats

so close

this music

our silence

ssshhh...

keep the beat

OVERWHELMED

My hand knows your hand and more
as the afternoon grows
and the white rose blooms on the table
single fragile overwhelming
like the silence inside our mouths
and the distance between our skin

ULYSSES

The old man

standing in the water

his hands covered

with rust

and the gold of years

He thinks about

the seven seas

he has crossed

the seven women

he has known

the seven silver keys

he has in his pocket

He takes out his pipe

while his feet get slowly

soaked by the water

blue like the name of the girls

he has tattooed on his shoulder

NOX

**The best sleep I ever got was in your arms
calm, soothing presence like the sea
or the first star which shines early
in the evening when you walk home
feeling loved and wonderfully lonely**

CATHEDRAL

The cathedral wears the calm mask of religion
I can see it waiting like a sphinx by the river
but the riddle has long been forgotten
and everything is now empty like the sky
the birds the trees and everything
we believed meaningful
We try to read clues like this big cloud
hanging over our heads like a mysterious threat
silent, beautiful and so perfectly white

BASTILLE DAY BLUES

The crowd gathers around itself
in a thick mass of screams and laughters
while flags hang still on their poles
but I'm not really here
In the midst of this colorful chaos
I can think of nothing else but you
and tonight Bastille Day is leaving my soul
red white and mostly blue with firecrackers

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER

To Luc Bajan-Banaszak

Eternal questions

and eyes blue and fragile

as porcelain cups

BIG MOTHER CALIFORNIA

Big Mother California

is nowhere to be seen

but in my ex-girlfriend's eyes

or in dark taco stands

or hitchhiking on the wrong side of the road

or anywhere you want because she's a dream

Big Mother California

makes music at night

like a mountain

rolling and splashing

into reservoirs

of wealth and madness

Big Mother California

is a wildlife reservation

for happiness and perfect bodies

and even sometimes solitude

Big Mother California

there is a bear chasing you

under a bright red star

(the communists are everywhere)

Big Bear chewing palm-trees like gum

Big Bear drinking tequila with salt and lemon

Big Bear chewing Mexicans in the palm of its hand

Big Bear of stars shining

alone

in your eyes

Big Mother California

the beautiful

BUTTERFLY PANIC

The day the butterflies invaded the city
they warned us through the radio
like in some old science-fiction movie
"Do not touch these insects, they are poisonous.
I repeat, do not..."
That night I went for a walk
in the mild worried evening
and all the people who sat outside the cafés
were watching intrigued scared amused
the poisonous snow-flakes flicker
around the bright neon globes
and they were wondering how long
they were going to live
these goddamned beautiful butterflies

EDWARD HOPPER

Loneliness has many bright colors
just like the sun reflected on the wall
or the green trail of the wind on the sea
colors that make you wish

NURSERY RHYME

Whenever children play
trees grow higher
and things happen
happy things
delicately handcrafted
by Death

MANHOOD

To Steve Weeks

Stumbling in the empty streets
dead drunk under the watermelon moon
I feel so happy it's just like
pissing in a field at night
listening to the sound
of your own water
and the restless cries
of a thousand insects

ANOTHER DAY

Another day to live
not painfully --delicately
like painting on glass
or something like that
useless and beautiful

Another day goes by
take your time
look at it proudly
you never do the same thing twice
no matter how hard you try
--or you think you try

BY THE LOIRE BANKS

By the Loire banks

I thought of you, my love

--my hand in the water

cold, lonely

and all around me

was the city

my city

kneeling in the water

my city

crippled by rain

SUMMERTIME

Trees bloom through my window
like green nuclear explosions
--a matter of seconds
and my watch is two minutes late
Oh my God
it is summer
already

OUR LOVE'S DEATH

In the soothing waters of the Seine
I can see the still apocalypse
of our dying love
flicker among the blinding lights
of the *bateaux-mouches*
filled with tourists
smiling happily
and grinding their teeth

HANGOVER MORNING

To Nicolas Richard

Nicolas peels an orange
his hands are firm but delicate
in the morning sun
My head hurts so much I have to look away
and he says, peeling the fruit
"God, I was so drunk last night!"
--which is true of me too--
peeling the fruit like a golden handgrenade
about to explode any minute now
and send our scattered bodies
into the perfectly round mouth
of the coming afternoon

ONE EUROPEAN HAIKU

**The sun caught in the tree's branch
like a big golden coin
All my wealth**

THE HOLY FATHERLAND

To R.M.Rilke

The mother stood up

to welcome her son

and she said

"Where have you been

all these years?"

The son sat down and said

"Mother, I have been everywhere

because I got lost and tired and angry

and I have seen enough and I want to see more

I want to rest and I want to leave"

And the mother said

"You have seen more than I have ever seen

You have walked and you have lived

You have spoken and you have sung

Tell me, how did you do

all these things?"

And the son said

"I have done so many things

because I have suffered, Mother

I have suffered and I have lost"

And the mother kissed the son

and they walked back together

into the house

reconstructed on the edge

of the world

THE TEETH OF DAWN

Sirens in darkness

like a whispered song

--the early hours of the morning

filtrate through my eyelids

paralyzing me with their gray hands

YOU AND PARIS

A presence --the sound
of your steps
something like
reminiscence
but not quite
as you are here
in this city
my city
my other love
--don't be jealous

TO MAKE A POEM

Words need to be washed

once in a while

and hung out like socks

shirts underwear etc.

Then let the wind pick them up

and throw them in the mud again

GONZWANA

(1991-1992)

These poems are “transition pieces”, from my life in Paris and my first year teaching in Blois, to my new life in Denmark. Confusing times. It shows.

SPEEDFREAK
To FBW

The freeway slices dusk like raw ham
as rock'n'roll is killing our lives
in the great car -Rock On -Speed On-
A gas-station glows like an expensive bonfire-
François grins -we don't need fuel now-
Let's keep our money for later -in the evening,
in the bars we know so well.
Electric poles stand by the side of the road
like ancient Corn Gods -a train rolls
in the distant parallel, mother-of-pearl smile
in darkness

WRITER-TO-BE
To A. K.

