

Poetry Series

Chris G. Vaillancourt

- poems -

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Chris G. Vaillancourt (April 5,1959)

Chris G. Vaillancourt is a Canadian poet. He resides in Windsor, Ontario. As an artist his passion is to improve in the craft of poetry, which is his chosen medium of expression. Chris has a Bachelor of Arts in Psychology and a Diploma in Sacerdotal Ministry from the Saint Andrew Seminary. He is the father of two daughters, Selena and Christina.

He has been widely published in magazines, books, newspapers and online journals and emagazines world wide. He has had several chapbooks produced of his work.

Works:

'Slow Burn' (Lorrah & Hitchcock) 1988

'Teardrop of Coloured Soul' (Publishamerica) 2005

'I Walk Naked Into A Cloud' (Publishamerica) 2009

A Boy And The Dragons

Shhh. Tell no-one. The dragons are sleeping like baby lizards in their caves. Breathless from a day of pillage. Restful after a time of destruction.

Somewhere, on the other side of the hill, a boy is playing in the woods. Caressing his manhood, he becomes a symbol of self appreciation. Be quiet. Don't disturb the boy in his game. It is his only means of achieving satisfaction. A reaction would disturb the molecules from their expected conclusion.

The boy does not realize how close he is to potential danger. If he awakens the dragons, he awakens his death.

Shhh. Tell no-one. The dragons are dreaming of future conquests. Illusionary REM's of human body parts dancing in their heads. Helpless after a day of mass frustration. Hopeless after a time of complete desolation.

The boy is finished his game. He smiles to himself at his clever disguises. Yesterday he was a soldier in the war of indifference. Today he is a hero, a legend in his own mind.

He screams in abandoned pleasure. He yells because he can. Racing through the woods until he comes upon the entrance to a cave.

Takes a breath, than slowly enters in. The dragons are no longer sleeping. They are preening their scales in preparation. Their red soul-less eyes look at the boy. The boy, with his brown empty eyes looks at the dragons.

None of them make a move.

Each of them recognize the emptiness of the other.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

A Certain Surrender

In my understanding
of this hemisphere,
I sense a certain
discontentment.
Teardrops wanting
to fall but there is
no truth to them.
Indeed, they will be lies;
a disguise
meant only to deceive.

In this graveyard
it is silent and hollow.
Wounds wanting to heal
but the blood will not stop.
Yes, the innocence of youth
is dripping onto the floor.
The inner slum
of industrial filth
is seeping into my heart.
Trashing it; digesting its
virtue and
leaving a shell behind.

I become a zombie
and feel no
desire
for improvement.

Yes, it is colder now
and I will sleep.
When next I awake.
I'll be different,
having emptied my
soul of all its charms.

In my acceptance of
myself,
I sense a certain surrender.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

A Choir Of Loneliness

When she screamed it was almost an afterthought.
A fragrant moment that would come and go like
a desk full of papers left littered in the dark.

Still, the shrill sound was worth attention and
so I wondered why the noise would even
matter if the light-bulb was turned off.

Instead I suggested we make our way to
the back of the room where we could pretend
the door would never open again.

I'm holding the handle of my sanity as it
fragments into an endless dancing of despair.

She wants to know what my purpose is, which
is certainly a worthy question but one I
am not certain how to answer.

I ask her to sneak with me into a theatre
where we can sit like stone angels in the
middle of the play. We can hold hands

and judge the performance as if we
were appointed critics with an eye to
better things.

I don't understand her at all and she
shares with me that I am equally
confusing. So I guess that we have

to face the reality that nobody
ever totally sees anyone else.

If she screams again I'll have to
consider knocking her teeth out.

But that would lead to other situations.
Uniforms would be summoned and
they would insist upon answers. They

would without a doubt throw politically
correct phrases at me as if every word
I had ever said stank like manure in
a field.

I would feel safer in a roomful of
evangelical preachers screaming about
heaven and hell like demented sailors

too long at sea.

Yawning, I scratch my balls and marvel
at how much the male penis figures
in the lifeblood of the world.

We men have made this part of
our anatomy
some sort of a god that we adore and
worship in tones of respect and wonder.

I asked her why she had screamed in
the first place and she replied she
had done so the very second she

realized that everything in her life
was a plastic metaphor. Her horror

was in the knowledge that she was
not even sure who had started the
rules she was required to follow.

I agreed that the only solution was
to insist that the walls be
painted in sombre colours of
solitude that we could

use to define the lies we
are compelled to tell one another.

She screams again and this time
I scream with her. Our voices a choir
of loneliness.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

A Corpus Christi Mindset

Mind emptied.
Tabernacle full.
Body of Christ.
I stand before it.
Mindless motions
that I
have performed
an uncounted
number of times.
'Hoc est enim'
I mutter in
time honoured fashion.

They line up like soldiers.
Eyes embraced with
words I have given them to say.

'Corpus Christi; Corpus Christi; Corpus Christi.'

Over and over until the last one has
returned to his place in the choral filled building.

They see me as the symbol of God.
Make the sign of the cross.
Bless them.
Bless me.

Renew me Jesus.
remind me

Chris G. Vaillancourt

A Smattering of Applause

Sheltered dreams always seem to end.
They filter down like
drops of hopeless water
which fall from the sky
and melt upon hitting the ground.

Pleasant sands sparkle in the
brilliance of the sunshine.
Yet the heat of the ground
would burn as easily
as a furnace fire.

Necklaces are woven out of
deceitful messages.
Worn like penance
around the necks
of chanting monks
marching nimbly
into the setting
of the play.

The actors were assembled, now they are gone.
The stage was full, now it stands quietly empty.

The audience has clapped its last applause.

Butterflies have lost the
will to fly and so they
flutter to their death
upon the burning sands.

The heat escapes attention
as the wings smoke
and than burst into tiny
funeral pyres.

The animals have been released from the zoo.
The doorkeeper has fled his enclosure in order
to surrender his vowels to the
strands of politically correct
poisoned flowers.

I told you the play was over.
Now go home.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

A World Of Talkers

Sorry to interfere with you lunch hour,
but I felt it necessary to open your mind.
I spiked your cupcakes with reality.

You can call me a name if you want to.

Must be the time of the month.
Some liberated woman was yelling
at me for lighting her cigarette.

Seems she talks equality but not courtesy.

One of my teachers spoke to me of
purpose and papers. Told me the
marks I received and the degree I had earned
would make me a better person.

The man downtown in the unemployment line
knew more about real life than me.
This did not matter though, for I had
my University generated degree.

People speaking their silliness.
Taking every illusion seriously.
Speaking importantly about any
number of unimportant things.
Too many messages to absorb and read.

Into the depths of nothingness rides
the majority of us who are afraid
to speak our individual truths.

It seems as if I am wrong.
Or at least, not wise at all.

I was taught money was where it was at.

I shake my head in wonder.

I am wrong, for I care more for people
than the size of their bank accounts.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

All Of You Is Not Enough

Help me to remove my feelings.
Drop my insecurities.
Open my soul.

Flesh to flesh.
Melodies beginning.

Songs of sin.
Songs of fire.

Love me enough to comfort me.
Wrap me eternally into a ball
and roll me
anyway you want to.

Let me love at your discretion.
In serenity.
Passion.

Falling smoke of a revolving pen
slipping casually into my heart.

Have me.
Surrender me
to every desire you've dreamed.

Let me become
every fantasy you have entertained.

Lock me into your sacred self.

Worship you.
Adore you.

Comfort and bring you to panting.

Help me to understand myself.

Rock me in terms of
swaying heat.

All of you is not enough.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Alleluia! Alleluia!

In August the grass discovered it could grow all by itself.
It could stretch its green almost to the sky.
The grass-cutter was being removed, it was free!

He was not going to live in the house anymore.
No more shaving cream in the bathroom.
No more man smells to ruin the atmosphere.

The house was free. Alleluia! Alleluia!

He was packing his clothes, his books, his life.
He was wrapping his past into green garbage bags.
Packing his clothes into duffle bags and suitcases.

Even as he removed his presence from the house,
he was reminded of how insignificant he had become.
Words flew at him like fireflies in the dark.

The woman was free. Alleluia! Alleluia!

Tears were not an option, he had been trained otherwise.
Face stoic, set in firm stone of absolute determination.
The end was the end, or perhaps a beginning?

Slipping his bags into the car, starting the engine.
One last look at the house he had worked to have.
One last sigh as he hit the pedal and drove away.

The man was not coming back. Alleluia! Alleluia!

He wondered who would cut the grass now?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

And I Drift

I have scratched the loneliness
that never knows its path
Bright as black
I flowed into its waters
and let the waves sift me
through the tunnels of despair
I have danced with abandon
in the poverty of desire
I have entered and left
the serenity of glass chills
echoing in my heart
I rode the battlements
of eternity in a second's
glance at lost
Falling, yearning,
grasping for something
that was glowing
but out of my sight.
I have dropped the
zeal of a rebel
into the ice cream of
a mind, and I drift,
and I drift,
and I drift.....

Chris G. Vaillancourt

And So I'm Sitting On a Chair

And so I'm sitting on a chair
wrapped in my house-coat.
Smoking a joint
and
escalating the impossible.
Mind flutters from
thought to thought
and I think
I'm going to grow
some perfect
expectations.
The dog is sleeping.
The cat is outside.
The kids are at school
and the fish
are complaining
about their
environment.
I leave my chair.
Stand on the floor!
Isn't that amazing!
Peek through the blinds
on the shimmering
window.
Outside looking in
is some sort
of alteration.
Reminds me that
everything changes
and then goes
right back
to where it
was in the
beginning.
Why do we always
keep running into
the same people?
Why do we
always float
back and forth
between
the same opinions?
And so I
sit back on my
chair and
light
a cigarette.
I don't have
to conform
if I
don't want to.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

And The Circle Collects Its Own Release

It's a dark, strange troll that hops across my heart.
Limping in solitude through the yawning acres of departure,
encumbered by remorse.
It's been a long day and so I say,
'let the evil seep in, begin the funeral again.'

Sipping water from a broken cup.
Thirsty for knowlege of underwater life.
It's a begging of something grand.
Faces swarming like bees in a honey tree.
So I proclaim the end, and let the disapointment
be the circle of hope. I am facing the war.
Guns are rippling like sonic flashes of departure.
I wonder who will be tucking in the babies tonight?

Forgotten footsteps that I should have walked
are the only solace in an empty parking lot.
It's been a long life and so I say,
'let the permission slips fall to the ground.
Dream a dream of dreams dreaming of light.'

A wonderful interior view of red and yellow traffic lights.
I caress myself in the darkened room.
Growing anxious that the trolls will attack
the bridges of rushing stone.

I am a rock thrown like candy to the ground.
I am a moment in an hour glass.
I am fully aware of the depth of my soul.

It's been a strange thought, this hope, and so I say,
'let the webs be woven that will eventually
be my mask.'

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Bless Us As We Kill

There are no flags to wave
in the middle of the war.

No important words to proclaim
to inspire victory and glory.

Just death.

Mutated shapes of body parts
that have fulfilled
the honour of being buried
in closed caskets.

Send the pieces home.
Give a flag to their wives.

There are no messages in a bottle.
No secret codes that will
define the evil we allow.

No meaning to the carnage we
watch with little interest
on our nightly news programs.

Change the channel.

Switch off the mind.

Seek one of those reality shows
which allows us to participate
by not being present
for the events.

Pass the potatoe chips.
Open the beer.

There are no medals worth having
which make the killing
seem to be of
Divine will.

No waving hands of untold delight
hoping to infiltrate the
mindless drone of battle.

Just silence.

Quiet soldiers in the midst of
the battleground.

Dying.

God bless our side.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Boys And Men

The boy dreamt of his father,

Between boys and men such
impossible expectations,
joyful boys with ruffled
hair crying for attention
Heart bursting to be
the little man.

'Daddy, look at me, I am just like you'

Men slipping away their emotional
core, resisting temptation to display
the love they have for their boys.
Holding fast to important things,
to work and career, making money
and cutting the grass. Taking care
of things, like a man.

'Daddy, look at me, I am just like you'

Such distance between boys and men,
flowers grow faster than emotions.
Expectations and demands, alliances
and situations to be addressed.
Locker room jokes, tenderly
pretending feelings are for
'sissies'. Rugged role playing,
modelling behaviour of the
tipped arrow of society.

'Daddy, look at me, I am just like you'

Things have changed, they will tell you.
Men can feel now. But we men, we
know the truth. The stereotype is
still pervasive and controlling.

A man must be strong.
A man must be brave.
A man must not love unless
he is getting laid.

