Poetry Series

Derek R. Audette

- poems -

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Derek R. Audette (June 16th,1971)

Http: //DerekAudette.OttawaArts.Com

From the liner notes of 'Alive In The House Of The Monkey King', Published by GatorDawg Promotions:

Derek R. Audette has been called one of Canada's most promising and potentially important young artists. He was born in Hull, Quebec Canada to a French Canadian father and English Canadian mother in June of 1971. Throughout his entire life he has lived either in the city of Ottawa, Ontario or somewhere within the surrounding rural area. He is an accomplished musician and his work as a painter in abstract styles; photographer, and a maker of short films have also achieved recognition. Alive In The House Of The Monkey King is Derek R. Audette's second published book and his first published collection of poetry. He currently resides within the city of Ottawa with his wife Anna, where he practices all forms of his art and maintains a personal web page located at: Http: //DerekAudette.OttawaArts.Com, where more information regarding the artist and his work may be found.

Works:

Alive In The House Of The Monkey King
(Scheduled for publication in Feb. '05)

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A Cigarette From Frank

I used to work for a charity organization;
I didn’t volunteer or anything,
they gave me a job,
a paying job.
The hours were standard,
the pay was shit,
but it was a job.
The purpose of this particular organization
was to provide jobs to people
who couldn’t really work anymore;
who had sustained some injury,
or had some sickness
and were unable to work
in any standard sense.
This organization would provide
them with mostly menial tasks
to fill out their days
and make them feel as though
they still had a purpose,
and provide them with a small
paycheck
to supplement their
disability payments.

The jobs
they were given to do
mostly consisted of
stuffing envelopes,
collating papers,
or assembiling
cardboard boxes.

Insert tab ‘A’ into slot ‘B’

My job was to sort of
help out in running things
and also
sometimes
stuff envelopes
and assemble
cardboard boxes
when there wasn’t enough
disabled people there to
finish the task on time.

There was one man there
named Frank.
He’d been there longer than anyone.
He was in his seventies
and had
suffered
a stroke

at some time in the past.

The stroke had affected
his motor skills
and his speech.
He'd lost most of the use of one arm.
He could still walk,
but had difficulty doing so.
His speech was little more
than grunts, groans and a series of hums.
Most people
couldn't understand
what Frank was saying.
But, after you spent some time around him
you sort of learned
to figure out his meaning.

Frank had a kindness about him.
He was a remarkable man.
He'd lived a life,
a hell of a life.
He radiated a warmth,
and above all,
he reeked of a wisdom
that gave him a strength
that the most youthful and able of bodies
could never provide.
He was generous.
He was immensely likable.
Even though his form was twisted,
his speech unnatural and labored,
after a short time,
you just sort of stopped seeing that.
It all seemed to just disappear
and Frank became
just Frank,
no different than anyone else who worked there.

He was funny,
he was generous,
and
the most noticeable thing about Frank
was that he was always trying
to give everyone cigarettes,
always!
Every time you saw him
he would open his pack of cigarettes,
take one out,
hold it out towards you
and grunt: "Ungh-aouw? "

He did this constantly throughout the day

to anyone who came into contact with him.
That’s largely how he was known:
“If you see Frank” It was known throughout the building,
“He will offer you a cigarette.”

I liked Frank a lot.
He had a wisdom about him,
a wisdom that only seventy some odd years
of putting up with life’s shit
can give you.
He had a kindness about him,
a warmth,
a friendliness.
I liked Frank a lot.

One day Frank came up in a conversation
between my boss and I.
My boss at that job was an ok guy too.
He was young,
although still quite a bit older than me at the time.
He was friendly,
but had no sort of special friendliness about him.
He was kind,
but had no sort of special kindness about him.
He had no sort of wisdom about him at all.

“Don’t accept cigarettes from Frank.”
He told me
”Frank pisses on his fingers.”

How differently we view people
I thought.
How differently we all see each other.
What individually different worlds
we all inhabit.

Derek R. Audette

A Faceless Critic

“your poetry is shit! ! ! ”
read the e-mail

“I just found your website and read some
of your poems man they’re fucking junk!
its not really poetry its just writing about
things I couldn’t believe it when I read it
so I had to write and tell you what I think
man get a clue! no offense but you suck
dude! ! ! . my dog could write better poetry
than your shit-ass stuff you call that poetry? '

“Yes, I call that poetry.”
My response read
“And, here’s a brand new poem
that I wrote
just for you:

Fuck You! ”

But, I'd like to meet his dog.

Derek R. Audette

A Ferret Named 'Purgation'

There once was a man who
owned a small ferret named “Purgation.”
The interesting thing was that
the ferret was a talking ferret.
But, at least six times a day,
it would start a sentence with:

“Have you ever done that where….”

This got to be rather tiresome, and more than
a little annoying after awhile,
so the man had to shoot the ferret through the eye.
The ferret survived, but it never spoke again.
From then on, it would just sit in the corner
plotting its revenge.
Unfortunately, a short while later,
the ferret died of a massive coronary,
before it could put its plan into action.

Sad, really.

Derek R. Audette

A Nameless Poet

I just read the work
of some nameless poet.
A poet
who posts some of his work
on his web site.
The poetry was ok
I suppose,
not great,
not even good
really.
But ok.

