

Poetry Series

alexandre arnau
- poems -

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alexandre arnau(9.26.72 -?)

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2nd Trimester

soaked in her
hormonal rage
acid mouth and toxic
deliverance
she screams white noise
and throws rooms
from the top
of the stairs
safe in the knowledge
she bears a hot burning
seed

in the corner
i fold myself
into a frail origami
nightmare
i do my time
guilty of nothing
except needing
to be wanted

alexandre arnau

A Love Letter

I.

this flow between us
it is the stretch of muscles
burning from the undertow
we dive
deeper
deeper
until we sift
through passed words

weeping pearls

II.

drifting along
dual moons dance
wavering
until
finally
they surrender
at the mouth
of passion

III.

you hang
from crystalline canopies
reflecting upon the water
the path
to our heart

upon this mirror
hearts do not shatter

they pulse
and ripple
placidly
before

sinking

they will never know
the finality
of broken
glass

IV.

with joy
my heart sinks
until
it is swept along
with the rush
of your
blood

flowing
like sands behind
glass
moonlight passes
through my heart

in the end
i am washed up
along your shore
where you receive me
to carve our names
on the driftwood
i am

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A Pome With No Title

i rise
from the yesterday's ashes
shaking history
from my wings
while the sun passes
through my eyes

i rise
and stand up to align
myself with g*d's cosmic design
unornamented
and divine
bearing constellations
on my hand
because saturn's rings
don't need jewels to shine

this kiss
from your fragrant twolips
has me tongue tied
in perfection
and sets me adrift
in six different dimensions

i feast
from the apple of eve
in a secret garden
i choose not to leave
where i write a new passage
in judas' scroll
translating the parts
to understand the whole

i stretch
my skin
to beat a rythym in time

1ne

2wo
3hree
4our
5ive
6ix
7even
8eight
satur9

can you hear this?
this ecstatic static beat?
they build mansions
in the soul
and the rooms
are rumi

can you feel this?
the mouth of our eyes
blinking a soulkiss
that unlocks our gaze
to reveal the secrets of bliss

i claim
this earth as mine
made in HIS image
although i believe
SHE is the one
who is divine

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An Open Letter (To Anyone Who Gives A Damn)

throw those books away
they don't matter
what you need can't be held
in the hands that steadied you
on your mother's couch when
you were a baby
discovering the beauty
and terror of feet
nothing you can grasp
is of any value
only what you know

if you don't know anything
put your back into it
push
dig your heels in
and get busy
otherwise
you won't be worth nothing
and your words will be less

i've never read what most
consider to be poetry
only what i was told to
or given as a gift
i used to think i was deprived
of the beauty of words
composed on the page
by writers of past ages
that i was ignorant
a fool
and believed that understanding
and appreciation of the art
was to be beyond me
and i would never fully grasp
what it meant
to lose myself in the images
and the painsjoyspassionssufferingshighslows
and verity

of the human condition
and to give my hands as offerings
to the altar of wordplay

'poetry is an art
only achieved through
sublimation of the self/
finding your pain and
letting it guide your hand/
by being able to touch the
souls of butterflies
and letting them pollinate
your heart/
giving away what is most
precious to you
leaving you nothing
but your words/
studying the classics
and perfecting the form/
burning the classics
and creating a new form/
putting your id
before your ego/
let the narcotics
do their work....
etc etc etc'

what a load
of bullshit

stupid ideas
told by wise men
and women
to those who hunger to
create something from nothing
who want to be
'the next big thing'
like prometheus
stealing fire
for the world

in reality

the only part that applies
are the vultures

i've met junkies
and crackheads
and stoners
who swore up and down
left and right
that the words came easier
and purer
through the haze of the brain
i've talked to
disgruntled telemarketers
who rely on the illusions
of a what an artist should be
there are those
men of leisure
the ones born into money
and have kept women
with foreign accents
who have the time
to observe the nuances
of all the events
that take place outside their window
i've talked to hateful waiters
serving overweight patrons
in suburban towns
who say that only the oppressed
understand anything
and that poetry is for the people
and those who make money from it
aren't true poets
university professors
who claim
the last true poetry
came from the eighteenth century
and discard everything else
as inane drivel

thank g*d
i am a poor student

the only thing
that i've discovered
in my years of useless scribbling
derivative stylings
approval seeking
lackluster results
and all the other things
that wannabe poets go through
is this

i figured out
that reading great works
and studying composition
practicing spoken word
hanging out with
trendy coffehouse folks
in their black turtlenecks
and berkenstocks
smoking foreign cigarettes
and searching for meaning
really doesn't amount to
much of anything

what matters
isn't vocabulary
or grammar
how well you punctuate
or not
how many poets you've read
or haven't
or who reads your work
or not

what matters is
what you know
even if it's a lie

and words are work
not the kind that
is fawned over
by sycophants
put in collections

to be looked at through
dusty glass cases
revered as supreme insights
into the dark hearts of men
shot into space
on the next deep space probe
to greet our neighbors with

no

i mean work
burning eyes
calloused hands
broken backs
bleeding ulcer
trash collecting
coal mining
dumpster diving
burger flipping
cab driving
oil pipe laying
day in day out
mind eroding soul eating faith testing
work
not for the leisurely
the hateful
the dogmatic
the deluded
the arty
the armchair philosophers
or the elitist snobs

no

it's for you
and for me
who don't do this for money
and who do
who knows somebody
that kicks their ass
to to do it
or thinks you're a weirdo

and discourages you from
putting it all down
but mostly
for you
who just likes to do it
despite the fact
you know you'll never
be the next big thing

it's all what you know
and the work you put into it
and if you don't know anything
at least you know that much
but i suggest
to start
get the hell out of your house
and learn something
then dig in
and get to work

but i'm no poet
so what the hell
do i know?

alexandre arnau

Another Bit About Nothing (Actually, Two Bits)

1.

and now
sitting here
feeding
the air
with
hazy
blue
smoke
i stretch out
my heart
and feel
what the
eyes
have
forgotten

before me
an empty
slice
of
the world
slides
under
my chin
like
moongrass
and slinks
under
my collar
tugging
my heartless
sleeve

2.

sometimes
a mirror

is a bad
omen
and sometimes
it's a piece
of useless
glass
sometimes
a stray
thought
is a sight
of g*d
and sometimes
it's soap scum
down
the drain

finding
gold
in the ground
is nothing
really
special
but coins
in the sofa
are always
miraculous

to find
a soulmate
is a
bad dream
i can never
wake from
but a secret
little
kiss
in a room
full of
strangers
fills
my
forevers

with
magnolia
dreams

i always
appreciate
the little
things

often
there's
nothing
bigger

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Autistic Eyes (For Aryssa)

when you sleep
i wonder:
do you dream?
if you do
i'm sure they
are filled with
colors
that g*d
mixed for your
hands
to paint a door
back to us

when you sing
is it you?
or does the mind
that holds you
captive
offer us golden
notes
to let us know
all birds
will fly free

sometimes
when you sit
passively
i wonder
if you know something
we don't
some great secret
that we could never
hear
or understand

i fear that
you'll never understand
how much i
love you

and the ways you
make me
so afraid

but then

when you grab
my face
and demand my eyes
i stop wondering
and hear your
song
of love

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Birthday Poem For Ed Matlack

well what do you know
another year down
another poem
to put a smile
on the faces
of the faceless
another witticism
and one more point
to jab in the eye
of the sleeping
masses

another day
to have rufuz walk you
one more year
of fighting for some attention
because deep down
he's the one
with all the personality

one more year
to sleep without
a nightmare
another year
to get it right
one more time
to straighten out
get yourself off the shelf
and do
what you know
you have to

another year
of aimless beachcombing
bikini watching
and sunburns
but please
make it your last year
of driving like you're

from jersey

and to think
only forty nine more years
'til you're a century old

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Cold As Angels (W/Anna Campbell)

like strangels
watching the desecration
of life
with movements
like walking paris
beautiful
yet tragic

this shovel hand dance
our play with words
creates confusion
our language
poetically evasive
my feet caught in vines
of their eloquence

as cold as angels
our words spill out
in regret
our dreams
met by the hammer
and all fell
like water
on jagged stones

