

## Poetry Series

**Chris G. Vaillancourt**

**- 210 poems -**

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### **Chris G. Vaillancourt (April 5,1959)**

Over 200 of my poems have appeared in more than one hundred journals in the U.S. and Canada, in Japan and Australia, and the U.K, including: Real Angry Poets, Quills, Unfeigned Coffee Fiend, Detour Memphis, Why Vandalism? ! , Plum Ruby Review, Vox Poetica, Outcry, The Hudson Review, Whisper, Poetry Space, Dangling Verbs, Writers Forum, Poesie, Cafe Del Soul, South Jersey Underground-Issue 6, Protest Poems, Poetry Stop, P&W, elffin&elffa; , and many others. I have had a series of chapbooks published in the 1980's by 4 Winds Press, such titles as 'Doors and Windows', 'Dancing in the Eighties' and 'Slow Burn'. I have had six poetry books published, 'Teardrop of Coloured Soul' 'I Walk Naked into a Cloud', 'the Rushing Stream of Desires', and 'A Yellow Sunshine Night'. 'The Sleeping Clouds Dangle Like Rocks In The Skies' and 'When The Rain Evaporates With Silence'

#### Works:

'Slow Burn' (Lorrah & Hitchcock) 1988  
'Teardrop of Coloured Soul' (Publishamerica) 2005  
'I Walk Naked Into A Cloud' (Publishamerica) 2009  
'The Rushing Stream of Desires' (Publishamerica) 2010  
'A Yellow Sunshine Night' (Mahogany Rain) 2010  
'The Sleeping Clouds Dangle Like Rocks In The Skies'(Mahogany Rain) 2012  
'When The Rain Evaporates With Silence'(DIP Publishing House) 2013

## **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.

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

## **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

## **After Dinner We Remembered**

We ate the dinner I prepared.  
Strong coffee followed.  
Relaxing in the living room.  
Talking about this and that and other things.  
We had a memory or two that sustained us  
in our conversations.  
Our talking covered a variety of topics  
and we  
rambled on happily in our remembering.  
Was it really over twenty years ago  
that we were high school students?  
This was our link, our bond, our  
sense of who we were and who we are.  
What I remembered you remembered.  
What I believed, so did you.  
We shared our views on history  
as if our words were golden idols  
which we could worship at our pleasure.  
The only topics we skirted were those  
that dealt with who we are now.  
Avoiding comparisons with our ambitions,  
we compared only those events that  
had happened a long time ago.  
Abstract meanderings on people we knew  
and places we had wandered to.  
We followed our coffee with dessert.  
A pleasant tasting cake which  
you had baked and brought to our reunion.  
I wonder what flavour of ice cream  
would be most appropriate  
with a cake that was filled  
with yesterday?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **All Grandmothers Whisper, Their Lips Move, They Brush Their Hair**

All grandmothers whisper, their lips move, they brush their hair

they mutter incantations over dead husbands  
long forgotten.  
Ineffable sweetness hiding imaginary blowtorches,  
tweezers, in my conversations

boldly gone penciling when I ever buried my face  
into the timid breasts of shadows' light of moon's  
rare reverence, it beckoned as though lost night stars find me  
most lovely when in thoughts of death I find solace

if lucid in rain my flesh must be foolish or dry  
I know my love, she is as flowers  
- lush even in darkness

my flesh is the rainmaker  
it embraces me so

I have gathered beneath rain's gossamer restlessness  
secrets and terrors of deep deep ponds' loveliness

all grandmothers whisper, their lips move, they brush their hair...

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 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

## Another Friday Night

She sat inside her ice-cream life  
and guessed the number of  
bingo markers it might take  
to win the jackpot.  
Sometimes she questioned why  
so many people drove her  
crazy.  
Insulted her.  
She divided her friends and lovers  
into good and bad directions.

It was raining outside when  
she began to cook the supper.  
The stove was hot.  
She was cold.  
She was always cold in her house.  
In her ice vein kitchen with  
the pretty white lace curtains  
and the yellow-green walls.

Her problems could all be  
isolated into one situation after  
another.  
She lit a cigarette.  
Sitting at her table wondering  
if she should cook rice or potatoes  
with the meat.  
It didn't matter,  
they'd wolf down the food  
without a glance at her efforts.

She found she was happier  
when the kids were at school and  
that man was at work  
doing whatever it  
was he did to earn  
the money.  
Impatience wasn't  
so much her statement  
as was unconcern.  
'So what',  
she thought, as she dusted her ashes  
into the ashtray.

Her memories could stretch so  
far back before this life.  
Yet she knew that what she knew  
wasn't really very much at all.  
Maybe he really loved her?  
Who knew!  
For her, it was only a situation.  
She wondered if they'd remember

to take their shoes off at the door?

Her feelings could easily be hurt.  
On the other hand, she often  
neglected to express herself.  
At half past five she'd put supper  
on the table.  
They would sit around it.  
Her family sharing the same room  
and the same bathroom.  
Pity that  
they were mutually ignorant of  
one other.

She put out her cigarette.  
Light another.  
She wasn't afraid of cancer,  
just living.  
Working man would be home soon.  
Kids would follow soon after.  
Sighing she stood up and pushed  
the cat away with her foot.  
Irritated, she  
checked her purse.  
Bingo markers neatly labelled.  
Another Friday night.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Aries Ram**

I'm an Aries ram and Lord I use this  
to resist you. Dear Christ I feel so afraid.  
I'm scared of opening my heart to you,  
for fear that  
I'd be giving up myself.  
I want to cling to the self-inflicted pain  
and let it become my life.  
But oh Christ I know this  
is wrong of me.  
Your touch brushes aside my symbols.  
You try to thrust your peace upon me.  
But oh Lord, I put up  
brick walls to keep you away.  
Please Jesus help me break them down.  
Let this Aries ram put aside  
his horns of doubt.  
Let this hurting man  
feel the love you promise for me.  
I'm a deep dark hole  
of unrepentant sin.  
Carrying a cross that  
does not hold your heart.  
Oh sweet Jesus put yourself  
into my burdens.  
Let me open my eyes  
to the glories  
of your redemption.  
Fresh from sin let me arrive  
cleansed and ready to  
show Your love.  
As an Aries ram I jam  
away from your salvation.  
Yet I know I need to  
submit my will to yours.  
Crash away my doubts oh  
Holy, blessed Lord.  
Comfort me for I feel so alone.  
Angry eyes follow me as  
I walk though my sinful life.  
Inside I feel the dark night  
of the soul,  
and my touch is  
filled with demons not laid to rest.  
Lord, stop this Aries ram  
from losing his soul.

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

## Boy In Cage Of Reality

The boy was silent, thinking that he blended  
Into the turbulence of mangled continuity.  
He stayed silent, not a soul befriended.  
Diverse emotions raging, so not free  
To truly understand the kindness of  
Lashing laughter that became his manner  
Of hiding behind self-inflicted fences.

His weary eyes belied innocence pretended.  
Young in age, old in scorned indifference.  
Despite the hairless body, childhood ended.  
For he was well aware of how to be tense  
In sterilized situations of lengthening despair.  
The internal bleeding was ever flowing  
In his gathered depths of wasted anger.

Voices that should have been of comfort  
Were instead knives piercing his heart.  
In perfection they circled him like a shirt  
Of mangled wolves ever ready to start  
The game of destruction of his perceptions.  
Ah, they would not let the boy surmise  
The potential merit of his future daze.

Such propped up limbs of uncertainty  
Had become his manner of survival.  
In glances of fear, his trembling trees  
Shook with passions of hateful denial.  
And though he hoped for love of self,  
He was in truth, and in manner of life,  
accustomed to resentment provided.

Small surprise that as he grew older  
He buried reality in cages of disbelief.  
Like a pearl, he wrapped himself colder  
Visions of how he might obtain release.  
The boy would age in terms of years  
having learned to submit to disapproval.  
Such would be the chains he adopted.

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

## Butterflies

the lights dim  
alone he sits at his table  
composing memories  
in his brain  
for butterflies  
of the daylight  
which he caught  
in a jar as a boy

why did he do this?

was it the beauty  
of the insect  
that so drew him  
to want to hold  
them forever  
in his world?  
or  
was it the patterns  
of their wings  
which gave him  
such delight?

fluttering  
in the garden  
he would watch  
them for  
hours at  
a time

those that  
he selected  
to keep  
he would  
eventually  
kill by  
driving a  
pin through  
their bodies.

why did he do this?

as a man  
he wasn't sure  
at the ethical  
issue of  
murdering  
the butterflies  
but then  
again there  
were so many  
issues

he wasn't sure about.

yawning  
he reached  
across the  
table for his  
notebook  
there were  
so many  
more butterflies  
left to kill

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## Carbon Copy

Yes I'm all dizzy and tired and concerned  
about the blurred vision of plastic minds.  
Thinking that if I reach internal nirvana  
I won't feel so weak all the time! Why pretend  
to be concerned when the streetlights don't  
splatter on at night?

When the towels are slapping and the hang-over  
has begun, we'll be wishing for salt shakers  
filled with peppered ice. Why let concern  
milk your emotions when the vision is  
as sick as a worried old lady in hell?

Snarling sharks circle the wagons, demanding  
that the hair be cut and the suit put on.  
Conform! That is the mantra, the intoxication.  
I wonder where the deodorant really gets applied?

It's all a massive headache, this trying to imagine  
a set form of rules. Planning for success and  
putting away the emotions for failure.

Looking like hell inside but outside the glamour  
is floating. Upset with the members of Parliament  
who sit in isolated splendour playing at 'getting  
things done'. But what's done is the thinking,

the imagination that is floored by the teen years.  
We are all carbon copies of one another. Sharing  
the very same feelings of absolute isolation.

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

## Chaos

Imprisoned  
Captured

Lonely people creeping dangerously close to relief.  
Living in castles, imprisoned in their death like sheets.  
Stranded and abandoned in the solitaire of life.

Why do we sit here and hurt each other?  
Why stand in flowers and speak of mud?

Impostors slandering their good names with faeces.  
Dribbling lunatics on edge, let me dive into  
the river;  
Let me drive into the water.

Cascading, mystic monuments  
of strongly scented stone idols  
Creating under pressure  
Destroying as relief.

Why mock the desert sun  
when we only want to breath?

Troubled, doubled spirit gently  
caving in to pressure.  
Holy Bible writing in the  
mood for something new....

I wait here.  
I cringe.

Vampires of death float around me.

Helpless in the skin, helpless in the mind.

Why trust the man in suit and tie  
when tie chokes and cuts off blood  
to brain?

Wounded chocolate animals parading  
in the streets; dipping, slipping dolls  
with lemon tart for eyes.

They see into us.

We are marooned in a chalking of deceit.

You lied to me, I lied to you.

Lt us embrace one another.

Let us buzz each other in.

And frolic no more  
in the mind.  
And stroll no more  
on the road.

Implode upon the mind.  
Let the rendezvous begin.

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

## Circle I Have Drawn

I stand upon a silence that filters  
in patterns of doom all around  
the circle I have drawn.

Your words crash upon me  
like the sound of guns upon  
the bleakness of my eyes.

I wonder why the bitterness  
so casually comes from  
your red and bleeding lips?

