

Benoît Pioulard : Lasted

Purse Discusses

Sault

Steady my uncertain circulation
O aimless carrier of respiration
Jewels on a lash, all exists in reserve
Parallel paths yield a parallel curve

The hiss of a smoke cherry sizzled in snow
Is a stale tone to break every quake in the rose
Tear-water tea & speaker-sighed prose
A howl of furnace breath to curl the toes

Pick me up & brush me off
Splinter, cluster, & vapor
Stung by the pace of constancy loss
In glint, in dust, on paper

RTO

[I love you]

Oh beneath the throne of God
Subtle sighs singe a silent sky
Through which drifts a post-full hazen moon
Into clouds of our own creation
Oh darling I can't leave this room
So save your breath & desire
Set my house on fire

Our avenues are crumbled in aftershocks & rumbles
Sun seems to come from behind the altar
We swim in fearsome waters trying to drown each other
Ceding to a connection that's bound to falter
A sense of right is humbled, apologies are mumbled
This seems completely unfamiliar
I made a scale model of the inner planets
I couldn't find a home in particular

[I loved you]

Gloss

Tie

Flee to the fields, it's a locust year
Leas & melt-water to defy the seer

A rosary around the wrists
The rope descends with tenderness
Oh they've got a file on me
The Venn pall of anxiety

Sticks across fences make a raucous sound
The call of the abyss, foxglove's on the ground
Flee to the fields, take your calumet
First to arrive, always the last to leave

O the rapture of the plain, an intimation of mortality
A halcyon sketch of persistent unease hanging from the Magnolia tree

Shouting Distance

You'd cut a man down when his life is at its sweetest
Cos he yearns to be found where the lamplight's weakest
The picking of battles like new persimmons
Not high in the saddle but torn to ribbons

Oh the time the tone will lag & rush
Traced in placid places growing flush
Oh the time the tone will rush & lag
Preside over design with smoldered drags

A mural of moments of sharing progression
Vireos on wires to sing hymns of confession
They'll rouse a man's fear when it's dormant as winter
As the yen to be near fetters faith into splinters

Oh the tone the time will lag & rush
His eye is on a sparrow & the thrush
Oh the tone the time will rush & lag
As the roofs & eaves deteriorate & sag

Fluoresce

Let the heat out & bring the cold on
You chose reticence, I chose song
Let the heat out & bring the cold on
Deaf to evidence, bearings all wrong

Lasted

Find an analog & a volume
For twice the give of your coil
One to another, all are soluble
Dissolving shades evading spoil

An ounce of debris in an errant gyre
A curl of blue in a drip on the lens
Fibers & dyes for clothing our sire
Secretive ink, a weary defense

Emerge & scour, rescinding stature
A shrugging posture for a move
A pattern cast throughout the pasture
Mad for repetitious proof

It took one to know one as we fasted
A curl of red rehearsing for scatter
Transcendent & stable while it lasted
Drawn from the former, given to the latter

Polyhymnia, how invincible you are

Weird Door

Ailleurs

See an absorber resist the wringer
Not much for palaver & barely a singer
Throw a dart at the map, set sight to where it falls
With years in the rear view & ears in the walls

Slowly, lowly, my oh my only
Slowly but surely the sling is slackening

Reduced to a sketch with breath into frost
Or something to etch in a lingering pause
Defaulting to solo, collusion is risky
Though each is to follow a neat slug of whiskey
My fingertips dimpled from quills at your core
O sanguine seeping, six drops shy of a pour

Slowly, lowly, my oh my only
Slowly but surely the sling is slackening
Slowly, lowly, my oh my only
We'll be there soon my dear
We'll be there soon my dear, we'll be...

Passenger

Tack & Tower

Crosshatch condensation
Locks latched, it's my condition
The rail of sermon heresy
Valerian, my angel of mercy

We did, we asked the council
We were blown back by the answer
Something is on in the tower
Break me from Leo down to Cancer

Grafted with scars around cardia
Planted, the rhizome is hardier
Shoulders turned in discretion
Moldered in flagging affections

The trap is active
An approach is gradual
The seconds are slurring
In motions so casual

A Coin On the Tongue

Say hello to the end & its big fucking jack-o-lantern grin
Stay (how long) 'til the end & dilute the blood beneath my skin

Blackened nails & acumen
Lacerated fists full of arrowheads
Arid bones & hollow men
Lie down on marrow beds

Say hello to the end & its open hand to pull you in
Stay (how long) 'til the end beckons furlough floes to melt again

Nod

Même quand il ne pleut pas
Le ciel est couvert