However,
the man
who wrote it,
seemed to be
an asshole
of sorts.

"Thank you for not smoking cigarettes"
read a message on his website.
Well,
fuck him!
I smoked the whole time I was reading
his mediocre poetry
and
I enjoyed my smoke
immensely.
I wish I could have
enjoyed
his work
a tenth of as much
as I enjoyed my smoke!

"My life is shit! "
exclaimed every one of his damned poems!
"Life, in general, is shit! "
exclaimed every one of his damned poems!
"Everybody hates me! "
exclaimed every one of his damned poems!
"And, none of it is my fault! "
exclaimed every one of his damned poems!

Fuck him.
He should probably
take up
smoking,
he might lighten up a bit.

Derek R. Audette

A Pantoum For The Night Sky

The heavens shimmer with points of light
They poke their image through a canopy of dark
raging and churning with awesome might
They burn themselves a wondrous mark

They poke their way through a canopy of dark
to shine upon our imagination
They burn themselves a wondrous mark
For countless eons will they occupy their station

To shine upon our imagination
it is a goal for which they do not strive
For countless eons will they occupy their station
reminding man it is a mystery to be alive

It is a goal for which they do not strive
Raging and churning with awesome might
Reminding man it is a mystery to be alive
The heavens shimmer with points of light

Derek R. Audette

A Song for the Worms

Longer still they tear at my fetid heart
with minds that suffer like a dew draped leaf,
and through grand halls lined with bitter demur
my ersatz body is slowly produced.
In this garden of ubiquitous pain
they bear witness to this decrepit act.
I am no longer a child of the earth,
but a beast of famine who hungers not.

A vile and loathsome sow I have become,
a hellish fiend drenched in disquietude.
I have become a grim, pernicious blight,
an icon of well deserved abhorrence.
Yet upon my head sits a shining crown,
for now am I also, desolation.

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Derek R. Audette

Alive in the House of the Monkey King

Alive in the house of the monkey king,
whilst the trumpets moan
and a buffet is set before me,
whilst virgins tend to my needs
and menservants satisfy my whims.
I can no longer exist in the real world,
the world of the mundane,
the world of man,
of lies,
of arrogance,
the world of torture
and deceit.
In that world
I am death,
I am sorrow
with a deafened ear
and blunted brow,
with a blinded eye
and blighted mind,
with a callous spirit
infected with compliance,
diseased with complacency.
In that world I am death,
a douser of flame,
a destroyer of light.
In that world I am
death.
But I shall always remain
alive
in the house of the monkey king.

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Apparently, My Poetry Sucks

Many people tell me
that my poetry
is awful,
and,
for the life of me,
I can’t decide if they
are right,
or just stupid.

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Bukowski Ate My Liver

Bukowski ate my liver!
I would never have believed it,
if I were not right there
when it happened.
I couldn't believe my eyes.
His hand leapt at me
from out of the page.
He reached right in
to my abdomen,
clutched the
rancid organ in
his despair soaked fist,
dripping tiny droplets
of sickly-sweet despondency,
and shoved the
odious thing straight into
his mouth!

He chewed for a bit,
then stopped,
paused for a moment,
and then,
wiping some of the
blood and bile
from off his chin,
he sneered
and glared at me
with portentous eyes
that resembled
mine
more than his,
and said:

"Do you know why I did that? "

"No! " I replied, "Why? "

"For no damned good reason whatsoever! Get it? "

"Yeah, Buk." I said, "I think I do..."

"...Now, get the hell out of here
so I can finish your book,
and tend to this wound."

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Cigarettes & Bourbon

I sit here,
sipping bourbon,
smoking a cigarette,
wonderfully sleazy saxophone jazz
is playing in the background.
I am enjoying myself
as I pour my thoughts out on to paper.

And,
there are people who hate me for it.

Charlie Parker's 'Ri Bop Boys'
is oozing softly
from my stereo,
the night is sweltering.
It's August.
A hot,
sticky August night.
Another sip of bourbon,
another drag of my cigarette.

And,
there are people who hate me for it.

Those fucking neo-puritan,
quasi-fascist bastards,
I can smell the rot of their contempt.
I can feel the putrescence of their judgment.
They can't stand how sweet my bourbon tastes,
they despise the satisfaction
that a long, slow drag
from my cigarette
brings me.

I felt their ears prick up
when they heard the snap of my lighter.
They are out there,
somewhere
in the night,
behind the veil of darkness.
They hide behind the city lights
that shine through my window.

But,
I know they are out there.
I felt their gaze
turn towards me
when they heard me slurp my bourbon.

Their vile jealousy reeks
of the decay of a human soul.
I can hear the whining and whirring

of their inability to comprehend
how a person might dare to risk self-destruction
in exchange for pleasure,
In exchange for life,
in exchange for living.
They hate me for it.
They breathe contempt.
They preach a living death.

Another drag,
another sip.
My cigarette
satisfies.
My bourbon
is sweet.
Charlie Parker’s song ends.
Coltrane’s 'Countdown' begins.

Derek R. Audette

Confidence

Men of great confidence
are men
who make their abodes
within the borders
of the world of people
and never dare to
venture outside
of its boundaries.

