

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.