Adam is a bouncer and a writer-to-be -Beer glasses
in hand he hovers over tables and scared girls-
But he's a good man and some day, when he wipes
the sticky foam off his large fingers, he will type
something deep and delicate that will not smell
of puked alcohol and stale cigarettes

TYPEWRITER IN FLAMES

To J. B.

His pants had burnt holes in them and his look was wild and scared -"Phew!" he said, "Let's go have a drink" I said-
The fire had burnt down his room and everything he owned, from socks, books, glasses to my lent typewriter -Cigarette smoke was friendlier later in the bar and we drank a lot of beers -we both needed it -He would have fiery nightmares for a while, and I would often think of the days he had to crash on my floor -Sometimes it just takes a typewriter in flames to realize that friendship is a gleaming phoenix -literally

REQUIEM FOR MY COUNTRY'S SOUL

To P. S.

My country's soul
has been buried head down
in the dry mud
and no flowers put on her grave
(but TV was there)
Trees are torn in the wind
over the quiet grave
and passers-by look the other way
when they tread on its cold stone
Where are the Ronsards? The Villons?
And the Apollinaires, their heads
crowned with bleeding stars?
Where are the Hugos, the Rimbauds
and the dreaming Verlaines?
No more words to reach the night,
no more crys at the break of dawn
My country's soul has died quietly
on the front page of a paper
Everybody was very sorry,
but they didn't know
who the hell it was
Poets, go your own way
this landscape is a rotting desert
with many ghosts and no soul

Our literature was a dream
but images have died
and words have no breath
anymore
and love has no letters
anymore
(empty envelopes with
"please forward" crossed out)
and stories are stale
and dried out
but everybody's very happy
because they can be on TV,
and talk on the radio, and
be read about in local papers
And on my country's soul grave
only a few are weeping
their tears falling on their feet
as the audience claps and laughs
Poets, go your own way

DOWN AND OUT IN BLOIS

Hung over and teaching a class -How I hate
English grammar this morning and everything
that goes with it -including me -Maybe I'll surprise
these impossible kids with a test -and give
out bad grades to everybody -including me

FRANCOIS VILLON REVISITED

To L. O.

Passer-by, listen!:

Beer and beer and beer and
whisky and more beer-

Rock'n'roll is blasting in
the little familiar bar and
outside people are unhappy
because it's winter now
and cold and everything
but we're warm in here-

We've got booze and poetry
-Medieval poetry, that is-
and there's nothing better
in the world, except for
my girlfriend but she's
sleeping at home right now

-so poetry has to do-

Therefore, passer-by, will you please bring
roses on our graves,
and one more beer,
before we go

LAVOMATIC

**They are sitting, four or five,
like Byzantine saints with sad faces
watching their clothes spin
in the metal boxes -watching
their life getting soaked and washed
in the laundromat -silent temple,
second coming
Alleluhia!
The clothes are clean
and the halos are shining**

IT LOOKS LIKE ROCKS, BUT IN FACT IT'S PLASTIC

These stories I'm reading
aren't good at all
On the back cover they say
it's heavy stuff
Yeah, well -they sure
look like rocks
but in fact they're plastic
It only takes one hand
to lift this book
and throw it away

PHILOSOPHY 101

Plato wrote down

EVERYTHING

Socrates said

He was a good man

FLUX/DRY RIVER (A dream)

Under the rising stars we stooped
by the riverbed, drying -barely
breathing with sand in its mouth
There were clouds on our shirts
sand in the river
sand in our pockets
-rocks underneath
our nails
we carried
from here to there
from me to her
heaven to earth
in a blink
catching stars
beneath our eyelids
driving them
hard into the wet mud
where they shone
like silver nails
under the shadow
of water

THE BEAUTY OF DAWN

Early in the morning
forehead resting against
the cold window I look
at transparent factories
crossing with my reflection
in the lights of the Titanic
sinking in cold darkness
Dawn's pink ass slowly
raises over the river
as the train slows down
and enters the station
The winter morning
freezes our faces
as we jump out
in tired lumps
Everybody's going to work
Everybody's got to make a living
Dawn might be beautiful, sure
but right now everybody's missing
their bed and under their breath
they all curse the goddamned
morning beauty
It's not a good time
to be a poet

ERNEST HEMINGWAY NEVER WENT TO BLOIS

Ernest Hemingway never went to Blois
but this afternoon
trains look like white elephants
I wonder what he would have
thought
of that

JARDINS DU LUXEMBOURG
IN WINTER

Yellow and grey
ghost my childhood running around
the freezing basins
little black shape
laughing and singing
while Italian tourists
are taking pictures
of the Senate
Eerie chandeleers
are burning through
the large windows
flickering flames
of power and past
My childhood's gone
let the kids run
tourists will come
and pass
and so
will power
-hopefully
It's never too late
to go back
and believe in Winter

**and Spring
for Spring will
always come back
in the end**

BATHWATER

She undresses and slips
into the water of my bath
She is wrapped in my shadow
warm and splashing
like all love stories
and bathwaters should be

KEROUAC IN THE SCHOOLROOM

Reading Kerouac in the teachers' room
 while another noisy, albeit useless, revolution
 is about to take place
 "Down with the system!" the colleagues are
 yelling "We want more money! We want more respect!
 And the kids need to be castrated! And hung! And we demand
 more orgasms! And less taxes!"
 Visions of the Educational System dance through
 my distracted head and fade out between the lines
 on the road to nowhere -again- and I would like
 to tell them that grades are only numbers on paper
 and are not generated by the teacher's testicles
 or ovaries -they only exist if you only want them
 to -and *they* do
 But I also know they wouldn't listen -their mouths filled
 with ear-wax, it's already too late -so I keep on reading
 the good old crazy prose that is dripping from this second-
 hand book while the teachers are yelling and about ready
 to set fire to the entire building-
 Then the bell rings -and yet another great revolution is aborted
 until same place, next year and they all leave like little
 frustrated soldiers
 Ready to grade the lil' chillun with their wrath and mouth-foam
 and

I shake my head
oh poor teacher me!
just sittin' there
smilin' and readin'
and above all minding
my very very own business
like a young old innocent
TRAITOR
which I am
proud
to
be

MYSTERIOUS LOVE IS

To Lea.