All the sounds of happiness  
have been taken by the  
words that dropp like knives.

There is a sense of anguish  
as I tremble under your  
steely hate-filled eyes.

I wonder when you began  
to turn the love inside  
into words of brittle pain?

I cringe inside your gaze  
as it cuts me down to size  
and ridicules my mind.

There's nothing I do right  
or so it seems as I wither  
under your sarcastic blaze.

I know you are talking  
about the future that you  
see without me there

Wondering if my time  
with you has created  
this illusion that we are.

And so I turn on the radio  
and sing myself into lonely  
shadows of what I was

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## Clouds

There are always shadows in the clouds  
Startled pictures of places never shown.  
Arches that sputter bravely  
.....against the yellow of the sun.  
There are always people in the clouds.  
Strange visions of things to do tomorrow.  
.....Today is not a memory  
.....for today is ignored  
.....in place of apparitions.

A man talks to the sky from the  
.....security of his deception.  
Oddly, he touches himself  
.....in a pantomime  
.....of masturbation.

His vivid intellect shows  
.....the fogginess  
.....he believes in.

And he whispers,  
so afraid someone might hear him.

There are always dreamers in the clouds.  
Eyes wide open, mind fast asleep.  
Grinding chains of self oppression  
.....that assert themselves like  
.....icicles from a forgotten  
.....abandoned building.  
There are always clouds in the clouds.  
.....Levels of fog that have drifted  
..... like soot from a coal-mine.

And he whispers,  
so afraid someone might hear him.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Cold Tuna**

Why does the corner shrink?  
The grimy worker quietly grabs the sidewalk.  
The job eats like a small corner.  
Gab quietly like a cold skyscraper.  
The rain works like a small window.  
Where is the dark girl?  
Streets gab like dead doors.  
Why does the guy eat?  
The dead girl roughly loves the worker  
The dusty street calmly hustles the sidewalk.  
Oh, action!  
Exhaustion is a cold job.  
Work, work, and noise.  
All streets grab noisy, misty cars.  
Workers run like big streets.  
All workers hustle cold, small rains.  
Big, grimy cars roughly shove a rainy, grimy cigarette.  
Where is the old lad?  
Love is a rainy cloud.  
Lively, big pirates quietly command a warm, sunny wind.  
Lads fall like old seas.  
Where is the cold tuna?  
Why does the tuna sail?  
Sail swiftly like a big pirate.  
The sailor grows like a stormy reef.

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

## Coming Into The Bar With Eyes Wide Open

The painted faces of illusions are the first images  
that attack you as you walk through the door. Limping

attitudes displayed like tangled ropes of the mind.  
If asked, these shapes will gladly join you in a drink.

Through this drug they find salvation, and so they hope  
you are the one to buy the medicine they desire.

You might be thinking that they are witty. You might  
smile at their presumed social standing. Whatever

your opinion, it will only matter if you surrender your  
individuality. Bare your heart like a conglomerate of

resistance, hearing words spoken that are not meant  
to be understood. How lonely is the world in this

room filled with people! One man sits alone at a table.  
He flickers his cigarette like a cowboy in a gunfight.

With malice he pretends to be something greater than all  
the tea in China. His moustache neatly trimmed like the

clothes he is wearing. You might want to sit with him  
and share in his desecrated mind. You might think his

opinions worthy of repeating. You might wonder why he  
sits in the same place night after night. And in truth,

he does have a home he can go to. A wife and kids which  
he has forgotten to include in his life. It is better not

to be with him. Stand instead at the bar with the other  
fallen angels. As a group they represent the blurred

headlights of cars racing over a cliff. Silence inside but  
vocally loud. Shouting metaphors like a demon screaming from

hell. Some of the women are clearly inviting your attention.  
You might want to share your penis with them later in the evening.

In doing so, you have become no better than the bugs that  
crawl across the floor in ever bold fashion. They skitter with

pride in their false delusions, believing they are the latest  
magazines of fashion. Pity that they forgot how to show their

true emotions. You might never leave such a place, you might never  
remember how to run away. Night after night the same drama will

draw you in like a cancer that will not recognize redemption.

You will become one more cardboard cut-out in the fantasy of life.

People will ask what your name is. You'll wobble and smile like  
a death mask on the wall. Slurp your beer and groan in silence.

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



## Cup of Coffee

We drank our coffee as if it was the last time  
we would pretend interest in one another.  
Liquid hot bubbled in cups  
of stoic pretending.  
How soft the snow falls as we butt  
our cigarettes into  
unspoken glances.  
I remember when words rushed from my lips  
when I first poured that  
very first cup for us.  
Seemed our sentences could not complete  
themselves fast enough.  
But I know that every fall day leads  
us closer to the cold  
of empty indifference.  
I miss you already.

We sip at our brewed tonic and sometimes mumble  
solemn platitudes  
at one another.  
This and that, that and this. Words, but not emotions.  
Sounds, but no connection.  
Take as long as you wish to drain your caffeine away.  
It does not matter now.  
When done, we'll rise from table, like anxious  
newbies hoping  
to fit in.  
A casual hug. A nod of head as we begin our  
unknowing of one another.  
Goodbye.

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

## Desire

Sound of seagulls overhead.  
In the gentle rush of wind,  
dangling sun overhead/  
I embrace you  
in your naked desire.  
Softly I touch the  
places you are to me.  
The many loving delights  
of your flowing passions.  
Sunshine does not matter,  
for I do not notice it  
in comparison to how  
I notice you.

We whisper secrets  
to each other.  
No shadows exist for us.  
Nor do we understand  
traces of the world  
as it exists around us.  
I look from my eyes  
and see only you in  
front of my tomorrows.  
Everything we dream,  
every second we breath,  
we are one and the same.  
One body joined magically  
in our embraces.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Desperate Aeroplanes Circling The Airports Of Defeat**

Another year happens, another ends.  
Lucid nostalgia demands illogical thoughts.

Tomorrow, and ever after, is always  
a new beginning.

I'm empty.

The cliché astounds and pretends  
so many desperate aeroplanes  
circling the airports of defeat.

Eat more or drink less, consume  
until every molecule is regenerated.

Pick yourself up, and even more,  
allow the stress to become always.

I'm afraid really.  
I think that is the better truth.

Around me are desolate squirrels  
throwing away their possibilities.  
Screeching birds drift in the sky,  
insulting every other bird in the blue.

I'm very afraid.  
Very stitched up  
with curving imagination.

Why does anyone read these words?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Destiny**

My heart is tired. My words are like  
wandering sentences rambling on an  
empty page in search of a conclusion.  
I seek an answer to a truth more  
confused than a lie. To wander freely  
and yet still appear in disguise. My  
thoughts are blood red. My dreams  
are silent with the shadows they have  
bled. Whimpering smoke from a half  
lit cigarette flickers across my face as  
I review the daily events. I am kept solid  
in a pure crashing wave of a karmic touch  
that lingers lightly in my mind. Holding firm  
in an embrace I welcomed but yet was  
afraid to claim as my own. My soul is  
awake, stripping away documented evidence  
of a ruthless form that manifests my destiny.  
My heart is tired and so I whisper goodbye.

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

## **Distant Light**

Distant light flickers an invitation of hope.  
In reaching it, there will be sanctification.  
Dimness that surrounds the eyes  
will be forgotten.  
Black holes that open the heart  
will be discarded.  
Let the distant light come closer.  
Let the distant light be a friend.

Shallow water cannot drown soul.  
It can only hinder the passage.  
Dampening the spirit as it frolics  
like a moonbeam across the mind.  
Distance lends unhappiness.  
Let the distant light shine bright.  
Let the distant light be a guide.

In closets of blackness the hands  
seek an opening in the shadows.  
They find nothing, but the eyes  
focus on a distant light that  
calls like a radio in the night.  
Let the distant light embrace.  
Let the distant light be closer.

In an emptiness of broken glass  
there is a pattern to salvation.  
Frame the light like fire in the glance,  
walk towards it. Find escape.  
Let the distant light be strong.  
Let the distant light shine forever.

What is the distant light that shines?  
What is its meaning in a journey?  
This is an answer not easily explained.  
This is a hope not readily known.  
Let the distant light continue.  
Let the distant light always shine.

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

## **Embracing the Spirit of Christ Within Me**

To some this may read confusion  
but it makes just perfect sense  
that if it's Christ in You  
then it is Christ in Me  
and if I love my neighbour  
as myself  
Love and serve the Creator  
there is simply nothing else  
to do  
but recognize  
the me in You  
Loving You all the more  
for all that you do.  
To some this may seem illusion  
but reality is always  
how you perceive it  
and if God is true  
then the words of His Son  
are justified  
for if I do to others  
as I would have them  
do to me  
Love and serve humanity  
as Christ commanded  
there is no greater  
love I can have  
then that of  
Christ flowing  
through me.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## Enemy Unknown

Dull would be the moment of heavenly end,  
If sadness were the only word to defend.  
A touch still lingering on sweating brow,  
Of hands once hot with temptations wild.  
Her hands have escaped me now,  
For they are lost or out of style.  
Dreams escape from mind in sombre tone,  
Of delights once borrowed, barely known.  
Open soul becomes a target of missed delight.  
Hands held in front of face, unknown enemy;  
Wisdom is lost before I've begun to fight.  
Travelling inside the nightmares so free,  
I watch the room explode in mystical light.  
It is eternal, it is the ending of me.

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

## **Even The Sky**

Morning finds the wind beating softly  
against the rising sun.  
Wraps my scarf around my neck  
as I watch the squirrels  
dancing on the hydro lines.

They do not feel me watching them.  
The spinning shade hides my presence.

My thoughts have finally reached  
decisions of withdrawal.  
The forgotten distance everyone  
will become is some sort of comfort  
as I stretch my arms towards  
the infinite eye of surrender.

Nothing changes in an atmosphere  
of constant repurcussions.  
Just like the hiding moon,  
all of the doors are both  
open and closed.

I will only state my point of view  
to the hollow shadows that  
speckle like underwear wrapped  
too tight against the body.

Somewhere a siren is wasting time  
blasting its noise against  
the heat of the rising day.

Inside my ears I also hear  
the angry words of so many  
different tongues.  
It is a struggle to keep  
my composure, for I want  
to scream my anger back  
at them.

But this would be useless gestures  
of compliance. It would be  
giving in when I already have  
decided to give up instead.

Even the sky seems to walk  
away from me.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus**

Oh, Bride of Christ, celestial body,  
Oh Holy, Mother Church.  
You, gift of God, channel us  
in our upwards search.

Holder of all truth, keeper  
of God's gracious Eucharist.  
Immaculate Mary, Mother of God,  
Protector of glowing witness.

Beloved Mass, beloved Litanies,  
Keeper of the Flame of Faith.  
Blessed Church, who guides  
Our seeking of love to taste.

Path of salvation gently laid.  
God's most gracious gift to man,  
Sacred Body of Christ,  
Through you how blest I am.

