

Poetry Series

Chris G. Vaillancourt
- poems -

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Chris G. Vaillancourt(April 5,1959-june 2016)

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

A Boy And The Dragons

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

None of them make a move.

Each of them recognize the emptiness of the other.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

A Certain Surrender

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

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

I become a zombie
and feel no
desire
for improvement.

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

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

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

the same opinions?
And so I
sit back on my
chair and
light
a cigarette.
I don't have
to conform
if I
don't want to.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

A Circle Thing

I think I am ready now.
Ready to go when I must go.
 Not that I am seeking it.
 Nor do I wish it to be soon.
I'm ready, though, very ready.

Spirits come and go. They fashion
 themselves into relationships.
Relationships that are
never more than temporary.
Hands holding hands,
 letting go, moving on.

I will move on as well.

Time is up to God, not me.
 If He calls me, I'll go.

So it is a circle thing,
 birth to the grave.
A slowly eroding body
 with a living soul.

I'm ready to meet death.
Perhaps not to welcome it,
 rather, resigned to
 cease to be.

At some point
 in the future,
 think of me.
Maybe I'll be the
 tiny voice inside
 comforting you?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

A Corpus Christi Mindset

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

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

'Corpus Christi; Corpus Christi; Corpus Christi.'

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

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

Renew me Jesus.
remind me

Chris G. Vaillancourt

A Smattering Of Applause

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

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

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

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

The audience has clapped its last applause.

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

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

The animals have been released from the zoo.
The doorkeeper has fled his enclosure in order
to surrender his vowels to the

strands of politically correct
poisoned flowers.

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

A Triumphant Gladiator In The Arena Of Goodbye

Lonely man, living like
a drifting cracker crumb
floating
in
a
bowl
of
soup.

The table is filled with
ice cream hearts
melting
slowly
into
oblivion.
It will come, this death.
It will proclaim
its victory
as if it was
a triumphant
gladiator in the
arena
of
goodbye.

And still they say that every day
is the best medicine to swallow.

Xenophobic androids
bleating
their
inconsistent
beliefs.
Change is real.
It defines
who we have been.

And one wonders why the
scratching bees are silent?

Have they lost their focus?

That must be it.

The focus.

The never staying

hum-drum of

placating

the

masses.

Grieving man, who

sits at the table

and

pounds

his

hands

into

the

fire.

Let the burning begin.

Put on the tombstone,

'Not here anymore.'

Chris G. Vaillancourt

A Word Or Two Of Advice For This Accursed Cancer

I've decided to live.
Let your medical words
of dire consequences be gone.
These words do not own me.
They do not define me.
I believe in a greater power
than your educated guesses.
For God is my medicine.
My Redeemer has redeemed me
and so I
shall survive your prognosis.

Yes, there is this cancer
that streams in my body.
It is there. I know it is there.

Sometimes it makes me weak.
Tires me out and drags
my feet to walk in a
detached manner of being.

Other times this disease
seeks to control my behaviour.
Change my mood. Consume
too much of my time and energy.

So what?
Tire me out. Weary my living.
But know this,
I will not let you destroy
my will to exist.

No. Not any more.
The air in the morning is
crisp and refreshing.
The coffee is good
and the day even better.
For I woke up again.

Comforted myself
with a night's rest
and
a
brand
new
beginning
every
time
I
wake
up.

The tender grass grows green
and the plants that grow
do so in their defiance
of the sheltered sonnets
that
have
been
written
in
terms
of
despair.

I start this day with God.
I live this day with Him.
Be silent
you voices of woe.
Stop whining
your doom and gloom.
Quit your agonies
of melancholy.
Cease your
predictions
of
untimely
death.
No more.
I will not listen at all.
I've decided to live.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

A World Of Colour

Fish swim in the sea, I've heard.
Ice forms in the winter time.
Clouds cover all of the earth,
and
every day is a blessing.

Opening eyes is the first battle.
If won, it's a victory indeed!
We only have
this one moment,
and
that is really
enough for anyone.

I touch the dirt,
the dirt refreshes me.
Realizing that it
is a
good world
most of the time.

Fingers snap as I
walk casually in the light.
Enjoying the calm
that comes
from
being.

If I stand on my head,
view my surroundings
with a different
awareness; I'll swallow
the air as it
circulates
around me.

Yes, there are problems.
Bad health and nasty thoughts.
Dank walls sweating

with the turmoil
they've contained.

But these are just
flashes of discontent.
Emblems of survival
that are
only as
strong as I make them.

Best to look for
things that make me glad.
Growing like a
piece of grass
surrounded
by a world
of colour.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

A World Of Talkers

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

You can call me a name if you want to.

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

Seems she talks equality but not courtesy.

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

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

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

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

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

I was taught money was where it was at.

I shake my head in wonder.

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

A Year Or So From Now

A year or so from now,
when you hear thunder in the sky,
pretend it is me talking to you.

Think of me, from time to time.
Remember me, remember me.
When a song plays that was
one of my favourites, sing along
with it for me. Sing loud and clear.
I'll be with you. I'll be with you.

Do not grieve for long. Instead,
play again those funny moments
when life was long and years
of sharing stretched ahead.
Hear the humour we shared,
and smile again at old jokes.

A year or so from now,
when you are looking at pictures,
see again how happy we were.

These are what matter, I think.
The joyful seconds that make
the mundane easy to bear.
Those scattered, silly
laughing things that stay
eternally present in the mind.

We are only hands that clap
in harmony for a limited time.
Touches of spaces that are
full of vigour, than are empty.
Hesitant to leave what we
know, knowing it must be so.

A year or so from now,
remember me. Remember me.

Aeroplanes And Strangers

Aeroplanes fly
at great speed.
Inside their metal bodies
resides colonies of humans.
Side by side they sit,
lying to each other
about their lives.

Every stone that
lies on the ground
has its own story.

Every diamond
is fashioned from
lumps of coal.

All the Kings horses
and all the Kings men
are not able to change
the inevitable.

Black skies hide
the rotting yearning,
the plunge into
that shallow space.

I live here.
Coloured liquid
pours from my
aching thoughts.

I drop pretending
so fast, one would
imagine it never
was there at all.

Sit beside me.
We shall fly together.
Echoes following

every strangled sigh.

Touching the shallow,
we can speak of
people known and
people forgotten.

Struggle in separate shells
as we attempt to bond
in contemporary fashion.

Should I tell you
that they have told me
I am dying?

I think not.
That would cause
too many lips to
drip with sympathy.

Aeroplanes are
emergency reunions
of jocular strangers
emptied of reality.

I want to be
one of those strangers,
and cast a spell
of formaldehyde
expectations.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

After Dinner We Remembered

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Air Castles

Castles in the air. They seem to be hung there on strings of invisible contemplation's. Shimmering in clouds dappled with false expectations. The sun opens the windows with embraces of expectations. We are inside these floating shelters, not inhibited. No boundaries contain our focus. This the statement of our shared perspective, our call to salvation as we jump through the sunlight that captures us.

A war begins. We did not begin it. We now had to decide if it was ours. To decline would be a perception of awareness. You and I determine the extent of our participation. Instead of succumbing to our weakness, we stand with anger at the waste of time. One day there will be peace. We believe this. We feel only the strength of our flying imaginations.

Partially, I wonder if our mutual pretensions can manufacture the serenity we've proclaimed. You laugh at me. It hurts. This begins the only exit we achieve. Strange how stone can be so deeply grievous. Odd how 'we' can so aptly be given to retreat. Off you go, and I hate the sound of the departure. But regardless, I shall not be concerned. For you see, it does not matter the configuration. I can close the curtains and still be as strong as need be.

Flickering like a pill bottle without a cap,
in the air castles of my dying secret world.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

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

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

they mutter incantations over dead husbands
long forgotten.

Ineffable sweetness hiding imaginary blowtorches,
tweezers, in my conversations

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

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

my flesh is the rainmaker
it embraces me so

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

All Of You Is Not Enough

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

Flesh to flesh.
Melodies beginning.

Songs of sin.
Songs of fire.

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

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

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

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

Let me become
every fantasy you have entertained.

Lock me into your sacred self.

Worship you.
Adore you.

Comfort and bring you to panting.

Help me to understand myself.

Rock me in terms of

swaying heat.

All of you is not enough.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Alleluia! Alleluia!

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

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

The house was free. Alleluia! Alleluia!

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

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

The woman was free. Alleluia! Alleluia!

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

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

The man was not coming back. Alleluia! Alleluia!

He wondered who would cut the grass now?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Almighty God, Creator Of Heaven And Earth

(Loosely based on prayers from The Canadian Book of Common Prayer.1962)

Almighty God, creator of Heaven and Earth,
You who sustains all things in all ways;
Send to me Your Holy Spirit that I may
always feel Your presence around me.
Guide me in all things, especially so at
this time of suffering. Father of all, I
commend my immortal soul to You.
Wrap it in Your arms and let me feel
your eternal love always within me.
In times when I feel strained and weak,
send strength to me. Sustain my heart
so that it beats only in Your solace.
Gracious Father, in so many ways
I have consumed myself with the
desires of the flesh; forgetting that
these are but transient pleasures
that will not elicit eternal salvation.
Almighty God, to whom all hearts
are open, all desires known: Cleanse
my thoughts from sin by the power
of Your inspiration. Create in me,
through Your holy name, the
understanding to see You are
always with me, at all times and
in all situations. I commend myself
always to You, through Christ our Lord.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

An Opinion On Friend And Conversation

Stop talking so much.
Stop filling the air with
meaningless noises
that say nothing
so importantly.
It is not necessary
to bombard me
with words as if
I could not exist
without
the sound of
your ejaculations.
We can just sit together.
In silence.
Enjoying the company
of mutual affection.
Listen to music.
Watch a movie.
Whatever we decide to do,
we can do it
without requiring us
to make
lengthy non-conversation.
I've known you so long,
been around you in
so many ways, that I
can appreciate
being with you
just for the sake
of pleasure.
Stop talking so much.
Listen.
Hear the world
as it twirls
like a light-bulb
being turned
off and on.
There are too
many wasted

conversations
that erupt like
pockets of lint
left unguarded.
We know what
we are to one another.
Let us always
celebrate that.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

And I Drift

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

And Now Comes The Weeping

And now comes the weeping, at last.
The frustrated yearning for a different fate.
The faltering step in the walk of life.

For living is all that I know, yes indeed.
And though I know of sacred places,
where God resides and there is no pain,
still with humility I want to stay here.

The darkness of the fingers that stroke
like feathers upon the grasping eyes
opens this unexpected falling water
on this face, this older face of mine.

And now comes the weeping, at last.
This bitter resentment against the body
that can be so welcoming to disease.

For the mind still thinks, yes it does.
Remembers too, perhaps even worse?
It has captured, and captures, events
that has filled its grey to bursting.

Forever is such a long term release.
A word, a thought, that trickles
like the tears through a broken
cup left alone on the old table.

And now comes the weeping, at last.
Bitterness, rage, and despair, are the
words that force themselves alive.

For here in the world is where I
have found so many special people.
Their weeping shall be added to mine,
or so this is what I have imagined.

There are so many more poems
to write, and a great many more

to be read. So many creative pieces
to fit together like a jigsaw puzzle.

And now comes the weeping, at last.
It begins with a memory and slithers
down until it is a force all its' own.

And now comes the truth, as it will.
Humbly disguised as caring hands.
Let the rain begin in these eyes.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

And Open Our Veins In Triumph

A steady persistence.
Constant fluctuations dripping
with the asphalt burning in the sun.

The same words.
The same sounds.
Nothing changes.

Floods of ice water shackled
by the groaning candles
that burn like forest fires
left unattended by conceit.

We are as vacant
as the shadows.
A pretending that
everything is fine.

Ignore the emptiness.

The nothing from which
nothing begins. We mouth
the signs of denial

and open our veins
in triumph.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

And The Circle Collects Its Own Release

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

And What Is Truth?

In mystery I wonder,
if the bombs exploding
are exclusionary feathers
cracking in the fluttering
light of the truth.
And what is truth?
Pilate sprung this question.
It was a good one to ask.
Evolving propaganda
machines
flip their
meanings
left or right.
Vanishing morals
give their
last gasp.
We emerge from
electric time zones
convinced only of our
own drumming.
Still the bombs explode.
People die.
People live.
Nobody knows why.
Labels. Tags. Definitions.
All offered.
All denied.
Unknown to me,
or anyone else,
crashing walls
begin to implode
from the inside.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Another Friday Night

She sat inside her ice-cream life
and guessed the number of
bingo markers it might take
to win the jackpot.

Sometimes she questioned why
so many people drove her
crazy.

Insulted her.

She divided her friends and lovers
into good and bad directions.

It was raining outside when
she began to cook the supper.

The stove was hot.

She was cold.

She was always cold in her house.

In her ice vein kitchen with
the pretty white lace curtains
and the yellow-green walls.

Her problems could all be
isolated into one situation after
another.

She lit a cigarette.

Sitting at her table wondering
if she should cook rice or potatoes
with the meat.

It didn't matter,
they'd wolf down the food
without a glance at her efforts.

She found she was happier
when the kids were at school and
that man was at work
doing whatever it
was he did to earn
the money.

Impatience wasn't
so much her statement

as was unconcern.

'So what',

she thought, as she dusted her ashes
into the ashtray.

Her memories could stretch so
far back before this life.

Yet she knew that what she knew
wasn't really very much at all.

Maybe he really loved her?

Who knew!

For her, it was only a situation.

She wondered if they'd remember
to take their shoes off at the door?

Her feelings could easily be hurt.

On the other hand, she often
neglected to express herself.

At half past five she'd put supper
on the table.

They would sit around it.

Her family sharing the same room
and the same bathroom.

Pity that

they were mutually ignorant of
one other.

She put out her cigarette.

Light another.

She wasn't afraid of cancer,
just living.

Working man would be home soon.

Kids would follow soon after.

Sighing she stood up and pushed
the cat away with her foot.

Irritated, she

checked her purse.

Bingo markers neatly labelled.

Another Friday night.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Aries Ram

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

Inside I feel the dark night
of the soul,
and my touch is
filled with demons not laid to rest.
Lord, stop this Aries ram
from losing his soul.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

As The Man Travels In The Stars Above His Head

He stops his feelings.
They cripple his beams of light.
'Pretend', he exclaims, 'just pretend.'
That the children have not gone,
or
that
the
marriage fell apart.
'I will not be a spectre of
fallen expectations.' he
moans to the skies.
Groaning tissues mutate
into flagons of bitter brew.
Next
comes
the
message.
'I will not hear it.'
He is firm in his plan.
Determined in his goals.
A man is a man if he
provides the guise of strength.
Who has ordained this?
Broken eggshells
scattered about him.
His testament, his truth.
'Am I forgiven? '
he asks in bewilderment.
Forgiven by friends, and family,
for
every transgression
completed.
Backwards are fables
mingled with
lost causes.
Resentments.
Forward is
amphibious,
not negotiable,

set in iron.
'I will stay forever
travelling
in the stars
above my head.'
This his proclamation.