Mysterious love is
golden it floats like
a golden fringed cloud
hovering over us on
a stormy purple sky
announcing rain and
cheerful sneezes
-all that
and mysterious love is
like a white back in
the darkness of a room
lit by the moon and
the outside neon globe
on which thousands and
thousands of insects
have died and will die
as long as electricity
exists and tell us of
strange tales and countries
travelled so fast
in a blink of an eye
your eye my eye
and the silence of words

**and the silence of cars
gliding in the streets
in mysterious conspiracy**

JAZZ

To Prof. Barnes

Beers on the table and smoke
 in the eyes the lungs
 and about everything else
 in the little crowded bar
 This is called GROOVE NIGHT
 but the only ones really grooving
 are the bottles and ashtrays
 go figure
 BUT we are talking and when
 we mention Jazz I can see him
 close his eyes and smile a smile
 that makes him look like a holy man
 of JAZZ
 --not a cardinal nor a pope--
 no a Saint, with a halo full
 of drum beats and blue notes
 remembering cubist treasures
 and Art Nègre when all this had
 a meaning somehow and Paris in
 the past and all that groove thing
 seems stale and vain now
 that an angel has passed
 with an Afro on his head

and a trumpet in his hand
The Walls of Jericho may
have never really fallen but
it was the beginning of
hard-bop --everybody
can tell you that,

n'est-ce pas, cher ami?

Let's have a toast to Coltrane,
and Monk, and Mingus, and Davis, and
etc etc etc.

Let's have a toast to Jazz and friendship
not necessarily in that order
but let's drink anyway
another beer before we *groove*
--whatever that means

WIND ON WIND

Poems around Denmark

(1992-1993)

First poems about the first two years in Denmark. Nothing else to say.

NOTEBOOK

so these are the years
and this is the weather
and the inside of my mouth is becoming greyer
but there are no regrets
only good memories
and a few hangovers

from the ashes I will stand
and dive again & again
bringing back pearls
and a few cold beers

FROM THE BALCONY.

From the balcony I can see
windows and trees and more windows
and a glimpse of the blue behind the lid of clouds
I can see the day and the face of Buddha smiling
I can always see him smiling and it makes me wonder
how can someone smile so much and never get tired

“such is, my friend, the mystery of life”

THE MUSE IS GONE*--to lea*

the muse is gone back to her mother
and all I keep here is a sack full of gold
waiting to spend it all next winter
when the rooms are cold
and the candles burn away
all the good mens' hearts

thank you my muse
for such wonderful images
thank you

thank you

thank you

I will never forget you

there is absolutely no need to

TOMBS AND CIGARETTES.

there is nothing like smoking a good cigarette
in the little cemetery overlooking the sea
you can think about Paul Valéry
or you can think about the passing of time
you can also think about the girls you saw last night
and you wish you could remember their names
but there is a boat leaving the harbour
and suddenly you are not thinking anymore
you are just looking and the cigarette
keeps burning between your fingers
sending smoke clouds to decorate the stones

TWENTY Percent EXTRA

(1993-1998)

“Mabel, you whore.”

Charles Bukowski.

The first “real” collection, made of a patchwork of memories from Paris, New York (1988-1989) and things experienced later in Denmark. Poetry becomes serious here. Can’t laugh anymore.

SATORI IN RED & YELLOW

walking down a boulevard
I come across Louis-Ferdinand Céline
(old bum in ragged coat
looking exactly like him but worse
if at all possible) and I think
of his life which is nothing
but a never-ending collection
of empty wine-bottles and
piss-stained pants

I put one shiny franc
in his black palm
(for the love of humanity)
and
Louis-Ferdinand
waves goodbye
laughing
toothless

as I stare
back
laughing
thoughtless

KEROSENE AND HONEY

images can scream freely
 sometimes
 like mad fire-engines

red
 glimmering
 enchanted

full of exotic smells
 and promising combustions
 ready to enter
 the house of poetry
 and burn it down

ashes diamonds ashes

victory red victory

"sticky and sweet as honey

are the illusions of life"

SUTRA #1

**you are sitting
in the old armchair
reading a book
in the dying
sunlight**

creation is destruction

FRANÇOIS VILLON REVISITED

To Lionel Osztean, mauvais garçon, grand poète.

passer-by, listen!
will you please bring
roses on our graves
and one more beer
before we go

LAVOMATIC

they are sitting, four or five,
byzantine saints with sad faces
watching their clothes spin
in the metal boxes —watching
their lives get soaked and
tumbled and washed in the laundromat—
silent temple, second coming
alleluhiah!
the clothes are clean
and the halos are shining

FOGHORNS

the first load of spring has finally arrived
the city slowly warms up under the hazy sunlight
by the harbor you can hear the foghorns wailing like deer
in heat

M A I A K O V S K I

no line is long enough to carry out his name
 letters like telegraphic poles across the landscape
 sending out fiery messages across the sky
 in L A R G E red words that turn to ashes
 as soon as they reach the ground

MAIAKOVSKI

on a pile of dead poets
 deader than them all

in his right hand
 a red passport

in his left
 a smoking revolver

in his head
 the rattling sound

of a lone bullet

famous last word

made of good Russian

lead

SPACE

use space as you wish
there are no limits to the expansion
of the universe within a poem