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Diamond

this darkness in
my head
is a hated source
of inspiration

the constant
thunderous moan
of time wasted
marks my steps
deeper
into this valley

groping
with raw lips
and frayed psyche
dangling
over the jagged memories
of a murky
heart

a pale sun
still burns
while a death's head moon
follows me
into the crevices
of this spiritual cave
i crawl into

though some may say
the words are uplifting
i still feel
like i'm drowning
in muck

communing with maggots

my only wish
to hide in the underdark
of my mind
with my words
muttering over
my lyrical 'precious'

deeper
and deeper
i crawl
into fissures and cracks
until i can no longer
breathe
and i wriggle
to get deeper still

here i will curl up
with words
until the pressure
mercifully
breaks me
and i am no more

and the pressure
will turn
my coal black heart
into a diamond

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Dreams #1

i sometimes have this dream
where i'm at my own funeral
and all the pews are empty

as i sit i notice
a fly perched
on a pew two rows
from my casket
twitching nervously
as if he was waiting
for an apocalyptic
rolled up magazine

empathizing with him
i noticed a lone person
in the back
draped in white
and glowing
with sorrow

as she approached the casket
i saw a face like my own
my daughter
and felt a great and hungry
grief
that she had inherited
my burden

the fly had lit upon
my box
and grieved my loss
and when he offered condolences
to my daughter
his kingdom had come
with a swift gloved hand

i understood then

on the one hand

immortality through
a child's love

on the other
compassion
begets cruelty

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Dreams #2

we ran through
the dead woods
a serpent
as long as memory
and as hungry
as time
gave chase

drowning in
my terror
i could hear my friends
one by one
falling in screams
and the great maw
of the serpent
engulfing them

still
i ran
not daring to look
at the sleek death
behind me
only two of us
remained

when we cleared
the woods
salvation was a rusty car
but hopeless
in its distance

please God
just a few seconds

my friend had
caught up with me
and when he reached
his hand
i grabbed him

we ran

two souls
in flight
from insanity
but then
a cold finger
had caressed
my spine

that was when
i let him go

i heard him fall
to the serpent
and the laughter
that followed

i exploded
into the driver's seat
and sped off
never looking back
and never noticed
who had curled up
comfortably
in piles of shiny black rings
behind me

and in my ear
a velvety tongue
whispered
'such a fine
and clever boy...
let's go home'

and when i woke
i found
my guilt
had finally
caught up with me

Dreams #3

sitting
on a wrought iron
park bench
she asked about my family
while eating flowers
and glowing music

'they're all gone
it's just me'
i replied

'oh, how nice'
she replied
and with a tear
she revealed my story
leatherbound
and ancient

'here is how
you end'

she showed me
pictures of my daughter
and pressed flowers
while she continued
her meal
of chrysanthemum
and magnolia

'why did you do that? '
she asked

'i couldn't help it
you weren't here'
i replied

floating up into
a pink swirled sky
she rained down

golden blood
while singing
our name
before finally bursting
into a storm of bluejays

everyone in the park
stared off at the
flock of her
then
turning to me
began to throw filth

i ran

i ran until i came
to the sea
where she waited
in the water
but in cowardice
i turned to the forest
and entered
the soft
warm
darkness
alone
and slept
with my kin
under the ancient roots
of kingly trees
licking my fingers
and waiting
for tomorrow

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Dreams #4

the snows held the lands
safely under her warmth
and i saw you
across the river
bright and seamless
your feet effortless
above the snowdunes
waiting for the landscape
to rise with you

the trees bent over me
guarding their secrets
in their ageless gentle hands
guiding me to where
the centers of storms
took respite
from their passions
and there
was where i saw
the spine of the earth
jutting from the white crystal sea
towering delicately
and hushed
over all who loved her

below
the wolves came
as blackened comets
through white space
rising and falling
in hot feral waves
to this center
flying now
on wakening storms
leaving me alone
to return to their lovers
in the sky

and when they finally came

they circled me
like storms of their own
eyes burning
with hunger and wisdom
the circles widening smaller
with each turn
as i offered my hands
for their approval
bleeding submission
and reverence
for their eyes

whirling now
in a storm of white
and black
i turned to you
looking at me
from your diamond filled horizon
i turned
and turned again
surrounded by my brothers

and in my own blood
i learned to dance again

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Epiphany

strange ideas
take route
these vines
of the mind
travel information
freeways
sorry
my karma
ran over
your dogma

redefining
my meaning
because like nature
my heart beats
in seasons

like i told them
before
love and life
are separate
entities
life trampling
tall grass
stained native red
and love
segregated
to the back
of the bus

i died
every time
eye opened
my i
but soon bloomed
in season
with g*d's gentle
kiss

and induced

such
sweet

soul
gasm.

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Eternal Fix (A Vampire Story)

in the dull
dusk of
winter
i sit and watch
from the alley

she washes her clothes
in the all night
laundromat
carefully folding
her items
like secrets
as unmarked
police cars
prowl

i know i have only
a few weeks
before
i must move on
to a new
hunting ground
twelve bodies
and one more
tonight
and then i will vanish
like the cigarette smoke
into the chilly air

it has been this way
for two hundred years
since i was born
into death
into a thing
i cannot explain

sometimes
i beat the hunger
back

but more often
it beats me
so i hunt
resigned to carrying
death
like a monkey
on my back

i've read about
vampires
since none
have come across
my paths
since my birth
all my knowledge
gleaned
from books
movies
shamans
and an unfortunate
voodoun
who nearly killed me
again

it's not true
you see
what they say
what i wouldn't give
to change my shape
mesmerise victims
fly
it would make my
unlife
so much easier
and while the sun
does hurt
i still have my skin
and no worse
for the wear

all i have
is the experience

of time
and training
of my body
to kill
as quickly
as possible

just once
i would love to meet
another like me
just to talk to
learn from
be with
so i knew
i wasn't alone

but it hasn't
happened yet
i doubt
it ever will
so i go on
carrying this bloody
monkey
in search of
the next fix

there

she's done
with her last load
such a long walk home
for such a mousy
little woman
i've cased her
for two weeks now
she will not be missed
no family
friends
goldfish in a bowl
nothing
to warrant
a deep investigation

walking briskly now
i swing myself up
the nearest fire escape
and run the rooftops
as close to flying
as i'll ever get
lifetimes of running
from discovery
but this running
is purely
my own

i settle
into her bedroom
and make myself
comfortable
in my latex gloves
and my soft soled shoes
my hair brushed well
and my skin scrubbed
raw
no trace of me
for authorities
to puzzle over

click

click

clack

she's in now

monkey gnawing
in my belly
and a fire ignited
behind my eyes
i smell her hair
and hear her keys jangling
on the kitchen table

my heart beats
in my throat
my muscles tense
and relax
the trick was learned
from watching cats
one blow
to the neck
and she'll be down
and i'll be fed
and out of town
before she's cold

mail
is being opened
and i wait
while she goes through
bills
ads
and chain letters
there will be no
personal contacts
and no chance
of making any

goddamn monkey
simmer down
there's time enough

never rush these things

yes

here she comes
and the only true thing
about all those
bad movies
are the teeth
they come on their own
when it's time
i don't need
to think about it

the door creaks
and the drapes
mold against me
and she walks in

there

turn to your closet
like you do every night

yes
like that

with one swift motion
i shift behind her
and deliver the blow
that will deliver me
from this eternal
addiction
one more time

and there's nothing there
but a rush of air

the hit came quick
from behind me
and i fell
with blood in my eyes
and a musical concussion
playing in my skull

no

what

i feel
centuries
of unlife
being drawn
from my body
as she straddles me

like a long lost lover
who will wait
no more

no

yes

and the last thing
i think
is how sorry
i am
for her
when i see
her horror
at the realization
of me

and how long
she must have
wanted to meet
another
like her

bye monkey

bye

yes

alexandre arnau

Eurydice (Spanish)

1.

la noche caía en suaves
olas opalescente
tranquila danzas brillantes
en los cielos vacíos magenta
los dedos de la luz del día
plegado sobre sí mismos en el crepúsculo la oración
como el rendimiento de las palomas a sus cuarteles
su trabajo bien hecho

dio a luz mis ojos abiertos
a los restos flotantes
de una habitación alquilada
por el que se bajo techos huecos con fisuras
una cama individual
paneles de madera de televisión
la lucha contra la luz débil
a través de ventanas amarillas
lucha libre a mí mismo a través de la adherencia
bacanales de la noche anterior

Me vestí en espejos de techo
forzando el cuello
para observar mi estado lamentable
He recogido pedazos de mi vida
desde el piso de césped muerto
y sacudida por la puerta
por las escaleras
y en la calle

todos los caminos
sangrado a partir de 180o y Tremont
llevan a ninguna parte quiere ir
todas las direcciones aquí están equivocados
pedir a las Magdalenas
en la esquina
los edificios gemido
bajo el peso de su historia
cicatrices y tatuajes

todos los condenados a cadena perpetua

se levanta el vapor de las rejillas
llena de la jerga y el ritmo
dar vida a
hambre de aire del Bronx

2.