Now he can rest in peace.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Atmosphere

Solitude. Alone.
Either or.
A day spent
conversing with no one.
Not lonely.
No. Not lonely.
Rather
at
peace
with
my piece
of the atmosphere.
It is good, regardless
of
the
pattern
of the thoughts.
Drift and flow
like bits
of paper
fluttering
in the breeze.
I remember.
Remember so much.
Times
of
significance.
Times
of
nothing.
No worry lines
frolic across this face.
Resigned. Faithfully
understanding
the
diagnosis
of coming attractions.
So you are told
you are to die.

Maybe that is true.
Maybe it is not.

Winds casually hitting
the balcony window.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Autumn's Artist

I am autumn's artist. On multi-coloured wings I sweep
across the brilliant blue of late September skies,

touching the tops of tallest trees with glorious tinges
of varied vivid hues. I chase the humid heat and curdled clouds

of summer and bring the brisk and bracing breeze,
as welcome as the early warmth of April afternoons.

I let my palette drip its crimson drops on mighty maples
and splash the sycamore with scarlet, even while

I sprinkle verdant poplars with a sunny golden spray.
I turn the birches bronze and tint the towering tamaracks

with gleaming copper. And then I cause that foliage fair to fall
and cloak the earth with showy vibrant shades.

And as I bring the freezing frosts I take my leave,
departing for another year, the branches barren now.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Black Shuffling Cars

A crossing wind
flutters over the lawn.
A black car shuffles down
 the street as
I ease my bike into the traffic.
Only hope is for sale.
It sits like a dusty jar
..... left stagnant
.....in the basement.
I listen to the sound of the swamp
..... that flocks like mosquitoes
..... in and out of me.
Joined on the road by
.....other black shuffling cars,
I tense my buttocks in
..... preparation for
.....the ass fucking
..... I'll receive
for daring to think my own mind.
Leave a tiny spark of departing fashion
..... as you drain me of my will to create.
I'll drop an arm across the table
.....so you can bleed me.
A crossing wind
flutters over the lawn.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Black Smoke, And A Bucket Of Tumours.

Holding on.
Not been a good week.
Aches and pains.
Disappointment and more.
Writing a Will.
Editing the Will.
Thinking about death.
Do I want to wait,
or should I select my
own time?
Suicide is a sin.
Purgatory no doubt.
Holding on.
Back to square zero.
Last weeks' optimism fading.
No, not fading, rather, faded.
Gone.
Ended.
Hitting mental icebergs
and creating
desperate images
Circle of life.
Circle of death.
Cycles really.
Metamorphosis.
Even butterflies
expire from the
drama of living.
Flicker like smokestacks
that expel black smoke.
That is me. Black smoke,
and a bucket of tumours.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Bless Us As We Kill

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

No important words to proclaim
to inspire victory and glory.

Just death.

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

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

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

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

Change the channel.

Switch off the mind.

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

Pass the potatoe chips.
Open the beer.

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

Divine will.

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

Just silence.

Quiet soldiers in the midst of
the battleground.

Dying.

God bless our side.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Blue Turns To Grey

When blue turns to grey,
walk gently into the fog.
Let the dimness open
the
avenues
of
renewal.
We are all circling
the same decisions.
Bleeding with the blood
of our ancestors in our veins.
One connected road
that
is
populated
with
similar
beginnings.
The end for each
is the only
different journey.
Circle the wagons
and
draw the blinds.
Enter the secrets
of
a million years.
This cleansing is
quenching
the
breaking
wood.
Enclose the pictures
of other scenes
into the frames
of
grabbing
snares.
Trapped. Locked in.

Nothing can
drive
the
doubt
away.

I just want answers.
I just want answers.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Boy In Cage Of Reality

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Boys And Men

The boy dreamt of his father,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Butterflies

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

why did he do this?

was it the beauty
of the insect
that so drew him
to want to hold
them forever
in his world?

or

was it the patterns
of their wings
which gave him
such delight?

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

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

why did he do this?

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Calm Down Restless Man, Calm Down

Calm down restless man, calm down.
Nothing worried will ever change.
What is will be. What happens happens.
Restless flutters of fallen insecurities
must be silenced to be forgotten.
So forget everything.

Endless streams of consciousness
flows heavily with the neglect
of being free. Freedom only
comes when the thinking is
stopped. Don't think. Just be.

When I am not travelling through
the poetry, I toss sounds inside my head.
Metaphors drip from the unconscious
like ice cream melting in a bowl.
I know I am as strong as my
strength allows me to be.

These times of putting myself
into lines upon a page, these are
what defines me. So let the
jumping end. Sit down. Rest.
Put no foot upon the floor.

Bruised and analysed, stopped
in my tracks by what attacks.
Discontented thoughts be silent.
Be nothing. Be over.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Carbon Copy

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Cardboard Boxes

Maybe nothing matters?
Our feelings were like
.....old people sitting
.....around a broken table.
Not talking. Just being.
.....Gesturing with eyebrows
.....of important un-importance.

All of my own private symbols
.....are different now.
Sort of wasted on legends
.....told but not believed.
Buying time with shaking hands.
Still, I have my health.

And I have
.....the walking I will do.
The roads fresh in
.....beckoning mannerisms.
Step by step. That is how
..... I shall have to travel.
Do you think of me at all?
I think of you.
I imagine I always will.

Remember when we took
..... black and white photographs?
Taped them carefully into our
.....photo books.
Assuming we would look
.....at them forever and longer.
These books of snapshots
.....are packed in cardboard boxes.
Neither of us shall look at them again.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Chains Across The Ground

Bloated tables littered
with avarice, greed and worse.
We're dying here, you know.
Locked down in this
unrealistic point of view.
Reaching up,
we are slapped down.
Reaching down,
we are pulled up
so we can
begin
the
stone weight again.
Gasping to speak
but
afraid
to say
what we cluster
in our hearts.
Deny the truth.
Play black chess pieces
willingly against the white.
Win or not, we
always lose.
Plopped like pimples
into
secondary
roles.

Hush.
I think I hear something.
Oh yes, I know that sound.

It is the dragging of chains
across
the
ground.

Chains Of Freedom

Where am I going? Isn't this the question that filters into most of our minds? I have spent my

life questioning the borders erected around me. The chains of conformity rusted with the blood

of the soul. Neighbourhood reflects the emptiness of the heart. Fences define property and keep out

the unwanted. A dog is barking somewhere behind the house, its high pitched voice drowning out the

solitude of being normal. There is an intensity in the animal that it out of place in the manicured

lawns and much painted walls. Glistening skin that is permeated with the refuse of a million

different commercials pushing forged versions of acceptance upon an unthinking world. I scratch

my back wondering which cream will make me look younger again. I no longer hear the dog so

I assume it has either been silenced or is dead. Yet, maybe it is I who have died as I drink a

cup of liquid some commercial insisted I must love. It's good to the last drop, or so I am

assured. I fear not drinking it all for if I do not do so perhaps I will not gain a prize. And of

course one can buy a piece of paper littered with random numbers at any corner store. If

these numbers are picked you can move up the ladder of life just a notch or so. But in

truth I wonder if the ladder is firmly rooted
in the ground. We live inside our cities, with

our magnificent accomplishments all around us.
Yet it seems odd to me that anyone can stop

the whirling of the streets with just one cautiously
purchased gun. When did I forget about the

sounds of freedom I used to listen to with such
excitement? At some point I put aside the marching

feet of progress and settled safely inside the
drone of survival. Lost for years inclined towards

messages that were sent but not opened. Freedom
of heart begins with a breath and yet to take this

breath one must unshackle the chains of suppression
that have been placed like ice around the ambition

of sanity. Would I ever understand the point of view
held so carefully by the members of the lower crust?

Bored, I pick up a newspaper. I am reading stories
of other boring people locked into their own sources

of disdain. And somewhere I hear the silence broken
by a television. I pick out the sounds of a popular

diversion and realize that this is how we have been
lost. Who has time to grow in mind when so many

false images are available to be defined? Where am
I going? I won't know until the corporate bonds of

the media sets a path for me. Like everyone else
I will rush to buy the latest toy and in this way shall

hope that I will fit in. Fitting in is important, much
more important than being me. I stop my thinking,

for it has become counter-revolutionary. I close
my eyes and look inside. I see only black clouds.

Relief. This means I am normal. I can now progress
to the next level of reality, empty perhaps, but at

least assured of my place in the scheme of things.
Like the dog, I am allied with the chains of conformity

that have been carefully placed around the mind.
I recognize now, with some amount of inner horror,

that all the chains I blamed on society are actually
chains I created for myself. I could break them

and declare independence, but I fear I will not
do so. If I did, I'd be alone and not normal and

surely being normal is more important than being
me. Sigh of relief, I have found my definition.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Chapped Lips

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Children Of The Morning

A seashell in the desert.
A piece of sand to a pearl.
A groaning, moaning,
population
is
stressing
about
a
war.
Does not matter which one.
There always is one happening
somewhere
on
this
'if I kill you,
it means we
are right'
planet.
Solemn faces in the news,
bemoaning
this
or
that
atrocious.
Shaking heads on couches
certain their
propaganda is correct.

But wait. In these
murderous
places,
I hear
the
children of the morning
waking up afraid.
Nervous little eyes
dimmed
by
the

rubble
they
share.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Christ In The Morning

Christ in the morning.

Christ in the afternoon.

Christ as night falls.

Christ in all time zones.

Cares and sorrows

may last for the

rest of my life.

I will not lose faith.

I will not succumb

to be one of the sheep

following a path

away from God.

Like a child,

I will submit.

Prepare myself

to be with Him.

When they close

the lid of my coffin,

it will not define me.

It will not matter.

I will not be in

the carcass they

will mourn over.

Fear not that some

will weep for me.

Or that others

will proclaim

I am with death.

I shall be with Christ.

Jesus summons me.

so to Him I shall go.

As the clouds gather

in the skies above me.

As the shadows fall

on this momentary
place of suffering.
As the sun and moon
travel in their
day and night rituals,
Christ will be with me.

I fix my eyes not
on what I can see,
for that is temporary.
I shall embrace
what is unseen,
for that is eternal.

Christ in the morning.
Christ in the afternoon.
Christ as night falls.
Christ in all time zones.

I am reconciled
with the fate
pronounced upon me.
I am ready
for what is to be.

He is stronger
than the cancer cells,
He is triumphant
over my illness.

It is what it is.
It will be as it will be.

Christ in my prayers,
Christ with me.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Cigarette Burns In The Ashtray

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Circle I Have Drawn

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Cloud Of Death

I'm dying,
Feeling the comforting cloud of death
doing flip-flops through my strain.
Energy bursts are useless attempts
 at frosting flakes of panic and regrets.
Slipping.
Forgetting.
Curt instructions from a dangerous smile.

Cloud of death. Your mysterious tension
 caresses every
 blood-vein in my body.
My lungs restrict,
my lungs constrict.
Empty shallow boxes
 filled with the nothing of
 resistance.

Can't anyone see? Does anybody know?

Does
 anybody
 have the
 slightest idea
 of just how
 tiresome
 paying
 attention
 can be?

So let me go. So leave me alone.
Let the fibres of believing unravel,
 slip apart
 like
 cracked glass
 about to
 shatter.
I'm hurting.
Disillusioned membranes zoning into silence.

The self-illusion so palpable and strong.

Hope

is for people

who have

flowers to grow.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Clouds

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

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

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

And he whispers,

so afraid someone might hear him.

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

And he whispers,

so afraid someone might hear him.

Cold Tuna

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Coloured Kool-Aide

Telephone wires perambulate like hating
gophers digging up the yard. Billions of

dropping stars are sighing in unison as
the aching of the teddy bears awakens

the cameras of conceit. You and I are
using toothpicks to strip the floor of

its diseases. We sometimes march. We
sometimes do not. Often we delay the

very meaning of getting things done.
I request that we try and drag solo.

Attempt, perhaps, a single framed smile.
But owls know better and flutter like bats

stretched inside an imploding valued glass.
Drink the drink offered, not the one that

was desired. Be brave, cowardly pictures.
Glow like icons on the painted walls.

We tapped our feet in unison to the
bleating of the water pipes cavorting.

Electricity shuts on and off. We find
we do not mind, as we clap our toes

upon the tiled floors. So many people
are afraid to expand, and so they whimper

away their possibilities. Instead, they
embrace only one side or the other.

Let us convince ourselves that we will
never agree to drink the coloured kool-aide.

Come Into My Walk And Lead My Feet To You

The crucifix on the wall
invites me to my favourite passage
from the Blessed, Sacred Scriptures.
In Saint Matthew our Lord's words
are shared in the Sermon on the Mount.

Reading them brings such peace
to the jumble of emotions I trend.

I wonder why these poignant words
have not penetrated into this world.
Seems odd that such wisdom and truth
is left aside as we pursue other goals.

Graves are dug in the mind, yes they are.
That's where the truth begins and ends.

Ignorance exists with point of view,
and nothing exists without attitude.

We grasp at straws and eat the filth
that permeates from our advanced lies.
Stop in at Mass, only when it suits us
and only when we feel it is necessary.

Hear the Gospel, nod at the sermon.
Check out watches to see the time.
Line up to consume the Body of Christ,
running out after back to our deceits.

In the softness of the mid-day world
I read the words of our Sacred Saviour.

The message compels me to understand
in how many ways I have wasted energy
as I've flickered and formulated over
the insignificance of mundane worrying.

Now that a time limit has been suggested,

it seems time indeed to remember that
if salt loses its flavour, how shall it be
seasoned? This is a thought to consider!

Our Father who art in Heaven, come
into my walk and lead my feet to You.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Come To Me Fickle Words

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

Let it flow free. Be free. Be renewed.

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

Flavour me with the spices of growth.

Let it flow free. Be free. Be renewed.

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

Not anymore. Not anymore.

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

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

I am just me. I am just me.

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

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

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

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

Breathe on me the breath of silence.

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

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

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

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

Let it end.
I am waste material
that has been flushed

down the drain of
pretend.

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

We are dead.
The funeral is yet to begin.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Coming Into The Bar With Eyes Wide Open

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

draw you in like a cancer that will not recognize redemption.
You will become one more cardboard cut-out in the fantasy of life.