Those who live in the greater world,
the world outside of people,
the world which stretches beyond
the limits of the peopled world
are never
confident.
They are fragile and frail.
They shake with awe and fear.
They are frozen by wonder.
And they tremble at the vistas
which lie outside of their windows.
They tremble.
They shake.
For their living space
requires such a nature.

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Derek R. Audette

Dada Haiku

I once knew a man
named Dada Haiku
he wrote
the worst
poetry I have ever read
but at least
his poems were always
very short

'Shit is more!
That's my philosophy.'
he would always say

There was
genius
in his
pedestrianism

Derek R. Audette

Deceitful Little Cherub

I have a poet friend
who assures me
that he could write
poetry from now until the
end of time
and never write a bad poem
'They might not all be great.'
he says 'But, I will never
write
a poor one.'

he claims that his certainty of this
arises from the fact that a
small, portly cherub
came to him in a dream one night
and imparted to him the details
of a rather complex
and seemingly nonsensical
writing formula

I can't say that I agree that
this formula, if followed faithfully
will never produce a poorly written poem
in fact, I happen to know of at least
one
truly terrible poem which strictly
adheres to
this structure

the formula in question is thus:
each poem must begin
simply with the first word being: 'I'
each poem must contain exactly six stanzas
made up of 10,8,8,10,10 and 17 lines
from first stanza to last
and each poem must end
with the last word of the poem,
the only word on the final line,
being: 'someday'

It is a unique sort of formula
to say the least
and if followed to the letter
I am assured that it will never
yield
a bad poem
however, I have tried this formula
on one occasion
and I am not at all happy
with the results

in fact,

I have not yet found
a single example of any poem
written in this style
that I would consider a
good poem
I believe my poet friend
may have been the victim
of a mischievous cherub
who gets its kicks by appearing
to people in dreams
and imparting false information
but, I'll keep looking
and perhaps I will find a good poem,
written in adherence to the cherub's
strange formula
someday

Derek R. Audette

Dreams

If I had one wish,
I'd be tempted
to wish for the ability to invent
a machine
capable of recording one's dreams.

My dreams are of the highest art
that I know,
and it is a shameful misfortune
that they always play
merely to an audience of
one.

Derek R. Audette

Eat

Eat
eat
to eat
feed
with teeth
with jaw
fangs
like dogs
wild dogs
wild
rabid dogs
with teeth
with jaw
eat
rip at the
flesh
tear from the
animal
feed
eat
and
regenerate

how alien is this form we take
this body,
this flesh,
how alien it appears
when we close our
eyes
to what we know
to be inherently true,
as so few of us
seem able to do.
How alien is this form
when we agree
that all we know
may not be so.

So eat,
with teeth
with jaw
sustain this form,
this alien body,
like dogs
tear at the flesh
of another
eat

Eat of the animal
of the fauna
and of the foliage
and of all the fruits

of the earth
and of all the roots
and of all the growths
of the dust
from whence you came

eat
tear
rip
sustain
regenerate
like dogs
wild dogs
rabid dogs
eat of the flesh
sustain this form
tear
rip
eat

and rejoice

Derek R. Audette

Ever On: The Illusion is Woven

And so the world continues to spin,
and events cascade across the semi-present
awareness of man,
just as they always do.
Nothing new,
nothing changed,
nothing different.
The styles are altered,
but the substance remains banausic.
And as my eyes behold the cycle of
the days
for the twelve-thousandth time,
a truth rings in my mind with a
blasphemous,
infernal, banality:

There is nothing more devastating
than a longing for ignorance.

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God Must, For We Are (Poetry of the Universe)

There is no known system
which exists
independently of any other system.
All known systems exert an influence
on other, exterior systems
and in turn are influenced themselves
by exterior systems.
Because of this it can be said that
any known
system
relies upon
both itself and other, exterior
systems in order to provide
the totality of its identity.
Ergo, any known system,
within itself alone,
lacks sufficient information
to fully identify/explain itself.

The universe can be seen
as a series
of expanding systems,
each existing within a larger system -
from the smallest subatomic particle,
to the totality of the cosmos itself.
Each of these systems,
because of the exterior influence
of the greater system which it resides within,
lacks sufficient information,
within itself alone,
to fully identify itself.

Information from an exterior system
influencing the smaller system must
be obtained in order to
fully identify the lesser system.
We are then left with two choices:
(A) This series of systems is infinite.
(There is always a greater system)
Or,
(B) There exists a final system.

A final system must
logically be free
from exterior influence,
and also contain
every other system in existence
within itself.
The final system, being free
from exterior influence
must then contain,
within itself alone,

sufficient information to fully identify itself.
The final system, containing all other
extant systems within itself
would also contain
sufficient information
to fully identify each system
within the totality of existence.

Since the sum total
of the final system itself
plus all other systems
existing within it
would account for the entirety of existence,
everything in existence
could be said
to be a part of the final system itself.

Therefore,
the final system itself
must be sentient,
as we are sentient
and exist as a part of the final system.
However, our own sentience
is a system itself
existing within a larger system
and is not free of the influence
of exterior systems.
Therefore,
our own sentience
lacks
sufficient information
to fully identify itself,
and as such,
the final system must
be of a greater sentience than our own.