la última vez que vio a su
Kerouac que sostenía cerca de su vientre
sacudió el otoño en el pelo
y caminaba como paris
cambió como estaciones
y me dejó caer
tranquila de terremotos pequeños

cuando la conocí
mi amor por las palabras
había comenzado a allanar
nuevos caminos de la iluminación
callejones y bulevares
de tierra virgen
y ella
siendo una de las frutas frescas
comenzó la construcción de su propia calle
y plantó dos labios
en nuestro nuevo jardín

todo lo que antes era el invierno
pero la luz de los descubrimientos
los dedos
sudoración secreto
tiendas de discos
backrow teatro asientos
Washington Square Park
y el laúd de garganta
había comenzado el deshielo

3.

el tren # 2 rugía sobre mí
que abarca la calle con
truenos apretados

sonriente
Acabo de Zeus
llegar tarde a casa
y explicar a Hera
él ha estado con los chicos

ahora en adelante
a las paradas me acordaba muy bien
Me tembló por caminos de hierro
una ficción de todos los demás
imaginación
porque en el metro
todo lo visto no se ven;
entre la medianoche y el amanecer

4.
éramos inmortales ese año
navajas bailar
sobre las espaldas de las nociones
corriendo el uno al otro
'¿Alguna vez has leído esto?
¿Hubo alguna vez una cosa así! '
jugando a su Verlaine Rimbaud
usted puede escupir igual de bien
y que
me debe haber dado que pensar

corriendo como lobos en el fuego
en busca de la médula
todo era nuevo
teniendo en rollos de fichas verdes
llevamos un paseo de la mente

caímos en risas a las puertas de la razón
y con los puños diminutos
agujeros en ella
tallado nuestros nombres en ella
Nuevo cuentas a que
y subió a través de los restos del naufragio
hemos hecho de la misma
pero como he elegido a tierra mis pies
en un camino más verde

que se balanceaban como las opiniones
y comenzó a bajar el camino blanco
de los cielos spooncooked
y nirvanas episódica

los caminos se convirtió en las fronteras
y las fronteras se océanos
todos alimentados por el río Estigia
todo lo que podía hacer era mirar
quebró la voz seca
y los labios entumecidos de los horrores
sin monedas para el ferry
que desapareció el pasado el crepúsculo
manos amarillas planteadas
desprendimiento de sí mismo
quién eras
y envolverse del glamour
de lo que usted pensaba que estaba
y resultó
que se pierda

5.
a veces
en el tren
Me apoyaba la cabeza contra la ventana
para escuchar las pistas en los dientes
fuera
las luces volando
como rebaños de las colas de fénix
carreras más allá de mi frente
quema de su memoria no
los signos navegado por
Calle 174a
Freeman calle
Calle Simpson
Avenida Intervale
Prospect Avenue
hasta que finalmente
Me retumbaba en
Jackson Avenue

Tenía la esperanza de que la ciudad

no había cumplido con su deber
por una vez
y limpiar las pintadas
al final de la plataforma
donde nuestros nombres grabados
en el marcador azul de grasa
la noche nos fumamos sensimilla
por primera vez
y arrojaron bombillas
desde la azotea de su edificio

en el banco de cubiertas
en diez años de pintura de color vómito
Me senté y cerrando los ojos
Moví mi mano izquierda de mi vuelta
donde yo había cometido mi crimen
y se entristeció al ver
nuestro nombre se había ido
como tal como le han ido
y yo te odiaba a continuación,
para la decoloración como la
por dejar que tu cabeza nadar
con la ilusión de glamour
por dejarme
para descubrir las cosas en paz
por hacerme gustan las películas de francés
y por la estupidez
de lo que hiciste
y me odiaba a continuación,
por permitir que se desvanecen como el
por no ser capaz de nadar
por ser ávidos de sus manos
y para odiarte

Nunca voy a tener que entrenar de nuevo
He encontrado que va a ninguna parte, pero al revés
a una imagen espejo se desvaneció
de una sonrisa que yo conocía y se refleja
sábados por la noche
en Saint James Parque
donde todavía puede ser
agitando las manos quietas

medida que se deslizan bajo
y en el negro

Me gustaría saber
que era una mentira

porque estás bailando con raíces ahora
surgiendo en la vida
como solías
ese año éramos inmortales

alexandre arnau

Father's Day Poem (For Luis Ramon Arnau)

it's a warm sunday night
in puerto rico
and my father likes to
rub that in
he also likes to rub in
watching the girls surfing
while i watch the weeds grow
under pale pennsylvania skies

we never talked much
he is an old school
kind of guy
and i'm a new school dropp out
who writes better
than he speaks
but it's probably that
hispanic macho thing
i keep hearing about

what matters is
when we did talk
we listened

i'm not inclined
to tell you
that he is a great man
or a wise man
or an evil man
or a foolish man

he's better than that

he's a real man

the kind that lost his
temper at the worst times
and was prideful
to a fault at times
and thought himself too

important to lie to anyone
and was born poor
and humble
and became an educator
and wore suits
and remained humble
and never forgot his friends
even when they forgot him
and beat me when i needed it
and sometimes
when i didn't
and yelled at his wife
when things closed in around him
and always knew how to
make her laugh

he likes his watches
and his coffee
and a joint
now and then
he has been
a carpenter
a mechanic
a cabbie
a soldier
a fighter
a teacher
and a gentleman
even at his most
vulgar

if i had a hint
of the charisma he has
i would get more action
than hugh hefner
in his own bedroom

i never really knew

my grandfathers
only enough to know
that my own father
fought his hardest
not to be like his own
and that must count
for a great deal

i fight my hardest
to measure up to my own
for my daughter

my father
who always is honest
even if it means
being hated
and always has honor
even if it means
being seen as foolish

no
i won't say
he is a giant among men
just that he is
a light among shadows
always standing out
as much as he
doesn't want to
and always leading the way
in spite of himself

i have plans to
go visit my parents soon
i'll be taking my daughter
we'll sleep in hard beds
under mosquito nets
in sweltering heat
and the days will be
filled with folk music
and coffee and sunburns
and my father and i
will talk about my daughter

and her future
and the farm
and my mother's fibromyalgia
and my brothers
and the sun will fill the sky
with a brilliant setting drape
of gold and indigo
and we will light a joint
and sit in comfortable
silence
and know
each other
better

alexandre arnau

First Sight (For The Girl At The Doctor's Office)

she sat there
with her hands piled
in carefully arranged
origami prayer folds
recalling gulls
resting on the banks
of the danube
as my eyes traced the lines
of her face
trying to read the map
that would lead me to her borders
the umber tones
of her hair providing a contrast
and giving another warmth
to the marzipan skin
of her face
and i wondered
what it would be like
to hold that face in my hands
to smell the earthen of her hair
as she slept

those cheeks
freshly washed in a cold sink
as her family slept
her imagining of running free
through mountain forests
under the moon
and holding on to that thought
as she walked out of her house
before the doldrum
of everydayness
could make her common

and i sat and stared
not realizing
she was staring too
as her life ran to her cheeks
and her eyes darted away

as sparrows do at dusk
i lowered my eyes
but not my gaze
and then saw the crook of her neck
the sweet spot
where it met her shoulder
the grace of her collarbone
and imagined
what it would smell like
when i kissed her there
just so
thought of how
those hands would feel
under mine
how her feet
would feel against mine
under flannel sheets
during those hours of dawn
that are unknown to many
but sacred treasure
to a select few
and thought of a great many other things
walking in thunderstorms
whispered meals
speaking gazes
and what a child might look like

and it was then i realized
that an act of passion
never crossed my thoughts
no lustful thrusts
no penthouse fantasies
not even a question
of what she might be like in bed
and new realization came to me
that anything like that
would have ruined this moment
and i think
i might finally understand
what is meant
by love at first sight

alexandre arnau

For Ariana Campbell

just a girl
blue glass windows
for a dizzy world
catching sun
in her hair
running
without fear
without care

little girl
with sapphire dreams
sunlight ribbons
in her hair
kisses for mother
kisses for father
hands for holding
to soothe all fears

precious girl
your day will come
to dance like lilies
under the sun
dreaming like kittens
and sugarcane tongues
my darling girl
your day will come

alexandre arnau

Four Haiku On Zatoichi (For Shintaro Katsu)

dice thrown from rough hands
karma decided from this:
the sound of a cup

wandering masseur
walking roads on wooden shoes
sounds of life guiding

blown by winds of fate
the falling leaf hates the wind
for where it must fall

blind eyes peer through clouds
lightning flash from evening sky;
flashing justice seen