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Communication

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

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

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

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

In the deepest, darkest parts of me,
where illuminations cannot intrude,
there I seek that inner peace.
The solitude of silence that neither
demands nor insists upon communication.

I can be a book unread.
I can be a cold that does not heat.
Anything is possible.
Everything is plausible.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Conversation With Myself

A few more minutes, or a few more days?
'I'm going to die' I insist to myself.
Placid smile on forlorn face.
When the chlorine and the bleach
 won't clean the white any more;
When the flavours and the food
 don't appeal in any sort of way.
'I'm going to die', I insist to myself.
Flagrant denial of mortality.

Time is fickle. It promises much
 but fails in its delivery.
'Will it hurt? ' I wonder.
Or will I slip away quietly
 like water down the drain?

I hear early birds making their
insistent chatter noises against
 the backdrop of the dawn.
Traffic moving on the street.
People in cars on their way
 to where-ever they are going.
I sit on a park bench trying
 to absorb everything all at once.
'I won't be sitting here next year.'
 I mutter in my head.

Lie down. Lie down.
Relax.
.Don't think any more.

'I'm going to die.' I insist to myself.
 'Die and be here no more.'

Sipping slowly of the
words as they falter
 through the mist.
How long is left is my world.
And this conversation with myself

will not change a thing.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Conversation With The Moon

She tells me about the sun, this late night moon.
Informs me of the infinite number of days to be.
We converse together, this shining white orb and I,
as the stars watch in amused, dangling patterns.
I pray at night, I pray in the day. I always pray.
Does it help? Yes I think it does. It connects me
to the magnificent creator of the sun and moon.

So I stay in conversation with my global friend.
We speak not only of the sun, but of life itself.
Sharing observations on how it all plays out.
This moon, in its wisdom, tells me of infinity.
Of taking a step, even a walk, into ones' destiny.
I wonder at this. I consider it most carefully.
Realizing that I too am making this odd journey.

The moon will depart soon, its turn almost over.
Not to fear! The sun will replace her luminosity.
In fact, were speaking of truth, it shines brighter.
What words shall we share? This sun to come.
I suspect I shall not know until the new daylight.
Not to worry. Not to fret. Everything in the world
happens for a good reason. I do fully believe this.

We shall all be one with the sun and the moon,
when God calls us to our eternal resting places.
I'll join those that have gone before me, and in
freedom be relieved of this human endeavour.
It's hard to live when you're dying. Harder to
live when you're trying to pretend that the
stars up above even know you have existed.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Cringing In The Chaos Of Contemplation

Imprisoned.
Captured.
Nowhere to hide.

Lonely, creeping dangerously close to sanity.
Imprisoned in my death like a dirty sheet.
Stranded and abandoned in the solitaire of life.

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

Impostors slandering their good names with faeces.
Dribbling lunatics on edge, mimicking normality.

Let me dive into the water.
Let the water cleanse me.

I wait there.
I cringe.

Vampires of dying myths float with self.
Helpless in the skin, helpless in the mind.

Wounded chaos dripping in exclusionary
streets of pretense and disillusionment.

I see into myself.
Marooned in a chalking of deceit.

You lied to me, I lied to you.
Everybody lies and denies.
We are collected together in
the aquarium of our silence.

I sleep.
I awake.

I open and close my eyes in the screaming
stupidity of hoping to wake up tomorrow.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Crowded Room

Crowded room.
Still and solemn
in
the
deepening
gloom.
Reading memorial cards.
Psalm 23
printed inside,
as per usual.
Dates.
He was born
on such and such
a date.
The other is when
he died..
Lips sharing
stories of
when he was vibrant.
We did this and we said that.
Remember
when
he
was
still
talking?
Oh, what a time we had!
Priest in his sombre manner
begins the prayers.
They pretend to
follow
along.
'The Lord be with you.'
'And with your spirit.'
They fall into the routine
and
pray along.
Some are crying.
Weeping tones

interrupting the
ending Rites.
Others look at watches.
Wondering where the
after party will be.
Most of them present
out
of
obligation.
At some point or another
they had connected
with the cadaver
in
the
polished box.
This gave them entry rights
to the final curtain.
Symbolic flowers
arranged in flashing
colours to
offset the occasion.
When it is over,
off to their stories
they'll return.
Every day a man is born.
Another one dies.
Cycles.
Patterns.
The journey of life.
When the rituals are over,
carry on.
Crowded room empties.
Silence.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Cup Of Coffee

We drank our coffee,
ensuring each other
that it would not be
the last time.
I remember when
I could not stop
words from falling
out of my mouth.
So many things to share.
But coffee grows cold
if left unattended.
And sentences that
once rushed out so
effortlessly slowly
turn to indifference.
Sometimes we can
still manage
platitudes, in the
hope that this can
create conversation.
Sounds, but no connection.
Together, but distant.
Sip your coffee slowly.
Let's savour what few
minutes still remain
in one another's company.
A casual hug perhaps,
or just a shaking of hands.
We begin the process
of forgetting one another.

I miss you already.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Daddy

You know, I'm not sure how I should feel.
Part of me is dragged in sadness at your death,
the other part of me is glad you are not suffering.
These past few years have not been good for you.
What I admired, though, was your resilience.
A strong man with values of another time.
You believed in hope, in a destiny of optimism,
in knowing that, with time, everything heals.
Even though you succumbed to peaceful death,
I know that you are still alive in Heaven's glory.
I wonder if you knew how much I loved you?
Fathers and sons do not tend to mention this.
That stupid man code of not showing emotion.

When I was a little boy, you were a role model.
Though we did not share the same interests,
we did manage to find things to do together.
I remember sitting at the kitchen table,
working together to assemble model cars.
Or when we went for rides to get soft ice cream.
You always told me 'don't tell your Mother! '
and I gloried in this tasty secret that was ours.

I cannot even list all the ways you helped me.
As I grew from boy to man, married, children,
you were still my rock which I depended upon.
I'm going to miss chatting with you, talking
about this and that, sharing our time together.
I liked hearing your stories of your early life.
How you met Mom, how you pursued her.
I look at old pictures of you in the 1950's
The Elvis Presley haircut, the sideburns and all.
Those must have been great times for you.

So we have come to the end, how very sad.
I saw you in your coffin, and yes, I wept.
Thinking how much I was going to miss you.
I realize you are with Mom now, a happy place.
You have missed her very much since she died.

Daddy, Dad, I love you. I will always do so.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Dance A Multi-Coloured Dance Of Rainbow

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

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

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

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

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

prisms and inter-faith delusions.

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

And though the old ways will not die,
we will pretend they do not matter.
We will surrender ourselves to
immoral methods of existing. We
will speak only of politically correct
topics and we shall never disagree.

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Daughters

Fear not, my lovely young women.
Everything will work out as it should.
I love you for what you have been.
I love you for what you've become.
I will love you now and always.

Learn life as you travel its path.
Embrace those wonderful talents
that inhabit the both of you.

Daddy will always be there,
in one shape or another.

Smile often, laugh even more.
Let the energetic strumming
of your hearts be always
focused on what is good.

When it seems that worry
and pain dominates,
remember that Daddy
is always hugging you.

Daddy's here. Daddy's here.
I might not be seen, but
if you listen, I'll be felt.

I sense your concerns.
I know of your worries.

Words may mean little.
They are like taps
with water running.
Ignore them, instead
hear only emotions.

These will guide you.
Give you strength.

In a thousand million years
nothing will ever change.

Daddy loves you. Always shall.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Dead People Crawling Up The Stairs

Dead people crawling up the stairs.
Embracing their together arms in
a symphony of panic.

I hear their wailing throats
emitting deathly groans.

I cover my ears.
I ignore them.

Let the dead return to their graves.
They have no place here.

Still, I sense they are here.
Encircling me.
Reaching out for me.
Welcoming me to their
cavernous holes in the ground.

I scream in silent vowels.
Gasp for air.
Holding my arms tightly
at
my sides.

Don't touch me rotted things!
Don't speak to me.
I do not want to listen
to your unearthly sighs.

My
thoughts
are
jangled
in
terror.

Why are they here?

Death rattles.
Smells of decayed flesh.
These surround me.

These
are
symbols
of
motivated
malice.

Useless resistance.
Surrender to them.
Join them.

Dead people crawling up the stairs.
I am with them now.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Dear Lady

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Death But One Of The Stages

Concrete shadows that attract
unhappy hearts. Miserable rats
rushing about in dispensary mazes.
I hear the chuckles of the silence.
Does it mock? Does it understand?
Freshly tinted hate turns darker
on broken promises never sustained.
I grapple with standing guard
over the legacy of my ending life.
To leave what behind? Trinkets
and baubles to amuse the rabble?
Things. Just things. Things collected
and things saved. I shall promise
some of these things to the remaining
hands that loved me in my time.
Over in another thought, where I
allow my eyes to open in wonder,
are the forces of resentment that
channel from the brain. What time
does the end begin? What will be
my final thoughts? Oblivious
perhaps, to the jungle around me?
Or aware only of the presence of
God as He takes me to my new home?
Maybe looking back, I shall only
be free of the pressure and pain?
This would certainly please me.
Uncertainty is a price that is paid
when certainty has been forgotten.
Too many rambling words get
misplaced in meaningless gestures.
I hold myself ready. I am resolved.
Defeated but victorious. Pleased
to dwell in celestial images of
beautiful places still to visit.
Do not worry too much about
the solitary walker who is on his
way to the destiny he must achieve.
Life is a process. This I believe.

Death, but one of the stages.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Desire

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Desperate Aeroplanes Circling The Airports Of Defeat

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

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

I'm empty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why does anyone read these words?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Destiny

My heart is tired. My words are like
wandering sentences rambling on an

empty page in search of a conclusion.
I seek an answer to a truth more

confused than a lie. To wander freely
and yet still appear in disguise. My

thoughts are blood red. My dreams
are silent with the shadows they have

bled. Whimpering smoke from a half
lit cigarette flickers across my face as

I review the daily events. I am kept solid
in a pure crashing wave of a karmic touch

that lingers lightly in my mind. Holding firm
in an embrace I welcomed but yet was

afraid to claim as my own. My soul is
awake, stripping away documented evidence

of a ruthless form that manifests my destiny.
My heart is tired and so I whisper goodbye.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Dirty Windows

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

This is the real world.

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

This is the real loss.

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

But they never are clean. Each morning a new
stench of defeat is grimed upon the freshly

painted glass. We are certain only of nothing,
and everything we believe has been modified
by the screens that continue to blink on and off.

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Distant Light

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

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

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

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

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

Does He Still See The Flavours Of The Waves?

Does he still see the flavours
of the waves that bounce
against the sands?

The grains dissipate
from the stroking
of the water.

His face is turned inward,
his thoughts circling
around nothing defined.

Shifting from questions
to faulty solutions,
the sounds of
impatience dropping

like

iron

bars

on

the

floor.

It does not help

that the lake

is littered with

the residue

of humanity.

In wonder, his

hands drop

to his side.

They become

extensions of the

failed dinner plans

and wasted intentions.

Mocking seagulls

fly shamelessly

over his head.

He considers

the direction

of

his

useless

meandering.
Time to leave.
Let the sand
handle
its'
own demise.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Drifting Like A Sunbeam On Fire

I'm drifting. I can sense the tangled
rivers that flow in
ever increasing confusion
all through my tunneled
point of view. Not even
crossing myself brings me
peace of soul. Lift the
hairbrush in apathetic hand,
brush the hair and
ignore the brain underneath
the scalp. It is easier
to play with toys, to play
with images of being real.
Cigarette lighter lies on
the table. If I flick it how long
before I can burn the eyes
out of my head?
Rolling strands of random
moments flicker like
light-bulbs in my line
of sight. Ignore the
need that calls for
attention. Play the radio
and pretend the songs matter
to somebody.
Washing dishes does
not mean the body is equally
clean. I'm eating
chocolate chip cookies and
imagining that they are
filling my empty stomach
with hope for tomorrow.
Let the doors remain closed!
Let the blinds remain drawn!
I must not see outside and instead
must focus on internal most of
the time.
Is this selfish? Self-centred?
Delusional?

I'm drifting. Shaking the
sweater clean of all
traces of lint. Combing the
careless diversity of thought
out of the air. When the
bugle blows, I can march
like any little soldier right up
to the flagpole where I will
salute the nothing and celebrate
the death of everything
I grew up to believe.
It gets easier as I get older
to disarm the emotional tug
of other hearts wanting to
connect. Pull pants down and lie
across the bed waiting for the
intellectual spanking deserved.
I'm drifting. I can sense the tangled
rivers that flow in
ever increasing confusion
all through my tunneled
point of view.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Drop By Drop

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

They manifest themselves into clouds
that whimper in defiant silence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I am floating in the sky.
Useless.

Drops Of Reality

You celebrated me
when I was a flower,
but you denied my roots.
When autumn came,
you did not know
what to do about me.
You could only understand
the surface, not the
barnacled fabric in the soil.
Like an empty glass of water,
you drained your feelings
and
let
your
eyes
close.
What you do not see
is the mud I am.
You want glitter and shine.
You want transparency.
You will not
acknowledge
the
depth
I
can
offer.
You hollered in glee
when I was shallow.
But you were
confused
with
how
to
treat me
when I was depth.

We are all like that.
Truth is bothersome.

It lacks plastic.
We are afraid.
Always afraid.

Pick up the umbrella
and cover the head.
Protect the surface
from the drops of reality.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Drops Of Sun

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Embracing The Spirit Of Christ Within Me

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Enemy Unknown

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Enslaved People Of The Mirage

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Even So

The dreams
still happen,
as they will, .

through mists
that flicker in my eyes.

And even though there
is knocking at my door,
I'm busy
with my own hemisphere.

The glow of the planet
shines in red and white
flags dashing in the
early dawn of perspective.

Even so.
My thinning body
cares only for itself.

Dragons may be fantasy,
but reality still
insists it is happening

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Even The Sky

Morning finds the wind beating softly
against the rising sun.

Wraps my scarf around my neck
as I watch the squirrels
dancing on the hydro lines.

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

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

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

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

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

Inside my ears I also hear
the angry words of so many
different tongues.

It is a struggle to keep
my composure, for I want
to scream my anger back
at them.

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

Even the sky seems to walk
away from me.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Falling Rain

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

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

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

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

Oh falling rain, cleanse the dirt of the heart.

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

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

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

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

O falling rain, cleanse the dirt of the heart.

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

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

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

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

O falling rain, cleanse the dirt of the heart.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Father, Son, Holy Spirit

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Fibreglass Boats And Lemonade Stands

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Fill Me With The Sedatives Of Your Mercy

God, infinite healer, fill me with
the sedatives of Your mercy.