'Daddy, look at me, I am just like you'

'Daddy, were you ever scared and alone like me? '

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Chains Of Freedom

Where am I going? Isn't this the question that filters into most of our minds? I have spent my life questioning the borders erected around me. The chains of conformity rusted with the blood of the soul. Neighbourhood reflects the emptiness of the heart. Fences define property and keep out the unwanted. A dog is barking somewhere behind the house, its high pitched voice drowning out the solitude of being normal. There is an intensity in the animal that it out of place in the manicured lawns and much painted walls. Glistening skin that is permeated with the refuse of a million different commercials pushing forged versions of acceptance upon an unthinking world. I scratch my back wondering which cream will make me look younger again. I no longer hear the dog so I assume it has either been silenced or is dead. Yet, maybe it is I who have died as I drink a cup of liquid some commercial insisted I must love. It's good to the last drop, or so I am assured. I fear not drinking it all for if I do not do so perhaps I will not gain a prize. And of course one can buy a piece of paper littered with random numbers at any corner store. If these numbers are picked you can move up the ladder of life just a notch or so. But in truth I wonder if the ladder is firmly rooted in the ground. We live inside our cities, with our magnificent accomplishments all around us. Yet it seems odd to me that anyone can stop the whirling of the streets with just one cautiously purchased gun. When did I forget about the sounds of freedom I used to listen to with such excitement? At some point I put aside the marching feet of progress and settled safely inside the

drone of survival. Lost for years inclined towards
messages that were sent but not opened. Freedom
of heart begins with a breath and yet to take this
breath one must unshackle the chains of suppression
that have been placed like ice around the ambition
of sanity. Would I ever understand the point of view
held so carefully by the members of the lower crust?
Bored, I pick up a newspaper. I am reading stories
of other boring people locked into their own sources
of disdain. And somewhere I hear the silence broken
by a television. I pick out the sounds of a popular
diversion and realize that this is how we have been
lost. Who has time to grow in mind when so many
false images are available to be defined? Where am
I going? I won't know until the corporate bonds of
the media sets a path for me. Like everyone else
I will rush to buy the latest toy and in this way shall
hope that I will fit in. Fitting in is important, much
more important than being me. I stop my thinking,
for it has become counter-revolutionary. I close
my eyes and look inside. I see only black clouds.
Relief. This means I am normal. I can now progress
to the next level of reality, empty perhaps, but at
least assured of my place in the scheme of things.
Like the dog, I am allied with the chains of conformity
that have been carefully placed around the mind.
I recognize now, with some amount of inner horror,
that all the chains I blamed on society are actually
chains I created for myself. I could break them
and declare independence, but I fear I will not
do so. If I did, I'd be alone and not normal and
surely being normal is more important than being
me. Sigh of relief, I have found my definition.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Chapped Lips

I taste you still
on my lips
chapped from
your sudden
bite
Rubbing ointment
over the
wound
It helps somewhat
but somehow
your taste
is still
with me
I hold you
and yet
it is only
in
shade
Forsaken pleasure
in memory
Forgotten
seconds etched
like burning coals
over my
lips
Sometimes the
remembered
pain is
better to keep
than is the reality
of holding you

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Cigarette Burns In The Ashtray

Cigarette burns in the ashtray. Hand that held it is limp.
I would, if I could, turn back the clock. Live again in the

serenity of promised beginnings. Dream once more of
a future spent growing old forever. But, forever is a

dream unto itself. It is a promise made, than broken,
than forgotten in the haste of breaking away. It is a hint

of something that has been discarded in the angry traces
of a burning cigarette. I have wandered back and forth

in the dropping of my faith. Limped through the tripping
of the heart. It beats in sadness. It aches in sadness.

It collects pumping blood in the veins which keeps the
body functioning even when the heart is broken. I have

joined my mind to the poison of living. Talked and talked
the same subject, over and over. Not resolving the issues.

Not addressing the problems. As I scratched my wound,
I hardly noticed the fleeing. The fleeting distance of mistakes

which are now realities of everyday breathing. Cigarette burns
in the ashtray. Hand that held it is limp. Voice that would speak

is silent. I am wondering what the future might be. I am
afraid, perhaps, but I must advance to see what it brings.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Come to Me Fickle Words

Come to me fickle words.
Lift the weight from
my mind.

Let it flow free. Be free. Be renewed.

Lead me to a place of solitude
where I might recreate the
flow of energy
through a
tunnel of doubt.

Flavour me with the spices of growth.

Let it flow free. Be free. Be renewed.

I am not hearing a word you say.
I am not listening.
I will not concede a single compromise.

Not anymore. Not anymore.

So be it as you wish it. You who demand
I make a contribution to the
flippant hall of pain.

I will not live here.
You cannot force me to feel
or to
be an image
of a shadow.

I am just me. I am just me.

Come to me with malice in words.
Strike me. Emotionally batter the
core of my soul.

I will not attempt to correct you.
Make up your visions
as you see fit.

Leave me alone.
I don't want to play anymore.

We put our play money down.
Our game had ended.
Neither of us won.
Neither of us lost.
Neither of us knew what
the outcome was

supposed to be.

Breathe on me the breath of silence.

I will become quiet.
I will shut myself
into the label you have
modified for me.

I am a memory for you.
You are a stranger to me.

Let me go. Let me flop myself
into a comfortable
position.

I am not a broken toy.
I am a broken man.
Come to me with your dagger
at the ready.
Stabbing, you do not seem to
realize you
have been
cutting into the fabric
of our life.

Let it end.
I am waste material
that has been flushed
down the drain of
pretend.

Come to me fickle words. Lift the
black flag from the flagpole
of retreat.

We are dead.
The funeral is yet to begin.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Communication

In the deepest, darkest parts of me,
where illuminations cannot intrude,
there I seek that inner peace.
The solitude of silence that neither
demands nor insists upon communication.
I can be a book unread.
I can be a cold that does not heat.
Anything is possible.
Everything is plausible.

In the wildest, dangerous mind I have,
I can create the types of illusions
I want to be my mantra.
That public face of laughing man
who wants to be left alone.
But is that true?
I suspect not.
Rather, a silent mind that despairs
it has no purpose as it
gathers through the day.

Sometimes it is better to leave the
impressions of life behind.
Instead, draw a black and white
picture of stick people all
lined up in rows cutting their lawns.
Hear the birds flapping their resistance
over the heads of the
stick men and women.

Aren't we all wearing the same disguise?
Don't we hide the same sins
from one another?

In the deepest, darkest parts of me,
where illuminations cannot intrude,
there I seek that inner peace.
The solitude of silence that neither
demands nor insists upon communication.
I can be a book unread.
I can be a cold that does not heat.
Anything is possible.
Everything is plausible.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Dabble

I dabble, in the vernacular, this image laden manifesto that pops up like an icon in the cigarette smoke surrounding my head. No matter how many 'good day's' are flung at me, still I find the cheerful smiles as comforting as rubbing my skin against a cheese grater. Shifting saltwater like cough drops in my mouth. Oh, how the raspy sound of my lips dampen my spirits as the curtains close.

Parade my mocking eyes like armies marching to their doom. Run my fingers through my hair with metal comb, it bleeds the skin and rushes the air from the mind. Some negro-coloured bodies are cavorting in the backdropp of the losing side.

I hear something. The muddle fogs closer and I have new opinions to force upon myself. Harsh as childbirth I draw my pants down to my knees. Surrender the manhood to the Chesire grin of emasculating nothing people who perfume the room with their polluted points of view.

I won't care, I won't be brave.

I'll let the yellow line down my back become my flag that I will wave like a limp penis above the towers of deceit.

Whose roots need planting? Not mine, at least not the roots from which I've grown. Do the magic markers represent all the colours? Or are there shades of others that we are not allowed to use? I'm not sure anymore which thought is fresh and which is used up like a bleeding tampon that has fallen asleep beside my parlour-game disguise.

I won't care. I won't be brave.

I won't call out anyone's name when I climax.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Dance A Multi-Coloured Dance Of Rainbow

Words can fail like magnets not sticking to the fridge
and we all complain when the rent is due again.
Pay your bills and meet the obligations of
the world, never mind attending to the
payment of your soul.

The new voice is speaking, the new religion
has been announced. We are to celebrate
everything and tradition we are to renounce.
Dance a multi-coloured dance of rainbow
prisms and inter-faith delusions.

We are to ignore the truth of the Gospel
for too many find that it offends. We must
not have complaining and so we must merge
into one blend. Let the fires burn so
brightly as we burn away the words
we do not like. Dance a multi-coloured
dance of rainbow prisms and
inter-faith delusions.

Men should not sleep with women, for
that is not the way the new voices want
it to be. Instead they should seek male
partners and live in illusions of
conformity. We must not call a spade
a spade for in doing so we ignore
the new mindset.
Dance a multi-coloured dance of rainbow
prisms and inter-faith delusions.

No need to wave flags for we must
not cause nationalism to exist. Only
one nation is right and that is the
propaganda we must believe. So we
watch our televisions and rejoice
in the latest American war.
Dance a multi-coloured dance of rainbow
prisms and inter-faith delusions.

The parade has begun, and the marchers
have lined up like soliders in a drill.
The banners are ready ot wave, the
sound of music will soon flood the
streets. We will march for equality
and conform ourselves to a plastic
sheeted state of being. Dance a
multi-coloured dance of rainbow
prisms and inter-faith delusions.

And though the old ways will not die,

we will pretend they do not matter.
We will surrender ourselves to
immoral methods of existing. We
will speak only of politically correct
topics and we shall never disagree.

Dance a multi-coloured dance of rainbow
prisms and inter-faith delusions.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Dear Lady

She looked like a ghost of herself
When she first came stumbling into my sight.
I asked her if I could help her, perhaps I
Could make what was wrong right.
But no, she wanted to be invisible, a
Shadow that could come and go at will.
For this would allow her to be weak,
To swallow her own dose of bitter pills.
Her eyes were emblems of defeat,
Shallow pools of reflected disguises
Which she wore in humble disgrace.
I offered to wipe her crying eyes,
But she insisted they remain teared.
Stepping carefully on the walk of doom,
She surprised me with her sense of failure.
I offered to keep her safe in my room,
But she had other visions to follow.
Dear Lady, whatever happened to you
That has made you so weak with despair?
I watched her as she humiliated herself
With sombre tones of troubled glare.
I cried with her, it seemed all I could do,
As she worked her passage to her dying.
Each day had become a pill to take,
Another method of improving her lying.
Sad that we could not break her bonds,
Which she so casually adopted as her sign.
I could not help her, though I prayed
That she might see the sadness resigned.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Dirty Windows

Dirty windows glancing with
impudence upon the street. Inside I
suspect there are dirty people living
their mangled lives. Checking each
other for fleas and lice; scratching their
groins with casual indifference. The men
sit around in their underwear collecting
vulgar metaphors to throw upon their
kids. The women hide in their
basements eating chocolate cakes
by the ton. The children are angry
young voices that filter their angst
upon the school systems.

This is the real world.

Fickle signs that indicate the passage
of the world. 'Buy me!' The neon
lights will flicker in endless patterns of
happy delight. Computer screens blinking
on and off reminding dirty people of the filth
that is readily available. People sitting,
staring like glass eyed morons in front of
their television sets. Creaking bones that
are allied with cobweb minds that utter
mis-spelled definitions of the news of the
earth.

This is the real loss.

Growing dissension that lies like guilt
buried in a box by the front door. Open
the tomb and enter in. The grasping
hands reach up and pull you to your death.
I believe that golden showers only arrive
after the dirty windows have been cleaned.

But they never are clean. Each morning a new
stench of defeat is grimed upon the freshly
painted glass. We are certain only of nothing,
and everything we believe has been modified
by the screens that continue to blink on and off.

Craziness is the only excuse. Therefore the people
must shut their doors and draw their drapes
to avoid the reality of their sins. I suspect
that after dark they will murder one another
in their sleep.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Drifting Like A Sunbeam On Fire

I'm drifting. I can sense the tangled rivers that flow in ever increasing confusion all through my tunneled point of view. Not even crossing myself brings me peace of soul. Lift the hairbrush in apathetic hand, brush the hair and ignore the brain underneath the scalp. It is easier to play with toys, to play with images of being real. Cigarette lighter lies on the table. If I flick it how long before I can burn the eyes out of my head? Rolling strands of random moments flicker like light-bulbs in my line of sight. Ignore the need that calls for attention. Play the radio and pretend the songs matter to somebody. Washing dishes does not mean the body is equally clean. I'm eating chocolate chip cookies and imagining that they are filling my empty stomach with hope for tomorrow. Let the doors remain closed! Let the blinds remain drawn! I must not see outside and instead must focus on internal most of the time. Is this selfish? Self-centred? Delusional? I'm drifting. Shaking the sweater clean of all traces of lint. Combing the careless diversity of thought out of the air. When the bugle blows, I can march like any little soldier right up to the flagpole where I will salute the nothing and celebrate the death of everything I grew up to believe. It gets easier as I get older to disarm the emotional tug

of other hearts wanting to
connect. Pull pants down and lie
across the bed waiting for the
intellectual spanking deserved.
I'm drifting. I can sense the tangled
rivers that flow in
ever increasing confusion
all through my tunneled
point of view.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Drop by Drop

The sky in its liquid elegance shakes
and moves the bindings of old memories.

They manifest themselves into clouds
that whimper in defiant silence.

I wondered why, in looking upwards,
I could not define myself in
any discernible fashion.

I am as transparent as the rolling
rain that shatters the majesty of
a summer's day.

I am as loose as the mud that
flows like fire across the
dangling ground.

Images perform like daring soldiers
murdering the passion of the enemy.

And now the words I try to speak
are tumbled like deserted cisterns.

Drop by dropp I let my imagination
filter out unpleasant visions.

I am so full of shattered hope
and slapping hands that
cause pain only to me.

And now... yes now... the
clouds fall back and reveal
the bright black universe.

I am floating in the sky.
Useless.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Drops of Sun

The stream of consciousness
begins with one drop
that collects itself
in a corner
by the door.
The flow of images
eclipses
into radiance
at the sudden drop
of one word.
The mirror reflects
only
what it sees,
so that the images
increase in an
illusion on the floor.
The beginning of the end
has already begun,
in that
the drops of sun
can't collect anymore.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Enslaved People Of The Mirage

Demons of hate soar above the hollow thoughts
cackling their insanity into the hearts and minds

of the enslaved people of the mirage. A mirror
stands smoked upon the stage and the actors

prance around it celebrating the wonder of
the great deception. Simplistic murderers

detailed the latest adventure that they felt the
toy soldiers would care to march upon. The

leaders of the unsafe world declared themselves
to be honest men while they whispered their

deceptions to their wives in bed. They stood
upon the stage and celebrated the demons

flying overhead creating scenarios of death
which they felt was necessary to trim the

population. Surely goodness and mercy
would follow them all the days of their lives.

Mystic mental morons deeming the duty
of the population which they felt was the

pattern of the soul. How easy it was to
catch the news and count the dead in their

calculator rooms. Distance from the front
lines made their speeches ring with brave

determination while the drugs of life were
fed endlessly into the television screens of

the peopled strands of fate. Freedom begins
with one voice screaming 'we must have peace'.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Falling Rain

The last wind of winter has ceased its power.
It is memory now, and has no message to give.

The rains of spring have replaced the snow.
And spatter insistent tunes upon the roof.

From the ground, the plants have burst out.
Reminders of the cycle of life and renewal.

Early flowers busy in their own serenity.
Splashes of colour that arrive in splendour.

Oh falling rain, cleanse the dirt of the heart.

I find myself sitting on my back porch.
Surrounded by the discrimination of life.

Sighing gently to the pattern of the rain,
singing softly the songs of emerging spring.