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

## **Father, Son, Holy Spirit**

We must have other religions, they say.  
The 'they' being the voices of compromise.  
We must accept that all is good, all is fine.  
Nothing wrong, no black, no white, just grey.  
Ah, but they do not understand the Bible.  
It makes little room for other gods or beliefs.  
There is one God, one Lord, three in one Trinity.  
And I stand with the Father;  
and I stand with the Son;  
and I stand with God the Holy Spirit.  
There are no other names under heaven, you see.  
No other names we can call for our souls salvation.  
Our God does not call us to understand or compromise.  
He calls us instead to stand in His shadow, to pray,  
to open our hearts and pray that Christ will arrive  
in the hearts and minds of all other religions.  
There is one God, one Lord, three in one Trinity.  
And I stand with the Father;  
and I stand with the Son;  
and I stand with God the Holy Spirit.  
I won't make room for the devil, no matter his disguise.  
He may call himself by any name he desires; He may  
insist that any statue stands as high as our God.  
But I reject them all, the false deities of the devil.  
There is one God, one Lord, three in one Trinity.  
And I stand with the Father;  
and I stand with the Son;  
and I stand with God the Holy Spirit.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Fibreglass Boats and Lemonade Stands**

I heard the hissing of the snake  
before I felt it fangs pierce the night air.

Fibreglass boats and lemonade stands.  
Blinking lights and trembling hands.

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.  
Beginning, ending. Ending, beginning.

We have such a variety of words  
defining the extremes, but what of  
the in-between? The middle?

What happens between A and Z?  
Between now and then?

That is what I forget about  
as I feel the poison become me.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Fires Of The Night**

It's been the storm  
rising on my windows.  
Washing my thoughts  
into a leafy garden.

I stand there,  
wet and shattered  
and I hear  
silences.

Empty pockets of gloom.  
I smell regrets  
and worse,  
guilt in the flesh.  
Uncertainty in the soul.

It's been the end  
when it began.  
I shiver  
cold and indifferent.  
Whispers all the rage.

I whimper  
drinking wine  
from silent straws  
and touching nobody.

Only silences and whispers.  
Only memories and tomorrows.  
It's been like hell  
driving on this  
thought-wave.  
Cruising past renovations  
and contemplating the  
storms of past tomorrows.

I hear promises and  
shallow sunsets.  
Empty holes in  
empty coffee cups.  
The kettle is boiling.  
No one is there  
to drain it.

It's been another day.  
This I knew  
at the onset.  
So I turned and grew  
into silences.  
Strong whispers  
tasting  
the fires of the night.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## Flashes Of Blue

The sky is red amber and flashes of blue.  
The clouds are flipping off in white and grey.  
Shouting, I realize I am not heard.  
Only billowing tales of winds  
that  
caress my limbs  
as I ponder  
the ground.  
Is a grave as deep as the sin that dug it?

The cigarette burns in the pewter ashtray.  
The ashes scattered across the plate.  
Screaming, I see I am un-noticed.  
Save for the toxic waste  
that has  
erupted  
from the fingers  
as I bleed.  
Is death as final as the soul who craves it?

The pictures on the wall are softly changing.  
The images are becoming jurors in a trial.  
Crying, I realize the tears are dirty stains.  
Except for the  
anger that  
flashes across  
the atmosphere of hell.  
Is terror as deep as the soul who causes it?

The wind is deeply staining the frosted air.  
The stars are standing as judges in a trial.  
Sighing, I know the effort is futile.  
With the exception  
of the gasps  
of amazement  
that I can be anything at all.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## Flashlight

And so without  
yes or no  
we cry for meaning.

sunlight-moonlight-  
not the frost  
shimmering  
from the table  
in surrealistic shadows  
forgotten in disgrace.

Here we are!  
The yellow centre of gravity  
does not trap  
the focus of the universe.  
Shapes enlarge.  
People wander.  
The zone remains feathered.  
Without a chance  
you and I  
create fantasies.

We live them.  
They matter.  
One day becomes  
as sliced up  
as any other.  
We push magic,  
egos flattered.  
And so we gather  
pieces of the puzzle  
that we can assemble,  
in the dark,  
without a flashlight.

Headstones proclaim  
our atmosphere.  
We breathe  
yet the sound  
does not travel.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Flickering Of A Thought**

Forgive such empty words  
they arrive from empty heart.  
The pain must permeate.

A stranger stands  
somewhere in the flickering  
of a thought.  
He seems to be talking to me.  
Words of wisdom, words of charm.  
They did not reach my ears.

I had shut out  
consolation and  
absolution.  
I have sinned.  
I have failed.

Blue black sky that does  
not bring sunlight.  
Hesitation and fear  
are the only words I recognize.

Forgive such helpless sands  
that are  
collecting  
like  
bubbles in a bath.

Snap them up,  
they are the only  
good things  
left to drown.

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

## **For Grey Was Not Ours To Be**

When the fury of the being is over-done,  
.....there will be the reply  
..... that was spoken but not heard.  
Waves and waving aquatics walk  
.....like debris from buildings  
.....lived in but not inhabited.  
Convictions felt. Convictions proclaimed.  
Victories and defeats, doors and windows,  
.....opened senses openly  
.....performing.

And in the late nocturnal opinion, when it  
.....is so dark the television  
.....is the only flickering image  
.....that defines.  
That is when the intellect will perpetuate  
.....the message that it is  
.....surely time to lie down  
.....and never arise again.  
This is the culmination of private religions prayed at  
.....but not believed.

We really were like titans screaming our defiance,  
.....assured of only our own black and white,  
.....for grey was not ours to be.

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

## **Fresh Air In A Stale Room**

A breath of fresh air crawls over me.  
I surrender to its awful implications.  
I wish I could appear stronger.  
I wish I could leave as a man.  
But I cannot say a word.  
Can not utter a single sound.  
I'm too much in love with misery.  
So to misery I travel again.  
Wish it wasn't so.  
Wish it wasn't me.  
Wish I could live but as it is,  
I cut my hair.  
I cut my nails.  
I cut my heart.  
Nothing bleeds.  
Nothing hurts.  
Nothing feels.  
Everything in me is like a breath  
of stale coffee.  
A touch of moulding cigarettes.  
Summer comes and goes.  
Winter brings defeat.  
Spring is fresh flowers.  
Fall is their death.  
Like me.  
Like you.  
Like us.  
I cry.  
I sleep.  
I die inside.  
Won't you take the time to join me?

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

## **Go Softly Into The Darkness Of The Night**

Go softly into the darkness of the night,  
it will help you on your way.  
Weary eyes travelling warily onto the  
victims of the mist. We were challenged and  
so we responded, prepared to die for  
our cause. As survivors we had much to gain,  
yet as losers we had already lost.  
A cymbal was crashing in the distance  
and we wondered who caused its sound.  
Was it enemies or friends, lovers or haters?  
We would never know and so we  
continued on our way seeking some answers  
for the pain. Ignore the blood that seeps  
through the hair. It is fantasy and so it is  
not there, no, it is not there.  
It is red, yes, that is true, but in reality  
what you see as blood is actually the mind  
flicking its electrical charges upon the world  
and we screamed.

I whispered inside my heart.  
I was afraid.

There were images I did not want to face.

There were words I did not want to say

It was dark outside and I journeyed in my mind  
back to the travelling we had done. I could not  
trace the path we took. It has disappeared and  
vanished in the fog of the night. I feared the  
beginning of the bleeding. I feared the ending of  
the blood. As I looked interior I suddenly realized  
that I no longer saw us, I only saw me,  
and I was empty and alone.

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

## Grandsons

Grandsons. Yes, I'll hug you.  
Hug you and hug you and hug you  
    until you say 'Grandpa let go! '  
But I won't, not ever.  
Never, never, never.  
I watch you boys sleep.  
I watch you boys play.  
I watch you fight and cry and  
yell and scream. Laugh and giggle  
and run like the demons of hell  
    are chasing you.  
But even if they are, they'll  
never catch you. Grandpa won't let them.

I listen to your chatter and reply in kind.  
Hear your tales of invention flood  
from your little minds.  
Stories and adventures. Little boys world.  
Grandsons, dear Grandsons, you do  
fill up the hours of the day.  
Grandsons. Yes, I'll hug you.  
Hug you and hug you and hug you  
    until you say 'Grandpa let go! '  
But I won't, not ever.  
Never, never, never.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Hail Mary! The Body of Christ Is Ours!**

The sun shines through the  
    empty cross.  
Stained glass windows  
    making salvation patterns  
        for the heart.  
Christ shines in ever increasing  
    flashes of magnificence.  
Hail Mary! Your Son is our God!  
    With Holy Trinity in union,  
        with souls seeking peace.  
The Son of Man, the Son of God  
    revealed in ageless liturgy.  
Hail Mary! Your Son has ascended.  
Rosary glistening in hand,  
    as prayers are offered  
        in simple voice.  
Chanting priest as conduit  
    to the transubstantiation .  
Hail Mary! The Body of Christ is ours!

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## He Turns It Off

Trembling, he opens the lights. Vision blurred from sawdust in eyes. He sees the copper pot clanging softly on the wall. He drinks his shame in liquid shards of flowing vines..

They snap around his heels as he walks across the floor. They demand and insist on honesty as he drops his eyes..

To his feet of molten lead which have kept him locked inside of himself for as long as he can remember..

Once upon a time he played outside in the dirt that surrounded his house. The rain arrived and he was left in mud...

Mud that became his perception of reality as he drank his milk and dipped his cookies into the bloody veins of melting hate...

Which he felt for everybody who looked at him as he ran naked down the street in a fit of terror..

Which became another way to explain the drain of ambition upon the crumbled crumbs of postmortem blues...

Sitting down, he became a part of the problem instead of seeking a solution.  
The radio is on.  
He turns it off.  
The house is silent.  
So is his heart.  
He turns it off.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## Hearing A Voice

If a voice is heard and opens me up  
to wandering like a nightmare disappeared;  
Than I will know the emptiness of the cup  
that glows like failure from my inner tears.

It seems this voice will have me grow bitter  
with the travelled roads I must complete.  
Inside I might feel the coldness and shiver,  
but outside I will not display the defeat.

It's no good pretending it cuts like a knife,  
for if so this only indicates surrender to fear.  
Best to stay on track and handle the strife,  
letting the memories I love staying clear.

I tend to walk down roads quite blindly,  
ignoring the signposts that might be a way;  
to carefully walk unburdened and so see  
that hope is truly a matter of games played.

So I shall learn to listen to my inner voice,  
to see if it can lead me to hopeful creeds.  
It's true, everything in life is up to choice,  
and this reality is the hunger I should feed.

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.  
Dreamed their dreams.  
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.  
For the dead, 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 Speak From Age**

I wash my hands of innocence.  
I wash my hands of youth.  
Of hallucinogenic dreams  
that did not come true;  
Of chocolate cake  
that did not taste right.

I speak from age.  
I speak of old.  
Of grasping ambitions  
that will not unfold.

I will never fly like a robin  
to the far reaches of the moon.  
I will never taste the drifting  
of the counter-culture brigade.  
Instead I'll move a bit slower  
and speak of what I actually know.

I yell from rage.  
I yell just to yell.  
My voice nothing special  
in the castrating machine.

I drink and smoke and menstruate.  
I freeze and cough and procrastinate.

Life goes on.  
But am I living?

Life calls but have I answered?