Prayers, always mumbling prayers.
Words and thoughts that are
not empty, yet are also not full.

Cringing heart that does not
want to be in this frame of mind.

Fatigued limbs that want so
badly to feel vital once again.

Body of Christ on the tongue.
Daily Mass that comforts
but perhaps, does not heal?

Walking feet that do not
have the energy to walk.

Careless skin that prickles
with the icicles of distress.

Father in Heaven, give
what is truly necessary to
carry on with optimism.

Praying hands clenched
with pinnacles of hesitancy.

Eyes closed, but not in peace.
No, not the peace required.

God, be present as the doubts
gather. Give strength where
there exists only weakness.

Faith is the icon required
when human deterioration

is so immediate in existence.

God, infinite healer, fill me with
the sedatives of Your mercy.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Fires Of The Night

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

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

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

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

I whimper
drinking wine
from silent straws
and touching nobody.

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

I hear promises and
shallow sunsets.
Empty holes in

empty coffee cups.
The kettle is boiling.
No one is there
to drain it.

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Flames In A Wishing Well

I felt the rumbling
of the fire as it
burned,
mutilated,
my skin.

The fresh laid logs
glowed in their
own sort of
maniacal tension.

My heated flesh
denied the
existence
of the pain.

I drive myself
to pursue
new directions.

So let the comb
arrange the hair
and
let the face be
nice and clean.

I entered a place
of restless tomorrows.

Eyes dashing
left and right
to see if the
cups of promise
follow along.

Throw a nickle
into the wishing well.
Make a wish.
Meditating in
determined manner,
hot or cold does
not matter anymore.

I can only be the type
of person
I want to be.

What works

for others
does not always
comfort me.

Too many followers
and not enough
individuals.

The mystery to me
is why this
doesn't bother anyone.

I place my hands
out in front of me,
and let my fingers
feel the growing grass
as it comes through
the ground.

A crowd of one
with temporary
isolation.

A place of peace
where none
exists.

I rub away the
helpless hurting.
Gaining warmth
from the returning flame.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Flames Of Apprehension

Hot air captures
invisible actions.
Angry, yet somehow
still insistent.
Interior is
smoking with
flames of
apprehensions.
The anima
lies in shield
formation.
Insubstantial
is the declining
confidence.
Ashes drift,
caressing
themselves as
they
float in
inconclusive
language.
Concern,
distress,
despair.
These are
the days
once hoped
would never
happen.
Shut the lights.
Draw the blinds.
Be silence.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Flashes Of Blue

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Flashlight

And so without
yes or no
we cry for meaning.

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

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

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

Headstones proclaim
our atmosphere.
We breathe
yet the sound

does not travel.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Flickering Of A Thought

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Float The Balloons In The Winds Of Flying Illusions

We are soldiers joined in battle.
Fighting a war, fighting a war.
We belong to one healing centre.
Fighting dying, fighting dying.

Tubes
and
needles
are
our
weapons.
Pills
our
defence
against
the
enemy.

The light shines in my eyes.
The bed I am on is comfort.
In my thought processes
are the many situations
I've collected in this life.

It's not been too bad,
this past I review.
There have been
some disappointments.
Not uncommon
nor unexpected.
But the happiness
outweighs
the
tears.
The
melodies
pleasant
to
the

ears.

I suppose I am ready
to be with my comrades
in the Armageddon of
this unholy war.

We are champions of pain.
Joining forces, joining forces.
We march in determination.
In our hearts, in our hearts.

Some of us shall fall
in this ongoing struggle.

We
shall
mourn
their
deaths
and
celebrate
their
courage.

Carry on beating the
drums of resistance.

Carry on hoping
for victories to be.

And
if
I
join
the
defeated,

if
I
die
before
my
time;
remember
that
I

tried
to
float the balloons
in the winds
of flying illusions.
Look for me
in
the
air.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Flowers Of Hope

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Fondling The Secret Parts Of Your Body

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

For Dust You Are; And Unto Dust You Shall Return

A poem based on Genesis 3: 19

For dust you are; and unto dust you shall return.
A stack of dirt, neatly covered and withdrawn.
A hole, open and measured to conform to the box.
Mourners praying, intoning sacred, helpful words.
The priest makes the sign of the cross, voice strong.
The ritual is over, the people are invited to depart.

The hole, not quite empty anymore, is alone.
The workers fill it with the dirt, as they will.

The silence of the cemetery, the lull of natures' whispers
Plastic flowers placed on monuments of cold stone.

In the sweat of your face, until returned to the ground,
you will step in determination towards the coming end.
For every man and every woman, it will be the same.
Rich or poor, strong or weak, the grave is no different.
Repeated daily in every land upon this blue globe,
holy messages of comfort and solace are intoned.

A lone bird, sitting casually upon an old tombstone.
It fixes glances at the grass, perhaps seeking a meal?
It does not realize the shadows loitered in the ground.
Nor would it care, even if it could somehow be aware.
Nature is its own master of every creature, like the bird.
For dust you are; and unto dust you shall return.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

For Freedom

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

we've been robbed
of our
own human-ness
by a set of standards
that do not
promote liberty.

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

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

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

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

Instead of being people,
just human beings,
we end up as
robots echoing

the same agreements.

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

For Grey Was Not Ours To Be

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Forgetting

Forgetting.

That's the answer to the locked doors
that confront you in the path.

Open the eyes and see
the zero that has become you.

The body in agony, the heart
in trembling fear. The
beginning of the end,
the dying.

And when it comes, let the
forgetting become a mantra.

Let it flush away the
cascading doubts that
want to dominate and control.

Forget it all.

Feel only the pills that sustain.

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

Be the empty that you can be.
Life is a process of growing
from one place to another.
A metamorphosis of
situations and realities.

Forgetting.

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

And when the rain starts to fall,
hold the memories of living
in your arms and let
the electricity of desire
snapple your brainwaves.

Leave without saying goodbye.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Four O'clock In The Morning

Four o'clock in the morning. Wide awake.
If self-destruction is called for. Let it come
from depths unknown.

Years of tangible waste mentioned as the
dawn cracks like whips thrashing against
the anger.

Something is wrong. Something is right.
There are so many varied levels of thought
on what should be.

Isn't earth where I am supposed to be?
Here, where speaking my words are
considered necessary.

And when it stops, when it ends, will
the rambling wheels of preparations
rush ahead?

They'll meet with sombre people to
pick boxes of wood and plan the
final songs.

I will sing those songs. I will bond
with the holy words of praise and
solemn goodbyes.

Four o'clock in the morning. Wide awake.
Drinking ice water in the crawling
towards tomorrow.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Fresh Air In A Stale Room

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Frolicking In The Cave Of Cold

Is it cold in here?
Do you feel the chill?
This strange inhibition
 that filters in my spine.
Calling me home.
 But where is home?

Is it the marital dwelling,
with young children and wife?
Or perhaps the childhood place
 with parents and siblings?

Or the home of now,
alone and perpetually being
 frozen behind the flesh.

It seems a long time
 since I was normal.
But what is normal?
 Who defines it, really?

We're taught to huddle
 in frames of conformity.
There is a great fear
 of the individual.

Slices of paradigms
 control our
 awareness.

We are only afraid
 of being afraid.

Still, the crisp light
 calls me to it.
Inviting me to
 be as I have
 always been.

Fear is normal.

So is being unafraid.

Washing my hair,

I cleanse out the dirt.

So too with my life.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Fruit Of Their Labours

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

our indifference to one another.

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

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

Bodies splayed in no particular order.

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

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

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

The right soft drink, the correct
pair of jeans.

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

Polluted river flowing with the
sludge of our commercialism.
Drinking from it we dare

to embrace
the toxic waste of our
lost idealism.

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

They are not problems until
they commit a crime. Statistics
that are put on paper
and then used to line
the bottom of our birdcage
point of view.

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Funeral Skies And Melancholy Sun

Choices are options
not open for everyone.
Sometimes we are
victim to external
factors. We must
watch the decay
of funeral skies
and melancholy
sun litter the
boxes we are
travelling within.
We may blame
evil spirits or
decadent fashions
for the crumbled hats
we embrace. We may
look with scorn on
faces around us and
destroy our ambitions
with faultless pleasure.
Regardless, we are
pawns on a giant
chessboard of life.
Knights and castles
dropping hints of
what we should be
thinking, what we
should be feeling.
Cells of the body
are not of our control.
We must maneuver
through them like
strings cut from a
large ball of snow.
Always melting like
departing shadows
into the mountain
peaks of realization.
So for now, there

are only the tables
of wood filled with
the emotional garbage
we have been furiously
collecting. Forget about
blame. Forget about
regrets. Exist as if
a marching band was
parading across
the street in the
parking lot of
tomorrow's
picture frames.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Garbage

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

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

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

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

Some of us are littered on the streets

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

It is more important to become a
fashion plate and pay hundreds of
dollars for a label than it is to ensure
that our streets are clean and
our fellow humans are washed
and fed and given a sense
of belonging.

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

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

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

But let the windows stay firmly shut.
Let our air conditioners block our hearts

so we do not have to smell
the garbage in our streets.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Gently

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Go Softly Into The Darkness Of The Night

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

I whispered inside my heart.
I was afraid.

There were images I did not want to face.

There were words I did not want to say

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

God Is A Pink Memo

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Grandsons

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Grasping To Be Free Of The Clouds

The stillness of
sunlight
grasping to be free
of the clouds.

Puddles on the ground,
hinting at the
rain that fell in the night.

These are
the abstractions
that stroke the
fondling of my thoughts.

I am firmly entrenched
in my solitude,
yet there are still
a thousand voices
in my head.

They try and
speak to me,
but with triumph,
they are ignored.
Silent inside,
where the knives
of shunning
do not matter.

Stopping to
centre myself
on the stones
and rocks
that surround
the heart.

Softly release them.
Anticipate nothing,
which lets serenity begin.

This moment, this
tiny blot of time,

I have decided
to give up suffering.

Allowing only
the sunlight

to condition myself.
There, in that
frosted glass of
being nothing,
is where I feel
only peace.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Greetings From The Care Team At Windsor Regional Cancer Centre

'Greetings from the Care Team
at Windsor Regional Cancer Centre.'
begins the letter sent to my home.
An information package, showing
me how wonderful it will all be!
Even a promotional information movie
I can watch
How shall I ever be able to stand the excitement?

Does the Care Team know how
anxious I feel about their facility?
I'd imagine not.

This new life I am to live
is unknown territory,
uncertain destination.

In the promo film, the faces
are alive and positive.
Everyone is apparently
enjoying their cancer.

Should I feel as content?
Shall I smile and nod my head
in happy abandonment?

Have I already failed
to access the party line?

Basements are underground.
That is where I believe
to be
the best place for me.
Hiding. Pretending.
It's all good!
It's all fine!
Nothing wrong.

Lock the door and
hibernate until
this pile of bad cells
disappears.

But that is fantasy, wishful thinking.
Besides, I've already received
the afore-mentioned
information package.

The Care Team is waiting,
seemingly with pleasure,
to introduce itself
to me.

I'm now a member of
a very select society.
Surgery, therapy,
these are the new boundaries.

Will I care for this 'Team'
as much as they care for me?

We shall see, we shall see.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Grey

Grey days. They happen.
Hope is a delusion, a stagnant
piece of decaying food. A fantasy.

Mirrors are emptied of glare,
and so I sit like a vessel
waiting for the next pill.

Grey heart. It pulls and tugs
with uneasiness as it beats
towards the next stage.

Like marching feet, the
dim pounding is advancing
towards unfortunate results.

Glasses on. Eyes open.
Twisting this or that
possibility in the head.

Looking backwards does
not convince, at all, of the
stability of what is forward.

Grey days. They happen.
Hope is a delusion, a stagnant
piece of decaying food. A fantasy.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Hail Holy Mother, The Pain Is So Sublime

The pain is so sublime
it is like a piece of fabric torn.
Morphine is the prescription
that is promised as relief.
I have a better healer,
a celestial figure of appeal.

Hail Holy Mother, Queen of Heaven,
I submit myself to you.
The pain increases,
the pain increases.
It keeps me awake at night.
I appeal to you, most Holy,
please comfort me.
Mother of God,
may my thoughts
dwell always on you.
Sweet Virgin,
may my words reflect my truth
I'm lonely and alone on this
frustrating destination.
Crawling reluctantly,
towards the conclusion.
Afraid and disheartened.
Alone but for You.

You lead me to your Son.
You bring me to Him.

Mumbled thinking of
fragmented living drowns
out living as a real person.
Collecting stones of agony
that batters the walls of
resistance. It destroys
what it can not heal.

Thank you God.
Thank you for hope.

That is all I cling to.
Mary, precious Mary,
cloak me in your mantle
of promised protection.

Hail Mary,
 Hail Mary,
 Hail Mary.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Hail Mary! The Body Of Christ Is Ours!

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

He Turns It Off

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sitting down, he became a part of the problem instead of seeking a solution.

The radio is on.

He turns it off.

The house is silent.

So is his heart.

He turns it off.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Hearing A Voice

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Holes

You are the hole that is filled
with the optimism of forgiveness.
I am the shovel that fills the hole
with my rushing trials of pessimism.

One day soon, I will not wake up.
At least, not in the mortal world.

You speak of upcoming glories,
that you intend to always pursue.
I drown your flames with the
exuberance of a determined mind.

On the day I die, carry on with
your blue skied version of life.

Renew the world with your
immortal songs of happiness.

You touch the hearts of people
with your eyes of sparkling hope.
I cover those eyes with tragedy
that permeates my dim perception.

Graves are empty holes, where the
body decays but the soul is gone.

Do not change your views, keep them.
Allow me also to keep true to mine.

Perspective is individual, you know.
Holes are as deep as they need to be.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Hollow As The Hole

Hollow inside, as suddenly as a
hole left weeping in the ground.
A pausing, a remembered distance
aching to be filled in again.
Unprepared for the blankness
that steals like a thief across
the dim light of the night moon.
What I was seems unimportant.
What I want to see in the future
appears as pleasant insignificance.
I laugh at the stupidity of growing
ideas that will not have time to be.

Nor do chains mean anything.
They can only hold what is lost.
Cyclones and dramas are plastic
forks stuck into pretense and more.
I am licking the stamps of
foreign countries where people
speak in languages not mine.
Babies are born, people die;
one balances out the other.
How important is one life
when compared to another?

Everybody will cease to be.
So too will I, and all the plans
for doing this or doing that
will be as hollow as the hole
that holds my final home.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Hot As Cold Wax

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

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

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

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

Their shallow eyes masking
their glancing vibes.