alexandre arnau

From The Scranton Expressway

it was sublime how from the expressway
the way the lights of the city shimmered
it was a secret kind of miracle
like a soft black ocean at night
bearing constellations
reflected from above against blue ceilings
while underneath
pulsed bioluminescent phantoms swaying
mindlessly below a black veil

i watched the shimmer in silence
astounded and overcome by something
that this city had never accomplished before:
being as itself
a place of light and wonder

alexandre arnau

Girls

kathy
who was decapitated
by a drunk driver
had a mouth like
red mist
and onyx hair

julia
who wanted
to be an actress
exited stage left
with a needle
in the arm
now she's feeding a tree
in woodlawn

vicky
always made me laugh
to hide the fact
i never could get her to

marisol
a sweet harmless thing
with an IQ to match
her shoes
but smart enough
to dump me

roxanne
a shy little blonde
who sent me
a bloody cow's heart
wrapped in barbwire
and the ass end
of a dead cat
on valentine's day
because she thought
i cheated
(i really really didn't)

jayne
well
i think enough
has been said
about you

jacqueline
a masterful artist
and martial artist
i'm lucky
to have gotten away
with my life

kristin
blessed with a voice
from beyond
i hope life is good to you
singing opera in texas

jennifer
such a poor big girl
who hated herself
so much
she hated anyone
who didn't

missy
who had led a life
of abuse and misery
i hope you have
a life full of
lots of happy babies

aisha
found in an empty lot
in the south bronx
one day
you'll have justice
and your ghost will dance
on their grave

anna...

time will tell

alexandre arnau

Gone (Senryu)

in a place called home
stands a strange kind of nothing
where we used to be

alexandre arnau

Hagakure (Samurai's End)

and now
as i ready myself
to face my death
my enemy stands
ready
and perfect

thoughts
since childhood
in preparation
for this moment
a sword
hanging
above my head
a lullaby

suckled
on mortality
and weaned
to be a vengeful
ghost

cold lightning
drawn
from the storm
on my hip
i ride the wind
onto the field
the name of my master
my only prayer

cherry blossoms
raining down
to wash away
my fear

and though
we both die
today

i find perfection
in my enemy
our mingled blood
making us
brothers

all life
a dream
this end
the only
reality

alexandre arnau

Heathrow Airport (One For Jayne Pettit)

sometimes i wonder
what you're doing
with yourself

less and less often
you invade my thoughts
at the most
innapropriate times
now
you're barely a ghost
haunting my mind

sometimes we would
sit and talk
for untold hours
debating who was better:
bukowski
or rimbaud
and what kind of
writer
we wanted to be

other times
we laid in silence
in candlelit rooms
speaking with our eyes
the thunderstorm
creating an island for us
around an old cabin

for many years
i asked myself
what i did wrong
to be left sickly
and alone
in an airport
in a foreign land
left to fend for myself
in jolly old england

surrounded by a people
who didn't speak
americanese

two weeks of pain
and enlightenment
found in pub crawls
roughing with hooligans
and repetetive conversations
with gingey birds
things turned out okay
it turns out
there's much to be said
for being stranded

i kept your letters
from the times before
and read them
like scripture
in an endless cycle
of self abuse
for many years

my dreams of you
a constant source
of confusion
and despair
but they have almost
stopped now
it's been many seasons
since the last one
where your name was written
in petroglyphs
on the main mast
of an ancient ship
sailing churning seas

that's all that
is left of you now
no more pictures
of you in a box
and your letters

are now ash
now
you're just a name
sailing away
in a fading dream

a terrible
and debilitating
toxin
that has finally
been leached from my bones
like oppressive grey lead
and now i feel
like my soul is my own
again

still
i wonder how you are
and what you're doing
are you having
deep conversations
with anyone lately?
does he make you feel
like i used to?
do you laugh freely
and effortlessly
and cry at his slightest
smile?

i sincerely
hope so
your smile
was a thing
to cherish
and i only ever
wanted you
to find happiness
in your life

until
i remember
that chilly day

at heathrow airport

alexandre arnau

Hole

there is a crack
in things

there lies a
fracture
in the way of things

there is this hole
in my heart
where the misery
pours out

where every breath
of free air
is filled with the smell
of souls
decaying
around me

their greedy fingers
move the fog like
basement webs
as they tear at my
eyes

every step
amongst the dead
every dance
through the drooling
gibbering
crowds
drives ever closer
to red madness

and there is a hole
in my heart
where the misery
pours out

i can hear them
speaking at me
screeching
howling
death rattles
i stuff my ears
with memories of
better days
before i begin
to howl back

nothing is right
anymore
nothing is clean
anymore
nothingness grows
until nothing
becomes all

drown all the children
burn all the women
rape and mutilate the men
nothing is all
nothing is all

it's only when
the dead finally sleep
and the street has been
hidden
by a blanket of hush
that i can breathe
again

the veil above me
unfolds itself
and those that i love
loved
will love
bathe me
in silver warmth

i weep

when the dawn
comes clawing its way
over the carcass
of my world
the light will bring the dead
and drown me
in madness
again

it is never enough
to fill this hole
in my heart
where the misery
pours from

alexandre arnau

Homeland Security

another day
another bomb
another speech
another day
to find the animal
in their cage
and feed them
the dead meat
from your arm

i would like
to join the fight
and make
the bastards pay
feed them
their own children
take their holy book
and take its pages
to feed the flames
to burn down
their world
find their mothers
and rip out
the stinking uterus
of their malformed
origins

and
i would like to start
with christopher
columbus

alexandre arnau

Humans Being

i think one of our
problems
is that there
are too many
human beings
and not enough
human doings

alexandre arnau

I Am Not A Poet (For Laura Pacher-North)

here's the thing

i've never considered
myself a poet
an artist
or even
a creative person

i wrote my first poem
for my flower patterned
skirt wearing
folkie english teacher
in the tenth grade
i didn't want to

but i loved how
that skirt flowed
with her hips

so i did the assignment
and
somehow
wrote something special
to her

i thought it was
bullshit

but i loved how
her hands moved like
cats

so i kept at it

i never read much poetry
i thought it was
pretty much
all the same
can't get shakespeare

or most english lit
the beat generation
was exactly that
and don't even ask me
about those guys in
coffeehouses
reading in that
deliberate
self important and
frankly
ridiculous cadence

there have been
some fortunes
in between
uncle buk
disguising his pain
in the memoirs
of a dirty old man
brother saul
not settling for being
afrocentric
and becoming
the voice of the
oppressed heart
mr. frost
writing it all down
in a dusty vermont cabin
and stealing zen
for the common folk

yes there are
a few

i'm not a poet
i just write stuff down
because i can
like to
need to
and besides
my interpersonal skills
leave much to be desired

there is much beauty
in the world
sometimes i catch it
but more often
i get lazy
and let the horror roll in
and let's face it
ugliness doesn't make
for great poetry

and that's the
problem

g*d gave us
too many poets
but not
enough poetry

still

i loved how
she walked in
that skirt
like dolphins rolling
under emerald waves
so i keep banging
them out

sixteen years later
and i'm still doing
extra homework

alexandre arnau

Icecreamgirl

joyous basket
of summer brown curls
tumbling butterflies
from midnight worlds
hands chasing spring
to hold to fast
dancing new words
like a daydream blast
eyes whispering:
'love you dad'
even on my worst days
where she drives me mad

mocha vanilla
frosty swirl
my sundae best
ice cream girl
i give you a promise
with a cherry on top
and an eyelash prayer
to seal it shut:
i will always
sing you truths
when you sleep
in fits fear
and be there
to hold you
to remind you
i am here

alexandre arnau

I'LI Never Get To See New Orleans

i can hear them
the sweet fogginess
of slow muted trumpets
and alto saxophones
following phantom trails
down g*d stricken streets
turning the corner
of canal and bourbon
as my life flows by me
in slices of stillness
and i'm hustling the delta
down avenues of tragedies
but i can't see
where they've gone
no
i can't see
where they've gone
but they said
they would wait for me
among the stones of st. louis

but would they find me here?
if i changed my face
with the twilight veil?
and my life rushes by me
in slices of color
and i know i promised
i'd never let go
but i can't seem to find
the trick to hold
on so they rush past me
in thunderous song
and so i say to myself
'laissez les bons temps rouler'
and let go of the fear
and let go of myself

and the sweet fogginess
calls me on to the treme
and i let it all go
and sing to myself
'laissez les bons temps rouler'

alexandre arnau

In This Hole

there's a light
in the garden
there's a face
in the tree
there's a song
on the wind
and it sings
in tunes of we

in my bed
i have seen you
in my room
you have been
in my head
i regret you
in my heart
a cold sin

there's a dream
in my basement
where i buried
my soul
but i found
there is nothing
but me
in this hole

so right here
i await you
with my shovel
and gloves
and i'll dream
of a memory
where we shared
many loves

will tomorrow
bring rivers
that wash away pains?