Patterns of raindrops that hit the mind in
mud puddles of dank self imposed denial.

They are a growing source of cleansing
which shall shatter, for now, the winter grey.

O falling rain, cleanse the dirt of the heart.

Standing up, I become once again myself.
Moaning in unison with the rain, captivated

by the thoughts of what the waters bring.
I am entirely open to fountains of rebirth.

Vindictive tugging of thought interferes
with the cherished sunshine of awareness.

Rushing from my porch into the rain,
I pull each flower from the ground.

O falling rain, cleanse the dirt of the heart.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Flowers Of Hope

Flowers of hope, growing softly in our minds
as we draw pictures which shall be
coloured
with rainbows from our souls.

Songs of peace, playing nicely in our air
as we sing along in humility knowing we'll
add verses of our own.

With other channels we'll discover
the limits of our desires, for together
we whisper words of love to
one another and pray as one
for peace on earth.

We reject the harsh tones of
military minds who would have us
kill to settle our
differences.

Instead we will hold forth with
the love of God who teaches us
to pray for one another.

Thoughts of joy infiltrate the
passion of our hearts as we paint
our picture with vivid love
to share with others
in this cloud.

We are voices, we are children,
trampling hatred into the dust
as we join in one union
protesting hatred
in our midst.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Fondling the Secret Parts Of Your Body

I can't stop believing in the flip-flop digressions of your lies. They wrap me in hot and cold emotions. I like the distance I feel from you. It caresses me like a warm blanket used to cover the cold of winter snows.

'You disgust me' you moan as I fondle the secret parts of your body. 'Not as much as I disgust myself' I reply as I push my assertiveness into your waiting crevice of delight.

We seem to enjoy the gripping nature of our hallucinations. Pretending we are this or that makes us strong. I like to toss your clothes into the dryer and pretend I have smashed in your brain.

Still, I handle your lying with pleasure. Your words a never-ending cycle of different points of view. Most people prefer not to hear the truth and I am no different. Your spectrum of lies promises me a pot of deceit at the end of the rainbow.

'You don't excite me' you proclaim. Your face an interesting mask of resentment. 'Ah, but I don't excite myself anymore' I answer, with the proper level of disdain peppering my vocalization.

I leave you to go to the store. In my mind I go to purchase some sort of toxic liquid to pour into your coffee. I think I would find it in myself to laugh if your face bloated as you gasped for air.

We are the death. We are the beginning and the end of one another.

Why can't I just stop reading your book?
Why can't I just walk back to the hole I emerged from?

It must be the need, the longing. We scream to everyone that we are independent, solitary beings. Yet, we are all afraid of of being alone.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

For Freedom

We are so controlled
that we cannot
act until we
are told what to do.

we've been robbed
of our
own human-ness
by a set of standards
that no not
promote liberty.

we're afraid to
act as we want to
for fear of the
reprisal that
will surely follow.

Paranoid people
looking over
their shoulders for
Big Brother or his agents.

we're told to
react in the
correct manner even
if the correctness
is wrong for us.

The whole trip of
society is to play
various games
with each other in order
to survive.

Instead of being people,
just human beings,
we end up as
robots echoing
the same agreements.

Indignant over an
issue we gather
together and yet
we run when get
ordered to disperse.

What really can 'they' do
if everyone
just refused to
go along with them?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Forgetting

Forgetting.
That's the soul's answer to the locked doors
that confront you in the path.
Open the eyes and see
the zero that has become you.

And when the danger comes, let the
forgetting become a mantra.
Let it flush away the diseases
of yesterday's disasters.

When the yellow sun shines, ignore
the grey skies that have
defined you.

Be the empty that you can be.
It's the solution to the
falling asleep at the wheel.

And when the pencil lead breaks,
sharpen the axes to begin
the hacking away.

Let the zone alarms arrive,
and make them the purpose
of your ashtray heart.

Forgetting.
It's the most obvious solution
to the drowning of the
sense of being.

And when the rain starts to fall,
hold the radio
in your arms and let
the electricity
snapple your brainwaves.

Leave without saying goodbye.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Fruit Of Their Labours

In tribute, we live like parasites
on thrown away bread, digesting

our indifference to one another.

Summer or winter, neither season
interferes with our decayed morals.
We like extremes, for that is the
pattern we've been taught
to believe.

Water drips from the tap, it
resembles rusted cars in
a forgotten outdoor theatre.

Bodies splayed in no particular order.

Used up, discarded. Rejected
pieces of mud left like animal
droppings in a bag on a porch.

In our delusionary state, we indicate
our lack of concern for anything
that does not have commercials.

We exist to purchase everything
we've been told we need.

The right soft drink, the correct
pair of jeans.

Flashing sound-bytes, our
statement to the world. We call
out our rage in symbols of
self-indulgence.

Polluted river flowing with the
sludge of our commercialism.
Drinking from it we dare
to embrace
the toxic waste of our
lost idealism.

Step over the man on the street,
kick aside the woman with
the shopping cart full
of her illusions.

They are not problems until
they commit a crime. Statistics
that are put on paper
and then used to line

the bottom of our birdcage
point of view.

We struggle with nothing, not
wanting to get our hands dirty.

Dying, we become fertilizer
in the ground. Remembered only
when there is money
left to share.

How proud our ancestors
must be of the fruit of
their labours.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Garbage

Usually it is the cheaters who
scream the loudest
when they are cheated.
Pontificating on their pain
as if somehow it
was greater than all
the world's problems.
That's o.k.

The garbage bags line the street
and really
no one notices them except
the dogs and cats tearing
into the waste for food.
It is only the garbagemen
who have to worry.
The rest of us have so
effectively learned
to hide our eyes.

And though it rains all night long
we know that the morning
had better be full of sun.
It is easier to play house
when the day is bright and lonely.
Rushing like people on fire
to flee our children so
that we can masquerade our pain
by the various forms of employment
we have surrendered to.

Money is not just a drug,
it is our sacred 'god' that
we worship daily as we imagine
that the growing dollar signs
will somehow buy us the peace of mind
we are lacking in our souls.

Some of us are littered on the streets
but in truth the rest of us
do not notice them at all.
And if we do it is only to throw
a quarter at the refuse
to appease our sense of morality.
After all, these street people
are just lazy. That is how we
justify our inhumanity to them.

It is more important to become a
fashion plate and pay hundreds of
dollars for a label than it is to ensure
that our streets are clean and

our fellow humans are washed
and fed and given a sense
of belonging.

How easily we discard the poor!
Let the dogs and cats of the world
tear into them. We can watch them
on our televisions and cluck our tongues
thankful we are much better. Like
garbage bags on the streets, we see
but do not hear their words.

Better that we champion the causes
that so enlighten our hearts!
Make sure that we vote in perfect
harmony on the immorality that
has become our way of being.

Oh yes, murder the babies if they
are inconvenient. And by all means
allow the marriages to fall apart
if these marriages do not bring
us contentment. Bastardize the
sacrament by pretending that two
men can make a couple. Oh yes, that
is evidence of our progress!

But let the windows stay firmly shut.
Let our air conditioners block our hearts
so we do not have to smell
the garbage in our streets.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Gently

Gently sway me with the swishing of the wind
as it laps like butter through the window. Feel
me with the feather of your hand, and we shall make
such wonderful promises of touches yet to come.
A shirt dashed forgotten on the chair; pants on
the floor tossed with force in careless heap. My
underwear a blob of white on the bed. Softly hold
me as if your holding was salvation for my soul.
The smell of lilacs wafting in the air, like shifting
shadows from the bush by the stairs. Outside
the day is demanding attention, busy patterns
of tension striding like enemies in a war. Inside
there is only we two, lying like naked children
playing naughty games with one another. Paint
me with the colour of your yearning heart which
pumps the blood of desire. I am as open as an
overturned bottle on the counter, my contents
spilled like jam across the toast. We have not
any idea what hour it is, for we have lost all
track of that which counts the time. I sigh with
the shivering of lust-filled hope on this brittle
summer's day. Let us be the swaying of the trees
on the jagged rocks of flesh. So marvellous are
the clean crisp sheets that we have made into
our island retreat. We join, in age-old fashion, one
to another in caressing embrace.
Gently sway me with the swishing of the wind
as it laps like butter through the window.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

God Is A Pink Memo

Freedom speaks in you head!
You are the free and proud!
God is a pink memo
reminding you to conform.
Computer people next door
whose goal in life
are to make themselves
replaceable.

I am scared not to conform,
yet scared that if I do,
I cannot claim to be free.
How do we know God is sane
and not a madman on the loose?
I am only doing what is
necessary.
No more, No less.

Test patterns on the T.V.
speak of more than
the programmes.
I believe in total free speech
in a totally free world.
But it's all a myth.
The world is not real.

The Leader comes to town!
The man of the freedom bunch.
Surrounded by his clones,
he is afraid to communicate
his heart with is people.
He is free. He lies.
And lonely,
he shoots us all.
God is a pink memo.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Hot As Cold Wax

Hot as cold wax, blue as the sun.
The forgotten tribes running, running, running.

We are the children of deceit.
We are the unborn ambitions
of love-struck demons
who attacked the
village walls.

Calling for help, screaming for help.
Rushing like snails to doom, to doom, to doom.

Racing cars around a track.
Broken shadows that will
never admit their pain.

Their shallow eyes masking
their glancing vibes.

We are the perfectly formed cells
of disintegrating morals.
We are the freshly turned pages
of books left littered
on a library shelf.

The frozen popsicle is melting, melting, melting.

Shifting from down to up, from up to down.
Back and forth, forth and back.
Holding symbols high
as if they could
actually become
alive.
Leaping lies
from a religion.

We are chaste and we fornicate.
We are pure and we destroy.

Hateful windows left open to
let in the insects who
refuse to die.

They jangle the nerves like fire.
Burning, burning, burning the
skin. Burning the eyes.

We cannot see. We cannot feel.
We cannot be all we can be.

We are evil and we are good.
Empty and full.

Hot as cold wax, blue as the sun.
The forgotten tribes running, running, running.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

How To Play War

Play the drum roll
enlist the naive
young men who played
hockey and lacrosse
in high school
who got laid at
their proms
drank with their buddies
planned their futures
in their hang-outs

Tell them they have to
defend freedom
Play them songs of
heroism and pride
show them pretty
pictures of foreign
women
insist they should be
proud of such a
career
'The few and the brave'
'The mighty and proud'

Dress them in the
same green uniform
shout at them
destroy their
will to think
give them guns and
banners to carry
make up an enemy
teach them to hate

Send them far away
to a country they've
read about in
magazines
march them
parade them
deploy them

Set them against
other young men
who were dreamed
into the same nightmare
let the two sides
come into battle
the ultimate hero
contest for young men
brittle bombs
knives, destruction

a good cause

When you are finished
using their youth
send some of them home
shattered and afraid
keep some for tomorrow's
new headline war
the rest, send home
a flag to their mothers
don't forget to tell
the grieving families
that their sons
died
for freedom

Chris G. Vaillancourt

I Still Believe In Love And Peace

I still believe in love and peace.

I tremble as I watch
the strange pattern of
flickering flags which
wave like shadows
in the windless night.
I am afraid of soldiers,
for though they speak of
victories and defeats,
I only know the murder
they perform for their flags.
Their words of patriotism
fall loosely upon
my ears.

I know they are the
words of passionless
men who would rain
destruction on innocent
civilians.

I watch the news and
they are celebrating the
death of another young son.
I think only of the innocence
that this young man has
helped to destroy.

Foolish melodies of
national devotion that
play against the bitter
black of the war. Oh,
how the mighty powers of
this earth enjoy playing
their war songs!

Marching drums that beat
relentlessly upon the
sidewalks. Marching
boots that suppress the will
to be free. I understand only
that death is a phase we
will all go through and I
wonder what colour the
next life shall be.

I have no respect for the
warrior as he stands
in his uniform.

I know he represents
death and destruction
and it matters not to me
what flag he champions in
his madness.

I refuse to accept that
killing for a piece of
dirt is justified.

I am in disagreement
that war will bring
us peace. I am astonished
that this contradiction is
not seen for the lie it is.
There is sadness in
too many households
There is death on
too many streets.
I shut my eyes and pretend
that the soldiers have all
gone away and that the
world sits in terms of
peace without a gun
blasting in the sky.
I still believe in love and peace.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

I Walked Naked Into A Cloud

I walked naked into a cloud
That floated playfully upon the hill.
I was alone, there was not a crowd,
Upon the place of emptiness unfulfilled.
In silence I placed my wandering feet
Firmly upon the ground of defeat.

The waves of voices were far away,
For I could not hear them in this place.
I was content to be isolated in this way,
Perfectly alone without one angry face.
In solitude I opened my thoughts
To memories of pain that was brought.

I see now with mind so absolutely clear
The pattern of twilight that played so free;
The lost passion for life once held so dear.
I shivered with open eyes in winter breeze,
On this hill where the cloud surrounded me.
For this place was now where I would be.

I let the air perfectly entrap my mind,
My naked heart open in the pain it caught.
I will flee the hurt that has been defined,
And rush uncertainly into prisms of thought.
I walked naked into a cloud
Where whatever I wanted was allowed.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

I Wasn't Born To Be A Corporate Citizen

I wasn't born to be a corporate citizen.
Wasn't hatched to grow a suit and tie.
Symbols of oppressive domination
infiltrate the brick wall of the mind.
And I am so glad to see
the crumbling social system.
I know that every cup manufactured
will be full of moral turpentine.

Strong messages of violence
will be the normal way of believing.
They'll be used to indoctrinate
the impressionable middle-aged children
who sit together in every possible
perspective, and in so doing
will be identified by their compliance.

I am so glad to see
that every broken belief will be used
to open up cans of disappointments.

Droning propaganda bombs are
prepared to scatter in the skies.
They erupt over the bowing heads
of every single corporate citizen.
When they begin, they'll harvest
full fields of uprooted compromises.

When we begin, that is on the day
each of us is born, we are harvested
for our individual and collective compliance.
And I am so glad to see
that every compliant man and woman
will never refuse to solicit questions.

These questions will fester like
sagging eyes that lack eyeballs.