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

The frozen popsicle is melting, melting, melting.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

How To Play War

Play the drum roll!
Enlist the naive
young men who played
hockey and lacrosse
in high school.
Who got laid at
their proms.
Drank with their buddies.
Planned their futures.
Dreamed their dreams.
Tell them they have to
defend freedom.
Play them songs of
heroism and pride.
Show them pretty
pictures of foreign women.
Insist they should be
proud of such a "career".
'The few and the brave! '
'The mighty and proud! '
Dress them in the
same green uniform.
Shout at them.
Destroy their
will to think.
Give them guns and
banners to carry.
Make up an enemy
teach them to hate.
Send them far away
to a country they've
read about in
magazines.
March them.
Parade them.
Deploy them.
Set them against
other young men
who were dreamed

into the same nightmare.
Let the two sides
come into battle.
The ultimate hero
contest for young men!
Brittle bombs.
Knives, destruction.
A good cause!

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Howl In Indignant Rumbling

Amongst the multitude
my actions would
be as
effective as
pushing used
hypodermic needles
into my skin.

I understand the
nuances and the
subtle suggestions.
Not completely deaf
to the
insisting pounding
of the hammer, but
absolutely deaf
to the
masturbating Druids
that flick their
hands in mild
contempt.

I am as victim
to sin as
the next man; as
void of mercy
as any saint.

Picturing a
garden, a refuge,
a closed in
slice of
serenity.

Vines and bushes
proliferate
and softly
furred creatures
dangle their
hooves into
the drinking water.
Bricks escape and
so to the fraying

I resume.

Bending will to
frozen lakes
gesturing with
impatience in
their solid state.

I will assume
the stance of
one who is
deeply concerned
with your opinion.

I'll rely on
the collective
inability to
think individually.

This will be what
it needs to be.

Together, we forsake
our vocal chords
and howl
in indignant
rumbling as
we count the
fingers on
our hands.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

I Fell Asleep Before The Dark

I
fell asleep
before the dark.
In the day
when sunlight
broke into the window,
there I was
in another place.
The morphine
relieving pain.
the thoughts
of fabricated living.
Visionary monsters
parading across
the floor.
I grew
into one
of them.
Long of hair
and short of breath.
Kneeling down
to shelter
the insects
flickering in
my head.
What eggshell
will ever
be the same?

We dreamed.
You and I.
Together.

Telephones ringing.
Doors locked.
Impressionable cups
left empty
without coffee.
Around and around

march the
ambulances,
sirens wailing
in imperfect tones.

I was dreaming.
Just me.
Alone.

Nobody had been
invited in.
Solitude, that
desired feeling,
of hiding
from the
jumping demons.

Once bitten,
twice shy.
Once dead,
now alive.

Grasp at nothing.
Not even worth
the dollar
on the price tag.
I
fell asleep
before the dark.
No wonder
the visions
were
distorted.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

I Hide In Open Spaces

I hide in open spaces,
yet you are not able to call my name.
I abolished it. Cast it aside.
Became a non-entity
that
struggles
with
surviving.
Why do we hold on
to
false goals
when the real goal
is to stay aware?
When surrounding outsiders
chant their mocking vibrations,
and
the
cold touch of fire
no longer burns,
that may be where
surrendering begins.
I wish for apathy.
It is not fulfilled.
I'm tied into the
grumbling
growing
of
falling away.
Reluctant to name the
oncoming destroyer,
though I know well
its name.
What can not be named
may be bypassed?
But yes, it is not worth
it to pretend otherwise.
It is known to me.
And even if my name
is

not forgotten,
I hide in open spaces.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

I Speak From Age

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

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

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

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

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

Life goes on.
But am I living?

Life calls but have I answered?

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

I Still Believe In Love And Peace

I still believe in love and peace.

I tremble as I watch
the strange pattern of
flickering flags which
wave like shadows
in the windless night.

I am afraid of soldiers,
for though they speak of
victories and defeats,
I only know the murder
they perform for their flags.
Their words of patriotism
fall loosely upon
my ears.

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

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

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

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

wonder what colour the
next life shall be.
I have no respect for the
warrior as he stands
in his uniform.
I know he represents
death and destruction
and it matters not to me
what flag he champions in
his madness.
I refuse to accept that
killing for a piece of
dirt is justified.
I am in disagreement
that war will bring
us peace. I am astonished
that this contradiction is
not seen for the lie it is.
There is sadness in
too many households
There is death on
too many streets.
I shut my eyes and pretend
that the soldiers have all
gone away and that the
world sits in terms of
peace without a gun
blasting in the sky.
I still believe in love and peace.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

I Walked Naked Into A Cloud

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

I Wasn'T Born To Be A Corporate Citizen

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

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

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

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

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

These questions will fester like
sagging eyes that lack eyeballs.

What can't be seen must not be believed.

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

I Will Not Be Shouted At!

The lift and strain of traffic as it slides
down cool November streets.
A hustle and bustle, hurly-burly, ingested
kind of day.
A distinct flavour of of washing soap
photoed in my mind.

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

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

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

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

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

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

executioner and saviour.

'I'm not to be hurt.

I'm not to be insulted.'

Closing coat around emancipation.

Shutting mind to ulterior motives.

Outside the frolicsome emptiness
motivates another crowd to survive.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

I Wonder If The Dead People Are As Cold As Their Bodies In Their Coffins?

I wonder if the dead people
still speak to those they loved?
Perhaps the living can not hear them?
Or might not
realize that their loved ones
continue to talk to them?

I wonder if, when I too am dead,
will I be able to hug my daughters?
Love my Grandsons?
Tell them over and over
how very much
they mean to me.

What odd and morbid thoughts
these are, that have come
to occupy my thoughts!

And while I resolve myself
to overcome and defeat
this unwelcome prognosis,
still I believe one also
should be conscious
and prepared for
the other alternative.

I believe in God.
Though I have strayed
and sinned in so many
unfortunate ways,
even so,
I believe in salvation.

Will I be welcomed
into the glory of Heaven?
Perhaps I must first
be cleansed in

the process
that is Purgatory?

I wonder if dying is
as magnificent
as some have said.
Are there lights?
Faces? Voices?
Will I see again
those who have died
before me?

What shall I say to them,
these ghosts of
people whose funerals
I've attended?

Are the dead even
concerned with the
world they have left?
Maybe that is the
vanity of humankind
in thinking that
this mortal world
is the centre of all?

Will I be aware
of the lives of the
people I leave behind?

That is the real question!

Perhaps dying is as
has been shared by the
priests of the Church?
So that rebirth
into a new consciousness
is a beginning
into a better
state of awareness.

That is what I tend to believe.

I wonder if the dead people
are as cold as their bodies
in their coffins?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Identity

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

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

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

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

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

Upset the apple cart.

Open my wallet
and

spill out every
piece of paper that
identifies me.

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

If I Should Die Before I Wake

I dared to dream of heaven, as if it was a place I might arrive. Celestial Kingdom of a merciful God, where I could live without the illness in the body. Turned thoughts to friends and family gone before me, possibly waiting to welcome me there? Of course, there are also the friends and family not yet dead. They too might wish to welcome me to the possibility of continuing to stay alive.

I prayed to God to provide His healing, knowing that it is vanity to so assume. Still, He does promise to attend to our healing petitions and to comfort those who suffer in spirit or body.

This body, consuming itself with the poisons growing, is just a place where my soul resides. Yet, it is the only vessel I have and so in humility I wish it to survive. Without the soft weakness would be a blessing, a relief of considerable importance.

Resurrection is promised by God's Church and in His Scriptures. This I cling to with weakened faith, to match the weakness of the believing that sometimes defines my thoughts. In truth, one must adhere to some sort of spiritual comfort. So in this hope I shall remain in adherence.

If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

If Not The Last, Yet This Will Be, One Of The Last Poems I'll Ever Write

If not the last, yet this will be,
one of the last poems I'll ever write.

Sobering thought.

Days to come, not long from now,
these hands will no longer type.

This mind shall cease to create.

I wore peace signs on my Levi jacket.

I recall this so vividly.

Wrote angry words,
wrote loving words.

Always the words,
the phrases that
flashed like alarms
inside my thoughts.

They meant so much to me.

They mean so much to me.

One day soon, these
words will evaporate.

Be no more.

Be forgotten.

I wore bell-bottom jeans,
when I was a teenager.

Proudly arrogant
as only a young man can be.

Grew and aged, and still wrote.

Till I got to today.

This day. This possibly last poem.

Cry if you must,
if that is your way.

I've cried too.

Internally.

Alone.
Frustrated at the
finality of dying.

'How dare they
pronounce this upon me! '
I loudly suggest.
Knowing 'they'
only confirmed what
my body already knew.

These may be the final vowels
I will string together?
What of this life-time
of writing will remain?
A few scattered books,
a magazine or two.
Will I have
faithfully communicated
what I've wanted to say?

It doesn't really matter,
I suppose.
I am only one voice
surrounded
by billions of others.

Like dust on a table,
I'll be wiped away.
Put in a closet.
Door locked.
No more words
to be said.

These are really all I have had
to define and label as my own.

Now they are dropping
their power. Escaping
like a final breath.

Soon I will take that final breath.

No more poetry to be written.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Images Of Storms Raging

I want...

sunshine days,
happiness,
easy living,

you.

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

us.

Living.
Existing.

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

of

a future.

Images of storms raging.

Enter the lair of the crystal dragon.

Broken glass.
Defeated fire.

Insanity.
Impossibility.

Of us.

Surviving.

We will not.

We have not.

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

Of ending.

Of beginning.

Without you.

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

Good morning sun.

Goodnight moon.

Nothing grabs me anymore.

Nothing motivates.

Potential situations do not involve me.

I do not matter.

Silence becomes the essence of soul.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Images Of The Sun

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Immaculate Mary, Mother Of God

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

In A Field Of Shaded Glass

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

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

Be totally careful.
Be very much aware!

That the dripping you feel
is not from your soul.

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

Grab the door.
Open the vein.

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

Or do you wear the
chain of many colours?

The links of empty doom?

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

In The Absence Of Life

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

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

My pulse strikes irregular
in the measurement of life.

I am who I am
because
that is the only way
I learned to survive.

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

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

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

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

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

It is the sound of
an insane man,

laughing, laughing, and laughing

Chris G. Vaillancourt

In The Beginning, In The Wet

In the beginning, in the wet.
When it began, in the soft
imploding space.
Demanding attention and reacting
like a silver vulture dying in the desert.
We heard screaming.
Dissident voices mangled by the
unhealthy lifestyle choices they manifested.
We screamed in return, our voices
as dissident as theirs.
'Let us not conform! ' 'Let us not conform! '
In this parent-less world,
where laughing seems archaic.
We learn only that perspective
is not innate behaviour. Instead
it is learned from endless cups of coffee
and dangling cigarettes.
Smoke twirling like iconic symbols
of blood and faith.
When rock and roll still held
the power to motivate,
we listened, danced and exclaimed.
We jumped to every conclusion
and it was ours to do so.
Fled and returned, returned and fled.
Both were our emblems and we wore
them as proud badges of arrival.
Cold cup of egg salad still sitting
in the fridge. Warm taste of lighter fluid
bravely tinting our lips.
In the beginning, in the wet.
When pencils were sharp and pens
were obsolete. When spelling mattered
and slang was ignored. We pickled like
over-ripe vinegar in a bottle
left behind after a move.
The ransom was demanded and so
we paid it. Rising with the choirs
we heard in Mass.

'Let us not conform! ' 'Let us not conform! '
Never let the dollars and cents be
the supplier of existence.
We live, you see.
We are not dead.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

In The Empty

In the empty hours when thoughts
are dreams not realized, and hustles
of curtains cover windows and sight.
That is when the mourning begins.

Mourn for time that might not be.
For Grandchildren's giggles when
they are tickled, for their hugs when
they feel their little boy fears.

Mourn for conversations not be held,
for sharing that will not be shared.
For emotions that will not be felt, or
for experiences that will never occur.

In the quiet time when memories
are like pieces of an elaborate puzzle,
and clocks tick in impatient hurry
marching forwards, as they will do.

Pictures perform, these compelling
images that filter through the brain.
They warm and they freeze, each
according to their own special ways.

A storm of floating spectrum's that
sprinkle determination to stay slow.
Halt the spreading beads that collect
so forcefully from their birthplaces.

In the dawning of the coming ending
rises the many strands of what might be.
This, no one knows; no one emerges
with the bottles filled with answers.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

In The Middle Of The Beast

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

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

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

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

Be straight! Don't take drugs!
The fear being
that a relaxed stated
of mind towards reality
may make you see

the hypocrisies of
the game.
Even a game
like 'Monopoly'
makes more sense than
the games played
by the so-called
'real world'.

Make money! Don't make waves!
Spend your whole life
playing currency collection.
Percentage and profits
being the only things
to make you
a valid human being.

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

Think! Be free!

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Intellectual Space Tripper

If people were forced
to eat what they killed
there would be no more wars.
If we were compelled to
obey the words of Jesus
there would be
no starvation
no aggravation
no hatred
We would live in peace.
Our values are strange.
You are not real until
you have a piece of paper
declaring that you have been born.
As you grow older
the pile of paper increases
and indicates the control
that is exercised over us all.
We live in one large armed camp
that devours the idealism of youth
trapping us in credit and debts.
We have possessions, but we do
not have peace.
Violence on the streets
is blamed on the poor.
The rich man hides in his
fortress and complains about
the race problem; the drug problem;
the unemployment problem;
the homeless problem.
His answer to the 'problems' is
to increase his home security.
He lives in splendour but
he does not know peace.
The conservative element thinks
the movement amongst people
for peace comes from the enemy.
The ideology of change is foreign.
Instead it is preferred that chains

be increased over the minds
of the people under their feet.
Exploitation of resources is known
as economic security.
The answer to anarchy is to collect the
young men and send them off
to fight in a war.
They make speeches, but still
we do not have peace.
The moral code of the world
has deserted into a state of anarchy.
Chaos rules our cities and drugs
inhibit our will to be free.
Our universities have been
conditioned not to educate, instead
to turn out more drones for the hive
The mindset is that a degree is
only used to create employment.
There is fear in educating the masses
to their capability to be free.
The entire game is to create divisions
that set one group against another.
Fight in wars that are not ours
and dream of flags and medals
as something to be desired.
Preparations are underway to
implant methods to destroy
our collective will to breath.
It is a strange sort of world
that calls itself free
when death
stalks our cities.
If people were forced
to eat what they killed
there would be no more wars.
We would have peace.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

It Can Still Be A Yellow Sunshine Night

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

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

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

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

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

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

They were programmed to
be suspicious of differences.