Newton was a bore
and his wife was a whore
selling her charms
against crates of apples

poets use your words
like tiny black holes
and drag everything
into your spinning
universe

then count the stars
left in yer pockets
full of holes

FATHER IMAGE

gigantic shadow
of Guillaume Apollinaire
lighting a cigarette
among the stars

SUTRA #8

**the name of Buddha
is an image**

THE BACK OF THE MUSE

hotel window wide open
children scream outside
shooting plastic guns
and dying happy deaths
you turn around in the July sunlight
and suddenly I see the back of the muse

BLAISE CENDRARS

brother in arms let me shake your invisible hand

BRINGING BACK BAD WEATHER

it has snowed on the coast
and there is ice on the sand

mad sea howling in its grey coat
like a bum possessed with a holy vision

a few kilometers away the sun is shining
and the sky is a clear cloudless blue

our apartment is there

now we walk back to the car
bringing back bad weather

always bringing back bad weather

LIONEL OSZTEAN

shaved head like Maiakovski's
he laughs a typewriter laugh
sending out blood spurts and typos
exploding in darkness like roman candles

the rest he can write better himself

PARTHENON

To Seferis

poetry looks better in ruins

THE EARTH IS FLAT

The earth is flat tonight, my friends
and you can laugh all you want and
you can throw your empty bottles at me and
you can insult me all you want
it won't change a thing because I know
I'm right —I just need to take a good look
at you and there you have it

THE ACCELERATION OF PARTICLES

the acceleration of particles is a good thing she said
and she emptied her beer and looked right into my eyes
ok I said I guess you're right and I thought she wanted to
go to bed with me
but when I asked her she said no she was only talking
about nuclear physics
and this pretty much ended our conversation

WHAT'S A BEAUTIFUL GIRL LIKE YOU DOING IN A
BEAUTIFUL CAR LIKE THIS?

not a glance
not even a smile
and she is gone
and I can see him
looking at me in his rear-mirror
feeling so proud of his red car
and the coldness of his woman

well
this poem
is dedicated
to his car

it was nice
I admit

QUIET CAFÉ IN CAIRO

the night is growing between my toes and
I can taste the tea replacing my beer
as Laurent becomes a quiet Egyptian man
smoking a cheap cigarette
and I know I'm here although I'm there
in this quiet café in Cairo in the middle
of the night staring at my friends and wondering
how I'll ever get back

A POEM THROUGH HER

through the forest and her eyes

I can see the sea

blue green blue

WOULD THE BIGGEST GUY IN THIS ROOM PLEASE
STAND UP PLEASE?

the most interesting sight here tonight is
my glass of beer and a few of my memories
women walk by all wrapped up like
christmas presents for the rich kids
who are laughing and flexing their
muscles at the bar
I look at my own two
skinny arms
and I laugh quietly shaking
my head
—definitely the heaviest
part of my body which is
slowly growing immaterial
or should I say
insignificant
as are all the bodies
of the quiet winos
sitting in the darkest corner
of the bar

**trying really hard to remain unnoticed
and hiding the bruises on their faces**

TWENTY PERCENT EXTRA IN THIS POEM

and so the story goes there's a special sale
on poetry today and everything must go
the tables the lamps the poster-frames
absolutely everything until there only remains
four white walls and an endless number
of new words to inscribe somewhere
between the open window over here
and this man over there standing in
the shadow smoking a cigarette

DANSE MACABRE

this joint is one big open grave and
I can hear the rattling of the bones
beneath the breasts beneath the laughter
beneath everything including me
oh yes including me

HOMMAGE TO KEROUAC**Jack****Ti-jean****Ti-bonhomme****all the way up there****on yer bottle-shaped****cloud****ever happy among the thousand****faces of God or whomever****these few verses are for you as****America sinks a little bit more every day****she has water up to her fat thighs now****the bitch****& it's still rising and she's laughing****putting on more lipstick****while you're sleeping****Jacquot****while you're sleeping****and groaning****in your sleep**

THE SONG OF LOKI

the day I killed you, Balder
I wept all night and
I talked to the stars
who turned their face away
and I talked to the mountains
who turned into roads
and I talked to the rivers
who dried in their beds
and I talked to the birds
who stopped singing and
flew away
and finally I became silent
and I waited for your death
to become my poetry

MANTRA OF THE RED AND THE BLACK

To Ole Wesenberg

red buddha

black buddha

no line in between

THE EMPTINESS OF PLACES

the party goes on and we talk
very loudly and we laugh even more
loudly but when the music stops
and all the lights are turned on again
we all find ourselves once more
lost in the emptiness of places

BEAUTY

sometimes it only takes one simple image
to make the world turn right again
— the sunlight dancing on
your naked back
is one

MY FATHER'S CANCER

this morning I woke up next to you thinking about my father's cancer and your body was so warm next to mine —full of life and yet there was no sun outside — just the grey sky of some usual danish morning — and I thought about my father's cancer some more and you turned to me and said "not now darling I'm tired" and I suddenly understood that everything was part of my father's cancer — eating away the days — eating away everything — and I got up fast and tried to forget about it but I couldn't — and I thought about you so warm in the bed —so alive — and then I didn't want to think about anything at all —just about myself —and the hole inside — the hole in which we all fall in the end — whether we are loved or not

NIGHT BUS

sideways glances through the window of the bus
as video sheds its blue light across the seats

whispers conversations laughter overheard in half-sleep
opening one eye you look outside hypnotized by the lights
and alone on your seat
perhaps frightened by the implications
you watch the cities go by
dwindling like water

MANDALA ON THE WALL, WHO'S THE FAIREST OF
THEM ALL?

1) intuition

the world defined by circles and squares
of yellow blue and red
flames and clouds
devils and mountains
saints and bones

2) truth

the world yes the world
bright and thin as rice-paper

3) revelation

smell of ground coffee
a cat trots outside
you walk in
in splendid nakedness

ESSAOUIRA

To Philippe Sendek

white walls twisting into narrow dark streets
and behind them the blue whispers of the sea

the sun crashed through the rooftops like a madman's
orchestra

we talked about literature
and a thousand other useless things
compared to the wind... the wind...