I speak from age.  
I speak of old.  
Of grasping ambitions  
that will not unfold.

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 Want To Taste God**

the raucous laughter,  
the stutter of creation,  
the whisper of tender words,  
but I hear only the sheer sound of silence.

I want to see God -  
the face of mercy,  
the feet of justice,  
the hands of compassion.  
but I see only void.

I want to taste God -  
the sweet honeyed word,  
the tanginess of truth,  
the smooth breath of wisdom,  
but I taste nothing.

I want to feel God -  
The embrace of fieriness,  
the caress of lovemaking,  
the rough feel of desire,  
but I feel only emptiness.

In the end I have only  
the sheer sound of silence,  
the pregnant void,  
the taste of nothingness,  
the feel of emptiness.

In the end I have only God.

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

## **I Will Not Be Shouted At!**

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

## Identity

I have been  
my father's son;  
my mother's son;  
my grandparents grandson;  
my sister's brother;  
my wife's husband;  
my children's father.

I have been a child;  
a student;  
a poet;  
an artist;  
a teacher;  
a parent;  
a labourer;  
an employee;  
a social insurance number.

Now I am wondering where I am?  
What is 'me'?

I seem awash in  
various labels,  
a variety of tags  
that have been  
attached to me.  
Each is a role to play  
that supposedly defines  
what I am.

Sometimes I want to disrupt  
every  
identify I am  
compelled to play.

Upset the apple cart.

Open my wallet  
and  
spill out every  
piece of paper that  
identifies me.

If I throw away my  
birth certificate;  
does it mean  
I have never been born?

If I burn my  
Social Insurance Card;  
does it mean  
I have ceased to exist?

Who am I?  
How do I belong in this  
mist of roles and perceptions?

I'm not sure anymore  
I really know  
who I am supposed to be.  
Does this mean that I  
am nothing?  
Nothing, without a  
label to purify me?

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

## **Images Of The Sun**

Sun shines  
waves caress  
sand's so hot  
winter must confess

White and brown  
seem to fly all around  
and the sun shines  
but shines not on me

Seagulls high  
lonely bay  
I shout at the waves  
who hear not what I say

The tide is in  
and the sun shines  
thoughts so quiet  
on images of the sun

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Immaculate Mary, Mother Of God**

Immaculate Mary, Mother of God,  
how you must have wept when  
they murdered your Son.  
How did it feel to stand at  
the side and witness the spikes  
they drove into His innocent flesh?  
Blessed Mary, Mother of us all.  
Every strike of the hammer must  
have been a blow to your heart.  
To see your only Son so brutally abused.  
Perhaps remembering the night  
He was born from your womb.  
What ambitions did you have for Him?  
What plan was in your mind for  
your only child born from  
your Virgin flesh?  
You knew that He was the Saviour.  
You knew He would redeem  
the world through His sacrifice.  
Holy Mary, Immaculate Mary  
How did you feel when they  
raised Him on the cross?  
Watching Him die, watching  
His life flow out from His body.  
Precious Mary, Sweet Mother,  
Your blessed flesh had nurtured Him.  
Your holy hands had loved Him,  
bathed Him, fed Him,  
instructed Him, touched Him.  
Immaculate Mary, Mother of God,  
how did it feel to watch your Son die?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **In A Field Of Shaded Glass**

When standing naked  
in a field of shaded glass,  
ensure you dream silent.

Let nobody borrow  
your religion. Instead,  
wrap it around you  
like a cloak of indifference.

Be totally careful.  
Be very much aware!

That the dripping you feel  
is not from your soul.

Caress yourself, but only  
in a manly fashion. Only  
in pretend sort of hug.

Grab the door.  
Open the vein.

Is it your blood that becomes  
as translucent as a dying sparrow?

Or do you wear the  
chain of many colours?

The links of empty doom?

I was sitting at my desk  
and the  
first thing I thought of  
was how blue your skin  
will be after the storm.

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 Beginning, In The Wet**

In the beginning, in the wet.  
When it began, in the soft  
imploding space.  
Demanding attention and reacting  
like a silver vulture dying in the desert.  
We heard screaming.  
Dissident voices mangled by the  
unhealthy lifestyle choices they manifested.  
We screamed in return, our voices  
as dissident as theirs.  
'Let us not conform! ' 'Let us not conform! '  
In this parent-less world,  
where laughing seems archaic.  
We learn only that perspective  
is not innate behaviour. Instead  
it is learned from endless cups of coffee  
and dangling cigarettes.  
Smoke twirling like iconic symbols  
of blood and faith.  
When rock and roll still held  
the power to motivate,  
we listened, danced and exclaimed.  
We jumped to every conclusion  
and it was ours to do so.  
Fled and returned, returned and fled.  
Both were our emblems and we wore  
them as proud badges of arrival.  
Cold cup of egg salad still sitting  
in the fridge. Warm taste of lighter fluid  
bravely tinting our lips.  
In the beginning, in the wet.  
When pencils were sharp and pens  
were obsolete. When spelling mattered  
and slang was ignored. We pickled like  
over-ripe vinegar in a bottle  
left behind after a move.  
The ransom was demanded and so  
we paid it. Rising with the choirs  
we heard in Mass.  
'Let us not conform! ' 'Let us not conform! '  
Never let the dollars and cents be  
the supplier of existence.  
We live, you see.  
We are not dead.

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'll Be Alright**

When laughter rushes from my lips,  
and grins escape from my eyes,  
I rise up and stand on two feet.  
It'll be alright.

If I blush at certain moments,  
or giggle like a little girl,  
don't be alarmed.  
It's the essence of life  
cavorting inside my soul.  
It'll be alright.

And if I dance when I stand,  
dance like we did before,  
don't worry I've gone mad.  
It'll be alright.

If I wander around the city,  
wearing appropriate shoes,  
don't be surprised to see me.  
I'm interested in seeing  
how everyone else is.  
It'll be alright.

We worry too much.  
We allow confusion too often  
to become our rising star.  
We fuss and complain,  
whine and patrol the  
mind.  
We look for things we are  
not even sure of what  
they are.  
We laugh to ourselves,  
when we are alone,  
for in truth we are liars.  
We know life goes on,  
and so it always does.  
It'll be alright.

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 Not Easy Being A Bunny**

It's not easy being a Bunny  
when everyone around you is a frog.  
And the Nic, nack, paddywhack won't  
give anybody a bone.  
A bone, there's the image.  
Solid white memory  
of a body that  
used to contain it.  
It and many others, many others and it.  
Vitality renewed. Vitality restored.  
It's not easy being a Bunny  
when every other demon  
is alive and well.  
Correction needed, needing correction.  
Moulding, shaping, terraforming.  
Begin the play, enter the actors.  
Prance and dance around the stage  
like jumping Minotaurs  
erected around the stable.  
A vocal chord erupts. A sound begins.  
It shrills and calls and capitulates,  
hurts and bleeds and stipulates,  
that every Bunny in the chicken coop  
must be processed as soon as can be.  
It's not easy being a Bunny  
when everybody plucks your  
fur out of your body.

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

## **Last Night**

Last night  
I dreamed  
of solace  
and rest.

Peace and  
quiet. Solitude.

All the  
darkness  
permeating  
into  
one soul.

One point  
of  
view

that

would

become

one

state of  
mind.

Last night  
I pulled  
for differences.

Looking out  
my  
eyes

into the  
gloom.

The doom-scenes  
filled  
the  
dreaming.

Last night  
becomes  
this night,

becomes

every  
night.

I still dream

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Let Every Man His God Adore**

Let every man His God adore:  
There is nothing else or nothing more

Make images of plastic and wood;  
Let them stand or let them burn.  
Let them represent or oppress,  
As case may be or as learned.

For we roll in our errant selves;  
In primary hiding on our shelves

Make dreams of false and sublime;  
In flickering frames of obscurity.  
Ardour gained is craving appetite;  
To exist in surfaces but barely.

As night blends to day, again;  
And winter means a loss of friend.

Man does not support other men;  
Unless he is supported by Christ.  
Turning and tossing do not sustain,  
Nor strong enough to suffice.

Let every man His God adore:  
There is nothing else or nothing more

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

## Long Hair

Her tears fell  
on her bosom  
Her hair, long  
and brown, tumbled down  
in his direction.

'Why? ', she cried  
'I must! ', he replied  
'Fare thee well, so long,  
I love you.'

He lied to me  
she thought to  
her very own  
special self.  
he lied to me  
she said to  
all her  
lying friends.

She combed her hair  
It was long and brown  
She combed her life  
He was not around.

'Why? ', she cried  
'I must! ', he replied  
'Fare thee well, so long,  
I love you.'

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Maggots**

Dangling sentence hanging from  
an upturned lip.  
Intense eyes strangling  
a look with malice.  
Growing maggots.  
I resemble the graveyard.

It is empty in the middle of the day.  
It is silent.  
Dead corpses rotting  
in the ground.  
Dead faces pressed like rocks  
in their coffins.

Undertaker dressed in black.  
Does his job.  
Speaks his piece.  
Smiles.  
Phony charm, distressing mood.

I hurt.

Let the air out of the tires.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Mantra**

In plastic bedrooms of chain hotels,  
when  
I lie awake and try to pretend  
I am at home.  
When my thoughts turn to  
familiar places and  
my fingers hope to dial  
the numbers of people  
I know.

It is then I understand my  
flooding emotions which caress  
the loneliness that  
is my mantra.

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

## Midnight Train And A Man

Midnight, the shaking of the limbs signifies something.  
He pretends to ignore the shallowness of the dark.

Focuses his attention on crying like a meadow where  
the river runs free. He calls attention to the plants

in the ground, growing, changing, becoming the flowers  
they will be. Dark windowed trains rushing past the clock

as it ticks. Time running on and out. Shapeless figures  
on the track waiting for the train to smash them into

pieces of dust, dying emotions. Caressing the image of  
his reflection, he reaches across the patterns of rejection

to touch his soul. It is sleeping. Ignoring the underlying  
distress that permeates the ground. The clacking of the wheels

motivates his attention to the tobacco laden fingers that  
hold nothing. Yellow stains of past mistakes hanging onto

the drunken flashes of insight and resentment. He is determined  
to push ahead ply his words in the darkness of the midnight world.

Impotent sentences dangling from his freeze dried heart. He cringes  
at the noise of the insects crawling madly in the ground. Distance,

numberless yearning for serenity that insists on its own sympathies.  
Midnight train rambling across the brain wave of his mind.

It is cold out tonight.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Mood, Melancholy, and Maybe**

From underwear falls public hair, tossed  
in whimsical frenzy down  
.....an underground sewer.  
We twirl there, perfectly unhappy.  
Attacking fallen leaves as if  
.....the end result  
.....would produce world peace.

You talked at me.  
Talked and talked and talked  
until I began to think  
my ears would implode.  
.....You're always talking, yapping  
.....your views across  
.....the air as if what you had  
.....to share was somehow important.

Maybe it is? To someone else it  
might be of some scant interest,  
but for me, you bore the living shit  
out of me.