The final system must be sentient
in and of itself
and also fully contain
sufficient information
about its own sentience
so as to be able to
fully identify its own sentience.

The final system,
in effect,
must then be omniscient,
as it would contain,
within itself,
all information
within the entirety of existence.

The final system would be
God
and God
would be
the sum total of all of existence.

Derek R. Audette

Harry Potter, What Up With You?

Harry Potter’s an enigma.
His forehead bears a peculiar stigma.
Yet there’s a question I’ve often pondered,
a complex query which no puzzle surpasses:
If he’s such a great and powerfull wizard,
then why in the hell does he need those glasses?

Derek R. Audette

I Thought About Changing the Style of Man That I Am

I thought about changing
the style of man that I am.
I thought of
discarding
the oil stained,
faded
blue jeans,
the t-shirts
and socks with holes,
the cracked and worn
cowboy boots.
I thought about cutting my hair
short,
throwing away the bandana
used to keep my hair
out of my mouth,
out of my eyes,
when engaged in activity.
I thought about
changing
the style of man that I am.

I thought about
quitting:
smoking,
drinking,
drugs - (of any federally unapproved sort.)
Yes, I thought about
quitting.
I thought about
changing
the style of man that I am.

I thought about
buying some loose fitting
white pants,
sandals,
a tasteful,
slightly oversized
tropical shirt,
that I would wear unbuttoned
over a newly washed,
neatly pressed
t-shirt
of some sickening pastel hue.
I thought about shaving regularly
and purchasing a genuine,
imitation,
panama hat.
I thought about
changing
the style of man that I am.

Then I thought:
Wow!
The world
almost got to me there
for a second.

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Derek R. Audette

If John Kerry Were a Breakfast

If John Kerry were a breakfast,
what would he be like?
Not all that tasty, I suspect,
but still a hell of a lot better than
the other choice on the menu.

(Inspired by David Keig’s poem: “If George Bush Were a Breakfast')

Derek R. Audette

I'm Not Crazy Today

I’m not crazy today.
I have been in days past,
but not today.
Today I am clear.
Today I shine.

I have felt fear
and pain
and loathing,
torment,
and angst
and despair
and confusion
and rage.

But I’m not crazy today.
Today I am clear.
Today I shine.

And, in my clarity,
I can finally see
the rancid womb
from which insanity is born.
In my clarity,
I finally know
what insanity is.
I have learned of
the festering root
from which it grows.

It is nothing more
than an intimate
knowledge
of death,
an uncomfortable
understanding
of demise.

I suspect that many
of the insane
have no significant
malfunction,
they are merely
better informed,
more well
sighted,
less ignorant.

I see this now.
I know this now.

And, it shall not

haunt me
tomorrow.

Derek R. Audette

Life's Purpose

Sometimes
it feels as if
there is some great
masterpiece
somewhere within me
a work of unparalleled importance
a work that, once realized,
will teach the world
some momentous lesson
that it has been searching for
since the very dawn of
human self-awareness

Sometimes
it feels as if
life's only purpose
is the struggle
to locate this
particular work
of monumental importance
and create it
release it
unleash it
before my time on this earth
has expired

And, with every day that goes by
in which I was unable to locate
this masterpiece
the awareness of the finite time
which I have to do so
grows stronger
and I feel the countdown
winding down
and I ache
knowing that with every day that passes
my odds of locating this work
become less and less

And, sometimes I cower with fear

a fear that comes from
knowing
that there is a very real
possibility
that this work
doesn't even exist within me
at all
and never will

Sometimes I feel all of these things,
quite often in fact

Other times I just think
that it would be a truly marvelous
and sorely needed thing
to just receive a simple,
no-frills,
ten-minute
blow-job

Derek R. Audette

Looking For Lions

I’ve been sneaking out at night,
I’ve been sneaking out,
looking for lions.

But,
don’t tell anyone.
If they knew,
they’d put a stop to it.

Or
worse,
they might have me shot.

I haven’t found any yet.
Lions I mean.

I’ve looked,
but I haven’t found any.
I know there must be some,
somewhere close by,

After all,
we wouldn’t be here right now
if
there weren’t any.

Would we?

I’ve found plenty of weasels.
This fucking neighborhood is infested with them.
I suppose that should tell me something
about the number of lions in this area.
If there were more lions,
or at least some,
it stands to reason
that we wouldn’t have this weasel problem.

I’ve even seen a few skunks
every now and then.
They dig through the neighborhood garbage.
They’re pretty hard to spot
in the darkness.

You can hear them
The skunks
routing around,
You can hear them
long before you can see them.

I’m always afraid that I’m going to get sprayed.
They’re like that you know.
Those little bastards will spray you,

just for approaching them.

They seem to get along with the weasels well enough.
Both just seem to ignore each other.
Most of the time

I suppose if there were lions around,
we wouldn’t have this skunk problem either.

I’m going to sneak out again tonight.

Last night,
I thought I heard a distant roar.
I don’t know though,
it might have just been a car
off in the distance.
I’m sure I’ll find a lion or two,
if I just keep looking.

I’m sneaking out again tonight,
and tomorrow night
too.
I’m going to find a damn lion if it kills me.
I know they’re out there,
somewhere,
I can’t be the only one.