A VISION OF BRUNO (1964-1984)

in the metro I swear I saw you standing next to me
your walkman on your ears like you used to
and the sadness of your eyes lingered

my mouth shut with friendship and sorrow
I couldn't even ask you what you were listening to

angel music no doubt

THE SUN IN FEBRUARY

the sun in the yard across from my window
sends gigantic shadows of birds on the wall
my voice on the phone becomes distant

ASPIRIN, ORANGES AND TEA

winter's here

RADIOSOURCE

ghosts of stars
echoing from distant galaxies
with flat names such as B. 501 or AX. 223
echoing in darkness and immensity
like obscure words

like poetry itself
real and unreal
eternally struggling
between flesh and wind

we should have an atlas of poetry
thousands and thousands of poets
like tiny black stars
with flat names

MILLEFLEURS

To Lionel Ostzean

I wish I had been a medieval poet
with bulging crotch and long pointy shoes
a Bible for bedtime stories
a nun for my bed
a goose-feather for my words
and a dagger for the friends
who have betrayed me

burn away the hearts of sad companions

GAULOISES FILTRE

all of France contained
in this cheap little blue package
resting lazily on my desk

how perfect

IN GREECE WITH CHRISTOPHE (1983)

I remember thirteen years ago

the green sea and the invisible wind
carried smells of mystery and decay
through the blue streets of Athens

the ruins of the days shone brightly
against our sweaty backs

and a woman brought us water
when one afternoon we were lost and burning
in the middle of hills fertile with cicadas and
treacherous stones

we were so young then

under the trees
Apollo spoke to us

and in the hills
the muses had bodies
of white marble
we could admire
but not touch

red evil Aphrodite moon
shone harsh magnificent
over the balcony
of our hotel room
in Argos cursed city

taste of olives and feta cheese
and the laments of rebetiko
crackling from old radios

I can still remember the metallic taste of the retsina
wine
poured into dirty glasses in the end of the afternoon
and I can still hear the voice of Dionysos
calling us from the darkening hills
and I can still touch the cheap souvenirs

we bought in a hurry at Omonia

we believed in History then

pale yellow innocence unknowingly lost forever
between the mountains and the Ægean sea

in Kalavrita there is a source of pure water
—for the first time I was in love

SEAMENS' SEMEN

the gurgling sea
 shines flatly like
 a mirror full of promises
 and the stars
 are piercing the blue carpet
 like very long nails
 and the sailors sing a lonesome blues
 watching the harbor close by
 earth fertile city glowing neons
 the call of the flesh and all things

the sailors cannot wait to set foot
 on the all too-familiar forgotten land
 and spray their foamy salted semen
 within wombs for rent like cheap
 bug-infested rooms —but they don't care
 sailors are not the romantic type

with a whore looking like the back of a cargo-ship
 who would be, they say

and the sailors dream resting confused
within their arms for hire
content with images of firm earth
red meat and cheap alcohol

sometimes one begins to laugh at his own memories

while the ships await in the silent night
like minotaurs in the labyrinth
calling the men with the saddest songs
luring them back
with promises of postcards and centerfolds

they say they never want to go back
but they always do
they say they know every harbor in the world
but they still want to see more

and they stand at the doors
of miserable taverns displaying
their tattoos large hands tough backs

and sometimes very pale eyes
that steal away the soul
of sad-looking married women
who want to believe in cheap words
such as adventure and *tour du monde*
because they need to believe in something more
than the stale exotism of their husband's after-shave

silhouettes of strength and sadness
square ghosts sitting at the bar
drinking and drinking
and fighting sometimes
in an attempt to be merry
—trying to chase away the sirens and harpies
continuously gnarling at their souls—
and then drinking some more
for no particular reason at all

silhouettes of sadness and spume
we pretend to avoid
and secretly envy
forgetting that the horizon

is everywhere the same imaginary line

Odysseus

Black Beard

Blaise Cendrars

seamen images of poets
mouths of the obscure
telling stories to their children
and their children's children

arriving is just another illusion
as you cannot build roads on the sea
and leaving is just another hope
as you already know all the faces

so, poets, pick up your suitcase full of books
and step into the salty wind of this summer morning
but remember: travelling is but a figure of the mind

here — smell the sea

CUCKOO SINGS

the cuckoo sings
rites of spring
sudden childhood memories
of the yellow garden
when the grand-parents
were still alive
and so were we

butterfly wings on the face of the ancestor
the wooden stairs snore in their sleep
little birds chirp crystal notes

eternity at a standstill
harmless for once

childhood visions unfold within

when the cuckoo sings
I sing

LIGHTBULB

dear yellow light
which allows me to read
all my favorite books
you are holy

electricity crackles within
the delicate eggshell glass-bulb
edison watts and philips 220-230V
dance around sending crazy shadows
to the four corners of this room

a fire burns
in the window
my fire

60 Watts

PROBABLY THE BEST EXILE IN THE WORLD

Aarhus

the harbor

smell of the brewery

CERES

floating

like some old bum's coat

over the city

the sea awaits gently for new ships to arrive

and travelers to put down their weary suitcases

filled with photographs and useless yellow papers

while seagulls laugh at their own jokes

red and white flags everywhere like teeth and gums

and the beautiful women

walk along

blonde and straight

in the dark red streets

here you fall in love

every twenty-eight seconds

I looked at my watch

this is the country

of candles, songs

and fertile depressions

my cigarettes are on the table

ready to be smoked and enjoyed

and you are drawing something in the other room

as the evening sets in, freezing the grass

this is my home now

I want no other

LECABEL

**mysterious fire burning cold overhead
angel dark holiness glows sideways**

GEORGIA O'KEEFE

**white skull flowers
on a deep blue sand sky
eternity swallows dust**

PIRATES AND POETS

a book in the rear pocket
pages blowing in the wind
like puffy white sails
but the flag is black

13 dead poets around
a dead man's typewriter

oh oh oh, give me some more
of that fiery rum, Blaise!

in the sky
the moon and crossbones

ASTRONOMY FOR POETS

voices of dead stars
echoing in the ocean
telling stories of radiource and electricity
stories of numbers, equations and regrets

relativity is a theory of loneliness
and increasing distances

songs of stars like dying whales in darkness

B-SIDES AND COLLECTORS

Bonus tracks. Don't complain.

