



**the triad**

poetry one

**Pierre Roustan**

a 2002 chapbook

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.

the triad  
poetry one

Pierre Roustan  
scarswopeajjnd

published in conjunction with

children  
churches  
& daddies

the unreligious, nonfamily-oriented literary and art magazine

ISSN 1068-5154

[ccandd96@aol.com](mailto:ccandd96@aol.com)

<http://scars.tv>

829 Brian Court, Gurnee, IL 60031-3155, USA, Northern Hemisphere,  
Planet Earth, Solar System Milky Way Galaxy, the Universe

*Freedom & Strength* Press



the Copyright for the written pieces is retained by the author  
Design Copyright © 2002 Scars Publications and Design