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

A performance of agreements
we mutter at one another.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It Is Time Again. Pop Another Pill.

Inside. The traffic lights blink
red, yellow, green. Stop, wait, go.
Moody hemisphere that is filled
with a morphological being that
practices plastic bouncing balls.
Tip of the iceberg is melted, exposing
the horrid skin cells that are
dangling with their insistence.
Psychedelic fuzzies parading like
feral cats in a badly lit circus. Falling
stones caress the head as they plop
like thinly disguised avatars. The
phone is ringing. The stove starts
to cook. Many things happening
and none of them industrious.

It is time again. Pop another pill.

Outside. The fabricated nothing is
playing at being important, while
the signs on the street pop on and off.
Catching playful atmosphere that
causes pretense and worse. The
eggshells are scattered on the
floor, and so, carefully the feet
plod through them. Must always
surrender to the trivial, commenting
on the state of the weather. Convinced
that coffins are only present in
the hands of those who seek them.

It is time again. Pop another pill.

Inside. Outside. Contradiction and
excommunication. Finding that
circles are dashing here and there
around the shapeless thoughts that
pop up like balloons on a string.
Veins flushed with the needles of

redemption, blood circulated by
the passion of believing. Music
plays but the song is unknown.
Seeking bottles that hold the magic,
which when found, will increase
the days on this planet. Around
and around spins the wheel, where
it stops, no one will know.

It is time again. Pop another pill.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Itching Like A Diamond Necklace

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

Will screeching women stop
their investigative paper chase?

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

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

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

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

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

So if I take my own hand and
find a place where

no worm would dare live,
have I become the creator
of my own demise?

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

It'll Be Alright

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

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

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

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

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

It'll be alright.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

It's Going To Be Alright

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

It's Not Easy Being A Bunny

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

It's Six O'Clock In The Morning

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And
every rude gesture becomes
a different kind of world.

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Just Let Go

Just let go.
You always have a choice.
Go left, go right.
It's up to you.
Worry not about
insignificant vowels
that dangle
like earrings
around you.
Take them off.
Put them away
in your secret cabinet
where every
unpleasant thing
should be put.
Just be.
Enjoy the moment.
Pick up the foul
pieces of garbage
and throw
them out.
Let them go away,
be gone from you.
Look no further
for miracles and
revelations.
These are already
within you.
One must just
breathe softly
to discover them.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Knick-Knacks For Heaven

I'm buying knick-knacks
to bring to Heaven.

Odds and ends to
comfort me
when I cross over.

Little things to
remind me
of living
on this planet.

I'm packing mementos
to bring to Heaven.

Small things
that will remind me
of everyone
I knew on earth.

Articles of
collectibles
that I can hold
or look at
when
I miss them.

Feet are walking,
albeit slower,
to the door that
leads to release.

The bright light
I've heard about
will be shining
for me.

Maybe I'll be
like a toss of smoke?

Able to watch
the final performance.

Check out
who bought tickets
and

who

declined to attend.

Flicker around

the homes and places

where my loved ones

live their days.

Will I be able

to touch them?

This I do not know.

If so,

I'll stroke

cheeks with fondness,

informing them

of how I valued

them in my

physical form.

I wonder if

I will find

knick-knacks of me

in their

hearts?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Kyrie Eleison

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Last Night

Last night
I dreamed
of solace
and rest.

Peace and
quiet. Solitude.

All the
darkness
permeating
into
one soul.

One point
of
view

that

would

become

one

state of
mind.

Last night
I pulled
for differences.

Looking out
my
eyes

into the
gloom.

The doom-scenes
filled
the
dreaming.

Last night
becomes
this night,

becomes
every
night.

I still dream

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Let Every Man His God Adore

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Light Of Infinite Empty

Lights shine fiercely over me.
I wonder what causes them to be?
Is it God revealing His presence?

Or
the
end
of
being?

There are a thousand things
left to do and more to say.

A world that compels me
to
be
involved.

Pretending to be fairly open,
even while the jumble of
images are never-ending.

Places seen and others'
just imagined. When the
trains stop running, well
so

shall

I
stop
as
well.

God above, educate my
thoughts to how they
should be thinking.

Let the dying flowers
bloom
once
again.

Bursting colours that
frolic playfully across
the meadows of denial.

And

I
catch

the
light
as
it
fades
to
empty.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Like A Dangling Rock

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

An ant is but one part of the puzzle.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Listen To The Wind Blow

Listen to the wind blow.
I hear it as a blur, a shape
that dashes here and there
around
the
corners
of
my
thoughts.
It strikes me like a yell
inside the brain.

When I stand up.
When I sit down.
Either one creates
the
same
sound.

Tomorrow is not mine.
I belong only
to
yesterday
and
today.

I've heard that there is
a white light as you die.
A spectral world
reaching out
to pull you in.
Welcoming waves
of celestial release
as my soul departs
this
aching
body.

We are so fragile.

Skin encasing bone,
susceptible to all
sorts of malfunctions.
Easy to damage, to
fall
into
decay
and
surrender.

Still, sun and moon
continue their dance.
Seasons change
with regular abandon.
The wind blows,
it
does
not
concern
itself
with
my
problems.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Little Boy World

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

and white television set and not knowing that there could be a world of colours.
It's dangerous to pretend to be what one is not. They do not want you to think,

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

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

biggest concern being to pay for the house and the new car you are required to
buy.

Is it any wonder that the streets are filled with wounded eyes hiding

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Living In A Circle

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

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

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

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

An easy target of caressing doom
which fluttered happily
upon the
precarious wires
stretched across

the messages
of illuminated words.

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

Intricate designs of left
and right
became the emblems of
success.

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Lonely Soldier And An Enemy

The soldier cleaned his gun in anticipation for the battle he would be fighting. His mind was focused on his job. His heart was centred on his illusions. Lonely soldier in a uniform without a mind of his own. His officers received their orders from somewhere else, from men and women who were fighting a war of greed. Death was nothing more than a statistic which would be tabulated and toned down for the media. Not good to let the world know the actual cost of human life in the adventure. A tear fell from his eyes at the thought of how many men he had killed. He remembered sitting in his kitchen talking to his wife and making plans for the future. That was until somebody somewhere far away had determined the future was not his to plan. So he worked at his task in mind of constant wonder at the waste he was trained to create. His entire purpose in life was to kill and so he killed as best he could. The faces of the enemy reminded him of himself. Other men who had sat at home with their wives talking about their futures together. Such a waste of young ambition by the old men and women who

sat comfortable in the governments of life.
Lonely soldier surrounded by his comrades

all of whom equally trained to hate and kill.
Ah, but the bands would play and the magic

of hero dust would fall upon the shoulders
of the men at arms. How brave they would

be in the battle with their blood splattered
all over their clean uniforms. The soldier knew

he fought for a cause but it was odd that
the cause was never quite explained, save

for speeches on freedom and destruction
and illusions of happiness when the enemy

were all dead. Lonely soldier was startled by
an enemy as he cleaned his gun. The two

men glared at one another wondering who
would die first. Soldier and enemy came to

a major decision. Each stripped off their clothes
and stood naked in front of one another.

Two naked men. Without their uniforms.
Now which of them was the enemy?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Long Hair

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Lord, May I Be Ready

Lord, make me a vacant basin,
one that is to be congested with You.
Grateful for each day given me.
Thankful for ever blessing acquired.
For though this body, Lord, is
decaying and terminally corrupted,
it is my essence given by You
that is forever my place of living.
Let me remember the struggles,
along with the triumphs, that
You have given out to me.
For though earthly experts
claim but a certain amount of time,
I know they do not realize that
time exists only in this realm.
Forever Jesus, forever. This is
what You have opened for me.
Let me arrive with a happy heart
into the Kingdom You proclaimed.
I am scared, but not of Heaven.
I fear the pain and the unknown.
Will it be a long slow dying?
This I do not know. With this
in mind, I prepare myself for
whatever it is I must endure.
Knowing that You will be there,
both the in the process and
in the beginning of the new life.
Lord, these are but words I
write to express my thinking.
They attempt to capture the
introspection that seems to
now be the centre of this phase.
I offer them up for Your ears,
knowing they will be understood.
In this malignant community,
of which I have citizenship,
the months are carefully counted.
The day will come, yes it will,

when the last breath will signal
my sudden awakening to You.
Lord, may I be ready.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Maggots

Dangling sentence hanging from
an upturned lip.

Intense eyes strangling
a look with malice.

Growing maggots.

I resemble the graveyard.

It is empty in the middle of the day.

It is silent.

Dead corpses rotting
in the ground.

Dead faces pressed like rocks
in their coffins.

Undertaker dressed in black.

Does his job.

Speaks his piece.

Smiles.

Phony charm, distressing mood.

I hurt.

Let the air out of the tires.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Mantra

In plastic bedrooms of chain hotels,
when

I lie awake and try to pretend
I am at home.

When my thoughts turn to
familiar places and
my fingers hope to dial
the numbers of people
I know.

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Maple Leaf

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Midnight Train And A Man

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It is cold out tonight.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Mood, Melancholy, And Maybe

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

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

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

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

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

Why do you follow me still? Why do you
chitter and chatter like a fucking snake
waiting for the rat to fall across your lap?
.....Who are you?

.....What are you?
.....Why does your voice never end?

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Morning Is Grey

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

Nothing matters.
Everything matters.
Who really cares?

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Morphine Eyes And A Crushed Flower

I crushed a flower
in my hand.

It felt good.

It felt right.

Felt like I was
absolutely
in control.

Petals and stem juice
stained my hand.

I make a wind
and
blow
them
away.

Just like a judge
presiding
over a trial,

I am the voice
of justice.

A bloated bulb
of tremendous
distance
begins to roll
over to me.

Misguided hand,
you must know,
that what
you
began
will come to pass.

Morphine eyes
see shapes and
shadows
that flicker briefly
before
floating away.

The hand can
try and hold
itself in power,

but
in
the end
can only
move as required.

I am as crushed
as the flower,
staining
the palm
of my demise.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Mouldy Bread, Left In A Plastic Bag

I watch the foul blood
drain from my wounds.
Clean it from my skin.
Apply a band-aide. Pray.

I watch them take blood
from my arm to test.
They do not flinch.
I do.
It is their job.
It is my life.
Different perspectives.
Different views.

I listen to doctors' talk.
Telling me what to expect.
I hear the words,
the serious words.
The words spoken
in formal empathy.

Mouldy bread,
left in a plastic bag,
has a very peculiar odour.
It smells of decay,
of wasting away.
Strong hope
now
scattered
and
left
undone.

I watch the blood drain.
I watch the yellow puss
flow out with the red.
Diseased tissue.
Diseased flesh.

I will hear nothing more.
Wipe the mess away
with
a
tissue
paper.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Moving Coloured

Moving coloured in
a too dark world
through the dingy corridors
of cigarette stained minds.
Heated balloons of ambition
have been instructed
to ignore the state of soul.
Focus instead on ambition
and loss of self-control.
Damp soap of cleanliness
constructing
internal situations
that are slipped by
the censors of the
un-desired.
Flags at half mast
for the death of
the art. Format
replacing expression
in a too dank scene
of
unblemished hypocrisy.
Moving coloured in
a too lost zone
where lizards gather to
lick the eyes of the dead
who have suffered not
in body but in mind.
Voices bleeping out
the words they do not
want to acknowledge.
Preference given to
deceits that are than
wrapped in pretty paper
and pandered to the masses
as words of wisdom.
Fulfilment becomes
acceptance. The lies
of conformity become

the religion of the people.
And somewhere, far from
the dark begging is a coloured
end that someone else will
need to f,
I am not worthy to
describe the emptiness that
blanks out the jumping
reptiles of disguise.
In full view of every
camera the picture
reveals
the tremors flashing
forth from inside.
Moving coloured in a
too un-assembled mind
forsaking every adventure
conforming instead
to the rejection of
the heart.
Somewhere else becomes
the method of existing
and what is left
but to deny the
panorama of desire.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Mud On My Clean White Tiles

Your words are mud
on my clean white tiles.

Stagnant breath that
fills my arms
with lost expectations.

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

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

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

Let us imagine
I've already said goodbye.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Muffled Words That Fall Like Mud In The Air.

The blinds are closed.
Still a bit of daylight
 filters through.
My hands, my 'me',
 invades the space.
The bed flutters in the
 softness of the room.

Tracing my limp body with
 my matted hand.

I feel death.
Sense it.
Wait for it.

My body will be so cold
when it ceases existing
.
It frightens me.
Saddens me.
Empty cadaver emptied
 of my essence.
Without a sound,
 my soul will depart.

I pray.
Beg.
Implore.

'Dear God, let it not be so.'

But it must be as God decides.

Novenas and rosaries fervently said.
Muffled words that fall
 like mud in the air.

When they come and prepare me
 for my funeral,

I will not cry.

No. No tears.

Instead, embrace peacefulness.

Close the casket lid,

I'll be gone.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

My Heart Weeps In Harmony With Your Sighs

My heart weeps in harmony with your sighs.
Eyes wandering over the rain of disillusionment.
That is what we are left with, these cold tears.

Cold tears that freeze into poignant memories.
Years have flown by, some fast, some slow.
A long time of collecting sleeping lazy dreams.

Lazy dreams that filter through me as I sleep.
Crazy thoughts that go nowhere, do nothing.
Yesterday is lost, it is never to embrace us again.

Embrace us again, that sometimes arises within.
I slip into those types of thoughts, pleasing me.
But these are temporary visions, impossible now.

Impossible now, that is the reality we now are.
Tenderly we see one another, such a passion.
Your heart beats and it reaches out to my heart.

My heart weeps in harmony with your sighs.
Eyes wandering over the rain of disillusionment.
That is what we are left with, these cold tears.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

My Jesus, I Trust In You

My Jesus, I trust in You.
This I say with my lips.
Jesus, my fear betrays this.
I am weak,
 weak,
 so very weak.

Tears that trickle
from within my soul
do not put faith
in You.

Help me, Saviour.
 Mercy, please
 show me mercy.

I am reminded
of strong devotion;
precious confidence
 felt for You.

Lead me back to this.
 Lord, there is
an illness in my body.
A physical weakness
 that aches in its
 yearning for
 Your truth.

I surrender.
 I submit.
My Jesus, let
 me give this
 sickness to You.

Lay it on Your altar,
 lay it at your feet.
Release it from me,
 remove the doubts.

My Jesus, I trust in You.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Naked In The Snow

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Never Mind

Our hearts are empty as we march like ants through
the faded emptiness of our orders. Weary with the

speeches and flags, we focus our collective attention
on the uniforms we will be required to murder.