(NO) VACANCY

**16 rooms for a musical project by Kim Jeppesen (music)
and Sébastien Doubinsky (words)
(1995)**

A project involving me and my good friend, genius musician Kim Jeppesen, right at the time of his first "Powersolo" demo-tapes. This was planned to become an album. Only "The lobby" was recorded.

1— THE LOBBY.

hello you want a room? what kind of a room do you want? a big room? a small room? a sexy room? the room where I first made love? the room where I lost my keys? the room where my mother died? the room where I set my girlfriend on fire? the room where you can find all the other rooms? Hello you want a room? what kind of room are we talking about? the blue room? the red room? the yellow room? the room where the moon always shines? the room with the tax-free paper-wall? the room with the built-in cadillac? the room where you can scream in peace? Hello you want a room? how much money have you got? You can call me Johnny I keep the keys. All the keys. You can call me Johnny.

2 — THE BLUE ROOM.

Something's not right, something's wrong. The carpet's red, the carpet's red. I want a blue carpet, That's what I said. I want a blue carpet, to match my goldfish. My deep gold fish. My fish. I want a blue carpet, so that my fish can feel at home. Under the sea, that's where the fish should be. Something's not right, something's wrong. The bed is red, the bed is red. I want a red bed, that's what I said. I want a blue bed, to match your eyes. Your deep blue eyes. I want a blue bed so you can feel at home. Under the sea, that's where you should be. Under the sea. Something's not right, something's wrong. I want the blue room. I want the blue room. I want the blue room. For my goldfish. I want the blue room. I want the blue room. To lay your head on the bed. I want the blue room. I want the blue room.

3 — THE MOTHER ROOM.

The room where my mother died wasn't like this. It was white, with only one bed and one chair. It had white walls and one window. The bed was small and the window was always closed. In this room, everything was quiet. My mother, especially, was quiet. No one heard her when she died. And everything was still white. Not like this room. Do you remember my mother? No, you never met her. She had white hair and she died in a white room. White on white. Your teeth are white too. Very white. Do you love me? I loved my mother. I wish she could see this room. I wish. I wish she could see this room. With you. I wish. I wish we were dressed in white. I love white. I love white. I love white. Meet my mother.

4 — THE BIG ROOM.

This room is big. This is The Big Room. For big people with big luggage and big clothes. People with big teeth and big laughter. People with big asses and big dicks. This room is big. This is The Big Room. For big people with big ideas and big dollars. People with big problems and big wigs. People with big hopes and big glasses. This room is big. This is The Big Room.

5 — THE ROOM WHERE I LOST MY KEYS.

Under the bed. Under the chair. Under the plants. Under the carpet. Under the sofa. Under the bathtub. Under the toilet. Under this book. Under this other book. Under this wall. Under that wall. Under the door. Under this shadow. Under that shadow. Under my shadow. Under your shadow. Under this painting. Under the sink. Under the sheets. Under the covers. Under your suitcase. Under my suitcase. Under your feet. Under my leg. Under my breath. Under your eyes. Under this sky. Under this cloud. Under this sun. Under that moon. Under this planet. Under that planet. Under this time. Under this hour. Under this life. (coda and fade).

6 — THE RED ROOM.

Che Guevara. Mao Tse-Toung. Vladimir Illitch Lenin. Joseph Stalin. Leon Trotsky. The Red Room. The Red Room. Crimson nails. Bloody pussy. Parting lips. Bleeding fingers. Insomniac eyes. The Red Room. The Red Room. Che Guevara. Bloody pussy. Joseph Stalin. Bleeding fingers. Leon Trotsky. The Red Room. The Red Room. Mao Tse-Toung. Crimson nails. Vladimir Illitch Lenin. Parting lips. Insomniac eyes. The Red Room. The Red Room. Red Guevara. Parting Tse-Toung. Crimson Lenin. Bloody Stalin. Bleeding Trotsky. The Red Room. The Red Room.

7—THE ROOM WHERE I SET MY GIRLFRIEND ON FIRE

I'm sorry. It was an accident. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. I'm sorry. It was an accident. Her hair was too close. I'm sorry. There was too much wind. It was an accident. The gasoline spilled. I didn't mean to. My lighter slipped. It was an accident. She fell on the flame. I'm sorry. Flames to the ceiling. I didn't mean to. My God, did she scream. It was an accident. A pile of ashes on the carpet. I'm sorry. It was an accident. I didn't mean to. I didn't mean to. (Silence). I'll pay for the carpet, though.

8 – THE ROOM WHERE THE MOON ALWAYS SHINES.

This window is a present for you. It's a picture with the moon. It shines for you. Pale chinese face smiling for you. Always there for you. This room is a present for you. It's a box with the moon. It smiles for you. Pale golden coin shining for you. Always there for you. This key is a present for you. It's heavy and round. Waiting for you. Pale yellow heart beating for you. Always for you. Step in my room. Won't you step in my room? Step in my room. Won't you step in my room? I am the moon. I am your moon.

9 – THE ROOM WITH THE BUILT-IN CADILLAC.