I can't be
the only one.

I’m sneaking out again tonight.
Don’t tell anyone though.
If they found out,
they’d put a stop to it.

Or worse,
they might have me shot.

Derek R. Audette

May I So Ever Hope

I am yes, and you are no,
and between the two, we both might show,
how man can dream his dream so well,
and find the magic within the spell.

For if you're dark, or if you're light,
we've all been blessed with gifts of sight.
And though some appear as if not to see,
the affliction is naught but temporary.

So faith must be the chosen chore,
If error is to exist no more.
Heed these words and you will find,
the prize awaits the dreaming mind.

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Derek R. Audette

Message of the Cardinal

A cardinal,
on this cold, yet bright
autumn morning
rests on a birch branch
outside of my window.
I pause from my work
to watch it and
breathe in
the magnificence
of its colour.
A smile overtakes me.
The cardinal
has brought for me a message
on this day.
He tells me,
in no uncertain terms,
that
life
is beautiful.

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Derek R. Audette

One Must Wonder

One must wonder at the beauty of the universe,

be it formed by design or accident,

it is a marvel indeed -
a wondrous place of immaculate mystery.

Encoded, in some bizarre fashion,
with an enigmatic blueprint, - a design
of rough, disheveled perfection.

Encoded in a fashion that we
can not ever hope to fully comprehend.
Though we may read its verse,
over and over, the full pattern of its poetry
may very well elude us for eternity.

I stand in awe before the concepts of its being,
I gaze in awe within its religion of oblivion,
I envy both its limitless unconcern,
and its boundless compassion.
For, within every particle of its mass and
all the empty space of its vacuum: this is where God lives.
And, I, a part of it all, am ever small before its greatness.
All is divinity.

It is the eternal wellspring of all things;
the infinite reservoir of all that is knowable.
All bad, and good, all evil, and righteous.
It is the Alpha and the Omega.
The womb and the grave.
And so, the cycle passes midpoint;
a small void between the lines of information.
And, it once again turns back in on itself.
A countdown,
back toward the beginning, commences,
to repeat the process once more.
And on it shall ever go, ever on – ever on -
for all that is time.

All is divinity,
all is beauty and all is ugliness,
and God truly lives unbound
both within and without its infinite,
un-existing borders.
It is truth and lies,
reality and fantasy,
life, death and oblivion.

The code is known,
but unbroken, incomplete.
It shall never be fully known,

despite our relentless studying of its verse,
our tireless reading of its poetry – over and over again.

A story without form,
the greatest story, the only story,
ever repeating, throughout all that is time.

Order and chaos,
a birth into entropy.

Be it by design or accident,

one must wonder at the beauty of the universe.

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Derek R. Audette

Seven Dollar Breakfast

I sat down for breakfast
one morning
at a favorite delicatessen
of mine
in downtown Ottawa.
This particular delicatessen
has the best smoked meat sandwiches
in the city,
but I wasn't there for that.
On this day,
I was there for breakfast.

Bacon and two
with a side of sausage
and a toasted,
sesame seed bagel
with cream cheese
and a bottomless coffee.

About seven bucks
worth of food
if you get there before
eleven a.m.,
which I rarely do.
I'm rarely even awake
before eleven a.m.
I work nights mostly

A family sits at the table next to me.
A father,
mother,
and daughter.

As they sit down,
the two women of the group,
place identical
matching purses
on their table.

The purses are odd looking,
very small,
tiny even,
black and gold,
quite ugly,
but each identical to the other.

The young daughter,
about eighteen I'd say,
and
very pretty,
begins to rifle through her purse.

“You’ve got too much stuff in there! ”
the mother exclaims.
“You’re going to ruin your purse!
You just got it! And it’s going to be ruined!
You paid
twelve-hundred dollars
for that purse,
and you’re not even gonna have it a week
before it’s ruined! ”

'Twelve-hundred dollars? ' I thought.

There is actually
more than
two-thousand dollars
worth of purses
sitting on the table next to me.
Incredible!
I didn’t think people who would
spend that kind of money
on such frivolous things
actually existed.

Then I thought:
“There sits two people
who need to be taken out
into a field somewhere,
made to kneel in the grass,
and then shot
in the back of the head,
execution style.
Then skinned;
their hides tanned
and branded
with a description
of their crimes.
Then,
their empty flesh
placed high on a pike
for everyone to see,
until they rot
in the sun and rain
and are pecked apart
by birds
and devoured
by
necropaghi.

Meanwhile,
outside
on the street,
less than a few blocks away,

homeless people
were begging for nickels
for food.

Jesus!
Buy a thirty dollar fucking purse
you stupid bitches!
You cunts!
And do something useful
with the other
eleven-hundred and seventy dollars!

What are people like that
even doing eating
in a place like this anyhow?
A place that serves
a seven dollar breakfast?
Perhaps they are here
for the smoked-meat?

The urge to grab their purses
and toss them out into
the traffic
crawling along
on the filthy, gritty street outside
was almost overwhelming.