or will i sleep here
and vanish
shadowed by
my heartstains?

alexandre arnau

Inexorable (A Collabaration)

how long has it been
since you last changed yourself
always running
from what you were
shooting glammers
into the thing
you desired to be

i remember
the blazing morning glories
blossoming grief
blossoming for you
i've been to that garden
often

now just
a face washed out
like old notebooks
after the rain
dreams and fears
washed away by neglect
just one more wish
to break the heart
and one more drink
before the drowning

i could say
that you'd never be alone
but it would be
a prayer to dead gods
so i put you away
like the love of
old friends
found in an old photo album
so young
full of life

i remember
when the death bird sang

calling sorrow
calling your name
a tune i know
too well

alexandre arnau

Journeyman

under the glassy moon
i ride
leaving photos
and cobwebs
in an old nightstand

a head full of rainclouds
and a pocket full of snow
a shoebox
for a blue baby
and a blanket
for her dreams

the night is burning low
and the miles
marked by people
sitting in their doorways
with their eyes
full of grain
there's a song
in every teardrop
and a joy
in every stain

the rain has washed away
the road that leads me home
but in the morning
i'll catch the scent
of magnolias
and the sight
of a brother's arm

my angel in the snow

cries for a moment
of my eye
but i can't remember
my morning face
or the song
of yesterday

so hush little baby
don't learn a new word
or your picture
on the dashboard
will leave my heart
and return
with a stranger's gaze

my life is like a candle
and my love is
a rusty nail
but soon i'll be home
to learn
some strength
from
you

alexandre arnau

Little Armageddons

at the end of things
we might be privy to seeing
g*d calling his lightbearer home
shiva embracing
the djinn of the four corners
and maybe
 mary
suckling buddha
on her blessed ageless tit

we could watch
as hands of generations
 reached into the light
like fiery beasts
grasping for the gossamer
 dreams that connect us
and bear witness to the roots
that bind us as kin
swallow us wholly
and in delirious glee

 tonight
i would settle for the sight
of sweat pooled and mercurial
under the moon
 in the small
 of your back

alexandre arnau

Luxuries

it's only rain
that washes my hands
of things
i can't forget
cleaning my roads
to home

it's only the wind
i hear
when the world
rises in my head
clearing the song
that calls me
to peace

it's only the moon
that shines
on my face
and gives me eyes
in this shadowed life
guiding me
to rest

it's only soil
between my toes
a firmer ground
than ideals can give
giving me a place
to make
a stand

i don't need much
but what g*d
can give
and the strength
to use
these gifts
in accordance

everything else
are just
details

alexandre arnau

Lying In Wait

i waited

i hadn't planned
what to do
with you
when i found
you
just that
i would do something

decisive
in my
emotional fog

i went through
your life
not careful
to put things in
their place
looking for a reason
some proof
a picture
to gift me
with rationale

there was none
and so in your
bedroom

i waited

when you came
i felt relief
that you hadn't changed
and felt the cool
heavy steel
lying sleepily
in my hand

we walked

down hushed
alleys
and barren lots
until the bridge loomed
on our horizon

i prayed for
a miracle

on the edge
of the black
sensuous sea
you talked
i listened
hoping to hear
something
to change my mind

i waited

i looked
and looked
in your face
looking to release you
from what my hand
had decided

my hand
didn't wait

we parted
on the water
and as you fell
you curled up
as if to sleep
like the infant
you stole from
my heart

falling

you returned
to beauty
and i
waiting for relief
cursed you
in envy

alexandre arnau

Midnight Dance (A Bronx Waltz)

take your hands
and dance

the dogs
are barking
and the street shines
with last night
the beggars
all sleep
with their jobs
well done
the buildings are tattooed
with stories of love
and the man
with the limp
plays a rusty
squeezebox
he knows
your favorite tune

so take your hands
and dance

there's a
can on the corner
to lay down your head
and a hunt's point girl
is punching her clock
the expressway
is humming
a diesel lullaby
and the birds sing
of fire
and potter's field

so take your hands
and dance

your road

had been long
and your soul
is worn thin
a country starred sky
the only dream
that you need
on Ieland and archer
there stands a young man
who remembers
your smile
so step on up
i've been here
all along

take my hands

and dance...

alexandre arnau

Migraine

a torn bit
of light
beating ceaseless
hidden codes
behind my
frail bleeding
eyes
tugging on
wires of thin
grey fire

i raise my hands
to shield my mind
there is no refuge
in my hands

the drone
and clang
and shriek
of reality
unleash
white furies
from barren temples
to tear and gnaw
at my soul

there is no refuge
in my hands

a blood filled face
snarling hate

and passion
from mirror shards
of reason
blue lines
blossom
from black pits
of refracted light

there is nothing
in my hands

the hollow roar
mark the hammerfalls
against me
until that time
when nothingness
blessed nothingness
will reach my shores
and i will
dreamily
happily
slip under
taking relief
into my hands

alexandre arnau

Music

there was always
music

cosmic particles
colliding
separating
and colliding again
the first notes
eventually
becoming
an endless swirl
of gaseous symphonies
until
it reached its climax
banging
a new universe
into raw
virgin
song

the galaxies
formed in ethereal rythms
kept in time
by multiple singularities
g*d's finger
plucking out
each individual note
composing
creationism
in its highest form

and
after awhile
music was milked
from our bodies
forced free
from our flesh
when we came alive
coming in cries

and laughter
mathematics
defining it
in abstracts
giving it
a name
carved
on clay tablets
and silicon chips
capturing
moments
floating blissfully
past our eyes

music
was always here

ask the trilobite
and the iguanadon
ask the mastodon
and homo erectus
they have each and all
sang their part
reading from
the libretto
of pangea

music
was
is
always

perhaps
after we're gone
there shall be
a requiem
or perhaps
there'll be
a swing band
hitting those notes
making gaia
jitterbug

on her axis

it doesn't matter

whether you
can hear it
or can't
it's always there
in the buzz of
the crowds
of rush hour
or the din of
a meadow
at dawn's breaking
the hiss and thump
of lifeless factories
or the hiss and pump
of two people alone
it's there

and even though
i can't carry a tune
i have it
in my heart
and foot
and hand
and eye
and mouth
music

there is always
music

always

alexandre arnau

My New Job/Something Clean

it was the first day of orientation
i didn't want to go
not really
but i went
with a thick lead chain
coiled in my stomach
like a sick cobra
hands shoved in pockets
grabbing dust and darkness

we four of us
sat around and listened
to a soft faced woman
explaining the ins and outs
of mental retardation
most of which i'd heard before
but she told it well
so i listened

we sat
the four of us
the hispanic lady
who talked to hear herself
the tired old man
who told horribly boring stories
and the girl with the full hips
excited and young
happy to be here

i didn't want to be here
i wanted to be
in a place where there
were no group homes

or handicapped people
where birds sang at midnight
roses never die
and all water
is fresh water

on our lunch break
i went to the alley
where smokers were banished to
punished for being too lazy
to commit suicide all at once
sitting in the sun
the sweet midday sun
i worked the chill
from my fingers
basking like an alligator
between carrion desserts

a woman was hosing down the alley
pushing the cigarette butts
and candy wrappers
further down the alley
the water trickled down
the alley past my feet

in the sun
the midday sun
the dirty hose water glittered
like diamond dusted stars
at twilight in the country
i thought about that spring
in vermont
where i went to a workshop
for young writers
at middlebury college
they gave us kids a tour
including the cabin at breadloaf
where

it's said
robert frost wrote some of
his best work

as a teenage hoodlum
with no interest in poetry
i have to say i was still
impressed

i thought about
the river by the cabin
and my amazement
and fear
at seeing fresh running water
for the first time
water i could drink
swim in
bathe in
jump naked in
like a mad faun in heat

pure
primal
complete

i went back inside
when lunch was over
and sat through a few more hours
of idle chitchat
and lecturing
still thinking about that
water
and how maybe
there are some things
in this filthy world
that are still good

and unstained
and i think i'll hold on
to that thought
for myself and
for you and
for all of us

alexandre arnau

My Next Suicide

towards the dusty left
end of a basement city
the rain washes nothing
leaving sin in streaks on the street

i can hear it
the cracked dry giggle
of a grave i cannot avoid
save for nightly smokescreens
it turns on a white ribbon smile
oh yes
oh yes
it will wait
one more day
maybe two
knowing i understand very little
except for loose stitches
and slowing rotting anger
though i try

merciful merciless G*D
i don't ask for the end of war
for the sick to be healed
or sunny saturdays in april
just a nod and a handshake
so i can understand something
about something

i throw my hands wide like pigeons
to let the rain drown me
in cold calculated rythm
when finally it fades
and what remains
is what i have been gifted

nothing
nothing
nothing...