**Come on baby let me drive! Come on baby let me take the wheel!
The night is young, and so are you. Come on baby let me switch
the gear! Come on baby let me go in reverse! The night is young
and I'm not tired. Come on baby come on! Come on baby come
on! Let's play hitchiker! Let's play Indy 500! Let's play Ayrton
Senna! Let's play French Connection! Let's play cops and
rubbers! Let's play Maserati! Let's play Porsche! Let's play car
crash! Let's play James Dean! Let's play Jane Mansfield! Come
on baby let me drive! Come on baby let me take the wheel!**

10 – THE YELLOW ROOM.

my eyes are white my ears are shot my liver hurts I am in pain
the phone is ringing is this the yellow room? is this the yellow
room? is this the yellow room? is this the yellow room? my heart
is weak my tongue is black she stole my watch she stabbed my
back the phone is ringing is this the yellow room? is this the
yellow room? is this the yellow room? is this the yellow room?
the walls are far my blood is near she walked away leaving me
here the phone is ringing don't tell my wife is this the yellow
room? don't tell my wife is this the yellow room? don't tell my
wife is this the yellow room?

11 – THE SMALL ROOM.

Hello my name is Alice. I think you will like me. Drink this bottle. Suck on this key. My name is Alice. I'm a nice little girl. Would you care for some tea? Would you like to play cards? My name is Alice. You can ask me what you want. Drink that bottle. Suck on this key. This is my room. Lie on this bed. Take off your shoes. Think of nothing. My name is Alice. This is my room. Don't step on me. I'm so little. I'm so small. Don't step on me. You are so big. You are soooo big. And I am so small.

12 – THE ROOM WHERE I FIRST MADE LOVE.

I remember it now. How it hurt and how it hurt. I remember it now. How it felt good and how it felt good. In that room. In that house. I remember it now. How it was hot and how it was hot. I remember it now. How it was soft and how it was soft. In that room. In that house. I remember it now. How I loved her and how I loved her. I remember it now. It wasn't you, it wasn't you. Not in that room. Not in that house. Not in that room. Not in that house. It wasn't you. It wasn't you. It wasn't you!

13 – THE ROOM WITH THE TAX-FREE WALLPAPER.

Big man wishes. Wishes all the time. For a room like this. For some peace like this. Big man wishes. Wishes all the time. For a girl like this. For some juice like this. But it doesn't work out this way. It doesn't work out this way. Big man wishes. Wishes all the time. For a room like this. For some fear like this. Big man wishes. Wishes all the time. But it never works out this way. Never works out this way. Big man wishes. Wishes all the time. For a girl like this. For a word like this. But it seldom works out this way. Seldom works out this way. Big man on his way to heaven. Big man on his way to heaven. Big man wishes his heart could stop. Big man wishes. His wish fulfills. Big man on his way to heaven. Big man on his way to heaven.

14 – THE FRENCH MOVIE ROOM (Scratch my back)**15 – THE ROOM WHERE YOU CAN SCREAM IN PEACE
(screams + music)**

16 – THE ROOM IN WHICH YOU CAN FIND ALL OTHER ROOMS.

hello I'm back, it's me Johnny – the room is free, the room is free
– I made the beds, I cleaned the sheets – it's me, Johnny – the
room is free, the room is free – I lit the fire, I shot the cat – I
fucked the maid, I punched her black – it's me Johnny – the
room is free, the room is free – I paid your rent, I signed your
bills – I drove your car, I kissed your kids – It's me, Johnny – the
room is free, the room is free – I gave you silver, I gave you gold
– I took your hat, I took your gloves – it's me, Johnny – the room
is free, the room is free – I made your bed, I paid your whore – I
have your key, I have your soul – it's me, Johnny – remember
me? — the room is free – your room is free – it's me, Johnny –
your room is free...

Teary poem written in Glasgow in 1998.

GLASS COW

tough and rough
 no problems mate
 cabs wail by, no lights
 when
 gothic buildings sink in darkness
 and you have to look at the wrong side of the road
 and the workers' regiments
 march down the streets
 with their ghost drums and pints
 You are in Glass Cow
 You are in Glass cow
 your heart is tattoed in the inside of your lips
 and your hands hold nothing but anger
 This city whispers at night
 in its musical accent
 in its musical accent like rough stones in the rain
 although it didn't rain
 then
 and I was still in love
 with her
 No need to mention her name
 names are never forgotten
 just erased
 Tough and rough
 no problems mate
 banana cake served with sweetness
 by the toothless cook
 that is the heart of Glass Cow
 the sweet banana heart
 unforgettable like friends
 Pat and Michel with whom I talked and walked and talked
 and talked about her who is now with her soldier

comfortable and happy while I am packing
for yet another exile
Ulysses is nothing compared to me
at least he had a woman to come back to

Cambodia Orchestra
(1998)

Last but surely not the least, the English translation/adaptation of the French classic.

1.

women are great devils

wooden sword
wooden mask
wooden pecker

gotta protect yerself

in the shadow Cambodia Orchestra is watching

grinning mask of death grinning while grinning

sprays of spunk
beautiful pussy to the eye

women are great devils
and Cambodia Orchestra smokes a cigarette

it's instinctual

legs crossed in the bus
the schoolgirl's white panties
stick out their tongue at me

in my head spunk sprays continuously
on a red background

erotic mask of death sneering while sneering

crossed legs
it's instinctual

a bit of breast sticks out of her shirt
a standing breast sticks out of her shirt

in front of the saint-nicolas church

Cambodia Orchestra kneels to tie up his shoelace
and to hide his erection

women are great devils
sprays of spunk on the frozen backseat
of an ice-cream truck

her knees bang on the window
made of "securit" unbreakable glass

bang! bang! bang!
 yes! yes! yes!
I...! I...! I...!

push-and-pull of the in-and-out absorbing us

her knees bang against my head
in sprays of spunk setting me on fire
and making me blind

Camdodia Orchestra comes out of the movies
waving the smoke away with a morning newspaper

it's easter soon

resurrection of christ spunk oozing
out of his wounds

saint-thomas hesitates before touching
maria-magdalena touches herself without hesitation
Cambodia Orchestra loves everybody

women are great devils

mask of death dying while dying

she has the most beautiful breasts in the world
and her cunt has the sweetest pattern

but she is impossible to penetrate

sprays of spunk hesitating in front of the obstacle
like nervous stallions

emblems of the feminine body
but the feminine body is impossible to categorize

i turn the pages which stick to my fingers
on the table falls a bundle of memories
which I hide in my pocket

it's easter soon

ten o'clock in the morning

the fishbowl has fallen in the bed

golden fish condemned to asphyxiate
golden fish drowning in the pure air
of her snatch

i deflower her like a melanesian
i have chosen the most beautiful fish
it has eyes as soft as pearls