Of course, we call this a just war and so in this train
of propaganda we do the right thing for our piece

of dirt. Never mind the children we will kill.
Never mind the women we will be compelled

to rape to show how God is on our side.
Our dreams have been stashed away behind the

similar clothes we are required to use as identification.
We have been trained not to think, but instead to

propel ourselves under the directions of our superiors.
We never seem to arrive from our marching, for we

are forever walking towards some new enemy. Never
mind the colour of the skin or the stench of the fires

we leave behind as we parade our victories across
the newspaper headlines. Never mind the questions

we might have asked had we not been afraid to
hear the eyes only see the distance we are

required to travel. The pressing flights of bullets we survive
only hardens our ears to the sound of fragile bones crushing

under our feet as we move forward. The endless same-ness
of our songs never fails to impress us with the urgency

of our collective mission. We have listened to brilliant
cowards who send other men to die for their causes.

We only know that war is a justification for the failures of our politicians. Never mind the places

we will destroy. Never mind the flags we will trample into the ground like pieces of illusions shattered.

Our victories and our defeats merge into one constant sense of resistance. We mouth the lies of hate which we

have been drilled into our mass intelligence. We carry in our pockets the various symbols of our religions. These

will protect us from the death offered to us by those who would dare oppose our invasion. For those of us

who might be afraid, we are convinced that our fears are a sign of weakness. Never mind the words of

our gods written in our religious books. Never mind those who carry signs with words written on them

that we have been too brainwashed to read. Many of us will die. Many of us will wish we had died.

Many of us will survive to join another invasion; another police action; another bloodbath protected

by our governments. Never mind the gardens we will smash into the dirt. Never mind the emptiness we will

be required to aspire to. Never mind emptiness that will fill our hearts as we kill and kill again. We are

brave for we are the drones that have been educated into the politics of war. Never mind our souls.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

No More Clouds Left To Grow Upon

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Nobody

Nobody.

No one

has ever created a

proper system

to fix the hassle

of existing.

I reach like an insect

for the flag I was

born under.

Hoping the red and white

will define my purpose on

the planet.

I tear the material

when I realize it is worthless.

It's a plastic symbol

of an artificial place

that does not exist outside

of human imagination.

Which label to apply?

Which force field

to use to protect me?

So many voices screaming

against one another!

So many feet marching

to so many politically correct causes.

What causes are the right ones?

Which are the wrong?

Implanted values and

coerced agreements.

Interior devaluation

and exterior

alignments.

Nobody has

ever provided

the proper way

to live

a life of growth.

No one cares to

move beyond the

walls they've allowed

to be put around them.

If I take a step

in the right direction,

I will be walking

closer to me.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Not Ever

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Nothing Man

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O God, I Cry For You

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

O God, Look Into My Heart

O God,
look into my heart,
uncover my desires, and read my secrets.
Hear what I cannot put into words.
Purify me through your spirit
that I may, throughout this day,
more perfectly love and praise you.

O God,
I've been wrong and I've been right.
I've been the centre of it all
and I have been totally ignored.
Let me never ignore You,
that I may, throughout this day,
more perfectly love and praise you.

O God,
seeking me always as I try
and avoid You. You know my
intentions even before they are intended.
Help me to be pure,
that I may, throughout this day,
more perfectly love and praise you.

O God,
how many words have been sent
towards You? Empty words and silly
words. Desires and petitions for a
better life. Drifting and collecting
agreements and disagreements.
Open my thoughts,
that I may, throughout this day,
more perfectly love and praise you.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Oh Love, Who Once Made Me Feel So Blest

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Oh, Bride Of Christ, Celestial Body

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

On A Train Platform

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'How are you? ', I intoned, in the
usual way. 'Just fine, and you? ', she
answered. Acceptable social contact

had been established. We mumbled platitudes for a few moments. It comforted me. She broke the rules and whispered, 'I am lonely and I sense you are too.'

Difficult to switch from plastic to real!

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

'I need to live' I shared, uncertain of how she would reply. 'I have survived in an acceptable pattern for a good number of years.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

A smile on her face. 'I wrote it down this morning. I'm not here to take a trip.

I'm here to connect with destiny and
seeing you I realized what it was.'

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

'Have a nice day', she gurgled.

'You too', I mumbled back.

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

On Learning Of A Grandson's Tears

Don't cry Grandson.
Grandpa is not leaving yet.
Dear little boy, your mother
shared with me that you were
shedding tears on my behalf.
Somehow in that 4 year old mind
you feared I was going from you.
Stay strong, little man. Grandpa
is going to stay around as long
as possible. You and your brother
will have me for some time yet.
And even if Grandpa goes to heaven,
you must know I'll still be with you.
Cherishing every step you take in
your long life ahead. I'll be watching,
never doubt that. How could this
deep love I hold for you boys ever
go away? I know that you are young.
So many things can seem confusing.
Fears that are not understood still
can scare the hell out of you. I know
all about this, for I too was once
your age. Hard for you to believe
that Grandpa was once a boy!
Don't cry for me, darling Grandson.
I'm still kicking around. Though
I may not seem in the best of health,
my heart and mind are strong with
my love for you. Close your eyes,
touch your heart. That is where I am.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Once A Daydream

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Open For Love

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

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

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

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

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

emotions gathering
from inside
my soul.

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Organic Matter

Organic matter. Decomposing sh*t.

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

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

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

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

Brave words from a heart so very afraid.

Tension. It is the only mantra I conceive.

Isolating desires beneath a million
layers of defensive walls.

'Watch out! '

I muster the courage to demand
this warning.

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

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

Summoning words of
self congratulations.

I fail by their standards.

I do not make the grade.

Verbal games that seemingly
never stop.

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

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

Organic matter. Decomposing sh*t.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Our Faith, My Faith, Embraces Mystery

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

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

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

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

Holy Mary, Virgin Mother, who is Queen over
all of heaven and earth;
Who holds our Rosary of prayers
in Her Sacred hands.
Shed your sacred tears on our behalf,
and with prayer deliver them
to your Son.

We are clay of many different characters
moulding ourselves into the vessels
we are called to be.

Holy Mary, Virgin Mother, who is Queen over
all of heaven and earth;
Who holds my Rosary of prayers
in Her Sacred hands.

Shed your sacred tears on my behalf,
and with prayer deliver them
to your Son.

I are clay of many different characters
moulding myself into the vessel
I are called to be.

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Our Pieces Of Paper And Frustrations

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

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

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

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

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

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

And frankly that is all we ever seem to do.
Survive. Ramble from one tension to another.

One argument to a thousand others.
Telephones ringing with voices demanding
our pieces of paper.

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

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

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

Surely this is not how God
intended us to be!

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Palliative Floor

I.V. tubes and blood,
medicines and moaning.
The dying are all here, together.
A special enduring reunion
of the Cancer Centre gang.

When the priest visits,
we talk about God.
Acceptance, understanding.
These are our topics
of conversation.

What is there to understand?
A question I keep inside...
Father speaks to me in tones
of empathy and support.
He's a nice man. Good man.

Down the hall is crying,
loud and desperately lost.
People walk by my door,
visitors and staff, going
about their business.
We all, on this floor,
are filled with stories.
Lives we've lived and
lives we are leaving.

Outside my window,
I see the tops of trees.
Closing my eyes,
I imagine I am
sitting under them

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Paper Mache And Wood

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Parade

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

of sleeping undertakers burying
their souls in the parade.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Parking Space

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Pieces Of Glass

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

Wrap me up in paper.

Hold me close until I die.

Evaporating symbols.

What does one believe?
What does one dream?

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

Pieces of smoke, floating like
traffic lights.

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

Stop the moonlight from coming
 into the room.

What does one hold onto?
What does one believe?

Nothing.

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

They turn yellow and grey, grey and yellow.

Words someone wants to hear.

And the shift key believes it
 can change the ships sinking

in the hateful sea
of malice.

Practice lying.

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Pieces Of Paper From This Hand

It is.

It is something.

Unknown horns blasting
like unicorns in a fire.

Sleeping heroes
that emerge from
their cocoons
as if nothing
else mattered.

And we mentioned
so many things
on the day we
were together.

Past events and present ones.
Hopes. Clothes and
a multitude of
platitudes.

So many worlds
of dirt and foliage.
Hiding behind a tree
where
the
demon
hordes
will
not find us.

They roam like
dangerous marshmallows
across the carpet
of self-awareness.

Kicking soccer balls
and
eating
a

favourite meal.
Smile.
Embrace yourself.
Be resigned
to what
is defined
in the mirror.

You are what you are.
I am what I am.

Collapsing circles
dripping
with
sarcasm.

It is.
It is finished.
There will not be
any
more
pieces
of
paper
from
this
hand.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Plastic Straws That Litter The Drinking Cups Of Plans Come Undone

I find my emptiness at the beginning
of panic. The time changes, and as I pause,
between the magic and the real, a sudden
nothingness descends, and somebody
goes away, plans forgotten and mislaid.

It does not matter that the dark falls
too early, skies damp with the the
hopefulness of being confused again.
Even dancing holds no appeal, as
the music is plastic pop with a beat
but without heart. I sense the pouring
little I've become, escaping only when
hour clicks to another number.

Darkened rooms lend whispers.
Can you hear them? Let the sentences drop
and fall into a descending tone, for the
collection of platitudes are heavily
pregnant with hints of beeping bells.

They've gathered here, manifest
with their antiseptic concerns
Mumbling to one another even though
the sentences are necessarily vacant.
What small measure of happiness I
am able to endure is saturated with
routines that are tiresome, heavily laden
with standing still in rolling cyclones.

I kick at the plastic straws that litter
the drinking cups of plans come undone.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Plastic Water Glass

The man fondles his truth.
Scratching teeth clicking
in senseless appeal.
His dungeon is
flapping ghosts
at a mile a minute.
Lazy hands that do
not want to touch.
Fingers flexing
in perplexed thunder.
The man understands
that his body is
controlled by the
external light-bulbs
being turned on and off.
No control. No depth.
Surface thinking and
groaning that is inaudible.

Grasp at straws.
Grab at loose demons.

They dump toxic waste
into the plastic water glass.
He drinks of this liquid.
It flickers in his throat
with impossible awareness.
The man stands feebly
upon the floor of melancholy.

What does he hear?
What does he feel?
What stranded nonsense
is still left to the imagination?

Heart pumps strong, for
blood flows in loaded veins.

The man is tired now.

Unconcerned about the
current state of affairs.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Plastic Zero

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Pray For Peace

Rain falls on the ground. Drizzling water.
Television turned on. Angry rhetoric.
New plans proposed. Armies marching.
Please, please, please,
.....pray for peace.
Skies black with hate. Lazy yelling.
Fish swim back and forth. Danger unaware.
Tribes gather and they scold. Malicious vibes.
Please, please, please,
.....pray for peace.
Watching children learn. Violence dominates.
Corporations preach and burn. Insipid parasites.
Grass grows in tones of brown. Dying atmosphere.
Please, please, please,
.....pray for peace.
Water runs fast and slow. Strangers shouting.
Trees shade and have no leaves. Corporate hello.
Moon rises naked in the sky. Sun is empty zero.
Please, please, please,
 pray for peace.
Churches empty as stores open. Religious tolerance.
Dinosaurs gone but more to come. Media harmony.
Up is downwards and down is up. Confusing immoralities.
Please, please, please,
.....pray for peace.

Please, please, please,
.....pray for peace.
Let peace be on our lips.
Let peace be in our hearts.
Let peace be our only word.
Please, please, please,
.....pray for peace.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Praying Mental Rosaries, Intoning Words Familiar

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

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

Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with you.
The pleasing phasing of spiritual halo's
surrounds me in constant
reassurances.
I'm praying mental rosaries, intoning
words familiar, yet, so loved.
So firm in comfortable places where
I come to God.
This straggling pretence of reality
that we call human-kind;
is not as clear as the affable prayers
of Blessed Mary, my holy Mother.
Standing or sitting does not matter.

Nothing of flesh
ever does.

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Precious Lord Who Offered Himself

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

Precious Lord who offered Himself

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

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

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

Precious Lord who offered Himself

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

I never would have let
them drive the nails
into me

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

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

Precious Lord who offered Himself

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

Of how many people had
sacrificed themselves
in His name

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

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

Precious Lord who offered Himself

True, His name is mentioned
in a million different
conversations

His presence is felt in
zillions of infinite
little ways

But if truth was told
His followers lack
His conviction

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

Precious Lord who offered Himself

I was lying in bed with
my wife at my side

a crucifix over our heads

This image, this thought
contaminated me
filled me with awe

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

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

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

Precious Lord who offered Himself

If the truth was to be told
I must admit that His
sacrifice puzzles me

His commandments
though taught to me
often elude me

Which is true of us all
I would think

Precious Lord who offered Himself

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

How sad that your Sacrifice

has become such a ritual
of indifference.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Queen Of The Most Holy Rosary

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

River

The river runs slow today,
as do my thoughts.
Continents of ice collide and separate
over a grey green field of quiet water.
Snow falls at random.
Flakes swirl or streak as God wills.
As uncontrolled as my thoughts,
which drip around like scattered
pin holes in a lost and formless day.

I rage at self inflicted wounds.
Afflicted with terminal incompleteness.
I feel the cold of an empty being,
yet also the warm solitude of self.

I sense the labyrinth that leads to clarity
I reach for it, grasp for it, joyfully.

The river runs slow today,
as do my thoughts, thankfully.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Ruins

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Sacred Jesus, Walk With Me

Each day, Father,
I am coming to You.
Though fear and doubt
fill far too much of me,
I have faith in You.
Seasons change.
Temperatures altered.
Day after day, Jesus,
I seek Your presence.
My heart does not
comprehend this
lingering illness
I've been presented.
I sit in silent surrender
to this raging inside hell.
Seeing people I love,
and wondering,
how much longer
shall I be amongst them?
I feel again
my daughters
when they were born.
Holding them in my arms.
Watching them grow
into young women.
Hugging my Grandsons
and wondering
if they will remember me?
Still, there is God.
He promises relief.
Not just from my sickness,
but also
to comfort those
who might grieve.
I do not know the
day or the time
of my demise.
I only know that
it is rushing upon me.

God, make me strong
when that is needed.
Stay nearby.
I know I will need You.
Blessed Mary,
guide me to your Son.
Fill me with resolve
to do what I must do.
Faces shift and shine
all around my vision.
I reach out,
letting my love
go out to them.
It is not goodbye.
Rather, it is
see you later.
Father, Your will
be done to me.
I am coming home soon.
Sacred Jesus,
walk with me.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Sands Of Time

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Secret Of The Shift Key

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

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

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

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

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

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

I fantasize about making love
to
you on the floor.