What can't be seen must not be believed.
What can't be said must never be dreamed.
Salute yourselves as you merge like vapour
into the acceptable version of slave mentalities.

And I am so glad to see
that every falling piece of plaster
will cause one less detergent ball to
be thrown into the crackling resistance.

You can't wash away your manufactured sins.
You cannot pretend to be right if you're wrong.

I wasn't born to follow in your footsteps.

Wasn't created to become your bank account.
And I am so glad to see
that this waste of human achievement
is finally suffering from
the plastic it was
created from.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Images Of Storms Raging

I want...

sunshine days,
happiness,
easy living,

you.

Metaphoric melodies that prance around my brain.
I am insane with the downfall of

us.

Living.
Existing.

Walking through the days of sleepless nights.
Prowling the possibilities,

of

a future.

Images of storms raging.

Enter the lair of the crystal dragon.

Broken glass.
Defeated fire.

Insanity.
Impossibility.

Of us.

Surviving.

We will not.
We have not.

Strangers wearing wedding bands.
Enemies modifying platitudes.
Emotionless patterns of dissension.

Of ending.
Of beginning.

Without you.

Hot summer night blazing like a sunset
which has fallen
asleep
with the tide of holographic yesterday.

Good morning sun.
Goodnight moon.

Nothing grabs me anymore.
Nothing motivates.

Potential situations do not involve me.

I do not matter.

Silence becomes the essence of soul.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

In The Absence Of Life

This morning I forgot how to love.
Parading my anger silently through the
embattled house.

I sat under a glow of amazement
under the impression that the
day would not get any better.

My pulse strikes irregular
in the measurement of life.
I am who I am
because
that is the only way
I learned to survive.

And I might be accused of
countless crimes, but keep in mind
that my main crime
has been learning how to cope
in an indifferent or hostile
sort of place.

I find I am almost
always unprepared to defend myself
against a smoking gun of
accusations. Endlessly firing
bullets of malice into
an embittered, shattered soul.

Like a battering ram the topic
shifts from one error to another.
all of which I assume I am
responsible for.

I am at fault for everything.
I accept the blame and the shame
that comes from marring your
perfect world with my presence.

As I sit and recognize
all of my short-comings,
on my shoulder sits a
small image of myself.
Its
voice shouts into my mind.

It is the sound of
an insane man,

laughing, laughing, and laughing

Chris G. Vaillancourt

In The Middle Of The Beast

Work! Don't play!
Your life will
be measured
by the controls
you set on
yourself.

Study! Don't think!
Compete to the
point of
frustration for
a piece of paper.

Obey! Don't ask questions!
Asking 'why' points
you out as
an agitator,
even though you
are just confused by
the apparent
triviality
of most things.

Fit in! don't stand out!
It's better if we
all look the same.
It makes it easier to
treat us all
like robots.
Lines and lines
of empty eyes
marching nowhere
for no-one.

Be straight! Don't take drugs!
The fear being
that a relaxed state
of mind towards reality
may make you see
the hypocrisies of
the game.
Even a game
like 'Monopoly'
makes more sense than
the games played
by the so-called
'real world'.

Make money! Don't make waves!
Spend your whole life
playing currency collection.
Percentage and profits

being the only things
to make you
a valid human being.

Cry! Don't smile!
It really is so easy
to chase it all off.
To let them
enforce their
restricting rules
on somebody else.

Think! Be free!

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Intellectual Space Tripper

If people were forced
to eat what they killed
there would be no more wars.
If we were compelled to
obey the words of Jesus
there would be
no starvation
no aggravation
no hatred
We would live in peace.
Our values are strange.
You are not real until
you have a piece of paper
declaring that you have been born.
As you grow older
the pile of paper increases
and indicates the control
that is exercised over us all.
We live in one large armed camp
that devours the idealism of youth
trapping us in credit and debts.
We have possessions, but we do
not have peace.
Violence on the streets
is blamed on the poor.
The rich man hides in his
fortress and complains about
the race problem; the drug problem;
the unemployment problem;
the homeless problem.
His answer to the 'problems' is
to increase his home security.
He lives in splendour but
he does not know peace.
The conservative element thinks
the movement amongst people
for peace comes from the enemy.
The ideology of change is foreign.
Instead it is preferred that chains
be increased over the minds
of the people under their feet.
Exploitation of resources is known
as economic security.
The answer to anarchy is to collect the
young men and send them off
to fight in a war.
They make speeches, but still
we do not have peace.
The moral code of the world
has deserted into a state of anarchy.
Chaos rules our cities and drugs
inhibit our will to be free.

Our universities have been
conditioned not to educate, instead
to turn out more drones for the hive
The mindset is that a degree is
only used to create employment.
There is fear in educating the masses
to their capability to be free.
The entire game is to create divisions
that set one group against another.
Fight in wars that are not ours
and dream of flags and medals
as something to be desired.
Preparations are underway to
implant methods to destroy
our collective will to breath.
It is a strange sort of world
that calls itself free
when death
stalks our cities.
If people were forced
to eat what they killed
there would be no more wars.
We would have peace.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

It Can Still Be A Yellow Sunshine Night

At the breaking of the day,
before even the sun
has done its' thing and
erupted in the sky,
the true nature of
our living is so
very clear.

We really are like sheep.
Clustered in our pens and
performing rituals
of conformity.
We are so afraid to be
what we really are inside.

Dance a pretty dance, children
of the world, for
that is what is expected and required.

Perform and conform, be demure
and compliant. Such is the
box we've rushed ourselves
into as we have aged.

Years ago, when school
was the only task we had to do,
we were taught to remain
firmly placed in the
middle of the road.

Don't be extreme!
That was our collective
message delivered faithfully
by mindless drones
who had allowed their
intelligence to be lost.

They were programmed to
be suspicious of differences.

Nothing changes as we age.
If anything, it gets worse.
Jobs and careers,
rules and regulations.

A performance of agreements
we mutter at one another.

Still ashamed to be the pill
that cures the world. We're
much more comfortable being
collected and locked away

inside the pill bottle.

There we stay, surrounded
by all the other little pills.
Safe in our unity of compliance.

It can still be a yellow sunshine
night; a darkness that is suddenly
illuminated by the brilliance
of Independence.

Be free. Be really free.
Speak your disagreements in
loud and aggressive manner.

Say no once in awhile, not maybe.
Refuse to be what you can never be.
Instead, put your head into
the mindset that it is fine
not to always get along.

At the breaking of the day,
before even the sun
has done its' thing and
erupted in the sky,
the true nature of
our living is so
very clear.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Itching Like A Diamond Necklace

So if I start flying, will the dimpled maple leaf
stop symbolizing
the nation?

Will screeching women stop
their investigative paper chase?

Don't we always try and return
to the point where
we first began?

Never reaching yesterday, for
yesterday is as elusive
as the grass that
dies under the rays
of the sun.

Protecting skin from dangerous
colours
that might create a space
between the eyes.

I grasp at the first sign
of a picture taken that
I can find.
Making it a photograph
of illusion, I become
the crawling lice
in somebody else's
hair.

Itching like a diamond necklace
tarnished by the
bleach left
in a bowl by
the sink.

So if I take my own hand and
find a place where
no worm would dare live,
have I become the creator
of my own demise?

Do I end, or do I begin?
Do I take one step at
a time
even when
it is clear
that I walk
away from me?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

It's Going To Be Alright

It's going to be alright. I know how small
a slice might feel, but assuredly it'll heal.

I watch the wind. I taste the air. Enjoying
the sensation of being alive, of being able

to think of pleasant situations. Expectations
leads to resentments. Better to accept each

person on his or her own level. Not to expect
that they match my definitions, but instead

that they are who they are and that I am
what I am. Together we make up the world.

I kick a stone with my feet. It doesn't hurt.
It only moves to the next anticipation. I am

as tall as I'll ever be. Each molecule that
suggests my form is all the man I need to

feel. It's going to be alright. There is surely
a purpose to every disappointment. I may not

understand the process, but I will enjoy
the end result. I lick my lips, quietly enjoying

the taste of me on my tongue. I am not the
devil. I am not God. I am only as much in

pain as I allow myself to be. Some people
might walk by and ignore the living I am

displaying. That is their choice and I respect
their opinions. Others might stop and share

a word or two. We will have a conversation.
Time will pass and the day will roll on, and

another part of living will me to stand free.
It's going to be alright. I'm still smiling.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

It's Six o'clock In The Morning

It's six o'clock in the morning.
There is snow falling outside.

Inside my fingers are the weapons
I can fabricate to
control
nail polished plants.

Turn up and turn off the mobile
hating eyeball.
Crack up the volume on
the car radio
and
drink a slow, ketchup flavoured
powered drink.

It creates and recreates and flashes
for just a second.
What time is it again?
Oh yes, it is six o'clock and
the stocks and bonds
are becoming real again.

If I buy myself a package of pretension, might I not
use it to define my dinner plate?

Or is it too late to
flip up the coffee cup?
Touch up the
pickle jar.
Eat your food.
Drink your drink.

Must not leave the table
until you've asked to be
excused.

And
every rude gesture becomes
a different kind of world.

When it turns up to be 7 in the morning,
I'll pretend the A.M.
is just a
trick of time.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Kyrie Eleison

Lord, have mercy, have mercy on me.
I have sinned,
I have fallen,
I am far from grace.

Alone, deeply toned in repentance
I merge my soul with yours, oh Lord.
Mingling my emptiness with your
promises,
with your magnificent love.

Lord have mercy, have mercy on me.
I have destroyed
the goodness
you filled in me.

Adrift in the world of human space
I empty my heart of salvation, oh God.
Masking my faith with indifference,
with anger, with doubts.

Lord have mercy, have mercy on me.
I have become
a caricature
of a man.

Lost in space, in the universe.
My soul yearning for the peace
I used to find in You.

Seeking You, sweet Lord.
Lord have mercy, have mercy on me.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Like a Dangling Rock

What is this passion
that so fills my soul?
This insisting urge to seek the
hidden pathways of my mind?
Like a dangling rock that
threatens to fall,
I am on edge waiting
for a message,
or a path to follow.
What is this fear that so
grips me when I look
out at the world?
This tangled vision that guides me
through the shallow patterns of life?
People pass me by and smile
wishing me a 'good day' and
an insincere smile.
I smile back, equally insincere
and we drip with false faces
so easily worn.
What is this doubt
that so caresses my heart?
I fear to touch the truth.
I fear to be the truth.

An ant is but one part of the puzzle.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Little Boy World

We were children. That day, sitting in the backseat of the car
as our father drove in his confident way. My sister and I played the

'He's touching me, she's touching me' game. 'Don't make me stop this car! '
my dad would proclaim. This would silence us for a few minutes,

long enough to listen to the latest pop song blasting from
the car radio. An innocent world of ambitions and hoping to stay up late.

I couldn't imagine the zipping of time and how it would rush like wildfire when
I became a man. Sundays would find us dressed in our 'church clothes'.

Me in my little green suit with the clip-on bow-tie. My sister in her
little girl dress and hat. White shoes and socks to match. Mom giving us each a

dime to put in the collection plate. At church putting on my altar boy robes,
wondering how I could manage to keep the dime to buy a chocolate bar.

Would God strike me dead for such thoughts? He never seemed to do so, but then
again I never kept the dime. Little boys are consistent in their little boy world.

When I look back at those seemingly untroubled times, I can only imagine the
sucking of the straw that would break the camels back. I can only see the black

and white television set and not knowing that there could be a world of colours.

It's dangerous to pretend to be what one is not. They do not want you to think,

they want you to grow up controlled. To fit in and be one of the 'regular' guys.
Watch sports on television and putter around the house. Vote for the right political

party and drink the correct sort of beer. Wear the appropriate uniform of conformity
and despair. Get a job that pays just enough to satisfy your basic needs. Your

biggest concern being to pay for the house and the new car you are required to buy.
Is it any wonder that the streets are filled with wounded eyes hiding

behind mirrored glasses? Little boys never really grow up. They adopt
a man's body and retain a fear of being seen as human. They pretend..

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Living In a Circle

Fog drifts hazy over the floating
signs of bent sheets of silver
collected by the acid dripping
gentiles who have
surrendered themselves
to positions
of prestige.
We prod our feet in rebellion
hoping the effort
will not
be in
vain.

I myself saunter into the game
fully expecting to be
compensated for
the brain cells
I have killed.

Screeching monks who are chanting
mournful melodies circle
the vital parts
of tasteless
druids eating
ice cream
from a dish.

I was the one who noticed
that the robes they
wore were black
as the symbols
fixed in
their eyes.

An easy target of caressing doom
which fluttered happily
upon the
precarious wires
stretched across
the messages
of illuminated words.

And in the middle of the night
the fog lifted
attitudes were resigned.
Figures of men who
stopped preying
on innocence were
in some sort of
tragic bliss.

Intricate designs of left

and right
became the emblems of
success.

I was the one who pulled
the plug
by pointing out
the number of times
the signs fell
to the ground.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Lonely Soldier And An Enemy

The soldier cleaned his gun in anticipation for the battle he would be fighting. His mind was focused on his job. His heart was centred on his illusions. Lonely soldier in a uniform without a mind of his own. His officers received their orders from somewhere else, from men and women who were fighting a war of greed. Death was nothing more than a statistic which would be tabulated and toned down for the media. Not good to let the world know the actual cost of human life in the adventure. A tear fell from his eyes at the thought of how many men he had killed. He remembered sitting in his kitchen talking to his wife and making plans for the future. That was until somebody somewhere far away had determined the future was not his to plan. So he worked at his task in mind of constant wonder at the waste he was trained to create. His entire purpose in life was to kill and so he killed as best he could. The faces of the enemy reminded him of himself. Other men who had sat at home with their wives talking about their futures together. Such a waste of young ambition by the old men and women who sat comfortable in the governments of life. Lonely soldier surrounded by his comrades all of whom equally trained to hate and kill. Ah, but the bands would play and the magic of hero dust would fall upon the shoulders of the men at arms. How brave they would be in the battle with their blood splattered all over their clean uniforms. The soldier knew he fought for a cause but it was odd that

the cause was never quite explained, save
for speeches on freedom and destruction
and illusions of happiness when the enemy
were all dead. Lonely soldier was startled by
an enemy as he cleaned his gun. The two
men glared at one another wondering who
would die first. Soldier and enemy came to
a major decision. Each stripped off their clothes
and stood naked in front of one another.
Two naked men. Without their uniforms.
Now which of them was the enemy?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Maple Leaf

Stirring maple, proud symbol.
Red and white flag caressing the wind.