I falter in my steps, never sure of  
which rung of the ladder will break next.  
Hoping that bleach and water  
will continue to erase nicotine stained thoughts.  
.....It's too easy, you see, to enter  
.....pity into the seizures of the dawn.  
..... or night, either way or which-ever  
.....comes first, I'll be still carrying

the mortar and bricks of submission.  
Shackled like a nigger slave  
back in the days of plantations and lost causes.

Why do you follow me still? Why do you  
chitter and chatter like a fucking snake  
waiting for the rat to fall across your lap?  
.....Who are you?  
.....What are you?  
.....Why does your voice never end?

You frown indulgently at me.  
Telling me the same boring bullshit  
you've been foaming since  
I was able to formulate opinions.

Apparently mine are all wrong, and of course,  
yours are not. So scream on savage.  
.....Yell your obscene implications  
.....and hurl your protests loud  
.....like jerked off teenagers

.....looking for a towel.

Somehow I find that thinking of Levi jacket's and  
.....high school days  
are the only things I have left to offer.  
.....Talk on, mysterious vocals.  
.....Remember that I walked  
.....like a dripping tap that no-one  
.....has bothered to repair.

From underwear falls public hair, tossed  
in whimsical frenzy down  
.....an underground sewer.  
We twirl there, perfectly unhappy.  
Attacking fallen leaves as if  
..... the end result  
.....would produce world peace.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Morning Is Grey**

Morning is grey.  
Damp ground.  
Rained most of the night.  
Jacket on.  
Phone in pocket.  
Cigarette in mouth.  
Walking.  
Foot following foot.  
Avoid puddles.  
Beeping buses ramble by.  
Inside just as rambled.  
Go away, milk and honey.  
Stay clean from happiness.  
Listen to nothing.  
Do nothing.  
Favourite pants on.  
Ice cold hands.  
Let them wrap the neck.  
Pressure.  
Resolve.  
Think no more.  
Worry.  
Tension.  
All gone.  
Fall to ground.  
Expire.  
Last day.

Nothing matters.  
Everything matters.  
Who really cares?

Morning is grey.  
Damp ground.  
Rained most of the night.

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

## **Mud On My Clean White Tiles**

Your words are mud  
on my clean white tiles.

Stagnant breath that  
fills my arms  
with lost expectations.

You are my hot and cold.  
Remembrance of frosted ice  
that melts like  
a permanent marker.

I am not your salvation.  
I have no  
magic fairy dust  
to give you.

I will not help you.  
I will not surrender  
to your constant  
paranoia.

Let us imagine  
I've already said goodbye.

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

## **No More Clouds Left To Grow Upon**

Late into the night where the shadows fall,  
there to be found the secrets  
of all the pain kept locked in a jar during the day.  
Lights glisten with unending glow  
of temporary words spoken by  
strangers passing by.  
Moon stands pregnant in the sky  
surrounded by the stars  
who show no concern  
for the walking outlanders rushing  
undressed into the wind.  
Noises flutter in the breeze of the night  
caressing pictures of stationary silhouettes  
kept solid in the dream they survived.  
Late into the illusion comes the dancing  
mockers insisting that everything real must  
be discarded so that the pretence of reality  
can be surrendered to the soldiers of time.  
I'm aching in body where the disease has struck  
which has opened my eyes to the serenity  
of dying. Dark images tenderly drown  
themselves in buckets of blood that have been  
left lonely on the porch. Open the door and  
let the shadows come in. Let the jumping jacks  
begin their playing while the blankets of deceit  
are thrown casually upon the blooming plants  
of destruction. At the corner of my mind is  
the truth I have been hiding which now arrives  
with force unknown to me. I am strangled. I  
am defeated. There are no more clouds left to  
grow upon.

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

## Not Ever

Cigarette burns if put on skin. It shackles me.  
Fermenting inside. Arching. Rollicking.  
Number 7 key feels bitter when  
I use it to type. It mocks me. Hastens  
my resistance to progress. Stay the same.  
Don't change your underwear! Be the  
eternal child caressing the dream of  
being an adult. Be man and stand  
for everything that is regressive. Possess  
the beginning to undermine the end.  
What is is boring. What was is boring.  
What is to come, is boring.  
Boring, boring, boring.  
Reborn tombstones that  
rattle their cages and confess  
sins they make up as they go along.  
Don't touch it! You'll go blind!  
You'll find that the number 7 key  
is never going to change. Not ever.

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

## **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

## Open For Love

I lay my soul open for love,  
and she is here.  
Head upon her lap  
in lovers embrace,

where haunting melodies  
play from a distance.  
I embrace her, both  
body and mind.

She is virginal to me,  
a perfect flower not  
ever to be crushed.

I open my thoughts  
to love, and its  
purring gestures.

Heart upon her  
lap, she is stroking  
my hair so  
lightly, strange

emotions gathering  
from inside  
my soul.

I am thankful for love,  
where underneath her  
care I am both  
boy and man.

Learning and teaching,  
being and becoming.  
I lay my soul open for love,  
and she is here.

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 functions  
with and within me are  
illusionary beacons of distress.

Organic matter. Decomposing sh\*t.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Our Faith, My Faith, Embraces Mystery**

Our faith embraces mystery;  
a celestial echo of our Triune God.  
Our Holy Catholic Church is  
mans only road to salvation.  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.  
Let us receive Your strength  
to counteract our weaknesses.

My faith embraces mystery;  
a celestial echo of my Triune God.  
My Holy Catholic Church is  
my only road to salvation.  
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.  
Let me receive Your strength  
to counteract my weaknesses.

Earth is formed in a liturgy of Your image;  
It sighs with Your perpetual presence.  
Your always revising map of redemption  
brings glory rightfully to Your Sacred Heart.  
We offer glory to the Father,  
glory to the Son,  
and glory to the Holy Spirit.

I was formed in a liturgy of Your image;  
I sigh with Your perpetual presence.  
Your always revising map of redemption  
brings glory rightfully to Your Sacred Heart.  
I offer glory to the Father,  
glory to the Son,  
and glory to the Holy Spirit.

Holy Mary, Virgin Mother, who is Queen over  
all of heaven and earth;  
Who holds our Rosary of prayers  
in Her Sacred hands.  
Shed your sacred tears on our behalf,  
and with prayer deliver them  
to your Son.  
We are clay of many different characters  
moulding ourselves into the vessels  
we are called to be.

Holy Mary, Virgin Mother, who is Queen over  
all of heaven and earth;  
Who holds my Rosary of prayers  
in Her Sacred hands.  
Shed your sacred tears on my behalf,  
and with prayer deliver them  
to your Son.  
I are clay of many different characters  
moulding myself into the vessel

I are called to be.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son,  
and of the Holy Spirit,  
Our voices combine into a choral blend of  
praise and celebration.

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

## **Paper Mache And Wood**

I've created an illusion  
out of paper mache and wood.  
Painted it with water colours  
which made the illusion  
glow like a thousand suns  
caught in a mirror.

I took care to ensure  
that each and every line  
of my creation was as accurate  
as fantasy can be.

When it was finished,  
I stood it like an icon  
upon a table. In some  
fashion I would learn  
to pay it respect  
and reverence it like  
some sort of Virgin Mary  
statute caught in  
a dusty church.

This illusion has many  
different possibilities.  
It can exist on any  
level that satisfies me.

It can be re-created  
in a million various  
patterns, each one  
as real as the last.

This paper mache and wood  
creation, this temporary  
attempt at an illusionary life,  
stands in frozen testimony  
to the chaotic nature  
of my reality.

In creating this illusion,  
I have become like a god,  
breathing life into  
the first man.

I've created an illusion  
out of paper mache and wood.  
Now I can pretend that  
this is a real disease and  
let it eat away at my soul.

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

## Parking Space

Cigarette butts on the ground.  
Someone has been smoking here.  
Tribes of neighbours chuckling in disharmony,  
aware only of conformity.  
We echo adjectives at one another.  
Flash teeth in empty smiles.  
Hug in vowels of grass stained hands,  
.....and so we talk.  
As we do, we keep opinions vocal.  
We forget and we remember.  
Tossing anger at snake-skin purses,  
.....we become moronic flies on the wall.  
With no intelligence, we form solutions.  
Create holes to close our doors.  
Open the window.  
But wait,  
.....the plexiglass has been broken.  
We are not permitted to wear our own clothes.

I used to marvel at the tones of  
.....empty everyone embraced.  
Alas, it was a useless exercise of stupidity.  
Every abandoned parking space  
.....is my definition.

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

## Plastic Zero

Near the end of the night,  
before the man pops himself into bed.  
Thinking back over the  
day, the multi-faceted adventure  
he felt he mis-represented. In harsh  
glare he felt the yawning chasm  
of everlasting underscores.  
Cascading violets in trashed  
mementos of other golden  
shades of tonic water. Jumping  
to a conclusion and therefore  
risking a solution he  
swept his jewellery into a  
box. Close the lid and think on  
the yellow grass not growing  
in the field next to his heart.  
Fat or thin, either way, he  
mooned the storm as it gathered  
in the rocks behind his vision.  
Shades of disdain for the  
underwater revival held every  
year in the factory. Plastic  
zeros equalling the sum of  
all creation. But wait.  
There is a new confusion!  
Every wheel rolling is  
strolling along without  
a sense of being right or wrong.  
He drank his milk, now there's  
a good boy!

Chris G. Vaillancourt



## Praying Mental Rosaries, Intoning Words Familiar

Hail Mary, full of grace,  
the Lord is with you.  
The Lord is with me too.  
He whispers in loud soothing words  
that resonate like  
liquid softly fluent.  
His watchfulness always lingering  
in the pushing of  
this steel plated city  
where I am trapped.

Hail Mary, full of grace,  
the Lord is with you.  
The Virgin Queen of Heaven  
intercedes for all of us.  
She intercedes for me too.  
She prays in splendid atmosphere  
anguishing over every  
sin I am thinking.  
Her once-flesh hands twinned in  
ever steady prayer.  
Shapes populate in my always troubled  
daily life.  
They upset and tangle the soothing  
urgings I feel God placing  
in my contemplations.

Hail Mary, full of grace,  
the Lord is with you.  
The pleasing phasing of spiritual halo's  
surrounds me in constant  
reassurances.  
I'm praying mental rosaries, intoning  
words familiar, yet, so loved.  
So firm in comfortable places where  
I come to God.  
This straggling pretence of reality  
that we call human-kind;  
is not as clear as the affable prayers  
of Blessed Mary, my holy Mother.  
Standing or sitting does not matter.  
Nothing of flesh  
ever does.

What is critical are the prayers of  
faithful gathered  
in presence in Christ's Sacred Mass.  
I shall be there too, joining my voice  
in time honoured assistance,  
'Hail Mary, full of grace,  
the Lord is with you.'

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Precious Lord Who Offered Himself**

This is my Body, broken for you  
my mystic sweet communion  
my Eucharist, my offering

Precious Lord who offered Himself

I was struck by these thoughts as  
I lay in bed, the day after I had  
been to mass.

Thinking to myself of how  
great a sacrifice this man,  
this God, had made

Sweet Jesus, the choir sang  
Mighty God chanted the priest  
Holy Spirit believed the people

Precious Lord who offered Himself

I knew in my heart that I  
would never have made  
the same sacrifice

I never would have let  
them drive the nails  
into me

So was Jesus brave or a  
coward? God or a man?  
What compelled Him to offer  
Himself in such a fashion?