alexandre arnau

November 11,2002

i stare through my
reflection
in the window
of this room
it's almost four and
the night is orange
the birds all
dream of worms and
the worms all dream
of me
but it's not that time
yet no
it's not that time
there's work what
needs doing
in this room tonight

she lays there
green and tired and
thirsty
and words that were
passed days earlier
now sting me
in all the right places
at all the wrong times
but i never pretended
to be a nice guy

and she lays there
all lollipops and ice chips
and i stand
curious and calm
and envious
she will be a passage
that i can never be
but for words
and even those
fail me
at times like these

a passage
that will sprout a new blossom
for my family tree

i knew she would
be a girl
because she told me
in a dream
and my aunt saw her
in a crib
when i still was
a boy with dreams
so i stand here
curious and calm
and sorry that
i am not anxious

the breathing began
and my hand folded under
her hand
and she squeezed forgiveness
into my numb palms
like coins for the dead
when they cross the river
and private glances passed
while the breathing
shortened

a burst of breath
and she came
into focus
her
and the blood
and the dark oozings
and she was here
screaming herself
to the world
I AM HERE

born into violence
and beauty
and she saw her

and i was filled with envy
and thoughts hit
the backs of my eyes
like fire
and i knew
none of it mattered
the sin
the country
the past
the tomorrow
the birds
the worms
the orange nights
the gray afternoons
the giving
and taking
the lows
the lowers
ma
pa
nothing
because in the end
i would be dirt
dancing with the roots
of roses and daisies
and i will send them up
shooting through the earth
just as this girl
who passed from her
to blossom from my tree
will shoot through this life
and i know that
we will have won
over death

the envy passes
as she opens her eyes
to the world
before it becomes ugly
with wisdom
and the calm curiosity
is evicted by hopeful anxiety

that a man has for a new child
and i thanked her
thanked both of them
for sharing this night
with me
as i stood there
not man enough
to cry

alexandre arnau

One Of These Days...

there it is
again
the twisted little
goblin
who dances in my
belly
i think it was
my headache what
woke him

i would just love
to hear about
my eight grade
gym teacher
getting hit by a bus

he was a miserable
prick
who was only a racist
because his wife
hated him

and if jennifer
were to overdose
on booze and pills
on a stranger's couch
i'd probably
drink to that

it seems
the more freedom
i found
the more weight
you gained

i wonder what
my cousin diane
is doing now

hopefully
she's being eaten
by cannibals

and if i ever run
into tito
i'll probably
put rat poison
in his hamburger

i didn't hate you
because you were gay
i hated you
because you were
a moron

hey marguerita
how's your lovelife?
screw over anyone's
best friend lately?
or have you moved on
to the street corner?

if i ever see you again
i think i just might
piss on your shoes

'one of these days'
i think to myself
'you'll realize
you were more than a
little screwed up'

yeah
and of these days
i just might follow
through

alexandre arnau

Point Blank (For Bill And Dee)

there's only
so many times
you can point the gun
to your head
and hear the click
of an empty chamber
in time
you'll draw an ace

i've spent a life
of staring down the barrel
of my soul
many clicks
but i fear
the last will misfire

my parents
have had decades
of point blanks
through poverty
and success
miseries
and joys
they've had a life
of happy reports

so many people
hit the target
dead on the mark
while i still
can't even steady my hand
let alone shoot

sometimes i wish
the people i see
were as blind as i am
so at least
i would have someone
to stumble through

this dark world with

but when i see
my brother's life
and the swell
in my sister's belly
they give me the hope
that my next shot
will be dead
on the money

alexandre arnau

Por Mi Tio (For My Uncle)

my uncle
and godfather
told stories
better than many
his body
told its own

hector's arms
lined with red traces
of blood work
and scabbed belly
it was made clear
to me that
dialysis
is never kind

my tio hector
had tattoos
he got in his youth
of a syringe
and a lamp
he used to rub
when he played the numbers

my tio
and padrino
hector
wore dentures
he would make them
jump from his mouth
and chase me
across the room
his smiles were the kindest
when toothless

he had a round belly
that would sit on the table
when he played cards
or dominoes

and had a laugh
of its own

my uncle hector
had hands
the size of thanksgiving
he would rest them
on my head
when we watched t.v.

his laugh
came from lungs
made rough and warm
by decades of cigarettes
in their sickness
they became
infectious

my tio hector
loved beer
and gambling
and nicotine
and lazy saturdays
he also loved
his wife
his children
his grandchildren
and his dogs

my uncle hector
abused his body
and never blamed anyone
serene and accepting
his body gently betrayed him
in the end
but his eyes
stayed true

my uncle hector
had wonderfully warm
and reassuring eyes
that outlasted

the rest of him
when he finally
left us

his eyes
are still here
and
they still
break
my heart

alexandre arnau

Por Mis Padres (For My Parents)

i die every day
just to die again
tomorrow
that's how it is
with people like me
it was that way
for my parents
when they came
to this country
decades of death
just to do it again
the next day

my father
luis
who learned english
from comic books
and was raised
on the streets
of a country town
died as a child
then died when
he left home
died a thousand times
in the u.s. army
and died when he came
to new york
he kept all
the obituaries
to read them
at his next funeral

my mother
lilliam
died when she left
her home
to escape an
arranged marriage
she died when

she came to new york
and had to rely
on relatives
to eat
and took her own life
when her father
stopped speaking
to her
she dragged her
headstone
to every job interview

when they met
i'm sure they forgot
they were in hell
and became
happy phantoms
they died again
two immigrants
and were born
as one
in america

but hell
is still hell
even with love
and the fires burn
hotter for it
and no love
can pay bills
keep the lights on
feed baby
and work comes slim
por los boricuas
with nothing
to show
but a culture
that defines them

apartments kept warm
with open stoves
baths with water

borrowed from
the neighbors
and government cheese
they give to
political prisoners
killed my parents
on a daily basis

my father
luis
driving cabs
and getting killed
at the dispatch
my mother
lilliam
dying in the kitchen
for the few times
they spent together
my father
greeting death at the door
every night he came home
and my mother
sweeping death
before too much collected

some days
they would yell
at each other
and remember
they were alive
but death always
was waiting
in the lobby
downstairs

through years
of climbing
and fighting
death became
a way of living
and saw them
through school

where they earned
their degrees
so they could teach
america's children
how to live

now
they sit
on their farm
enjoying their life
and laughing at death
because they know
his face
well enough
to greet him at
the door
invite him in
offer him some coffee
or maybe some pasteles
and enjoy
and appreciate
the time spent
in his company

just as i
sitting here now
appreciate it
as i prepare
to die tonight

tomorrow is another
birth

and another
chance

to

live

alexandre arnau

Random Thought Of The Day

love
is only love

if it makes you
want
to die

alexandre arnau

Random Thought Of The Day #2

love is real
love

if it makes you
want to live

alexandre arnau

Randomness While Sitting In The Emergency Room On A Sunday Night...

you broke the dawn ceilings
dragging the roots
of midnight's trees
behind you
bearing yourself upward
and being born
by the feathery silence
of the canopy

the leaves made the light
sidestep around my eyes
as you created fractal notes
above me

sometimes
this would go on for days
until a telephone
a bang on the wall
or some such
would yank me back
to the mundane page
of skin and sweat

not that i don't
enjoy these
too

sometimes
during the orange lines
of dawn
i would stare at
your blued eyelids
heavy and careless
and sometimes troubled
other times
i would study your back
or

the curve between
your neck
and your small shoulder
the pores there

a single phrase
runs wildy
in my palms
singing:
'there is nothing
so important
as your breast
in my hand'

dear anna
there are no gods
or goddesses
that i have witnessed
in this world
but on some mornings
your snoring
is as close to prayer
as i'm likely
to get

alexandre arnau

Reconciliation (Song Of Imajica)

it had begun
with a brushstroke
a drunken attempt
to capture
a vision
of a love real
or imagined
a face neither here
nor there
in hues of indigo
and scarlet
a face
dancing
on the edge
of passion's
horizon

upon inspection
it was discovered
hidden in
the whirling
colorstorm
was not one face
but two
blind to each other
yet
embraced
in a sacred unity
of blood
and spirit
dawn's hope
mingled
with twilight's promise

from these faces
a spiraling
had been birthed
streams of thought
and seed

etching a map
of earth
and from her edges
borders
had begun
to weave themselves
into a tapestry
which revealed
her sisters
who had been lost
to her