'There! ' I'd say.
'Now you don't have your fucking ugly purses
or your twenty-four hundred dollars anymore!
So, shut-up and eat your
fucking breakfast,
or your smoked-meat,
or whatever the hell you are going to order
and think
about what you've done!
And,
think about
who you are!
Think about
what sort of a person
would spend such money
on such a thing! '

I wondered what the homeless man
on the corner
would think
If he knew
that twenty-four hundred dollars
had been spent on two purses.
I wondered what he would do
with that kind of money.

I looked down at my seven dollar
breakfast.
I wondered when the last time was
that he’d eaten a seven dollar
breakfast.

I could have made this same breakfast,
at home,
for two or three dollars.
Maybe I should be taken out
into a field somewhere
and shot
in the back of the head
execution style.

Derek R. Audette

She Just Opened Her Blinds

The woman who lives behind me
just opened her blinds,
she opened the blinds
of her bedroom window,
she circumambulated
around her room
for a while,

Then
she
took off her top,
and put on
a new one.

She does this quite often.

If my eyesight had been better,
I probably would have gotten
a good view of her breasts.

I can’t help but see,
her window is directly behind mine.
I sit at my computer,
working,
my window is 2 feet to the right of my head,
when her lights come on,
and her blinds go up,
it attracts my attention,
and my head turns to see.

It’s almost as if
she knows I’m here,
it’s almost as if
she wants me
to watch her,
but,
that can’t be the case.
I don’t know if she can see me or not,
I usually work in the dark,
only the soft blue light of my computer monitor
illuminates me,

illuminates me,
only that
illuminates me,

She can’t know
that I can see her
from way over here

She’s young,
early twenties

I’d say,
quite pretty,
long, brown hair,
she’s in excellent shape,
thin,
she has a very attractive figure,
her breasts
seem
quite large
and nicely shaped,
but, it’s hard to tell exactly,
from way over here.

I thought about
getting some binoculars,
but that seems sleazy,

I thought about
getting a video camera
with
a high-powered
zoom lens,
but that seems criminal.

I wonder if she knows that I can see her,
from way over here?

She can’t know,
she mustn't be able
to see me,
all the way over here,
sitting
in the relative dark
with only the soft blue light of my computer monitor
illuminating me
only that
illuminating me

I wonder how she would react
if she did know?
I wonder if she
will ever know
that I’m writing a poem
about her?

She won’t.

She might even read this poem
someday,
But
she
won’t know

that
it’s about her.

She’ll likely
grow old and die one day,
and
she’ll never know
that some weirdo poet,
some crackpot artist,
used to sit
and watch her change
her clothes.

She’ll never know that a poem
was written
about her.
Taking off her top,

All the way over there.

Derek R. Audette

So I Just Kept Going

I fucked you hard that night.
Do you remember?
Blasted out of our minds on L.S.D.
and I just kept on going
and you lay there motionless
and your face was contorted
and your eyes were closed
and I just kept going.
Do you remember?
And I was numb
and I felt nothing
but I just kept on fucking you,
and fucking you.
Do you remember?
and I didn’t know if you were enjoying it
or hating it
and I didn’t really care
and I felt nothing
but I just kept fucking you
because that was the motion that took me
and that was the motion that I was in
and I felt no desire for change
so I just kept going
and then I looked down at you
and fear and disgust overwhelmed me
and I became worried
and I became perplexed
because all at once,
suddenly,
you were familiar

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Derek R. Audette

Soon You Will be Coming Home

“Not to worry.”
said a voice,
in a dream.
“Not to worry.”
said the voice
“For soon, you will be coming home.”

“Not to worry.”
said a vision,
a woman,
an angel,
devine,
radiant,
beaming,
glorious,
in love,
in warmth,
in splendor,
“Not to worry.”
said a voice
“For soon, you will be coming home.”

“But how can I know? ” I asked.
“How can I know that this is not
purely
just a dream?
Devoid of significance?
A meaningless
construct of my own
sub-concious?
How can I know? ” I asked

“You can’t.” replied the voice
“And, such is the torture
of your state of
being,
of your manner of existence.
Such is the price levied
for your failures,
for your arrogance,
for your mistakes,
for your wars,
such is the price.
But,
not to worry.
For soon you will be coming home.”

“Not to worry.” Said the voice
in a dream,
said the vision,
the angel,
radiant,

beaming,
“Not to worry.
For soon you will be coming home.”

Derek R. Audette

Steamerhead Breakdown

Out on Steamerhead road
the sun burning there
too bright to see
the awesome heat tears at me
out on Steamerhead road
I find myself lost

dust
dust and gravel
on the side of the road
Steamerhead road
and I am alone
the summer stinks
but it is beautiful
fragrant

out on Steamerhead road
steam pours from under the hood
the old beast couldn't take it
any longer

there is a pistol in the glove-box
the heat is too intense

I might do something foolish
out on Steamerhead road

but, how may others
have lived this exact scenario,
in this exact location,
so many times,
out on Steamerhead road?

There is a pistol in the glove-box

Derek R. Audette

Still We Fail

Actual quotes spoken by people on Internet chat forums:

“The Germans, or rather the Nazis, screwed the Jews. So what? Also, the Nazis made good beer, had smart uniforms, and were proud of their politics. I wish Hitler was around, cos I respect strong leadership and action.”

