

Fabrice Poussin

## **A Perfect Death**

There is no sweeter sense of a daze  
than the glimmering edge of the sword  
resting on your palm.

Joy permeates through your gaze  
for you know the depth of your intent  
clear in your breast.

Standing as if in an antique duel  
in a stance not unlike of a fierce tango  
you may strike at will while you smile.

The point will cause no pain  
a quick arrow to vital powers  
yet slow for of a thoughtful thrust.

I await the parting of the crimson fibers  
upon the cold steel of a bluish blade  
carving a path to the awe of an eternal abyss.

Then two warmths united by the flow of life  
glad as they see the eyes of sleep  
gently closing onto a most intimate numbness.

Her fingers now limp let loose of the handle  
as the blood flows to the entrails of their soil  
and a gentle kiss joins their fleeting lips.

## **One Hundred Miles Away**

A ritual of every summer day  
one hundred miles away next door  
to the child in search of knightly quest

The realm is wide and it is strange  
to the legs yet too young for pantaloons  
but the grail awaits in the domain of the queen.

Abandoned in the wilderness of a forgotten crop  
the great horses have found solace in a legend  
his squire naps in the shade of a fallen oak.

He runs to the gray of a half-broken lady  
for a treat worthy of a king, a joust with paper valiant  
a vision of a fay hovering before his wandering soul

From another millennium she clears the raspy words  
holding the snuff box set in precious stones  
and he smiles though she may spit to the ground.

She sits in the throne of ancestors  
matriarch of the grandiose forests  
he bows to the marvels of another summer day.

## **Sadness in the Bones**

The face is drawn, dark, drooping inside as in despair,  
in a moment otherwise pleasant, of a natural life;

Family whole and extended, all present for the treat  
of flavors, aromas, tastes, colors and tender touches;

Cheek to cheek for the greeting, laughter and loud voices;  
a world he seems only to witness, glad to be its creator;

An evening of gifts, good wishes, tender love;  
where is his smiling, soul behind the Dali melt?

Outsider to the hour he made, spectator of a life  
his own, yet so remote, he stands servant of ages;

His work remains his only aim, father of the night,  
he must find joy for his devotion is the main course.

## **Saving a Tear**

Shuttering into a new language  
she shivers with the breeze of dawn  
bracing for the impact she knows so well.

The same storm brews below the skin  
her eyes refuse to set on any surrounding  
she cringes again with the shredding of her breast.

If only she could catch the tear  
a message from distant realms  
alive from the first lights of eternity.

Hear the voice as it tells you to gently  
make your hands into a chalice  
and receive the gift of a sister soul.

You know in this shallow darkness  
that he is there crying for you to come  
open your arms and welcome him to hour home.

## **The River**

It appears as a river of ivory lava  
gently espousing the shores of her life  
a soft fabric shaping a home to her soul.

She watches it flow from the icy source  
a child with wide eyes in awe of a future  
deep inside a taste of the mixture makes her quiver.

The eternal flashes before her in infinite frames  
etching the story of so many dreams imagined  
upon the walls of an invisible palace.

Cupping her hands as in a prayer she captures  
the precious liquid as it reflects her image  
from the speeding bed her prison and her shield.

As if it were the warm milk of her infancy  
she insatiably drinks to the last drop  
surrounded now by the glow of her wholeness.

Her arms open up for a most inviting embrace  
as she softly reclines upon the arms of the abyss  
transported she may now undertake her final voyage.

## **Under a Golden Blanket**

Warrior in his red cape  
he howled at the moon at midday  
dreaming of the maiden to rescue  
middle-school knight with little to lose.

Across the aisle in her spring dress  
enthralled by an author's every word  
she contemplated the little girl  
cuddled in the warm womb of a mother.

A destiny in precious stones  
sealed in certainty what could be theirs  
in black in white they covered the path  
under the arbor made of best wishes.

The hour glass began on its course  
in a new home made of gentle reason  
it rested comfortably for each day  
upon decades solid as eternity.

Chasing a star of honey and other delights  
their journey ended beneath a golden blanket  
a field of wheat by a scorching afternoon  
spotted in crimson gashes of gory grimaces.

She had smiled until then  
when the barrel upon her breast  
she was made the object of monstrosity  
to fall in the lone abyss of her lost innocence.

And he, vanquished conqueror felled  
upon the root of budding lives  
protecting with his senseless expiation  
the warmth of her last loving words.

A field of infinite birthing nature  
they lay in decay beneath the depth of space  
victims of the unfathomable games  
in their black and white costumes of ecstasy.

## **Walls of the Universe**

The child touches the air  
which surrounds him as if  
a nurturing shroud.

He smiles with those eyes closed  
while butterflies fill his entrails  
with sparkling particles of eternity.

She knows within her primeval years  
the growth of her being echoes  
the realm made solely for her.

The child reaches for infinity  
mutation into a grand future  
becoming the image written for all times.

He leans against the ramparts  
invisible to those who cannot imagine  
all the wonders teasing our worlds.

She feels the origins of all things  
her hands upon her breast  
singing praises in apparent silence.

The grown thing finds rest at last  
in the midst of those frigid walls of steel  
its safe home of endless treasures.

### **About the Poet**

Fabrice Poussin teaches French and English at Shorter University. Author of novels and poetry, his work has appeared in *Kestrel*, *Symposium*, *The Chimes*, and many other magazines. His photography has been published in *The Front Porch Review*, the *San Pedro River Review* as well as other publications.