five sisters
now overlapping
sharing their joys
miseries
births
deaths
and rebirths
sisters dancing
an ecstatic circle
of reconciliation

and hidden
within the circle
where all
will come to
by and by
dances
the final gift
of home

alexandre arnau

Red

i like
red
it dances
for me

rolling
down my fingers
so pretty
red

the way
she dances
so pretty
the red
makes it
better

the floor
shiny
with red
in patterns
i can see them
like butterflies
or faces

dancing
across the patterns
making
new patterns
she makes them
singing

red

so happy
with the singing
and dancing
the red
dances with her
like the rain
on my window

red

so much red

my whole world
red
my hands
red
her pretty dress
red
the floor and walls
red

redredred

so happy
and red
she sang
from the red
on her throat

like a flute
or a fountain
so red
red red red
dancing spasms
to music
on the floor
and in my head
red

whole world red

redredred

alexandre arnau

Retch

these vultures fill my mouth
the scabs lie to my skin
my blood boils over
in arsenic groves
and the devil's in the hole
the windows here
are broken eyes
and the walls
are moldy cold

my eyes bleed hate
for failed prayers
and the locusts fill the sky
my fingers cut
my words in blood
and show me where to go
my world has gone
in waves of no
these vultures fill my mouth

alexandre arnau

Sense Dancing (Sensimilla Tango)

sweet acrid smoke
fills my lungs
and i sink
deeper into the
soft oak
floor

rising now
in a green tinted
vision
eyes buzzing
with wavering
freedom
and still
i sink

my fingers
searching my scalp
for the source
of a tingling
comfort
hair
brushing waves of
erotic whispers
against my cheek

still sinking

these walls
quietly shift
against the shadows
of the window
and the drapes
sway lazily
to the rythm

of my blood

i've reached the spot
in the floor
my feet were looking for
now i walk
across the bedroom
landscape
every creak of
the floorboards
an undulating melody
that wraps around
my legs
and leaves me swaying
in an ocean of sensation

my skin hinders me
from the air
my raw nerves desire
to taste
so i shed this cloak
and wash myself
in the draft from the door
my mouth
a succulent desert
my groin
a jungle of heartbeats

i thought
i was high
but i think
my senses celebrate
themselves

alexandre arnau

She Moves (A Collaboration)

she has a way about her
that cuts right through the doubt
with machine gun haste
from a razor cut mouth

she is mystical
she is whimsical
she rocks me
to the core
she is magical
she is tragical
and i have
to find out more

she can't help
what she's doing
it happens every time
i'm tasting revelations
like in a dream sublime

she moves
without awareness
just flows
across the floor
with a tombstone smile
impossible to ignore

she is a wild
and wicked woman
with an angels face
an evolutionary mindfuck
dressed in midnight lace

she is mystical
she is whimsical
with eyes
that promised more
she is magical

she is tragical
and tonight
i learn the score

alexandre arnau

Something About Nothing

talking my hands
in circles
too wrung out
to burn a straight line

in a cellar
full of old plumbing
the flow goes nowhere
flooding out
to anyone
who'll listen

in this room
with no angles
i burn my head
for the memory
of sensation

a dream
creeps fearfully
in
and plants
a seed

washed out
at my feet
a child

a wonderful thing
she brings

the fragile
enormity

of the
sound

of
waves

alexandre arnau

Song Of Ending

listen to my song
my song
of ending

listen
and i will
take you
to a place
where my name
is not my own

the houses there
miss their families
and the clouds
are an excuse
for the sky

run with me
through iridescent fields
that move like laughter
and chase our shadow
in happy madness

every stone
has a story
and the nightengale
sings in crystal shards

every story
is newer with the telling
and every newborn
remembers their past
the books dream
of ancient forests
and the windows
remember
the sand dunes
of their elders

the moon glows down
and is shaped by
perception
and the air
is placed
and counted in the hand

lay me down
with a tom waits lullaby
and send me off
with a magnolia prayer
for this is my song
a song of ending

and now
i
begin...

alexandre arnau

Soon...

any
day
now

it's
coming

i watch
the streets
for
a sign

nobody can see it
but
me

it lives
in my
belly

it
whispers
to me
in
the dark

it
waits

behind
my eyes

gnawing
in
my palms
a growing
hunger
demanding
more

ribbons
of pale
scars
i wear like
badges
on my arms
the knife
sometimes
helps

it wants
to help
the world

i walk
in the pale hours
of the dead

i bleed
hot mercury
in my room

i wail
in jets
of black
cancer

i rip
at my face
for the world
to see

i
am
becoming

someday
soon
it will come

burning

down
the streets
across
the city
and into
your homes

i hope
when it
comes
i can still
see

the animal
is getting louder
now

it

will

not

be

denied

it demands
a sacrifice

it desires
true
passion

it will
soon
have it

i have seen you
there

can you

see me?

it's
coming

any
day
now...

alexandre arnau

The Elephant

waiting in the doctor's office
perusing the literature
left tactfully on the
waiting room table
there was a
national geographic
magazine
left with the choices
of that
or golf digest
i flipped through it
blankly
until i saw
a picture

it was a picture
of an elephant
shuffling his big grey ass
through some suburb
in an african city
wandering in from the grasslands
just to see
what all the fuss was about

the people
naturally
ran around alarmed
hanging from their windows
pointing from the sidewalks
traffic brought
to a standstill
while this regal
and cocksure specimin
of *loxodonta africana*
strode down the street
peering through gentle eyes
commanding respect
and earning awe
for his leisurely stroll

before turning around
and heading back
to a better place

we should all
aim so high

alexandre arnau

The Patriot

the image
has been seen
throughout
history
tragedies mirrored
through halls
of valor
and i'm always
left
with the same
questions

temples
made rubble
libraries
burned
schools
turned
to stockades
all meat
for the cannibals
of democracy

maybe
there are no
innocents
left
but there are still
the undeserving
the ones
who need freedom
the most
are often the ones
who suffer
it's heavy hand
the most

once
upon a time

wars
were fought
and battles
waged
for ideals
the dream
of something better
equality
truth
freedom

what happened?

we sleep
uncomfortably
under a blanket
of security
our parents
assuring us
that the
monsters
real
or imagined
lie in wait
under our
national bed

we hunt
for such a
little rabbit
in his pathetic
hole
while a madman
waves his weapons
and his victims
for the world
to see

we strive
to stamp out
the worker's paradise
while slavery

and genocide
are tolerated
for diplomacy

what happened?

like others
before me
i am attacked
for my questions
in the land
of the free
angry fingers
holding bibles
and guns
accusing me
of traitorous
thought

i am not loyal
to a nation
who wages war
for money
or pride
i am not loyal
to a nation
who holds
christian value
above human value
i am not loyal
to a nation
who profiles me
for being born
brown
i am not loyal
to a nation
founded by
an ideal of freedom
and built by
slavery
and near genocide

no

i am loyal
to nothing

nothing
but the dream
that is
america

alexandre arnau

The Rain Is Fine

the rain is fine
yes
it's fine
i never really
mind it

even in january
though sometimes
my bones
catch a chill
and my feet
get itchy
i don't mind
no

even when it
comes through
the ceiling
while i sleep
and washes out
my summer garden
it's okay

or when it washes away
the scent
of where i've been
it's all okay
for a raindog like me
i can piss
another road home
yes
it's fine

even if
it fills me up
and i spill out
over the sides
soaked to the soul
that's just fine

my cup just
runneth over

i jump off
the curb
and into the street
up to the ankles
in this
jump
and the world...
well
alright
they'll probably
just watch
and shake their heads
but that's okay
that's
just fine

i would finish this
but there's a shower
outside my door
i'm sorry
it's so nice
and warm
and right there
see you later
but if i don't
that's okay

because
the rain is fine

yes

it's fine
tonight

alexandre arnau

The Reason

there are many reasons
to take the thoughtsimageswords
that dance around your head
and behind your eyes
and do the two-step
with them
or pry them out
from a lockjawed mind
with mental floss
or savage yourself
until they bleed from
your hands
staining the pages
with memory and hurt

yes
many reasons

my reasons changed
like i have
the first lyrical steps
were awkward shuffling
down alleys of mystery
then finding
my good foot
i traipsed along
the highways
of my ways
throwing words at the sky
in punk rock delirium
planting food for thought
in empty lots
and when the clouds fell
down on me
i ran to my pain
and nursed it on
the blood of my silence
painting sanguine placards
just to say