We live in multi-cultured awareness.
Voices of many languages
drifting like falling snow
over the land.

A falling waterfall in a distant
wooded park.
It makes noise.
It is not heard by anyone.

But it falls, and falls into
the river that flows
into the lakes.
Silent noisy witness
to the vastness.
Emptiness.

Blank spaces waiting to be filled.
Visions of future progress.
of future world.

Maple leaf growing.
Slowing the pace of tomorrow
with the vision of the past.

You and I, celebrating
the royal parade of history.
Dawning greatness.
Dampening waves of words
that flutter like paper
on the ground.

Fly, maple leaf flag, fly.
Represent the emptiness
and the fullness
of the land.

Remember the eternal flame
of clacking trains that
rush from sea to sea.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Moving Coloured

Moving coloured in
a too dark world
through the dingy corridors
of cigarette stained minds.
Heated balloons of ambition
have been instructed
to ignore the state of soul.
Focus instead on ambition
and loss of self-control.
Damp soap of cleanliness
constructing
internal situations
that are slipped by
the censors of the
un-desired.
Flags at half mast
for the death of
the art. Format
replacing expression
in a too dank scene
of
unblemished hypocrisy.
Moving coloured in
a too lost zone
where lizards gather to
lick the eyes of the dead
who have suffered not
in body but in mind.
Voices bleeping out
the words they do not
want to acknowledge.
Preference given to
deceits that are than
wrapped in pretty paper
and pandered to the masses
as words of wisdom.
Fulfilment becomes
acceptance. The lies
of conformity become
the religion of the people.
And somewhere, far from
the dark begging is a coloured
end that someone else will
need to define. Myself,
I am not worthy to
describe the emptiness that
blanks out the jumping
reptiles of disguise.
In full view of every
camera the picture
reveals
the tremors flashing

forth from inside.
Moving coloured in a
 too un-assembled mind
forsaking every adventure
 conforming instead
to the rejection of
 the heart.
Somewhere else becomes
 the method of existing
and what is left
 but to deny the
panorama of desire.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Naked In The Snow

You had me stand naked in the snow.
Then you undressed my soul
as if it was a paper plate
that you could rip up and
throw into the garbage.
I shivered in the cold,
aware that every fibre of me
was afraid of the words you
could growl out so easily.
You laughed at how uncomfortable
I was.
This was magic to you.
A memory you would grasp and
hold forever in your hands.
Delightfully you wet your lips,
hoping to see the green garbage bag
encircle me in your version of trash.
I trembled a little bit,
thinking that the demons in your eyes
were like the glittering diamonds
in the ring I once bought for you.
You had me stand naked in the snow.
Every fault exposed and ready for
presentation.
somehow the perception of me
had shifted for you.
Now your goal was denial of any good,
enjoying the death of my trust
in what we represented to one another.
You had me stand naked in the snow,
turning blue.
I knew we had died.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Never Mind

Our hearts are empty as we march like ants through
the faded emptiness of our orders. Weary with the
speeches and flags, we focus our collective attention
on the uniforms we will be required to murder.
Of course, we call this a just war and so in this train
of propaganda we do the right thing for our piece
of dirt. Never mind the children we will kill.
Never mind the women we will be compelled
to rape to show how God is on our side.
Our dreams have been stashed away behind the
similar clothes we are required to use as identification.
We have been trained not to think, but instead to
propel ourselves under the directions of our superiors.
We never seem to arrive from our marching, for we
are forever walking towards some new enemy. Never
mind the colour of the skin or the stench of the fires
we leave behind as we parade our victories across
the newspaper headlines. Never mind the questions
we might have asked had we not been afraid to
hear the answers. Our eyes only see the distance we are
required to travel. The pressing flights of bullets we survive
only hardens our ears to the sound of fragile bones crushing
under our feet as we move forward. The endless same-ness
of our songs never fails to impress us with the urgency
of our collective mission. We have listened to brilliant
cowards who send other men to die for their causes.
We only know that war is a justification for the
failures of our politicians. Never mind the places
we will destroy. Never mind the flags we will trample
into the ground like pieces of illusions shattered.
Our victories and our defeats merge into one constant
sense of resistance. We mouth the lies of hate which we
have been drilled into our mass intelligence. We carry
in our pockets the various symbols of our religions. These
will protect us from the death offered to us by those

who would dare oppose our invasion. For those of us
who might be afraid, we are convinced that our fears
are a sign of weakness. Never mind the words of
our gods written in our religious books. Never mind
those who carry signs with words written on them
that we have been too brainwashed to read. Many of
us will die. Many of us will wish we had died.
Many of us will survive to join another invasion;
another police action; another bloodbath protected
by our governments. Never mind the gardens we will
smash into the dirt. Never mind the emptiness we will
be required to aspire to. Never mind emptiness that
will fill our hearts as we kill and kill again. We are
brave for we are the drones that have been educated
into the politics of war. Never mind our souls.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Nobody

Nobody.

No one
has ever created a
proper system
to fix the hassle
of existing.

I reach like an insect
for the flag I was
born under.

Hoping the red and white
will define my purpose on
the planet.

I tear the material
when I realize it is worthless.

It's a plastic symbol
of an artificial place
that does not exist outside
of human imagination.

Which label to apply?

Which force field
to use to protect me?

So many voices screaming
against one another!

So many feet marching
to so many politically correct causes.

What causes are the right ones?

Which are the wrong?
Implanted values and
coerced agreements.
Interior devaluation
and exterior
alignments.
Nobody has
ever provided
the proper way
to live
a life of growth.
No one cares to
move beyond the
walls they've allowed
to be put around them.
If I take a step
in the right direction,
I will be walking
closer to me.
Chris G. Vaillancourt

Nothing Man

Nothing man, who grasps the meaning
of desertion as easily as he changes

his clothes. Limp noodles that lie like
empty promises on his heart. He dreams

of days arrived and days survived. The
sun rises, the sun sets and still the nothing

man concludes his silent thoughts in frames
of coughing reference. There are people he

once associated with. He called them friends.
They did not know him. What they knew

they ended up not appreciating. He mourns
alone for other realities he self-created.

Tears can fall, but not from him. His water
bill has gone unpaid and so his teardrops

are salted channels of mould. There are
not many places left to hide, but still he

is not seen in the real world. Nothing man
of so many nothing days, how perfect is

your vision? Can you see the pain left
in the mailbox? Can you feel the loneliness

as it escapes across your heart? Memory,
that odd little word that applies to so many

different states of being. Oh Nothing man,
what a sad loss of hope exists in this sad

hopeless world. You are one of many,
but you sit alone in your glass house.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

November Streets

The lift and strain of traffic as it slides
down cool November streets.

A hustle and bustle, hurly-burly, ingested
kind of day.

A distinct flavour of of washing soap
photoed in my mind.

Movement to the left, movement
to the right. Tossing my arm out
like a military no-mind I stomp
through the blaze of the grey.

'I will not be shouted at!
I will not be ignored'

Dead brown grass blowing like
spiders weaving insect repellent
parading on the ground.
The sound of shuffling feet echoes
like ice picks in my ears.
Floating in mid-sentence, I only
speak when I am inclined.

'I'm no longer inclined to want
to share with you.
I am no longer interested
in conforming to the norm.'

Saws are buzzing angrily as
they work to take the trees away.
Flies hide like lepers in the
dung hills of their alarm.
November came complete
with a whimper, a strangling
sort of no nonsense vowels.

Inside, the cough dropp melts as
it slides down my throat.
I'm prisoner and jailer,
executioner and saviour.

'I'm not to be hurt.
I'm not to be insulted.'

Closing coat around emancipation.
Shutting mind to ulterior motives.
Outside the frolicsome emptiness
motivates another crowd to survive.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

O God, I Cry For You

O God, I cry for You.
For peace which you can serve.
I'm lonely but not alone,
for God is ever with me.

O God, I cry for You.
In the shallow world I'm in.
I ache in the pain of sin
but God is always nearby.

O God, I cry for You.
For release from my mind.
I strive and fail all the time,
and still he redeems me.

O God, I cry for You.
In the imperfections I am.
I long to be always at rest
in God's holy company.

O God, I cry for You.
For the Cross I wear is so heavy.
It burdens me with my crimes
and yet God forgives them all.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Oh Love, Who Once Made Me Feel So Blest

Oh love, who once made me feel so blest,
yet now desires to end this happy security.
Who assures me that heart can come to rest
upon a future that will not have place for me.
Oh shadow that hides behind my weary soul,
who laughs at my passion which is undying.
Please be gentle in your ending of my role.
Do not ignore my leaping hands still trying
to erase the pressure of words unshaken.
Oh soul, which is filled with wild endeavour,
be kind in your death which life has taken.
Be patient in the limbs you will happily sever.
Oh heart, why are you so heavy to know?
Why, dear love, must all ours fail to grow?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

On A Train Platform

We sat like strangers on a train platform,
waiting for our train to be announced.
Though I sat at your side, I didn't know
what you were thinking. You didn't know
what I was thinking either. Around us
the crowd of plastic smiles jostled for
position. We were as plastic as the rest.
Our place in society thereby assured.

Bored. I stood up. You didn't seem to
mind. Through the windows I could
see the grey haze of a thunderstorm.
Reminded me of the dark spaces of
my heart. Walking in that 'bored of
waiting' pattern, I noticed nothing
and nothing noticed me.

'Be right back', I shared. Your nod
neither acknowledging or concerned.

As I paced the confines of the station,
I was struck with how often in life
I paced through the decisions I made.

I felt eyes seeking mine. Turning towards
the pop machines, there I saw a woman
with blue eyes and a dangerous smile.

Her smile said 'welcome', which was
not allowed in the world we lived through.

I could not resist smiling back as I
made eye contact with her. Difficult to
explain but I felt as if the outside rain
had ceased to matter anymore.

'How are you? ', I intoned, in the
usual way. 'Just fine, and you? ', she
answered. Acceptable social contact
had been established. We mumbled
platitudes for a few moments. It comforted
me. She broke the rules and whispered,
'I am lonely and I sense you are too.'

Difficult to switch from plastic to real!

We sat down together on the nearest
styrofoam couch so typical of
waiting rooms the world over.

'I need to live' I shared, uncertain
of how she would reply. 'I have

survived in an acceptable pattern
for a good number of years.'

'You can live, if you let yourself
do so.' she insisted. 'You can
dropp the pretence of survival and
take the first steps towards yourself.'

I considered her words. They stuck
like oil in my tumbling brain, jarring
the rusty emotions into action.

'I have to go back to my wife. We
are going to visit relatives in Montreal.'
She nodded in understanding and slipped
a piece of folded paper into my hand. Opening it
I saw it was a phone number. I assumed
it belonged to her.

'Call me when you get back, ' she moaned,
desire slipping from her lips.

'I will', I promised, afraid to say much more.

'How did you write this down without my
seeing you do so?' I asked.

A smile on her face. 'I wrote it down
this morning. I'm not here to take a trip.
I'm here to connect with destiny and
seeing you I realized what it was.'

With that she got up from her seat,
returning the plastic to her face.

'Have a nice day', she gurgled.

'You too', I mumbled back.

Softly she whispered 'Don't
forget to call me when you get home.'

With that she walked away. I got up
and did not follow her. Went back to
pacing the train station, went back
to the reality of my life. My wife
had not noticed a thing, or was it
that she had but couldn't care less?

Our train was announced. We started
to walk towards the departure gate.

Stepping into place beside my prison,
I threw the piece of paper away.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Once A Daydream

once a daydream collected
on my soul and I kissed
its breath so much it blew
gently away
it had pleasure from
my attention and called
on other daydreams
to join in the web of
salted yawning I
promised to provide

once a winter storm
crashed into my roof
and I applauded it so strongly
it continued to devastate
the house
engulfing every shadow
that crept quietly
behind the walls

once a voice trampled
on my daydreams
I asked it to go away
and not be around me
anymore

why are you still here
with me
can't you see that I am lonely?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Organic Matter

Organic matter. Decomposing sh*t.

A thousand different ways of saying
'get lost', and 'leave me alone.'

Perfect voices who refuse to acknowledge
their humanity. These are what surround me.

Judging my intentions. Insisting that changes
to the mould must come from me.

Keeping watch like snakes coiled on
a desert rock. Attentive only to
the announcements which are issued
from time to time.

Brave words from a heart so very afraid.

Tension. It is the only mantra I conceive.

Isolating desires beneath a million
layers of defensive walls.

'Watch out! '

I muster the courage to demand
this warning.

'The plastic minded drivel of perfection
is always on the move.'

They pain themselves into pictures
where they have
no business being.

Summoning words of
self congratulations.

I fail by their standards.
I do not make the grade.

Verbal games that seemingly
never stop.

I am my own enemy.
I am my own code of honour.

The trapped minds that function
with and within me are
illusionary beacons of distress.

Organic matter. Decomposing sh*t.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Our Pieces Of Paper And Frustrations

Every place I run is chaos.
Disaster fondled with disasters.
Situation mingled with situations.
A million different ways of living in tension.
Nobody seems happy anymore.
Conversations are always about problems.
Unresolved aggravations.
Uncertain deliberations.
Why are we all so lost in ourselves?
So tangled up in webs of frustration.

Every heart I encounter is bound in pain.
A conversation begun becomes a therapy session.
Endless verbs on this or that problem.
I actually don't have communication, instead
I share in a mutual experience of depression.

Why are we not happy?
Why do we all feel the weaving of dissension?

When I was a boy I remember being so
excited to become an adult.
I would eagerly dream of how lovely life
would be for me and my friends.
This is the game that was played for us.
We were promised such glorious freedom!
Such a life of adventure and contentment.

We are surrounded by so many material objects.
So many electrical appliances and toys
that should surrender us to so many possibilities.