Was the fate of our souls  
so in jeopardy that God  
Himself needed to make  
such a gesture?

Precious Lord who offered Himself

I was thinking of how much  
this deity had influenced  
the world

Of how many people had  
sacrificed themselves  
in His name

In every church in the  
world His name is  
sung in praise

It amazes me how little  
impact He seems to  
hold in daily life

Precious Lord who offered Himself

True, His name is mentioned  
in a million different  
conversations

His presence is felt in  
zillions of infinite  
little ways

But if truth was told  
His followers lack  
His conviction

How strange that He  
would offer so much  
of Himself  
for a people who  
offered very little  
in return

Precious Lord who offered Himself

I was lying in bed with  
my wife at my side  
a crucifix over our heads

This image, this thought  
contaminated me  
filled me with awe

Do unto others this  
Saviour had taught  
and sin no more  
He reminded

It is strange to me  
to be so dedicated to  
the welfare of strangers

But are we strangers  
really to one another?  
Don't we hold the same  
desire to be redeemed

Precious Lord who offered Himself

If the truth was to be told

I must admit that His  
sacrifice puzzles me

His commandments  
though taught to me  
often elude me

Which is true of us all  
I would think

Precious Lord who offered Himself

Perhaps, sweet Jesus  
you did it for nothing?  
You did it so we could  
go to mass once a week  
and pretend it mattered to us.

How sad that your Sacrifice  
has become such a ritual  
of indifference.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Queen of the Most Holy Rosary**

Queen of the Most Holy Rosary!  
Our hands holding roses,  
We hold them for you;

Your grace bringing  
us the salvation of your Son;  
Holy Lady of Heaven,  
Blessed Virgin Queen.

Mother of Christ,  
Mother most divine;  
Hear prayers rising,  
rising to you.

Mother of all, Mother dearest;  
Caress us with your love,  
keep us pure from sin.

Leading us, ever leading  
to the arms of Jesus Divine.  
O Holy Mother,  
Holy Sacred one.

Ave Maria! Hail Mary,  
Queen of the Most Holy Rosary!

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

## **Sand Castles in the Sky**

I see dreams in the clouds.  
Not just illusions,  
but perspectives,  
indications.  
I touch sand castles in the sky  
and let my eyes  
look for me inside the walls.  
I sink my feet into the sand  
where the water draws  
that which it erases.  
I hold myself in common  
prayer moments.  
Sending my words to  
Jesus, who promised  
always to listen.  
I hear His reply  
in the thousand points  
of light that shiver  
through my prayers.  
I trust in what He promises,  
though I fail to  
capture His wisdom.  
I watch the pictures in  
my fingers moving with  
the passion of living.  
I see dreams in the clouds.  
Not just illusions,  
but perspectives,  
indications.  
I touch sand castles in the sky  
and let my eyes  
look for me inside the walls.

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## **Sands of Time**

Time moves on..  
I reach out  
with tired eyes,  
Grasping the remnants  
of faded pictures  
taken yesterday.

It was 4 a.m.  
I sat by the window,  
reliving all the treasures  
I once buried in the  
sands of time

It turned 5 a.m.  
One hour had gone by.  
Despite the tears  
lingering in my eyes  
for the pictures  
fading grey.

I was reflective.  
Thinking of yesterday  
compared to now,  
as I drifted  
in the sands of time.

The future, glimpsed quickly.  
Its merciless hands  
pushing me ahead.

I reached out,  
with tired memories,  
leaving the window open.

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 drop 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

## **She Stood Like A Statue**

She stood like a statue.  
Perfect skin layered on a perfect body.  
A playboy model.  
She makes men turn their heads to look at her.  
The type of woman who squeals tires.  
Gorgeous breasts.  
Stunning hair.  
She stood like a statue.  
She was stone.  
Spent hours.  
Doing make-up.  
Styling hair.  
Picking clothes.  
Smiling her plastic teeth.  
Flashing her neon sign mind.  
Slogans.  
She lived all of them.  
She stood like a statue.  
Drop dead gorgeous.  
Living idol.  
Men wanted her.  
She was courted by them.  
Money lavished upon her.  
She felt she deserved it all.  
Scorned her fellow women.  
Ridiculed her peers.  
Too good to be in their company.  
She stood like a statue.  
Beautiful as marble.  
But utterly, totally,  
completely empty inside.

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

**so for now**

choices we make  
today and always  
remain ours  
whether we  
realize it  
or not

terrors we create  
tomorrow or yesterday  
remain ours  
even if  
we blame  
the spirits  
of other  
travellers

so for now....  
i will sit in morning sun  
listen to birds sing spring  
while nothing and everything  
flows through my veins

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Softly And Tenderly**

I stayed awake, late one night,  
anticipating your arrival.  
Would we move as if  
we had become one  
body?

We embraced, in passion,  
soaring to pleasures  
beyond physical  
melting our souls  
into  
one heart.

Softly, tenderly, I enjoyed  
your presence next to me.  
Lifting my smiles  
to new  
vistas of  
contentment

Almost asleep, I reached out  
to embrace you once again.  
Softly, tenderly I whispered  
your name in the room.

You were gone.

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

### **Sonnet 7: Oh my soul. I do not know what to do**

Oh my soul. I do not know what to do.  
My heart is held hostage in this game,  
Of hoping, waiting for shadows that grew.  
Of excitement for feelings I can name.  
I am a searcher seeking to possess.  
One soul that I can mould into my own.  
One heart that I can keep without a guess,  
Of what she sees when she is not alone.  
In soft mercy I hope for what is mine,  
Shall grow and develop into our love.  
For this is the seeking which fills my time;  
This is the mystery that I speak of.  
Oh my soul. How gently I see you peek  
at the wonderful passion I do seek.

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

## Sphere

A woman looks into a sphere  
What she sees, not yet here  
The bead of sweat, upon her brow  
Dreaming, wishing, it won't be now

Each day she moves with caution thus  
Her thoughts array, with dust to dust  
Actions with others make no sense  
Thoughts of demise, still keep her tense

She blocks the way for socialize  
Looks at the sphere, empty eyes  
Meaningless talk, to herself and back  
When will her world, quickly turn black

Time moves forward, months into years  
Cracks on her face, trails of tears  
She sits in a chair, rocking so slow  
Her name and her world, neither she knows

Out of the window she stares, glory and wonder  
The beauty of nature and all of its splendour  
A tear slowly drops, happiness stops  
When will her being soon plunder

This sphere now sits on a wood stand  
Looks at the woman, forming no plan  
The loss of her soul, began long ago  
Her body is not yet, put below.

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

## **Storming Grey Seas**

You would not think I knew the storming grey seas;  
The turbulent awakening of feelings gone sour inside.  
And the waves lap like crystals fading in the sky.  
They call me to rush into points of view untried.  
So I must make some sort of a choice, some sort  
of a decision which will determine my living daze.

It hints at me like wood burning in a backyard pyre;  
This haunting of thought that inflicts my waking hours.  
I am only what I care to do, only what I want to believe.  
For every man must make his place, his meaning to be.  
And not a word can be offered in humbled solace  
that would erase the vision each man must create.

Some would wonder at my lethargy, some at my tears.  
Some might question my boundaries or my fences.  
And no matter what the answer, I must be what I am.  
For each man is truly one, truly in individual stand.  
So I find I must be something, and that something  
is all I can do in this weary tumbling sort of world.

The cat sat on my lap, one hundred per cent content.  
I stroked its body, scratched its ears. And still I found  
that even with it present, I was living in my own soul.  
And thus it must always be, this breaking aching pole  
which I must climb at once. For when I reach the top,  
I shall see the land of images I am meant to perceive.

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

## Subway Ride

I sit here, on this metal monster,  
and try not to  
stare at the plastic faces  
of the people sitting around me.  
We sit here in our  
business suits and corporate glares.

I realize that another day has begun  
I have already sold my soul for this ride  
Undetectable stains on my favourite tie.  
(Which I loathe wearing)

I ride the tunnels and think  
that I should envy myself:  
"Hey man you live in the city,  
that is where all the action is"  
And as that statement plays itself  
like dried macaroni in my head  
I realize that sitting in  
this rushing tube of metal  
is the climax of my day!

I work in an office,  
push papers..... they push back  
"Yeah .....I'm the man"  
The company needs me!

Jostling of the passengers flicks  
my attention from off to on,  
bringing me back to reality.  
I bend down to pick up a quarter  
only to find out  
that it is glued to the floor.  
With humiliation smeared on my face,  
I rise hoping that it dripped off  
And no one saw! !

Smiling to myself I turn into myself.  
Remembering when I would have refused  
to have become a parasite living  
vicariously off the blood  
dangling from the ripped out brains.

Trying to escape from the  
trapped exterior, I push my way  
to the door.  
Ah, it is closed and the metal tube  
refuses to stop rushing us  
towards our occupations.

The darkness of the tunnel swallows

any dreams I have had of escaping.

There is no escape from the  
pressing down of conformity.

I sit here, on this metal monster,  
and try not to  
stare at the plastic faces  
of the people sitting around me.  
We sit here in our  
business suits and corporate glares.  
Cellphones glued to our ears.  
We sit together,  
but we do not connect.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## Suddenly

Suddenly I am thrown and tossed,  
.....broken and fixed.  
Discontent. Unhappy.  
Content. Happy.  
Watching cars sit at the curb.  
Pretending they are all mine.

And if they were, I'd drive them  
.....to many empty parking lots.  
Fill up the spaces.  
Fill up the spaces.  
Desert them.  
Collect them later and  
.....set them on fire.  
But I know this is not real.  
My lighter does not even have fuel.

Ah, but perhaps the store  
.....is still open?

Suddenly I am equally unaware  
.....of squalid conditions  
.....and  
.....equally perverse  
.....attentions...  
Open and shut.  
Shut and open.

Good friends always help  
.....their friends to cry.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Summer Is Gone, And Voices Arrive**

Summer is gone, the cold winds of winter are near.  
One voice, deeply ingrained, calls to me...  
It is a sound I have heard before..

'Come out' it sighs, 'Come out and stay' it suggests

'Stay where', I ask, concerned at the answer.

The wind is whistling now, inviting  
and inciting me to new levels of distress.

'With me', the voice answers, slightly aggressive.  
'Stay with me and be free' cries the words in my mind.

'But free, what is free?' I reply.

The dream cascades gradually down  
the interior zone of the mind,  
down it comes slowly, suggesting  
the answers are no longer mine.

'Freedom is the beginning of acceptance'  
moans the odd voice in my heart  
'Freedom is the illusion of the soul'  
it further explains.

'I'm afraid', I whimper,  
'Afraid to see what lies ahead'.

And the wind howls now outside  
the windows of my fantasy.

'Ahead lies the future' exclaims the voice  
'each day you begin the process of death'.

And I tremble, just now realizing  
I have been talking to myself.

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**

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

## **Surrealistic Sunsets And Groovy Eyes**

Two Niggers, talking to a Jew,  
An Asian man listening in.  
Dance the hate.  
Feel the verb.  
Name call, sticks and stones,  
we all come tumbling down.