'I AM HERE'

soon
the play
became work
and i took leave
of ab(sense)
the words
brought memories
the memories
brought pain
and the pain
brought a gun
that smiled in my hands
until i decided
to take aim at the past
and put two
between its eyes

now
the words come
and the words go
as they please
there are days
when war inspires me
and there are days
when the barks of trees
tell a story
sometimes
my daughter will laugh a lyric
or my lover
will whisper a blossom
in my heart
that i'll wear on my lapel

now
it seems
the best reason
is no reason
at all

The Sinner

i folded my hands down
knowing g*d wouldn't hear
so i took my prayers back
and took a dirt road home
dreaming of a girl
with the autumn hair
while twilight falls
like sin from my hand

crows cry omens
from behind falling leaves
while i carve out my destiny
with a rusted blade
and i have run beyond
the wants of men
fallen from the grace
of g*d's hand

so i will kiss my love
under the hangman's tree
all i have done
is all that i am
and it's now all between
the earth and me
my hand is steady
but my heart is blind
so the light of g*d
can't lead me
back home

alexandre arnau

The Survivor (Ode To The Cockroach)

i watch
the cockroach
cross the floor
in appreciation
as i fight my body's
rebellion again

brother
i understand
they stamp you out
but you keep coming
broken antennae
wavering
searching
leading you
to tribal grounds

what's another
million years?

sweaty
and quivering
i wiggle my toe
just to make sure
i can
two decades of the flu
and a life on this couch

what do you tell
your clan
when you return home?
are their compound eyes
filled with magic?
fell beasts?
fantastic monuments?
a baleful eye
searching
from the eastern sky?
do they wave their

antennae
around the campfire
in a dance
to call favors
from the gods
of scavenging?

you inspire me
with your aeons old
struggle
you
who have scurried across
deserts of time
and triumphed
again and again
while i lay
sick on my couch
weak
and pitifully
human

behold
the returning hero
of the kitchen floor
saviour of his people
brave midnight warrior
who witnessed the end
of a jurassic empire...

alexandre arnau

Thngs I Heard (That Hurt My Brain)

i am often
amazed
and stupefied
by what comes out
of a person's mouth
is it that they don't think
about what they say
or are they just dumb?

on a daily basis
i'm perplexed
'excuse me,
is this the back
of the line? '

no
it's the front
we're travelling
backwards in time

'why don't those people
stop selling drugs
and get real jobs? '

why don't you vote
for someone
who'll take your taxes
and provide equal
and adequate
education?

'why don't you go back
where you came from? '

i guess i'll pitch a tent
in your backyard

'i can't believe
i pay fifty bucks
to fill my tank'

i can't believe
you think you need
an suv
in the city

'i think abortion
should be illegal'

i think
you should adopt
a crack addicted baby

'why do arabs
hate us so much? '

i can think
of a few reasons

i could go on
but all this
was in the space
of six hours
and my brain still hurts

sometimes i wonder
how we're not
all dead

alexandre arnau

Time's Survivor (Ode To The Cockroach)

i watch
the cockroach
cross the floor
in appreciation
as i fight my body's
rebellion again

brother
i understand
they stamp you out
but you keep coming
broken antennae
wavering
searching
leading you
to tribal grounds

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around the campfire
in a dance
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from the gods
of scavenging?

you inspire me
with your aeons old
struggle
you
who have scurried across
deserts of time
and triumphed
again and again
while i lay
sick on my couch
weak
and pitifully
human

behold
the returning hero
of the kitchen floor
saviour of his people
brave midnight warrior
who witnessed the end
of a jurassic empire...

alexandre arnau

Un Becoming (The Sum Of My Parts)

oftentimes
i find my voice
not to my liking
the sound of it
reminds me of
prison windows
the east river in january
or empty lots
gardened by slumlords

somedays
the mirror tells me
to look away
that face
forever soured
by 33 years
of 33 years
regardless
of the joys
carefully tended to
and nurtured
in my soul's nursery

my body
has plotted
with my mind
to overthrow
my spirit

over the years
as a child
ripe with fantasies
i imagined
my skin peeling back
and giving way
like a chrysalis
to reveal
the diamond armor
i wore in my dreams

and my face
my real face
would finally
agree with me
and smile

aging
brought me
the despairing knowledge
of me:
i would do
no great things
i would not
be heard
and all i would amount to
would be what
was left to put
in the ground

the many pieces of me
i have catalogued
over the slow and
plodding
parade of years
display a checklist
of items
that amount to
a lesser value
than what they equal

it is those
moments when
i become suddenly
aware of one
particular part
of my body-
the tingle of
a hair on
my arm
a slight swelling
in my aikido thumb
the subliminal tightness

of my facial scar-
that cause a smile
to dawn upon
my lips

seperate entities
of sensation
reminding me

i am not what i see

i am more
than who i am

alexandre arnau

Walking Dead (A Full Time Life)

the same bleary eyed
sun
greeted you at the door
on your way
to your prison
where everyone smiles
politely
and the politics
are correct
and the men have papers
of someone else's life
and the women have photos
of the strangers
they live with

you shuffle your files
to the beat of a clock
your only heaven
the sound of a bell

you come home
to empty envelopes
vacant art
and listless furnishings
all mail order blessings
for an eight hour life

and as you drink
your imported beer
smoke
your crutch
the last birds of daylight
call to you
the sun
reaching desperate fingers
over the face of dusk
fighting its way
through your window
calling you out

to live

the person you were
whistles by your window
daring you
to catch the spell
as you retreat from the light
and retire to your bed

the last birds of daylight
lamenting your death
in a language
you no longer speak
nor understand

alexandre arnau

We

lint bouquets
lining the worn and
welcoming floor
of your apartment
 what rages
and reprieves
have passed
 between what
 we
these walls
have been
 floating motionless
to witness

blue static hum
and small pale fingers
lit against the
 black
softness of evening

we

in silence
with rhythm
and frail hope
dreaming against
 destiny
of a thing
 we
might be

alexandre arnau

When Twilight Hours Bring April Showers

your feet dance
in the doorway
and cause a ripple
in my time

fickle in their step
deliberate in rhythm

you make a lovely
dervish

you form clouds
over my sea
swollen with
tenderness and
spite
i catch the laughter
they rain

one sip
and the current
carries me away

'don't drink
too deeply
the backwash
can be bitter.'

in this desert
even tears
are sweet

you tilt on my horizon
i better not blink
i must look long
at the friend i love
whether you're coming
or going

in my window
i sit patiently
for your clouds to break
maybe there'll be sunshine
tonight

my secret spring shower
the dew is gone before sunrise
can i show
my friends?

one breath
and the magic evaporates
so when we meet in
the fields
i'll press my lips
to your ear
and pretend to whisper

alexandre arnau

Where We'll Go

under silky pink clouds
your hands traced
lines across my
earthen face
and revealed
the strata
of my age

'what's this? '
you asked me

'nothing, '
i replied
'just the places
i've been.'

there were so many things
i saw
from the burning tar
canopies
of my youth
least of which
left weeds of old stories
which get more invasive
and apparent
with the greys on
my head

the mindless fights
stained raw on my palms
the eulogies
scrawled across the buildings
like prison tattoos
the shades of men
disappearing into the
shrouds of skyscrapers
where they fade
like forgotten abuses
the shared beers

sweet for the sharing
and always leaving the
bitterness of parting
and the sticky
swarms of rain
which left the
stray dogs lost
and sniffing out home
in futility

and then there was you
hanging in my life
some single blossom
hiding amongst the vines
which choked out the
barren red brick
of barren institutions
where i learned
the wrong lessons

from the gloom
you sang to me
driving fiery horses
across the frozen plains
of a life wasted

for you
i will welcome the rain
though i may lose my way
another home
will shine on me
and the rain
will wash the streets clean
of the filth of history
and finally
we will dance again
alone and in
galaxies

your hands
in mine
shivering like

angels
in the snow
tracing the lines
of my palms

'what's this? '
you will ask

'nothing, '
i'll reply
'just the places
we'll go.'

alexandre arnau

Writer's Block (Look But Don'T Touch)

sitting here
staring at this
blank screen
the keys
biting my fingers
like bitter whores
and this chair
playing my ass
like a worn out tune
on a cheap jukebox

phrases and words
dance behind my eyes
undulating on
a disco stage
up and down a brass pole
mocking my hunger
with a teasing singsong:

'there is no inspiration
in the champagne room'

if i were brave enough
i would run up to the stage
and grab a fistful
of it
squeeze it
lick it
rub it on my face
and run out the door
with a hot hand
musky cheeks
and sticky sweet lips
just some fuel
for a masturbatory fire

the song is over
and the words turn cold
and do a black cat stroll

back into
their place
where they will wash up
dress themselves
as something else
and leave me cold
emptiness in hand
with the screen
still fucking blank

poema interruptus

alexandre arnau