But there is never enough money and never
enough time to enjoy our possessions.
Scrambling like fools trying to pay the rent.
Pay the bills, pay the price of surviving.

And frankly that is all we ever seem to do.
Survive. Ramble from one tension to another.
One argument to a thousand others.
Telephones ringing with voices demanding
our pieces of paper.

Judging success by the size of the wallet.
Determining happiness by the number of
wounds we have inflicted upon one another.

Is it any wonder so many of us are so
determined to kill ourselves with out
addictions? Is it really such
a surprise that so many of us
do not smile at anyone?

Lining our pockets with false illusions.
Living our lives with plastic dreams
manufactured for us by plastic minds.

Surely this is not how God
intended us to be!

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Parade

The parade passes by. We were on the
sidelines eating our candy and applauding.

Why? There was not one uniform that
represented us. Not one flag that we could

claim as our own. We didn't even need to see
the flags. They were not symbols of ours.

In reality they were symbols of echoes that
we shouted a long time ago. Why struggle

when the battle is already lost? Why complain
when the reasons for doing so have been

neglected in the dripping sonnets of a forgotten
poet. He sat in a closet composing his love

for a majorette in the parade. She was
his cotton candy and so he wanted

to slurp every molecule of her mind into
his own. But his words are not dusted once

a week in a book on a library shelf. The majorette
is dead, or at best old and forgotten. The title

of the book does not even ring a bell.
The parade goes on, but the marchers

have changed their identities. The uniforms
remain always the same. Who was it that

decided that gold lame and blue satin were
the proper colours for marching in the street?

Why? Isn't this what it always comes down to?
Why? Who can jump into the parade with

a ready made answer? Not I. Not you.
Not any of the other billions upon billions

of sleeping undertakers burying
their souls in the parade.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Pencil

Talked to woman on phone
Stupid bitch spoke to me
like I was an idiot
Pandered to me as
if I was mentally
disabled
unable to understand
her rigid control

Isolated towers of
bureaucrats
where iron ruled
monsters create
gold toned rules

People follow
lost sheep
tumbled words of
legal paper
made real by
the judges appointed
to control our
behaviour

Stupid bitch
spoke sternly to me
She ruled her desk
with a feathered whip
Brave in her dogma
lost in her heart

Take out my pencil
write each word she says
than erase it from
my life

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Pieces Of Glass

Pieces of glass, cutting..
 bloodied hands, holding.

Wrap me up in paper.

Hold me close until I die.

Evaporating symbols.

What does one believe?
What does one dream?

Dream of silence, the mystic claims.
Dream of death, the half empty glass proclaims.

Pieces of smoke, floating like
traffic lights.

Blinking on and off;
 red, yellow, and green.

Stop the moonlight from coming
 into the room.

What does one hold onto?
What does one believe?

Nothing.

There is nothing to light the
charcoal for. Burn the papers
of attachment.

They turn yellow and grey, grey and yellow.

Words someone wants to hear.

And the shift key believes it
 can change the ships sinking
 in the hateful sea
 of malice.

Practice lying.

It becomes real if you can get one other person
 to accept the story.

Pieces of glass, cutting..
 bloodied hands, holding.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Red, White And Blue

The illusions are blood red or cloudy,
depending on which fantasy you believe.

Crumpled buildings lying like dead grass
across the landscape of the military defeat.

A lone baby in the middle of the rubble
crying for its mother who is not alive.

The hero takes his gun and blows away
the annoying child. Victory is ours!

A ragged flag is placed upon the ruins
of the principal building in the town.

Red, white and blue again has brought
another town to its version of freedom.

Back home the man in the house of white
is sputtering his evil propaganda.

Reporters gather in respectful awe
to celebrate the victory over the dead.

How proud the people are of their
ongoing war against those who disagree.

Imagine that there might be others
who do not want crime ridden streets!

They must not appreciate the freedom
that the chosen people seem to enjoy!

They must not want the drugs and guns
that seems to come from the land of the free!

Don't they understand that freedom
means everyone must be well armed!

Armour guard your houses!
Bullet proof your cars!

Build a fortress to greed and larceny,
for that is the will of the people.

A general is looking at a map,
planning the next step of liberation.

He has his orders and he will
never depart from the word given.

He believes in the superior race
from which his people have come.

The newspapers report the carnage,
the television shouts of the victories.

One more blow for freedom, oh yes.
One more parade for red, white and blue.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Ruins

Forever involves tiny
moments of distance
which are placed in
gold settings in rings
of brilliant desire.
Sparkling
diamonds hint at
traces of eternity
felt by arms that
hold no love.
We
are a challenge
left cold
in spaces of
resentment.
Victims
of a flood that
has drifted
into our frame
of reference.
Drowning, we
mouth our
hostilities,
letting
the air out of our ruins

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Secret of the Shift Key

If there is a beginning
it is from the ending of
our vows.

In a flock of words I mumble
some sort of an answer
to the endless questions
you keep asking me.

There is one way or no way
and every other way is
false hope in an
uncurled midnight stairway.

Candles will not burn
for they
lack wicks and
so they are picked up
and fondled for
the memories they
seem to
represent.

I always have the same dream
when I am
sleeping on the couch.

In it my jumping eyes
flow to your hips.
They take in your breasts
bubbling in your bra.

I fantasize about making love
to
you on the floor.

Rough and ready, no
sweet talk or music
or foreplay.

Just dropp you down and
force me in.

My pleasure is
all the justification
I'll need to supply.

I graze the back of your neck
with a knife.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Shadows Flickering In The Street Lights

Every night on the bus
I see the same vacant expressions
on the same faces.
Every night it is the
same routine, the same game
of pretending everyone
else is somewhere else.
Staring out the window
in the same seat at the same
buildings. Passing the same
street signs I see
every single night.
I am as vacant as the
slippery shadows that
frolic just outside my line
of vision. There are moments I
am convinced I have lost
my mind. There are seconds
I am certain I have become
a figure in somebody else's
illusionary world. Every night
I find myself thinking the same
pathetic thoughts that I always
extrapolate on this mundane bus ride.
I am a book that has not allowed
itself to be opened. Fresh ink on
the pages that has not been read.
Every tangled rope seems to bind
me tighter and tighter, until I can
sense the emotions leaving my soul.
Why do we continue to follow
the same patterns of disillusionment?
Is it that we are afraid to let
our hearts feel the emotions God
gave us to treasure? I suspect that
we have become so wrapped up
in our various performances that we
have forgotten that we are all of
the same breed.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Sheeple

We don't live in the real world anymore.
We don't feel real feelings anymore.

We're brainwashed and handled,
herded and controlled.
Made to behave as sheeple,
and to think as a group.

We do not talk to each other anymore.
We watch television together.
Sitting in darkened rooms
glaring at the screen.

And we need bigger screens!
Wall sized escape pods that
we make the centre of our rooms.

Watching 'reality shows'.
(Reality as manufactured
for us by the television networks.)
We are consumed with trivia
concerning celebrities.

We want to know about their lives, their loves,
their fights and their drugs.
Like vicarious vultures we cling
to every tidbit of information
our master the TV provides.

This one likes pudding, the other one
likes pie. This one is divorcing,
the other one is a homosexual.

Our conversations have become
gossip sessions about people
we do not even personally know.

Groups of sheeple we are.
Content to be guided in all our thoughts.

Watching the make-believe people
live their propaganda lives.

We do not live ourselves, of course.

We do not talk to each other.
We talk at each other.

We're brainwashed and handled,
herded and controlled.
Made to behave as sheeple,
and to think as a group.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Shimmers On My Skin

Night is coming, it announces itself
like a blast of wind which
hangs from the moon.

The smell of lilacs playing
lazily through my nostrils.

I moan the sacred songs of
forgotten tribes that once
danced in the
rivers of desire.

Stand before the window,
my eyelids heavy with
guilty memories.

My mouth flavoured with
dirty secrets spoken
to the rustling leaves.

Understanding only that the
clocks will never cease
to unfold the passage of
people as they wander by.

And I know the purpose of hammers.
I know the meaning of the nails.

Hang me up on a piece of wood,
pretend I am a modern day Jesus.
Drive the nails into my flesh.
Crucify me. Leave me to
hang until death.

Night is coming, it hurries to
flow through the weeping blood
that shimmers on my skin.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Slow Down

Slow down.
Heart is racing like LSD.
Mind is hurting like a
black sunshine day when
it starts to thunderstorm.

Growing up, we are
informed that our compliance
to the social standards
will save us from misery.
Conform, perform,
put on the acceptable
mask and dance with the
other translucent people
around a cold stone fire.

Undo your jeans.
Let the hidden monster
emerge triumphant from
its zippered prison.
This is what everybody
really thinks about.

This is reality.
What is between your legs?
These images will fuel
your lust and contribute to
the manner of your existing.

Social rules are artificial
blades of glass cutting into
the pursuit of sexual
deviations.

Ignore them as it suits you,
correct them as necessary.

I want to roam around the planet.
Freed from the need
to chase pieces of paper
that
some foolish mortal
ascribed a value to.

Slow down.
The sun will shine,
the moon will emerge,
no matter what
is delivered to your
mailbox.

I want to pretend that

the grip of fear in the mind
is only temporary insanity.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Snipping, Snapping Flowers

I wonder all the time how the snipping, snapping flowers ever manage to grow? Rushing up through the dirt of their existence, raising the cheer of the newly born.

Other weeds attack with gusto, other opinions will be presented. Grasping, grabbing hands will reach like claws for solutions. They will demand and stand for no resistance. They will capture every flag.

I wonder why the light bulbs go out when they do? I wonder why the words I'm saying will never amount to anything?

We are all rather like that, endless whispers of promises that we never have any intention of keeping. Blowing smoke bubbles of deceptions we are ensured of always being.

Regardless of the time of day, everything always seems to go on with the same sense of failure. Knotted stomach muscles suggesting that the era of peace we proclaimed with our social revolution was nothing more than shadow puppets flickering on the empty white wall. I wonder why my tongue only tastes the victory of potted plant mentalities.

Will we ever decide to wander out into the rain together? Letting the raindrops wet our perceptive smiles as we grin like melted plastic in a garbage can by the roadside.

Don't promise me checks and balances when the very world is contrary to determined sets of standards.

I wonder all the time how the snipping, snapping flowers ever manage to grow? Rushing up through the dirt of their existence, raising the cheer of the newly born.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Someday

Someday we'll be just like a garden,
growing together in our souls.
Sharing the flowering dreams,
blending the new with the old.
Tasting the bitter-sweet flowers,
which grab, but have no hold.

Sunday's peace will stay the same
throughout the multi-varied week.
Living to feel and love together.
Accepting that strong may be weak.
Finding that the newborn flowers
join our hearts as we begin to meet.

Someday we'll have peace
when all borders are erased.
Remembering that love is forever
Flowing in from almost every place
Someday we'll be as a garden
growing together as we race.

Yesterday's pain all forgotten.
Tomorrow's peace growing free.
Someday we'll flow as a river
meeting together at the sea.
Growing into the garden
where tomorrow's world will be.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Sometimes

Sometimes the dragons are inside
and even as we fight them,
we have already lost.

Sometimes the wind blows
and even before we feel it,
already we are cold.

In aging, black and white
becomes blurred.
Grey we see and grey we feel.

Demons prance around us
and we pretend that they
are not of our own creation.

We cringe in horror
that such evils have befallen
upon us.

We laugh at danger,
yet scream in terror
at our endless platitudes.

Sometimes the liquid
in the bottle
is truly poison for us.

Yet we drink it anyway,
believing somehow
we can escape.

Our sense of trust
is often determined by
our submission to our egos.

Sometimes we hear voices
and yet we successfully
block out the vowels.

Sometimes the fear is not
of the unknown, but of what
we already have lived.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Sometimes Sunshine Streams Through The Windows

Sometimes sunshine streams through the windows,
like a tossed head of hair. Bright and solid light

that opens the room to dangling frames of dust.
The dust collects itself under the furniture.

Hiding, transforming, resisting change. It becomes
its own entity, its own statement. Gradually the dust

overcomes the sunshine and the room is again bleached
in bleakness. Voices are gradual, distant sounding, as they

try and survive in the dirty room. Sometimes sunshine
streams through the windows like a growing sense of doom.

Hard and harsh vibrancy that collides with the anticipation
of the occupants. They are uncertain how to proceed with

their daily routines. Like the dust, they collect themselves into
arbitrary points of views. Mangled intentions that are never

stated, but instead are felt like rotting fruit in a basket.

The smell permeates all areas of reality as it dominates the

passion of the souls. They moan in obligation. They whine in
muted patterns of surrender as they whip around the room

like the dust floating painfully in the air. Sometimes sunshine
streams through the windows, like a bloated body in water.

The beginning of the race always promises to have an ending.
The ending always promises to begin again. But the room will

always stay as it is, dust and doom its statement to the world.
And, sometimes, sunshine streams through the windows

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Soul Walk

Naked internally.
Doing a soul walk.

Finding trash.
Should have thrown most of it out.

Each day a new perspective.
Pain of yesterday carried on.

Burnt out bulbs in the lamp
suggest ambitions not followed.

Strange shadows that
shift around the corners of
my vision as I look out into
the uncertain dream of a future.

Decisions that I made
may not have been in my
best direction.

Storm of rising frustration.
It defines my state of art.

Places I will need to
confront in order to surpass
the failure of mental reservation.

People I will need to
reconcile with in order
to move ahead in new direction.

I hate to cry.
Something a man is taught to never do.

I turn my face inwards.
Pretending raindrops are
on my face.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Standing In The Wind

Standing in the wind tasting the
air as it rushes past me, I am

surprised that the sound of life
has not generated more excitement.

Trees glow with their own power
and the leaves of summer burn

brightly green through my mind.
I wonder about the looping branches

of an ordinary life. Sustained by hope,
I imagine the being out of doors for

the remainder of my life. The bustling
grass inviting me to lie down and enjoy

the patterns of nature as it rumbles
through the day. I find myself in the

midst of something I will not understand.
There seem to be rumours and false

information floating around my thoughts.
I take a drag of my cigarette, and as I do

it starts to gently rain. I continue to stand
in it, getting wet. After so much nothing

I hear something is going to happen and
I know it might possibly affect me. I know

that whispered voices always mean mystery
and finally with anticipation I shut myself

away from the sound of dissension. I am
only here, with little chance of renewal.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Still The Morning Light

I hear the whispered knocking of the pre-dawn wind as it strives to curve around the house. So subtle it seems like a distant memory that was shoved back into my mind.