Words, verbs, adverbs.  
Malicious diamonds polished  
by the shit of white man's fascism.

Flags are raised. Flags are lowered.  
Some salute, some yawn.

Nationalism and xenophobia.  
Ah, we are proud of our master race!

Sand niggers protest the vowels  
they've been coloured.  
Savages proclaim the first  
day of the new protest movement.

False religions, true religions.  
Praying to trees and wiccan stones.  
Drop a bomb.  
Obliterate a city.  
See, they are the enemy.

Brown and white, black and blue.  
Colours of the television screen  
flickering  
black and white sitcoms.

No niggers there!

Carry on.  
Continue the game.  
Hate, and if it feels right,  
hate all over again.  
Call your names.  
Call on your illusions.

Surrealistic sunsets and  
groovy eyes  
seeing the  
mud of the story.

Death, well maybe?  
As long as the victims are  
of another point of view.

Somewhere, in a Church.  
a man is praying.  
Saying his rosary.  
Imploring the Holy Mother  
to hear his intentions.

'Dear Lord, make us see that  
when we bleed, it is always red, regardless  
of our intentions.'

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 Capturing Solemnity of Escape**

What is it within me that requires  
The capturing solemnity of escape?  
That imagines so many failed fires  
Burning softly in the winter air?

With a look, you arrive expecting  
To find me waiting for your touch.  
But love does not bring me anything  
Save for shallow words and promises.

He who demands shall never surrender  
To heart of passions and fading joy.  
For if I am he, and you are her,  
Do we not create our own defeat?

Come hold me if only for a second,  
Until the truth causes us to be alarmed.  
That words we use are sanitary pretend  
Which hold promises, but do not suffice.

Why do I seek you only to retreat?  
To want you but only as a shadow?  
Let us remember that hearts cheat  
When they beat in contrary flavour.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **The Garden of Life**

A blue-grey night hangs oddly out of place  
where frozen electric storms  
join the memory of uncloaked ambition.  
Winter calls and the tiny people drift  
from their beckoning hovels  
in preparation for erotic adventures.  
Silver air bonds the winds of temptation  
which controls the shadow white bones.  
Tiny fingers reach out trembling hands  
to grasp the last of the hot water as  
it drips from an out of date mind.  
Naked, the situation develops with the  
same intensity that it would finally end.

And they called out in terror, in revulsion  
as the jumping vines of ultimate distance  
wrapped tangled chains around their necks.

Cold dark heat waves drifted casually  
across the lives of the people so small.  
Drowning fate in caskets of puss melted  
carefully around the eyes of the persecuted.  
Tiny legs chained in mindless droning of  
factory dragons demanding retribution  
for every quota that was never to be met.

And they whined about the lazy flowers  
that would not grow despite the fertilizer  
dropped harshly onto the garden of life.

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 Queen Elizabeth 2nd Gardens

It used to be called 'Sunken Gardens', this section of the park. Now it is called 'The Queen Elizabeth 2nd Gardens' because Her Majesty visited them. She wore a pale blue dress that day. I remember because my sisters and I were in the crowd. Like the others, we stared at the Royal 'She' in awed tones of respect and curiosity.

In high school, we used the park to escape the hum-drum of our classes. Hiding behind the trees and flowers so that the jailers from the nearby school windows would not capture us in our freedom. We were bold in our youth. Finely chiseled minds in adolescent toned bodies.

We'd sit under a tree, smoking and planning the adventure our lives would be. None of us would conform, or so we promised each other and ourselves. We'd be bold flashes of novelty forever striking a match to light the flames of resistance to middle class lives.

We were children of the sixties, teenagers of the 1970's. Our hopes and dreams were not the same as our parents. No, we did not want to have the white picket fence! Instead we planned on how we'd take the fences apart and use the wood to build alternative ways of existing. Our plans were brave and solid, our dreams we would make become our reality.

Now, as I walk through the park as a grown man, well into my descent towards my grave, I recall those vain words we spoke. Those brittle, youthful proclamations of a new beginning that we were assured of becoming. None of us really followed those dreams. The harsh bells of the 'real world' would not stop ringing. Most of us became our parents all over again. Talk of freedom and self-expression gave way to worries over the mortgage and the bills. Working overtime so the kids can have a new pair of jeans.

They still call it the 'Queen Elizabeth 2nd Gardens'. The flowers are still carefully planted every spring by the Department of Parks and Recreation. Sometimes I come and watch the young bodies at work digging the soil and planting the flowers in neat, tidy rows. Her Majesty has not visited Windsor in quite a long time. Her picture on the money makes her look older. Of course, she is older but then so am I. Indeed, so are all the faces I remember with fondness in my mind.

If I sit quietly on one of the benches,  
and I slow down my breathing just a tad, I  
can almost hear again our voices planning  
the future none of us would have.

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 Same Sort of Rooms**

For most of my life  
I've imagined being with someone  
who really understands me.  
Who envisions the same  
sort of rooms I like to live in.

Now, in the drain of night,  
I'm wondering where that  
person might be?

I have not seen her,  
have not met her,  
have not made love to her.

Though you tell me  
you are that woman,  
I wonder why when  
I look into your eyes  
I see them  
looking past me

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **The Sun And The Moon**

I walk in circles, confused.  
Others are clear at heart.  
Some rise as stepping stones,  
others stay back at the start.

What flavour is tomorrow?  
What tension will be today?  
Which path will be walked?  
What memories yesterday? .

The seasons change, as always.  
The sun and moon dance games.  
Each day is another forsaking,  
everyday is one and the same.

I cry in teardrops, hurt.  
Others seem to have no heart.  
Like a child I creep and growl  
afraid to move or to start.

A hand reaches out for me,  
but it is late, cannot sleep.  
It fails to touch my wounds,  
which are dank and deep.

I am not here, far away,  
in another land and place.  
I create my own divisions,  
and as such, my own space.

On my bed falls sunlight.  
Shines as gold as can be.  
In my heart only moonlight,  
and that is all I can see.

My faith is shattered.  
I have nothing to believe.  
Voices may come and call,  
as such, I only grieve.

Sometimes the mist comes.  
It is circling my intentions.  
Passions only lie dormant,  
no answers to my questions.

I hear the sound of birds,  
between my sighs and pain.  
They twitter on the trees  
and call me to be one again.

I run in circles, lost.  
Hating myself in disgrace.

Here I am, left all alone.  
Let no one see my face.

My voice is in the air.  
Call out to running waters.  
Other follows along behind.  
I can't even be bothered.

Sleep is my one escape.  
To forget myself in this way.  
And so to sleep I go,  
no thoughts of yesterday..

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **The Tree Bark Shoved Into My Heart**

A dropp of sunshine broadens the ground and shines like a coal upon the blazing street. And I am enjoying the last of the wine which tastes as good as the tree bark shoved into my heart.

The brown of the tearless eyes corrupt the message swooshing from the lips. I am the growing river

which slides like a storm into the shore. Some voices cry against the wind, others shout in support of it.

I am neither for or against anything.

A crucifix dangles from my neck. It was a gift from the children. They grow up so quickly. They grow up like weeds

which have flowered despite the thistles and thorns.

They call them wild-flowers. They call them uncontrolled. They define them in a multitude of labels so that confrontation can be erased.

I am as defined as the next man, as shapeless in my exterior as a dripping candle sloshing wax

into a plate.

A letter waits for me in my former mailbox. I understand it contains the fabric of my thoughts. I cannot imagine such a mailing, and one defined for me alone.

Stick a needle in the arm. Drive a wedge between the heart. Life is a process of adjusting, of

correcting attitudes which do not comply with the flavoured faces of the people hiding in the dust.

I am forgiving but not forgiven. I am silent in my loudness which becomes my armour

against the nestled carpet of denial.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **The Universal Universe, In Its Entirety**

The universal universe, in its entirety -  
An orderly, harmonious system  
composing invisible sonnets of  
solitude and despair..

The human imagination is no where near vast enough to  
understand what truly belongs.  
Nothing, something, everything?

This place, even in the summer,  
is as cold as regrets.  
Still holds so many secrets,  
so many uninspired visuals of  
decay and remorse.

Hold me as I die a wee bit more each second.  
Touch me in soft shades of possibilities and hope.

It won't matter.

Possible is impossible.  
Hope is only a word.

A compiled list of questions  
creating answers that are shadowed in  
their own melodious dooms.  
Dimension...suspension. Lost imagination.

Stowed away to keep free from any living grasp,  
Abstruse intelligence - not meant for us.

The sun rises and it sets,  
Planets remain in orbit...  
An old man forgets,  
To live...and to die.

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

## **The World Is Too Big**

The world is too big.  
Free your mind,  
or be stuck like a porcupine.  
That's the bottom line.  
Need to feed the grind,  
and be normal, yes, normal.  
Time comes and goes,  
and is never subject  
to emotion.

The world is too big.  
The hating is too strong.  
Step on the stars while  
you're reaching for the sun.  
But never burn a bridge.  
For each one  
is a teachable moment.  
Never go outside.  
Stay inside.  
Vegetate your  
experiences by  
the hypnotic images  
flashing on and off.

The world, the world is too big.

And I heard Jesus say that every  
man, woman, and child  
was going to be okay.  
I heard Him say that  
the  
need  
for soldiers was fading away.

Governments would work  
for the people.  
A concept, a dream,  
a weird Utopian paradise.

The world is too big.  
They've been selling us a dream.  
Telling us we are on the same team,  
but we're not wearing the t-shirts.  
We never get invited to  
the best parties.

We are here,  
I assume where we  
were told to stay.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## Through The Tick, Tick Tock of This Clock

Through the tick, tick tock of this clock,  
.....oceans move and winds explode.  
Priests wagging fingers, Dogs wagging tails.  
Tick, tock. tick, tock.  
Constructive flailing will begin  
.....at exactly quarter to nine.  
The drums will do their drumming thing,  
.....and the shepherds will eat their pie.  
Illusions upon illusions, paper upon rock;  
Tick, tock. Tick, tock.  
Every head will stroke the beat  
.....and drip in collective distress.  
The flies will fly, the creatures will deny,  
the passage of the  
.....last of the glue.  
If we sniff it, or if we don't,  
the spiders will still crawl in  
.....elegant indifference.  
The truth will be somewhere,  
..... the truth will be observed.  
Tick, tock. Tick, tock.  
.....As the water warms in the bathtub,  
.....as the man allows himself to bathe,  
.....the soft slice of the curled knife  
.....puts every doubt in remission.  
Tick, tock. Tick tock.

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

## Trains

The flash of urban  
machine demonstrates  
    persistence.  
Rubber slithering  
    on absorbing iron.  
Interlocking harmonized echoes  
    scan in electromagnetic  
    trains.  
Tracks dispersed across  
    the spectrum

of nothing.

Spaces.

That is this country.

We who've been in residence here  
know the  
    detachment of our flag.

Walking shoes  
of  
walking men.

Back and forth, back and forth.

Sonar devices clamped like cancer  
    to their ears.

Listening to private noises  
    in the middle of a cluster.

We were thinking alike.

