

Poetry Series

Jean Francois Le Goff
- poems -

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Jean Francois Le Goff()

Another Clown

the clown with red nose
the clown with green ears
the clown with yellow cheeks
the clown with webbed feet
the children don't like the clowns
all clowns
all the children are scared by all clowns

the child with orange hairs
the child with blue eyes
the child with pink smiles
the child with wide eyes
the clown don't like the children
all children
all the clowns want to kill all children

the clown get back at home
He shouts: I hate the children
then he eats the soup of day
quietly smiling

the child get back at home
He shouts: I hate the clowns
then he eats the soup of day
quietly smiling

But the worst is forthcoming:
one child among one million
will become a clown

Me I am not a child
I am not a clown and
I do not like the soup

luckily
all sad stories have an end
and here I write a full stop

Another Clowns Two

Why the clowns are dirty?
Why the clowns are sad?
Why the clowns are bad?
Why the clowns are ferocious?
Why the clowns are malicious?
Why the clowns are liar?
Why the clowns are piggish?
Why the clowns are morbid?
Why the clowns are seedy?
Why the clowns are gross?
Why the clowns are wrong?
Why the clowns are brainless?

- For you. For your pleasue
for your joy
o my cherub
for make laugh the ckildren
my beloved

- O! Yes
I explode with laughter
I double up
I have fun
I am happy
I am joyful

- You have an excellent education

- O! Yes mum.

Jean Francois Le Goff

Forgiveness

the time of forgiveness
is now and here

pity for the blue
pity for the moon
pity for the red
pity for the earth
but not pity for the sun

and the sun explodes with laughter
nobody commiserates for me
and I haven't pity for you

the pity is a snail
hidden in the world

and the sun dreams away
of another earth
I'm worthy of that

the time of forgiveness
is not
now and here

Jean Francois Le Goff

Friends Of Stones

It is not a paradise
although the sing of birds
It is not the Hell
although the song of birds
although the sound of waves
it is only our world
with many songs in the sky
with many birds in the dream
with many birds in really

It `s here that we are living
we are little, very little
we are old, very old
we are wandering,
wandering and loving
this space

we are also
friends of stones
friends of rocks

Fear is with us
But what fear?
A fear sweet
A fear black
or another fear?

Where is the fire of the fear?
Where is the fear of the fear?
Into our World
in a deep of monster

nobody know this
in this world of the words
in this words of the world
but what fear screechs
here and now
without your hands
of red sun?

Jean Francois Le Goff

No Poem

with some words
words and words
it is not a poem
only word
only some words
and my despair

Jean Francois Le Goff

No Porcupine

we are not porcupines
said the dummy rabbit
we are not porcupines
said the dummy dog

I'm Fanni.
and I'm not a rabbit
But the mask of a rabbit
But the spirit of rabbit

I am Yann.
I am not a dog
but the mask of a dog
but the spirit of dog

Who are you unknown?

two planets in the world?
Many constellations in the world?

The world but what world?
My world
your world
another world
One another world

no problem because
we are words also!
Words in the language.

Only one language in the world?
No, an infinity of languages.

Only one world in the world?
No, an infinity of worlds.

we are also porcupines
with soft spines
so soft, so sweet

like the gap of constellations
like the path of constellations
when we close our wide eyes
when we open our wide eyes.

Jean Francois Le Goff

Soup Of Day

She said severely:

"God have said: the soup must be warm! "

It was a Gazpacho, a cold soup to a warm evening.

I have mixed tomatos, cucumbers,

red and green peppers,

red onions, a few garlics,

a few parsleys and coriander.

This soup had a beautiful colour: red and green! green and red!

It was cold, very cold, iced.

I have warmed up her soup

I have grilled also some scallops

with a pistachio dressing

she said:

"It is delightful mostly the orange and red parts."

It was only a question of colours

I have dreamt at a blue gazpacho, blue scallops

Blue like the sea but the sea is never blue

and the blue is not a tasty colour.

Then we have recited some french poems

This evening was quiet and tender

despite the heat wave.

I like to remember this iced soup

and the awful warmth.

Jean Francois Le Goff

The Sing Of Song

it's a song without title
a song without word
a song without sound

a song in our eyes
a song in our ears
a song in our hands
a song in our feet

We are singing the song
without title
a nameless song
It's a distant song
It's a future song

A song who says:
beyond future, beyond distances,
beyond nothing, beyond always

a song in a single colour
that we don't see

many colours
much colours
unknown colours

this was
a song of your mother
a song of your grandmothers
a song of one very old woman

Sleep, sleep my little love
Dream, dream my little love
when you close open your wide eyes

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