With coffee cup in hand I turn inwards to re-connect to the dripping blood that flows within my veins. I am a forgotten moment of dissent washed away in a stream of dropping pretense.

I used to wonder why I felt so alone in the company of friends. My words a carefully studied indifference that masked the naked need I resented. Suspecting that I am only as alone as I allow myself to be.

Still the morning light

will find me questioning the situations of the coming day. And though I age with indifference I am different from the boy I used to be. That shadows of past illustrates the foundation of today which I shall accept as my perspective as I refuse to grieve for faces lost along the way. Tears may flow, and surely they have been here before; but I shall suppress them and hate the weakness they represent. I understand

only that I am victim to no-one but myself. A breath in and a breath out, and yet still I cannot find the courage to confess the tinge of emptiness that should be wiped away from my mind. Gently I allow the pre-dawn world to wrap itself around the tissue paper of my convictions.

I am strong, but the weakness within will be my undoing.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Strange That The Shadows Do Not Linger

Walking,
strange in the moonglow of mystery.
Memories jarred. Reflections bleeding.
Eerie emblems of mesmerizing
faces. Shouting
'we cannot hear you anymore! '

Dreams spring from the sounds of
a silent celebration. Survival
depends on how fast we seize
our ambitions. Failures
clocking up like flags
at half mast. Jumbled contradiction
of flowing hatred. Blood soaking
into the carpet. It's yours.

Faith exists, but we are faithless.
Not caring if we have to be brave,
or beware the hurting needles
pricking our hearts. Walking in
streaming fissures that open beneath our
feet. Strange that the shadows do not
linger.
Instead they grow. Increase,
decreasing our concern for one another

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Sunshine Lonely

Sunshine has changed its colour, from yellow to black to yellow again. Living goes on and so I live. That is what I do from episode to episode. The tingling are the nerves, coming to awareness again. Knowing they can be attracted to another perspective. One thing odd that still plagues my thoughts, I'm sunshine lonely.

Like the sun I shine in brilliant glows of never-ending warmth. Exterior views only please and you would see a politically correct persona. A vibrant human face that clucks its appropriate gestures.

Still, this is as said exterior, not the single view that edifies perception. We are all images of people we want to be. I am no different in this and so I shadow myself within this frame and let no one know I am sunshine lonely.

A hand may be shaken and a smile might illustrate contentment, but truly only me, myself and I would realize the futility of digressing. Are you any more aware of self than I when stuck behind a curtain of creation?

You shall see what I have chosen you to see. Everyone knows this is the true reality. Everybody knows this is the secret of surviving in a clogged drain holding back the waters of purification.

I won't let them flow over me! No ritual bath of alertness shall be allowed to become my definition! Instead I shed the truth for futile pieces of puzzled looks offset by body language of denial.

I am sunshine lonely. A small wind escaping from my eyes seeking a vision to keep me from falling asleep to my devotions. Like the sun I shine in heavy tones and let the bleak scatter into the shadows of something whispered but never said aloud.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Surrealistic Cigarette Package#8207;

It burns.

The sagging, despairing meltdown
that characterizes living.

Electronic noises crapping
in the background.

Kids at school.
Dishes in sink.

I feel like dipping my soul
into the dishwater.

Rubbing it clean.

What is clean?

Whose standards are determined?

It tingles.

The blue plastic lid that
sits upon the table.

Lost its container
but I know
a good
envelope when
I see one.

What do I see?

Onion grinds mixed
with garlic frolics.

Spice.

It burns.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Sweet Gentle Sounds

Beautiful metaphors of thought
escape my wandering mind.
Dreams of visions lost in time
come travelling through my heart.

The morning sun crosses the sky.
Soft wind blows gently through me.
I'm echoing old frames of being free
that hurtle like birds around and around

Oh cry out, you sweet gentle sounds!

Fresh air comes wandering inside
where sweet relief will strong survive.
My thoughts will turn on how to strive
through the swaying grasses of life.

Under the flaying breeze I am
a man who remembers all that was
And this shall be my new found cause
to keep alive the visions of forever.

Oh cry out, you sweet gentle sounds!

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Man In The Room

Emptiness is not a disease.
It's a state of mind.
A perspective.

Cigarette dangling from lips, drink in hand,
television softly blacking out the thoughts.

He sits still as a stone in his tomb.
He never makes a sound.

He is afraid that if he does he
will need to prove his existence
is of some value.

But it is not.

He has been told this often enough.

Oh yes, just about everyone he has known
has gleefully berated his topics of conversation.

His attempts to be a man.
Attempts to be vital.

Parents, siblings, friends.
Jobs, wife, children.

All have had their taste of his fear.

Like a mangled orange in a pulper,
he has become the symbol of everyone's distaste.

The emblem of failed love, heart
as stoned as a rock.

He doesn't dare dream out loud.
To do so would invite the
smirking scornful remarks.

The wandering of the mind is
a dangerous waste of talent.

Emptiness is not a disease.
It's a state of mind.
A perspective.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Midnight Smiles

The midnight smiles.
I write words.

Pockets of emptiness,
sealed symbols.

Absence does not make
the heart grow fonder.

It lends distance,
and forgetting.

Love, so much
over-used.

Love is, in truth,
really love for self.

A moment, this
is what I have.

A small space of
time that I claim.

It is mine, to waste
or to cherish.

A noise outside.
Not sure what it is.

Something abusive,
something harsh.

The midnight smiles.
I write words.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Rushing Stream Of Desires

I am sitting by a river.
Alone.
Beneath these still waters
There flows a strong undertow.
I only reflect the surface,
What's beneath, I'll never know.
I'll never taste of the water
if I sit
by the rushing stream of desires.

At times, it's a placid stream.
A quiet, restive moment in a
loud, aggravated existence.
Other times, it is a raging
torrent of pent up frustrations.
This still, raging river;
This quiet, loud stream of thought.

I am sitting by the river.
Alone.
Afraid of setting my feet
into the water for fear
that they will get wet.
Better to sit idly by while
the river flows on its way.
What's ahead, I'll never know;
I'll never live within
the rushing stream of living.

At times, a warm touch
is as far and distant as a
meandering letter lost
in the post.
At other times I am
participating in reality,
Where coldness seems to
be the dominant reaction.
What's ahead, I'll never know.
I'll never exist if I
sit by the side
of the rushing stream of desires.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The World Is A Bleeding Distance

The world is a bleeding distance. I forget that
the laundry needs to be folded and the dishes
in the sink need doing. Phone calls are wanted
and the kids need new shoes. Still the world
is a bleeding distance that demands attention
to the important matter of existing. Sometimes
I take myself for a walk, this is my 'getting
away from it all'. My time of resistance to the
mundane same-ness of the electric rocking
and rolling of the performance. Two doors
away the grass wants cutting. Strands of promises
that neatness counts and conformity is required.
A cat waits in the tall grass inching its way towards
an unsuspecting bird. Window of the house not cluttered
with the bother of a curtain so anybody walking
by is allowed to see the occupant sitting in
his underwear needing a shave. A cigarette
dangles from his lips, the ashes fluttering on
his chest. He once had daring plans to escape
to a secret island where grass could grow
as long as it desired. The corner store at the
end of the block is not the meeting place it
was in history. Now it is all neon signs and bargains,
and a teenage girl cracking her gum vaguely
bored by conversation. Her computer skills
more valued than her mind. Proud graduate
of the indulgence of her parents guilt. Eyes
forever glazed and indifferent to the hope
of any other searcher of truth. I stop her
daydreaming long enough for her to pretend
she was deeply concerned that I would have
a good day. Purchase my addiction with as
much commitment as a melodramatic bore.
The world is a bleeding distance that wants
only survival and sacrifice. Sometimes I pretend

that I can actually stop playing long enough to
really listen to the scattered fragments of a
conversation. But who has time? The chores
need attention and the neighbours don't care
anyway. The wife is concerned that the bills
are all paid, and the grass is cut, and the dishes
are washed, and the laundry is folded, and the
kids are bathed, and life goes on in a blur
of importance. I realize that my biggest
ambition is to move two doors down and
sit in my underwear smoking a cigarette
letting the grass grow as long as it cares to.
Once in awhile I will motivate myself enough
to go the corner store to share the bored
vagueness of the teenager. The world is a
bleeding distance that waits patiently for
a band-aide. It oozes defeat and resentment.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Tiny Apple

A tiny apple in the tree.
Our straining eyes could just
about make it out in the branches.
I think we enjoyed
the thought that something
was smaller than us.
It hung deep red
with a sliver of sun
shimmering off its surface.
Each of us felt the
apple was ours alone.
Each of us pretended
an exclusive affinity
with the tiny apple in the tree.
It was our special secret
which we would cherish
as if it was the most
significant memory of
our lives.
Our collective breath
sighing in fruitful pleasure
at what surely would be
a delicious bite.

This was the term that
separated us.
Half of us wanted to
gaze in admiration at
the apple forever.
The other half
was planning on
how to eat it.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Touching my Soul

Touched my soul,
Reached my love,
And felt its hands
pushing me upwards.

Social mobility.
Looks that kill.
Marked for life.
Self-created nobility
knocking me backwards
to the front.

Insisted on genocide.
Could be only one way!
Refreshed on homicide,
more and more, held at bay.
Till the hounds and wolves
of silent haunted homes
grew daffodils for fruit.

Dreary day.
Listless confusion.
Aggravated by
religious adventures
that left no touch on me.
Though they came and
warped the views
I had looked at.

I want to take you home.
Though, you may not like it.
You may insist I am in love.
(though not with you)
Though you are nice,
sometimes.

Stoic stares.
Heavy glares.
The lights of desire lost
burning freshly in here eyes
as she reaches out for me
in a dark room.

I have forgotten her name!

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Toy Soldiers

The trumpets sound. Bold noise in
early morning air.
Waking the dead.
Waking those about to die.
Another battle begins
in the never-ending game
of military parades.
Toy soldiers, in a little boys mind.
Lined up in neat compact rows.
Plastic guns and plastic minds
conditioned by visions
of old men's speeches.
'Arise, young valiant ones' shouts the
television screens.
'Go forth, brave sons and kill
all those who disagree'.
Toy battles in a little boys game.
Lines and lines of paper mache hearts
controlled by the propaganda machines.
Flashes of smoke; planes overhead.
The enemy, just straight ahead.
Toy people in an illusionary game.
Pretending that lines exist
in the dirt.
One side of the line is ours, the other theirs.
One side of the mind is empty, the other straw.
Toy victims in a mental institution world,
where fabric emblems are
waved in hypnotic fury.
'Defend the flag, boys!' yells the
old man with the stars.
'Die for this symbol, kill for this cause.'
Toy soldiers lined up in rows.
Toy people pretending to be real.

In a distant place there is a wall.
It was built by visionary dreamers.
Behind the wall there are flowers.
The flowers are shaded by trees.
God's bountiful gifts gently
growing in the sun.
Two men sat on a bench,
inside this distant garden.
They were silently enjoying
the beauty of the morning.
Both men decided they wanted
to pick the same rose.
They argued, they debated,
they presented their cause.
One man tired of the verbal disagreement.
Picked up a stone. Murdered the other man.
Now the rose was all his.

He was the victor!
His cause was just!
His cause was right!

He stood up, his prize in hand;
danced a dance of victory bells.
Danced his macabre version of hell
in a garden full of roses.

Toy soldiers in a little boys mind.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Triangular Duck

You have bastardized me,
 compelled me to stick pins and needles
 into my veins.
Shining globes of tears that fall
 from closed eyes.
They pretend to be significant,
 but in fact,
 they holler their pettiness.
Men with names that do not rhyme
 who sit behind computer screens
mangling the English language.
 Using the internet codes that
 destroy communication.
Have we all become symbols of
 people without souls?
As we march around our staples with
 guns pointed at our feet.

You have ridiculed every milkshake I
 have guzzled.
Mopped away every green leaf
 I have held in my hands.
I smoke my cigarette and
 scratch my balls.
I eat a sandwich and
 terrorize the cat.

Every foot will walk the
 way it was meant to,
 and so,
the only possible reality
 is that which
 drinks itself
 to death.

Forget the paper.
 Throw away your pens.

Make up a brand new plate of exclusionary
 triangular ducks.
Roast them in your oven-like hearts.

I begin to move away from
 metaphoric prison cells
 that have
 brought
solace to a hungry brain.

'Good night', I say to the
 computer screen.
You have turned me into a paper cut
 that becomes infected and

finally, allows the soul to die.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Underwear

Time is fading on
Perspective has become
distorted images
in carefully distressed
bottles

I slept beside you.
We were naked.

Hatred.
That word
haunting me
as I sleep.

Morning.
We were not sleeping.
Having coffee and
whispering encouragements
to one another.

I want to sleep beside you.
We will be naked.

The clinging nylon
of the morning escaped
our attention
as we chatted about
our relationship.

Hatred.
That word
haunting me
as I do not sleep.

Evening.
We return to each other.
Time grows shorter.

My life not getting any longer.

I slept beside you
in my underwear.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Unfinished Poem

I can't stay here
wrapped up in myths
of a time
I can't forget, yet
cannot take the time
to relive.

I am expanding in all directions.
And a new world is there
that I have discovered.

Freedom, liberation which begins
as a word and becomes a way
of existing.

I survived while others
of my old crowd dried up
and ruined their potentials.

Fame, recognition.
I don't care for these as
much as some think, and yet,
I care more for them than
they would understand.

Acceptance.
An odd sort of word.
What if some accept me
and others do not?