Hide in trains and  
acclaim

    the vacuum  
    of  
    performing.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## Trees

Love doesn't last a life-time.  
At least that's how it seems to me.  
Some people think love is forever.  
Or so they would like it to be.  
Seems my love was not wanted,  
so I wander through the forest trees.

Flowers grow lovely in a garden.  
They last forever in a loving heart.  
Her love for me has not grown;  
so I wander afraid in the dark.  
Tasting again her lips in memory;  
which never kiss me anymore.

Forest songs fill my footsteps  
as I walk through the trees.  
Wondering why she doesn't care;  
why doesn't she want to be with me.  
Seems my love is not needed,  
so I die inside, outside in the trees.

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

## Unanswered

My soul calls to me.

It is speaking now.

'Free me! '

I am trapped in a sea  
of wandering delusion.

Deep in filth.  
Lost in lies.

'Free me! '

'Do not contain me  
any longer'

I am compelled to agree  
to  
compromises  
that compromise me.

'Free me! '

I am a wandering nothing  
in an ocean of everything.

My soul calls to me.

I will not answer it!

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

## Unknown

Unknown, I moved amidst life,  
In streams of fabric unravelled.  
Desiring to soar into the sky,  
To touch the happiness travelled.

It's gone past, this fleeting feeling,  
Of depth gone sour inside the mind.  
There are still visions to view  
Of what is still left to find.

I must embrace what is unknown.  
I must face the illusion dropped.  
For inside the turmoil is false,  
The legs buckle, the lie stopped.

Wayward thoughts to be controlled;  
False starts to be rectified.  
Nothing must stop the seeking heart,  
Which seeks with lengthy sigh.

The path must be followed, walked.  
The dream of life must be connived.  
I am slave to no one, and yet,  
I am concubine to what is contrived.

Don't force me to be a drone.  
Let me not fall to self pity.  
I am facing the rest of time,  
Which I find is dark and gritty.

Unknown happiness must be mine,  
For it is the road I travel.  
The anticipation of joyful bliss  
When the tension has been unravelled.

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

## Upon An Ending

Life has nothing to show more fair;  
Than soul who creates fantasy inside.  
Oh tortured heart how it does cringe  
At words flung easily at mind so bare.

This mouth now will say nothing more,  
Of rumpled sheets left soiled and torn.  
Of slipping hope so quickly dashed;  
Gripping pain left tossed upon a floor.

Glitter diamonds are the lights seen,  
The hopeless path of worshipped sun.  
Oh merciful knife come slice the heart,  
Let blood flow where love has been.

Dear Lord, do you know this pain?  
Have you seen black as I have seen?  
Wasted words upon an uncaring eye,  
Who only wishes the end to remain.

The river of life ebbs slowly past;  
The ever dropping sound of pain.  
Oh sweet glistening ending thoughts,  
That open avenues that never last.

I cry out in frustrated angered words,  
But little sense is made of dusted heart,  
Whose images cascade into despair.  
Oh silent cries that are never heard.

Release me from the vibrant rolling hills,  
Let nothing steep stop us from falling.  
Sleeping passion that has gone unknown,  
In hearts defeated, yet hurting still.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## Usually I Begin My Day With The Same Routines

Usually I begin my day with the same routines. Waking up, putting on the coffee and hoping the quiet remains a steady feature of the day. Lighting that first cigarette is the best. It is the one that carries the most flavour. Inhale the smoke and sip the caffeine. Fill the air with my habit like a dragon starting to perform his feats of magic. The caves of hidden desires are not so easily forgotten in the early hours of my awakening. They hint at falling values I am supposed to uphold. And I suppose that it is not the point that most of the values I hold are those that have been indoctrinated into my moral consciousness. There really seems to be some sort of a twisted agenda of following illusionary puppets who prance like jumping jacks on the fabric of existence. And I believe that even if the fabric is slightly ripped, as a whole we must never question the lack of direction. Sip from my cup and let my mind play with the tempting thoughts that so willingly come in the morning. Prices rise on everything, but the value never changes. Expectations increase, yet fulfillment never seems to be part of the equation. No matter how often I talk to other isolated strangers the focus of reality never seems to change. As one man, or as a group, the message is clear that the only acceptable solution is in conformity. Odd how afraid each man or woman is of being seen as different from the rest of the herd. Usually I begin my day with the same routines. In truth, these are the only things I own that are not shared by anyone else. Maybe tomorrow I'll just stay in bed?

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.



## **Walking On The Moon**

We were dancing, my friends and I.  
Collecting moments to put away for  
future reference. Music played and  
we sang along. Every song we heard  
became our favourite melody, one  
that we played over and over in our  
collective thoughts. I wondered how  
long the dance would last? Would we  
still stay united in the glare of the day?  
I sense that we will not and so I cut  
the memories out of my mind. Talking  
about the future we pretend that the past  
will not interfere. And our voices merge  
into a collection of denials that we begin  
to share as soon as we hit the floor. Let  
me look at the faces I see around me for  
I know I shall not see them anymore. We  
will make phone calls and play at being  
committed to continuing our friendship. But  
the time will fly and life will arrive and so  
we will forget our promises. We will dance  
only in memory but in fact we will not have  
time anymore for one another. Some of us  
will get married, others will not. Children  
will be born and bills will need to be paid.  
Mortgages will be gathered and jobs will  
define our futures. Let the dance never end  
for when it does it will mean it is time to  
grow away from one another. I touch the  
photograph, lightly stroking the thought  
of how we used to be. I wonder what  
you all are doing tonight? Are any of you  
thinking of me? I'll be walking on the  
moon grabbing the stars of memory

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **Walking The Dog**

A grey day -  
Sure, a fine soft morning -  
wet on the wind with rippling circles  
that dimple the overnight puddles.  
Misty rain lacquers the fallen leaves  
to glow under sodium light  
and washes asphalt paths  
to tarry blackness.  
The waking city stirs.  
The early cars rush by,  
anxious to head the traffic jams,  
before the parking place is filled;  
while little dog sniffs among the leaves  
and praises God by being.

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

## **Waves**

The waves on the lake roar  
like angry children  
throwing a tantrum.

They leave a taste of  
bitterness in your mouth.

The rejection is there  
but you don't feel it.

The solemn faces are present  
but you cannot see them.

Ignorance is truly bliss.

Forgetting even better.

Sit by the edge of the lake  
and dangle your hopes  
in the insistent water.

Let ambition be drowned.

It only holds you back.

Someone has thrown an  
empty bottle into the lake.

Its symbolism is not  
known to you.

You watch it bob upon  
the angry waves.

Wondering why nothing is  
inside of it.

It reminds you of your soul.

Empty and false. Demanding  
no known contributions.

The glass is clear but the  
inside is full of air.

Nothing shall ever look the  
same to you again.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## **We Are Blue Below The Slime**

Weird and damp about the clouds,  
We lick sexy fragments about the mud.  
Awaken, awaken! The Fool has fled.  
Totally musty after the rain.  
I eat sinning children on the land.  
I colour in black and white pictures  
with electro-magnetic sand.  
Be transparent. The Knight shall flee  
and he will arrive at no set time.

We are blue below the slime.

Can you dig it? The feeling is hard  
as licking postage stamps with ice.  
Darkening thirsty rosary beads  
are collecting near the fireplace.  
They are not understanding  
the green shallow sun in the sky.  
The majesty of kingdoms  
reflected in the yellowing pages  
of a book.

In whose eyes  
the traveller  
asking his way  
must be in  
knowledge that  
all things in life  
involve  
taking a chance.

We are blue below the slime.

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

## **We Dangle Sentences**

Whispers struggled out by the lispings of  
the hands are  
not promises that shall be kept.

No breath exists upon your soul,  
it is vacant of emotion  
and absent of passion.

In truth, you do not manifest salvation.  
Nor are  
you the living Body of Christ.

The taste of your communion is foul.  
It darkens the universe and  
is anathema to living.

Words spoken in bed are not contracts.  
The lie is easier to create than  
to live in truth.

We dangle sentences across the room  
at one another.  
They are empty sounds of defeat.

The past is some sort of mangled memory  
that confuses the present  
state of being.

I am not the channel of aggression.  
You are not permitted to define  
me as the source of all wrong.

Flavoured cough dropp melts on tongue.  
Books un-opened lie like accusations  
upon the floor of the heart.

Touching is just an excuse for not sharing.  
Skinless hands reminding me of  
delights now shadowed.

Someday the sun will shine in brilliance  
over a summer's day of adventure.  
I want to be alive on that day.

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



## Winter Of Our Love

So it's wintertime and all the snow  
lies cold on the ground. The temperature  
is below zero and yet it is not as cold  
as the words we throw at one another.  
The kids are playing outside and just  
maybe they're afraid to come inside.  
Mommy and Daddy are playing games  
of being too polite to each other.  
And the neighbours light a fire  
in the hopes that the flames will  
melt the ice that has grown up  
between us. But as quickly as the  
ice starts to melt we dash cold water  
into the burning mess. Somehow we  
live through the days pretending that the  
words we say are representative of  
the bonds we break around us. It seems  
very important that each of us retains  
some sense of balance. But the problem  
lies in what we define as reality. The words  
we use in careful tones are words so cold  
they slice the tendons of our vows. And  
I cannot help but wonder what picture  
we will be drawing some years from now.  
One can only imagine that as the spring  
approaches still we will be locked in  
the winter of our love. For seasons may  
come and go, as they always do, but  
we in our icy rooms can only stay  
and face the snowstorm of our demise.  
It's a magic moment in eternity and  
I whisper words of comfort to my mind.  
Let the snow continue to fall and maybe  
in the cold we can freeze ourselves into  
icicles of despair. Than let the flames  
begin again and let us hope they melt  
enough despair away to let the sunshine  
come back in.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

## Wondering Desires

I suppose that happiness is provided  
by the tangled weeping we must do.  
To satisfy our hunger for fantasies  
Our piercing wounds must be tangled  
with the ropes of wondering desires.

I have an obligation to pursue  
the activity of the animals in the zoo  
Which I suppose might define us  
in terms of how little caring we do  
Odd that every point of view  
must be crushed aside to be true.

Laughter pursues our ambitions  
as we meekly meditate our situation  
Our game is full and highly done  
Every moment is truly most wasted  
so that our only hope is to respond  
in tones of black and white relief  
Alas, there seems no point in happiness  
if every evil is so well provided

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

## Your Eyes

Your eyes seek what I do not have to give.  
You ask for permission to laugh.  
I give it.  
I do not share in it.  
We are hushed in a closet.  
Murmuring endorsements  
to each other.  
I want to stay here  
where it is safe,  
yet I leave.  
You must not share  
my tears.  
They are solitary.  
Your eyes plead with me to stay.  
I cannot promise  
to do so.  
I have already left  
you in my heart,  
though my mouth ensures  
you of my devotion.  
It lies.  
Inside in the mist  
of emotion  
is truth.  
I do not love you anymore.  
I am not sure I ever really  
did love you.  
Being honest I might  
be inclined to say that  
I loved the idea of you.  
Your eyes accuse me of deception.  
I cannot deny it.  
It has been said that  
the eyes reveal the soul.  
My eyes have revealed  
to you the truth.  
I am pretending.  
I cannot give you what you want.

Chris G. Vaillancourt