“You muslims, your time is up we won't stand for your crap any longer. The streets will run red with the blood of you all. You deserve it every last fucking one of you.”

“As friendly as the islamic religion is supposed to be, I find myself hating all muslims. All I see is one sand nigger cheering for a democracy, and the next minute see them cheering for a dead spy/conspirator/american... These fucks are so confused about who they are and what they want, it's pitiful. The best cure would be two or three minuteman missiles releasing each of their warheads on the most populated cities of the middle east. Europe always needed a vast parking lot. That would solve alot of Northern europes problems..”

“Isn't Mecca the whole basis of islam? A rock? Why don't the US just bomb that stupid rock - and destroy the religion.”

And on it goes….

How lost we have become.
Or, perhaps, may always have been.
How deserving of our natural deaths.
Surely this is the reason we all must die.
Eons of human history,
countless lessons,
and still, we fail to learn.

Still we fail,
still we fail.

Anger, hatred, ignorance, contempt:
burdensome stones we seem
unable to shed.

Still we fail,
still we fail.

And on it goes...

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Derek R. Audette

That Was A Close One, Megan Leavy!

5 minutes after midnight,
Friday,
September 24th,
2004,

from outside,
on the street,
somewhere
beneath my window,
a woman screams,
and,
screams
again.

I rush to see what is happening.
Is someone
in trouble?
Does someone
need my help?

Three girls fumble down the road,
each of them on 'roller-blades'
they are obviously new to the activity.

Their arms
flail
wildley
in a frantic,
constant
attempt
to maintain balance
and
dignity.

I suppose that
one of them
has just had a close call.

a near encounter
with
painful
injury

One of them yells out:

“That was a close one, Megan Leavy! ”

They then
disappear
down the street
into the blackness,
arms

still flailing
wildley

A strange thing to be heard
on an empty street,
In the night,
in the dark,
5 minutes
after midnight,

I am witness to this.
although,
they don’t know it.

And,
never will.

Another moment
lost in time.

Derek R. Audette

The City is Short Today

The city is short today
and it can’t be anymore
than just a few blocks wide today
and the city is grey today,
grey and cold
and the city is short today
the skyscrapers,
only a few inches tall now,
sway back and forth,
caught in the grasp of a
sharp, cutting wind,
the sky scrapers rankle me today
and the city is short today
and the people walk about today
like zombies,
tiny zombies,
their faces and clothes
lack any colour,
and they resemble ants,
they wait on the street corner,
waiting for a miniscule bus
to take them out of this
tiny city
and the city is short today,
and grey
and cold
and small,
so very small
and yet, it towers over me.

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Derek R. Audette

The Execution of an Ambiguous Enemy

Last night I watched a man have his throat cut.
I know not what was his crime or error.
I know only of the terrible screams,
and the awful moans of pain and panic.
I am ignorant of any offense
of which this man may have been found guilty.
I know only of the brutality
of the men that, in the name of justice,
committed this act of foul savagery.

I wondered secretly: “had this poor man,
his throat wide open and spilling his blood
across the accursed and unhallowed floor,
truly lived his life by the sword? ” - or was -
this just another example of our
impious thirst for erroneous law?

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The Greatest Poem Ever Written

0
1
1
2
3
5
8
13
21
34
55
89
144
233
377
610
987
1,597
2,584
4,181
6,765
10,946

And so on… into infinity.

Derek R. Audette

The Shortest Poem Ever Written

The shortest poem ever written
was a poem that just said:
“A”

At roughly the same time,
another poet
was writing another poem
which just said:

“B”

A debate then formed
as to which
exactly
was the shortest poem
ever written.

The general consensus
was that they both were
the shortest poems
ever written,
as both poems contained
the same amount of words
and the same amount of
letters.
So,
in essence,
it was a tie.

However, the poet who wrote
the ‘b’ poem
argued that
technically,
his poem was shorter.

His argument was that
since both poems
contained the same amount
of words,
the same amount
of letters,
then that factor
must be thrown out
as a measuring device.

Instead,
he argued,
that when written
in the same typeface,
and the same point size,
the letter ‘B’ takes up
less horizontal space

than does the letter ‘A’
in the majority of
typefaces.

Experts were called in
to assess the matter,
panels were formed,
commissions were
initiated,
independent
investigations were
carried out,
un-biased
third-party
arbitrators
were summoned
to hear the case.

All findings were
inconclusive
and nobody could
agree.

Many years later
entire dissertations
were written on
the matter.

And, the world
still can’t make up
its mind.

Derek R. Audette

The Storm Has Passed

The storm has passed over now,
gone

I stood with my head
protruding from a second-story window
and gazed upward into the pouring rain
as thunder cracked the heavens
my brow was soaked
and water ran into my eyes
and lightning lit the night
and the trees around me
turned from black to green
for a fleeting moment
and then again
and again
and the roadways turned to
burning blue
and reflected the chains
of unimaginable current
arcing through the sky
and the rain
slamming into the ground below
roared like a herd of wild buffalo
ten-million strong
and the clouds
churned and twisted and writhed
one moment black
the next blue and gray and white
and then black again
and the smell of ozone
filled the air
and the smell of
wet, thankful foliage filled the air
and the smell of anger and fury filled the air
and my senses were alive
and singing
and shouting
as nature raged
as the world raged
as God raged

but the storm has passed over now,
gone
and what I am left with
is just the night

Derek R. Audette

The Wages of Sin

The wages of sin
is not only
death,
that is what they
do not tell you.