Does it really matter?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Unheard

I want the conversations
We'll never have.
The urged words drip
Off my tongue
In foreign colours,
And fall to the ground,
Unnoticed, unheard.
Ignored are the whispers
From my stained lips.
The words are heard
but remain
unacknowledged.
Around me are allot
of faces.
Some I recognize and
others I do not.
They smile at me
as they
hold their
conversations.
Talking at me
but never talking
to me.
And despite
the vowels they
pronounce these
faces with their
ears closed
do not hear the
words I return to them.
I want the clouds
to stop turning
grey over my head.
Looking, but not
really seeing the
disappearing self.
With effort I
manage to scream
loud enough to
convince everyone
that
I am still alive.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Untitled

I give you no title.
Why must one be given?
If so, let it be None
for that alone remains.

What is art
if nature its foundation?
Is it Truth, or a mockery thereof?
It is a mirror,
reflecting only?
I am not a flower, a sunset,
nor autumn's cool breath.
Only Man.
and my canvas reflects such:
decorated not with
images of Nature's untouched playground
but my congealed blood and
the tears of my life's not rain's tears.

Presume to mimic Nature,
what good can come?
Try asking the river to hold still!
The folly of barren souls
claiming to improve the sun;
It's subject not to touch or scrutiny.
Your blindness is evident
The point: echo not the melting snow and
the many starving squirrels
instead, reflect myself
(and of course you) .
Most of all, let us create
with all that we are, and
nothing we are not.
And so we return
from where we began,
untitled clouds dissipating.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Wait for the Whole Week to Begin Again

Please don't wake me up when I'm sleeping,
it's easier to get by when not awake.
Leave all problems till Monday
and
let the weekend be what it is.

It's a morning and a night,
when the skin cream
is applied with
gentle touch.
I make the batteries last
till Sunday, and then I
wait for the whole week to begin again.

A silent bird without a song
waits on the balcony
with glazing thoughts.
Pretending that it is a cat
and it prowls
the streets at
night.

Open another bottle of sherry.
Mix it with a bit of water.
Dilute the forgetting it brings.
And wait for the
whole week to begin again.

Let the fingers ignore
the scars from last
weeks' battles.
Just enjoy the two days away,
let the feathers
grow another time.

When the heat wave strikes
our eyes, and the boiling
water spills over, that is when
the light won't shine; and the
ringing phone will not stop.

Another week begins on Monday.
I'd just as soon pretend it never came.
Losing perspective in weekend daze,
let's just wait for the
whole week to begin again.

An ice cream sandwich melts
on the sidewalk. I step over it as
I wander around. My dog running at
my side, and the dark glasses on
for surrender.

Another living day in life. Living
like a hermit inside. Don't open
the door or answer the phone.
We'll just wait for the whole
week to begin again.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Waiting For The Bubbles To Pop

If we are truly at the ending,
then
there is only this:

vague emotions broiling, waiting for
the bubbles to pop.

temporary moments of co-existence
that sustain until the next
series of hating begins.

I'm talking to you in riddles.
Social generalities about
having a nice day.

You also speak back at me
in the same half empty fashion.

And yet,

once our passion was so intense
it almost seemed like we
would never come out of
the bedroom.

But that memory is riddled
with gestures of aggression.

Small steps leading to
larger spaces where
the eyes can close
and end the daylight.

The candles burn out, one at a time.
The furnace shuts down.

Leaving only the chill of the evening wind.

I follow you with my hurt feelings,
desperate to pretend
that the anger is
just a fad.

A thing we are going through.

It will end, I think, when the memory of our
love-making resurfaces.

Breathing, I wait for this to happen.

I will die of old age before it does.

If we are truly at the ending,
than
there is only this:

intense moments of shouting
mixed with
no memories of before.

The most important thing left for us
is how many times we
can jam acupuncture needles
into each others' eye sockets.

If I find myself wanting to re-connect with you,
I'll hold on to the vision of
you
torturing yourself for being with me.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Wasting Words Before I Go To Sleep

Even though it is early in the morning
and I
want to punch holes in the walls
still,
the cat wants letting out
and the milk
has gone bad.
It's odour a refreshing change
from the stale
pretence of the
name-dropping relatives
who insist on
sharing the same blood.
I've sat up most of the night
with a man
I have idolized since
I was a boy.
His cancer has won
and the family
takes turns watching
him die.
We talk when we are
required to communicate.
Sometimes I wonder
how well we really
know the inside of
anybody else.
The cat meows at the door.
Now it wants letting in,
rubbing its fur against
my leg
as I stick two eggs
to boil on the stove.
Pouring coffee, I sit at
my desk and read
the letters that arrived
while I slept.
It's going to be another
winning day.
Who
knows how many words
will be wasted from now
until I go to sleep again?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Waters Of Rebirth

There was time when thoughts of rivers in full stream
Meant the entire world to me. I fell into the magic sight

Of waters running free. To me the liquid did seem
To enhance the world around me. Everything was right

As long as the waters glowed. Gathered in celestial light,
The streams of life confided me and I became a beacon

For thoughts gone astray. What I felt was right was good
As long as I believed in it and my vision was seeking

The path to relief. Looking through the tangled woods
I realized the world would change. All the fickle dreams

Would become real stones. The stones would weigh me
Down and I would try and uncover them, but it only seems

Like a solution when the waters recede into tunnels to be
Caught in waves of pain in their glittering facades of doubt.

The flowers on the shore would wither and I would see
The grass turning brown as I learned to painfully shout

My submission to the change. A rainbow must begin
Where every shadow falls in silence and the light of day

Becomes a beacon of solitude. In the hassle of a sin
I become a rock of solid waste and never let me say

That the end is nearby. I crawl into a fatal shell of empty
Serenity, which when I open it becomes a dribbling day

Of defeats. Inside my tussled head lies a vision of me
That I recognize as being from the shallow earth.

I reach behind my back to find a never-ending sound
That blisters inside my head signalling my cosmic rebirth.

I am drawn into the waters and it seems I am upward bound
Into the memory of starry night gone flat into the mire.

There is a rustling in the leaves that can only be my mind
As I create a world of new in which I will begin to inspire

The signalling of the end for the hope I might find.
And this becomes my enemy, this becomes my birth.

I am renewed through the waters of life; waters of pain
That begin to fossil playfully upon the aging earth

Where I collect the shadows of the newly falling rain.

Standing alive, I am the boy that became the man.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

We Are One World, One People

Around and around the blood flows warmly
through the veins. Beating heart sustains
the body and the body holds the soul.

We were discussing the ways and means
of uniting every breath. Recycling the
memories that permeate like daggers
through every shade of perspective.

We are one world, one people.

One voice of gladness and misery
jostling the ozone with our shared
journeys that we are walking.

A faceless distance that together
we are hoping to avoid. We are one
beating mind seeking the
jumble of God.

Clear it up for us, Lord.
Teach us again how we
have fallen away from the
words of Your Son.

We are one world, one people.

One magic circle of completeness,
of open spaces crowded by
impersonal cities. Hands raised
in begging mode, eyes averted
to avoid the world we have made.

Find us, Lord. Bring us back to
those ideal scenes of the garden
you wanted us to share.

We burnt the trees and ate
the plants. Killed the animals
and one another. Jumped the fence
and played at creation. Endless
wasted seconds we cannot be
bothered to admit.

We are one world, one people.

A tribe with many languages, a
group of many heartaches.

Each hand reaching up is our own.
Each rip that we do a tear in
all of our gardens.

Individual family members
meeting only on social occasions.

Pretense and discipline two extremes
that we are all manufacturing.

We are one world, one people.

One hopeless mess of redundant underwear
covering the sexual organs of our illustrations.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Weeping Heart

I found your grave today.
It was near the path under
a weeping willow.

I do not know who planted
that tree. It shades your
resting place like
a natural umbrella.

Your tombstone features
a picture of you,
smiling in your bridal dress.

I remember that day
so vividly. I wonder if
you can still
remember it too?

I sat at the foot of your grave.

Smoked a cigarette.

Focused on every
memory I still
held of you.

I am somewhat surprised
at how long ago
you were alive.

Has it really been
over 20 years
since the day
I watched them
bury you here?

I am not a grave
visitor by nature.

This day was an exception.

I found your grave today.

The seeds your mother planted
have grown into
perpetual flowers.

The weeping willow
is an impressive
symbol
of the weeping heart
that buried you.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

What Do You Do?

What do you do?
which translates to;
How do you make your money?
Money is a drug.
We are a drug culture.
Why do you?
which suggests that you
are acting incorrectly
if you act to be free.
We are conditioned for
self-denial.
No matter what you do.
No matter what you think.
Mindless bands of steel
will circle your mentality.
The only way to act
is to learn not to react.
We are surrounded by
plastic scenes that are
as relevant as death.
Blamed if we do not
blindly love the machine
like drone of our lives.
We have lost the right
to determine our own
methods of existing.
What do you do?
which hints at the
premise that your
occupation defines
all the goodness
that is inside of you.
We've slipped back into
the stone age.
Mindlessly hunting wild
animals in a pursuit of
something we can never
define.
Reversing the process of
independence; replacing
freedom of expression with
conformity and status quo.

I see a box.
This box is for I.D.
Place my pieces of paper
inside of it.
In doing so, I have
declared my
non-existence.

What do you do?

As much as I can to be free.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

What You Are Seeking

Do not be disturbed
by the
little disturbances
pervading the atmosphere.
For, it is not the
most persuasive of effects
that often rules over
the soul.
Pursue life and reality
above all else.
Do not be troubled by
encompassing shadows
that seem to dangle around
the perimeter of vision.
Do not surrender to
dancing neon lights
that seem to flit and flick
around the jangled glare
of unknown perspective.
There are attitudes that
snap and grab around
the dying of the mind.
Slippery webs of sawdust
that grasped the remnants
of the deserted heart.
Open up the bottle that
contains the images
of peaceful existence
for they are the waves of
the mangled distractions
that define and confine
the perception of self.

You are the one
you are seeking
to love.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Wheels Rolling

Wanting you.

It grows like an open wound
that bleeds onto the skin.

Watching you.

Knowing that you are
not caring what I see.

You celebrate your freedom.
In a thousand different ways
you cut the strings
that once bound us together.

Missing you.

The tangled sheets in the morning.
The whispered sharing of
our intentions.

Our unity measured by
the cups of sugar we
poured into our veins.

Rendering.

The long time ago sort of world
that belonged to us.

Knowing now.

That you do not care to relive
those special memories.

Wanting you.

It feels like a nightmare that has
become a reality stone.

Nothing left.

Your mind is closed.
Mine is anticipating.

Re-inventing the wheel.

Let it roll over me.

Death.

A word.

A statement.

It is what you express to me.

We have died.

You remain living.

I am withering like

a

vine in the storms of winter.

Undone.

The words escape me

before I remember you

do not care to hear them anymore.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Yellow Feeling

Yellow is my colour,
or was,
till I met you.
Then I knew
I'd be blue
 forevermore.

It's hot in here.
Or could be cold.
Depending on your
atmosphere
 or sense of space.

Whatever your
perspective may be,
you've earned
 my respect,
but not my love.
and
 yellow is my
 colour again.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Yellow Sunshine

Four souls locked in a room
discussing the relevance
of yesterday's beginnings.
The music in the background
indicates the the four were right.

One by one they came to realize
the profit motives at work.
That they have no importance
until they have money to burn.
They speak though yellow sunshine,
which is indicated by their smiles.

shared memories of rebellion.
A High School chronicle of fear.
Four misfits in a room
telling their tales of pain,
as they try to speak for peace,
and get mocked by fools.

Little rats in their caged
and barbaric interpretations
laugh at the four for their
free loving souls and hearts.
They are afraid to follow them
for fear of getting spanked or shot.

Ready to talk of solutions,
yet afraid to put them through.
The four of the yellow sunshine
called the rest of them the fools,
as the night wore on in colours
that changed the rest of
their thoughts.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Yet Remembering

I have finished with your body.

It becomes a new territory
I am not permitted to explore.

The swishing of the rain captures
my attention; I bask in its
wetness, in its forgetting.

Yet remembering.

A dash of salt on an apple.
A bit of soy sauce on the fish.

Gestures of life and silence.

The press of the pen upon paper.

I am without ability to shape the
desire that once consumed, the
roped knots that held promise.

The spices that added
meaning to my life.

I trace my finger in the dust
on the table. A world vanishes
under my hands. Streaks of
brokenness, of curling lips
hurtling venom.

I caress the flowers that I
planted in the spring. Now they
bloom in ever amazing vibrancy.

And then you appear beside me.
The flesh does not recognize
the flesh. The mind does not
appreciate the thinking.

So we embrace our darkness,
our forgetting.

Yet remembering to share
a discussion on the
dissolving, the rejecting.

I have finished with your body.

I give it back to you. It is not
mine to love anymore

Chris G. Vaillancourt

You Are Free

I was working through a
radical frame of mind
suggested by the demons
that circled around me.
Tribes and nations
screamed their knowledge.
Such evil coming forth!

What is there to know?
To know of hate and violence;
Rules and regulations,
and,
the power of ego-tripping
mortals playing at being God.

A glass rested on my table,
formerly being full of
a green liquid
that some commercial
said I would love.

Now the glass is empty
and I am thinking
'What was the thrill? '

The bizarre thing is
that somebody sat up all night
thinking up a con game
to get me to buy it.
Seemingly it is better
to coerce things on me
than wait for me to
decide for myself.

Last night I dreamt of
castles and surrender.
Fog and rain, melting
down the resistance to
actually be a man.

Freedom is declared
illegal if it contradicts
the will of doing it.

Doing it!
What a thought!
Actually stepping out
and declaring your
emancipation.

Being your own
piece of paper

to prove,

YOU ARE FREE!

Chris G. Vaillancourt

You Can Save Me

I am alone.
We are together.

Your imprint stays in my mind.
Lying here with
the pure savage memory
of passion
of desire
of strangling you
with my eagerness
you breathed fire back at me

insane gyrations
of flesh caught in flesh
I am amazed at
feeling this way
at breathing this way
at slipping so far into your
being that I think I
lost track of me

Amazing.

Incredible.

Visions of lights dangling
from your eyes as you
set my flesh
blazing in
a river of lava
so strong it destroyed
my desire
to resist you

Even now
after you have fled
the scene of your crime
I think of you
I'd welcome you back
I'd surrender to you

Captivated
by your scent
by your skin
by your growing
control over me

I am lost.
You can save me.

Chris G. Vaillancourt