Cambodia Orchestra bursts into a laughter and his teeth are
white and regular
they look like ivory

fetish love of Gauguin aloha

yellow of her cunt on the green of my dick
tip of my dick on her yellow backwards

women are great devils

i have sold my soul to women

i deserve a little death

Cambodia Orchestra wears his hangman's hood

i condemn myself to death by hanging

pull! pull! pull!

my tongue turns pink like a dick
and my dick swells like a tongue

sprays of spunk like the fountains of chaillot
she welcomes in her palms turned towards the sky

love hanging

the fruit-basket falls

Camdodia Orchestra stares at an apple rolling
under the bed

on the sheet the shadow of my erection
indicates exactly the hour
minus the minutes

it's easter soon

in my dreams i can see the secrets of my dreams
small lips big lips of the sawn-up mouths of the fetishes

on the map
a lot of white stains

i am visiting the anthropological museum

peaceful mask of death of this peaceful world

all this dust

behind a display window i see another display window
in which my wrapped-up heart is displayed like a relic

stolen one day in my sacred temple
behind the back of the vestals
who have their cunts perfumed like armpits

i demand you give me my heart back
it has been sucked on for too long
by your generations of colonial tourists

the maps are covered
with white stains

terrae incognitae

my finger in her cunt
explores

in the shadow Cambodia Orchestra is watching

2.

Cambodia Orchestra tells me everything that has happened while i was gone and i cannot believe my ears. All this love wasted, thrown out of the window, washed down the drain, wiped off with a paper towel. The world reserves are not eternal however. One has to shake his booty, twist his spine, sweat his ass off in order to draw attention and provoke a reaction. Cambodia Orchestra shrugs off my worries. What he likes is a good cigar. Love can wait. Old tires get changed.

3.

in the street i am chasing after a pussy transparent under her skirt

Cambodia Orchestra drives by in a cab without noticing me

i am obsessed with the invisible

the sex of woman is a potential bouquet

let's pluck it

her dress red as a flower-pot

this is the key

4.

women are great devils

sprays of spunk spray over
Cambodia Orchestra's open coffin
and hang on the taxis' fragile antennas

her eyes fill up with tears
and she bites her lower lip

this day is too beautiful and all of the sky
cannot manage to enter in our little room
our bed is overcrowded with the skeletons of the fish
anyway

i take her gently though her tears
she says she loves me and I tell myself "everything is possible"

and i shake my bum faster so that she can love me even more

love is like that sometimes

i'll have to ask

women are great devils

5.

in the shadow CAMBODIA ORCHESTRA IS WATCHING
 WOMEN ARE GREAT DEVILS IT'S TRUE SPRAYS OF SPUNK
 FALL ONTO THE CURB LIKE GOLD COINS Cambodia
 orchestra loves everybody even death who loves without
 revealing she's death because she is too scared herself by the
 idea of her own death and CAMBODIA ORCHESTRA SMILES
 WHILE HIS FINGERS LOOK FOR A PACKAGE OF
 CIGARETTES IN HIS POCKET which has the shape and the
 color of a heart

the sex of women is an artificial bouquet

in the restaurant there is a little plastic buddha above the door
 with plastic incense sticks

jasmine tea reminds me of my beloved's neck

and then and then there is

Cambodia Orchestra
 arriving
 disguised as a waiter

him again

like my shadow

6.

love hanging

i hang myself to her breasts like a desperate clerk
and fruits roll under the table

an apple a pear an orange

refresh my tongue
swollen like a pink tie

love-hanging to the gallows of my beloved's lips

Cambodia Orchestra pulls on the rope

pull! pull! pull!
I...! I...! I...!

hands of my love looking for my mouth in darkness
hands of my love which i devour passionately
blood of my love flowing over my chin like burning jam
laughter of my love laughing at my love

women are great devils

sprays of spunk shoot like A.A. guns
sprays of spunk in darkness aimed at the bomber
of my love
sirens screaming
I camouflage my dick
my hands turn the handles
parachute of my love slowly coming down towards me

i can see her panties

my fingers in the fabric

my fingers like tigers in her jungle

Ho-Chi coochie 1971

burn

burn

burn me

7.

women are great devils

ogoun genies from supermarkets with flashy billboards

plunder

you must plunder

plunder everything!

women ogoungenies from supermarkets on fire
giving away stolen fruits shaped like ripe children
while Cambodia Orchestra announces the specials over the
microphone

women ogoun genies squeeze me on their breasts
so enormous they choke me like a ripe fruit

i burst

splatch!

continuous sprays of spunk like gold fish in a matisse painting

still life of my love exhibited at the the museum
 the guardians have a lousy job but who cares
 art is more beautiful on strike days
 and instead of taking the subway
 we can walk
 walk
 and disappear
 together

8.

all this to talk about Cambodia Orchestra's laughter
 to talk about his laughter so terribly big and so terribly white
 his laughter so full of teeth and gums his laughter so full of noise
 and spit his laughter so terribly mean and so terribly beautiful

all this to talk about the beauty of my beloved's cunt
 women are great devils and the spit at the corner of her mouth
 has the bitterness of beautiful summer days

all this to talk about the death of death dying while dying in the
 corner like an old crazy woman who has forgotten how to make
 up and how to dress the skeleton of her old crazy bones

all this to talk about my love for my love supported in this by
 Cambodia Orchestra the shadow counsellor of my relative power
 over the matters of sex which dwell in the hole of my beloved's
 wall

ok, enuf said

time for

MUSIC.