Death is not even
the most burdensome
wage.

The most burdensome
wage of sin
is ignorance,
it is our punishment
for our vanity,
our vain attempt
to become gods
ourselves,
to play God,
to be God.

For this
we have been banished
from enlightenment;
from knowing God.
We have been punished;
doomed to ever seek knowledge
and to never find it,
to labour under an illusion
that we may inform ourselves,
through rational thought,
as to the true nature of
the universe;
the true workings
of the mind of God;
never truley realizing that
no matter how much
we think we know,
none of it is certain.
No matter how much
we think we know,
we may know nothing.

Our science is a game
of chance,
arrogance is the ante,
our own naivety is the dealer,
the watchman
the whoremaster.

Derek R. Audette

Those That Matter

After I seriously
fucked
over
a few people
on an Internet chat forum
one of them found out who I was

in REAL Life I mean

he discovered my identity

But, that's ok
even though I'm sure he would never accept it
it was by design on my part

I gave him and
others
an intellectual
beating
that they will not soon forget

they became angry
they became upset
they became children
and dogs
and for a brief time
I owned their souls
and I owned their minds

One of them, after finding out who I was
found some of my poetry
and read it

'Your poetry is awful' He said

Wrong! My poetry sucks!
But
I can't decide if he was right
or just
stupid

He said:

'I know what a Philistine was and what a philistine is.
I also know that taking an inane paragraph about
whatever passes through your head and breaking
it up every few syllables with carriage returns
doesn't make it a poem.'

Tell it to Hugo Ball! Philistine!

I'm reminded of the words of Bukowski:

'they will attempt to destroy anything
that differs from their own
not being able to create art
they will not understand art
they will consider their failure as creators
only as a failure of the world
...
and then they will hate you
and their hatred will be perfect'

Now I write this poem
and publish it
in the hopes that they will find it
and not understand it

But I do
And, you do as well,
don't you, friend?

And we, together, have tasted the genius of the crowd
and we, together, have fucked the genius of the crowd
and we, together, have sodomized
the
genius
of the
        crowd

For their loathing was sweet
and their subservience was sweet
and their nature was sweet
and their ignorance was sweet

And I have tasted their genius
and I have slashed at their throats

and those that matter
know me

-Derek R. Audette (©MMVI)

Derek R. Audette

When the Full Moon Shines Through the Clouds

Strange shapes can be seen
when the full moon shines through the clouds.
Stange shapes can be seen,
frightengly realistic images
of faces and figures,
some human, some demonic.

And, right now
in the world,
under that same moon
shining through different clouds,
people are cowering in fear.
In parts of the world,
people are sick, and dying,
people are being murdered,
tortured,
people are mourning
and crying over their losses.

And I sit here, in this room,
typing,
in cogitation,
with food,
with drink.
My most pressing current concern
is that a cold October draft
is forcing its way through my window.

I reach to make sure my window is fully closed;
a full moon beams its light into my room
along with that cold October daft,

and I notice:

Strange shapes can be seen
when the full moon shines through the clouds.

Derek R. Audette

Where's Natalie?

Where’s Natalie?

Natalie’s dead.
She died of some liver disease
when she was
about five years old.
I knew her when I was a child

Where’s Rickey?

Rickey’s dead.
A large concrete cylinder fell on him
when he was
about ten years old.
I knew him when I was a child

Where’s Kane?

Kane’s dead;
killed in a motorcycle accident
when he was
about sixteen years old.
I went to high-school with him.

Where’s ‘Cheeks’?

'Cheeks' is dead;
Also killed in a motorcycle accident
when he was
about twenty years old.
I knew him when I was a young man.

Is that it?

Nope.
Not by a long shot.
There have been others,
many others.

Then,
Where are you?

I’m still here,
for now...

Derek R. Audette

You Voted For Him

After four years
of seeing,
firsthand,
what a fuck-up he is,
you went and did it;
you went and voted for him.
My head is spinning,
I can’t believe what I’m seeing.
Four years ago,
when you weren’t sure
what he would do,
or how exactly he would act,
you didn’t vote for him.
But,
now,
after four years,
of witnessing his shit,
you went and did it;
you went and voted for him.

You know that he lied
in order to take
your country to war.
And yet,
You voted for him.
You know that he has
killed thousands of people.
And yet,
you voted for him.
You know that he’s a moron
who can’t speak properly.
And still,
you voted for him.
You know that he has stripped you
of many of your freedoms.
And yet,
you voted for him.
You know that he has
all but destroyed any respect
that your country had
enjoyed throughout most
of the civilized world.
And still,
you voted for him.
You know that he has done more
to move your country toward tyranny
and fascism than any other leader
in your history.
And yet,
you voted for him.

You know all of this.

And still,
You voted for him,
The grandson of a Nazi;
you voted for him.

Because you are frightened little children.
Because you are blind.
Because you are sheep,
fearing the slaughter.
Because your gods are ignorance
and loathing.

Now, off to bed with you!

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