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

Just drop you down and
force me in.

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

I graze the back of your neck
with a knife.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Seek First The Kingdom Of God

(Inspired by St. Matthew 6: 33)

Seek first the Kingdom of God,
and His righteousness, and all
good things shall come to you.
Too much time fretting over
the affairs of the world can
take away our peace inside.
Drifting foolishly in the stream
of the material world leads
us only set on folly to folly.
It's a constant struggle to
find the peace within when
we look for it without God.

Every leaf on every tree
grows to glorify Christ.
Through His blessed love
all the earth revolves in
a perfect circle of harmony.
Focus on the happy things
that calms the bitterly bad.
Blessings stem from what
we surrender to the Lord.

His ways can be our ways
if we abandon our pride.
Nothing else means a thing
when we lose sight of God.
He promises perfect union
with the promise of life.
With opened eyes we see
the illusions fall away.
Praise be always to the
happy lives to be ours.
Seek first the Kingdom of God,
and His righteousness, and all
good things shall come to you.

Seeping Like Smoke

If the silence calls, answer it.

Seeping like smoke

i

n

t

o

the veins.

Drained blood vessels

f

i

l

l

e

d

with chemicals.

The body is what it is.

A skin filled skeleton

motivated to carry on.

Even if the

s

o

u

l

asks to be released.

A little boy is playing in his backyard.

Plastic knights and make-believe castles.

His imagination flourishes, thrives;

magic empires he creates in his world.

He does not think about tomorrow.

He does not worry about anything.

I wish I was him again.

Start all over.

Not possible, however.

We can only

w

a

I
k
ahead,
never back.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Shadows Flickering In The Street Lights

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Shattered Glass At My Feet, Cancer In My Lungs

Shattered glass at my feet.

Broken promises in my hands.

I wonder

why

the

bottles

of

elixir

mingle

so

easily

with

the

falling

temperature?

Tears are an exercise

of futile hoping.

They redeem nothing.

They trickle down

the cheek

and fall like magnets

seeking attraction.

Planets roll about

the universe.

They

appear

in

the

sky

to

remind

us

we

are

not

alone.

But I am alone.

I alone live with this

damned cancer.

It returns.
The hopelessness.
It manifests itself like
a sword striking flesh.
What
is
the
point?
What purpose in the
scheme of things
does the death
of this body represent?
Family
and
friends
cluck
around
me
like
magical
chickens
dancing
on
a
stove.
It is appreciated.
It is understood.
However, I am
still the shattered glass
without a possibility
of gluing together
the painful pieces.
Day opens with a
bravely disguised whisper.
Seeking
to
be
something
in
a
fabric
of

nothing.
Chilled ice cubes
are warmed by the
hot breath I create.
Proof that there
is
still
life
left
to
manufacture.
Call open the search
for perspective and purpose!
Sound brave in trumpets
of black and white pictures.
It
seems
a
life-time
of
experiences
still
provide
a
certain
amount
of
pleasure.
And to this, after all,
is what I am left to consider.
If
today
is
the
day
of
dying,
let
me
remember
to
hold

a
bouquet
of
memories.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

She Stood Like A Statue

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Sheeple

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Watching the make-believe people
live their propaganda lives.

We do not live ourselves, of course.

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Shimmers On My Skin

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

The smell of lilacs playing
lazily through my nostrils.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Silhouette Over Silent Pebble

Silhouette over
silent pebble,
the reticent
showering of the
golden hue of
the hushed sun.
Feeling sober;
gathered in pictures
painted inside a room.

When, on darker nights,
the moonlight replacing
the serenading daylight,
and a soft rain is
being present, there the
stillness opens itself
to the kissing sounds
of the charcoal embers
in the fireplace.
And I learned, if only
in hindsight, that what
pressed on heart was no
concern of mine.
Plunder and ravaging
might be in every
circle, but here is only
where I am. Where I will
remain, composed
and assuredly agreeable.

Is dull or dry what
is being thought?
Are other messages
arriving that are
not delivered?
I'm not concerned.
I'm not bothered, or
worried. No, instead
I stay steady in the

melodious after-thoughts
of observation.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Silk Scarf Fluttering In The Breeze

Sighing, he opens a book.
Reads a page, comprehends nothing.

Don't be afraid.
Rushing like gold chains
locked around the necks
of constipated people.
Running away is
not the way to live.
Face it.
Define it.
Discover the helium balloons
that frolic like plastic bottles
around the jungles of grief.

Hurting one day.
Pain free the next.
Up and down and swirling
like magazine covers
filled with good looking
plastic models.

Smiling, he eats spaghetti
and pretends it is
steak and potatoes.

There never seems to be
a second when the water bottles
are ready to be drunk.

Always, yes always, there
are victories not celebrated.
Schemes and dreams
not shared with anybody.

Pretending, he moans.
Trapped within a
prognosis that promises
to be fatal.

Live.

Forget about picture frames
that are not made of wood.
Create positive images
that will enforce themselves
upon the consciousness
of the dropping stones.

Save yourself.

Save your friends.

Save your family.

Kneeling, he prays.

'Take this from me, ' he implores.

'But if not, if You decide
that this is what is to be,
teach me to walk in trust.'

He talked to God.

He talked to himself.

He heard words that
sunk themselves into mud.

The mud, it dried.

He embraced it.

It became his goal.

Surrender.

Quit.

Just be.

Thinking, he drives himself
to flutter like a silk scarf
floating in the breeze.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Slow Down

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

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

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

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

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

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

I want to roam around the planet.
Freed from the need

to chase pieces of paper
that
some foolish mortal
ascribed a value to.

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

I want to pretend that
the grip of fear in the mind
is only temporary insanity.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Smelling The Funeral Flowers

Graves are filled by bodies
that used to be people.
Decomposing flesh
that litters the bottom of the coffins.

Do not visit my grave.
I will not be there.

Instead, imagine me in the room
where you are sitting.
Talk to me, if you want.
I'll answer in the wind chimes
that tinkle in the breeze.

I shall remind you
that I love you.
That you meant something to me
and I appreciated your presence.

I shall touch your heart
with remembered conversations.
Wonderful words that will
echo like bells in the silence.

Do you think death
will make me forget you?
No. It shall not.
I will caress you with my
zig zagging spirit
that will
stay with you long after
my body is gone.

The priest will intone his prayers.
The casket will be blessed.

Significant gestures that should
bring comfort to those gathered.

Afterwards.
Look around.
I'll be wishing love
 on everyone.
Smelling the funeral flowers
 that lie upon the newly laid dirt.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Snipping, Snapping Flowers

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Soft As A Morning Cloud

I whispered.
Afraid to be too loud.

Days go past and days go on
in ever widening discrepancies.

Prayers are thought and are said.
Words sent to God in endless plea.

Shadows call and manifest
as closing doors slam and shut.

The world spins as it has
for so many eventful years.

God wipes tears, I've heard,
and He calls everybody home.

I whispered,
soft as a morning cloud.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Soft Snow Caressing Fingers On A January Day

Soft snow
caressing fingers
on a January day.
Fingers stroking
prayer beads
as the thoughts
burn inside.
Never let a
moment go by
when lips
may pray.
Over and over
the same
hoping clings
to the heart.
Is it even
worth the effort
to carry on
with the words?
I think these
shall be my
final statements.
My ending, my
time to stop
the fingers from
typing. There
is only one
joining left
to explore;
that of me
in new places,
absent from
the world.
Soft snow
caressing fingers
on a January day.
Fingers stroking
prayer beads
as the thoughts

burn inside.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Soft Walking

I heard you going.
Your soft shoes making
delicate flashes on the floor.
My breathing was heavy
with the scent of dismissal.
Why did you come if you
planned to flee?
Sometimes the air is
as soft as you leaving.
I sense that it talks
but I am unable to
understand the words.
Heavy with hope the coping
suggests you are
returning soon.
Door is unlocked.
Sitting in the chair,
watching to see if
it opens.
When will you be back?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Softly And Tenderly

I stayed awake, late one night,
anticipating your arrival.

Would we move as if
we had become one
body?

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

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

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

You were gone.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Someday

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Sometimes Sunshine Streams Through The Windows

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

stated, but instead are felt like rotting fruit in a basket.
The smell permeates all areas of reality as it dominates the

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Sonnet 7: Oh My Soul. I Do Not Know What To Do

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Sonnet: Oh Death That Answers So Sweetly, Hear Me.

Oh death that answers so sweetly, hear me.
Let voices serve as guides to the dying places.
Seeking pleasure in blessed eyes that see,
The flavour of sacred incense flowing.
Oh dreams that end but have no beginnings,
Wrap mists of understanding in the heart.
Touching the relics of Sacred Mary,
Feeling the ending that must be begun.
Flowing into the altar of despair
That exists in clouds blocking the sun.
Living is part of the dying process
And so looking forward, it is all done.

There are no rules to exist as it were,
For we must know that only death endures.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Soul Walk

Naked internally.
Doing a soul walk.

Finding trash.
Should have thrown most of it out.

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

Burnt out bulbs in the lamp
suggest ambitions not followed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stamped In Faded Blue

Wonderful. The paper came today.
Disguised in an envelope. Pretending
to be important.

Official words. Legal words.
In 31 days from the date
stamped in faded blue,

you and I won't be married anymore.

Never mind that the Church
says this is not so. The Government
of Canada has spoken. The lawyers
have been advised. Officialdom
has done its' doing.

His Worship has sat in judgement.
His Worship has heard the case.

Issued his decree. 31 days from
such and such a date,

you and I won't be married anymore.

I'm going to fold this paper up.
Put it back into its' envelope.
Stuff it into the back of a book.

Only take it out and look at it
on very important occasions.

Official words. Legal words.
In 31 days from the date
stamped in faded blue,

you and I won't be married anymore.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Standing In The Wind

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Steam Floats Into The Sky

Weakness and pain.
Horrid companions that
share the same bedroom.
They conspire together.
Taking turns as to
which shall dominate.

A mountain of snow
is nothing but water.

A bucket of water
in nothing but steam.

Steam floats into the sky.
Trails in the wind, dissipates.

Will I be like the water
when my bucket of life
disperses into steam?

Tired and hurting.
Stop pressing those buttons
you demons of disaster.
Seek new adventures.
Look for other bodies
to dominate and destroy.

Naked I was born.
Fresh meat in a freezer
loaded with expectation.
A walk, or maybe a run
towards the final curtain.

Antiseptic walls washed
with fresh coats of white.
Sterilized people dressed
in their purified robes.
Needles and blood.
Machines and poison.

Steam floats into the sky.
God is there, they say.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Stigmata Through Vibrant Songs Of Heavenly Protection

'I was once alive! '
a dead man cries at the heavens;
raising fist with impatient gestures.
The clutching of the fingers,
 the breaking of the bones.
The heavens open up
 to the evil we do.
Bloodshed from wars,
 bloodshed from illnesses.
The Blood of Christ given
 and
 yet
 disregarded
'I know only living! ',
the solitary man demands.
But the circle of life
 has been drawn.
The fate of certainty
 proclaimed and published.
Alleluias and amens
 flock like napkins
 folded into place.
Winds scour the sky for axioms
as weeping Mary floats her prayers
through vibrant songs of heavenly protection
Be still hurting flesh.
 The pain shall pass,
 the misery will vanish.
'I once was alive! '
he moans as his skin
explodes in tumours.
Victim to stigmata dreams
 and
 a
 hearse
 travelling
 in

purposeful
direction.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Still The Morning Light

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

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

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

Still the morning light

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

only that I am victim to no-one but myself. A breath in and a breath out, and yet still I cannot find the courage to confess the tinge of emptiness that should

be wiped away from my mind. Gently I
allow the pre-dawn world to wrap itself
around the tissue paper of my convictions.

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Stone By Bitter Stone

I shape the thoughts inside my brain.
They rumble like thunder bolts which
are crashing into the decadent world.
It is difficult to believe in happiness
when the dry iced moaning perpetuates
unholy truths that may not be forgotten.

So many detailed seconds wasted.
So many adventures never achieved.
Looking back is not all it should be.
There are people I have abused, hurt.
Others ignored, emotionally attacked.
I thought I was clever then, a sarcastic
artist in love with my self-created myths.
In truth, I was just a wounded terrorist
striking out to keep my reality hidden.

Funny how we change as we grow older.
What we once thought now seems foreign.
Black and white truths faded to soft grey.
Perspective defined by life, by experience.
Truth once believed redefined, discarded.
I am not able to undo what I have done.
Not able to wash away actions and words
I once tossed out so vividly and casually.

I am able to ask forgiveness, to be absolved.
Instead of standing arrogant, kneel in prayer.
Be the man that God intended me to become.
Carry on, with what little time I have left,
trying to be as humble and kind as possible.
I shape the thoughts inside my brain.
They tumble like grieving tombstones of
perpetual illness, stone by bitter stone.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Storming Grey Seas

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Strange That The Shadows Do Not Linger

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Subway Ride

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

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

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

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

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

Smiling to myself I turn into myself.
Remembering when I would have refused

to have become a parasite living
vicariously off the blood
dangling from the ripped out brains.

Trying to escape from the
trapped exterior, I push my way
to the door.

Ah, it is closed and the metal tube
refuses to stop rushing us
towards our occupations.

The darkness of the tunnel swallows
any dreams I have had of escaping.

There is no escape from the
pressing down of conformity.

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Suddenly

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

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Summer Is Gone, And Voices Arrive

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sunset

Thinking to myself,
in the dudgeon of my
 honest introspection,
that sunset comes regardless
 of contemplation.

Sunset does not matter.
 Sunset won't appear,
 no matter how far off
 it seems to be.

Each day blurs into
 a sameness that
 is so predictable.
I brush my hair
 with determination,
 ignoring the grey
 that is there.

Age is a state of mind,
 the foolish say.
Perhaps so?
However, the body
 may disagree.

Each day a blurring
 of nodding heads in
 kaleidoscope resentments.

Sunset hints at its' coming.
 Shadows filtered
 by bludgeoned space.

I am alone.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Sunshine Lonely

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

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

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

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

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

I won't let them flow over me! No ritual bath of alertness shall be allowed to become my definition! Instead I shed

the truth for futile pieces of puzzled
looks offset by body language of denial.

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Surrealistic Cigarette Package

It burns.

The sagging, despairing meltdown
that characterizes living.

Electronic noises crapping
in the background.

Kids at school.
Dishes in sink.

I feel like dipping my soul
into the dishwater.

Rubbing it clean.

What is clean?

Whose standards are determined?

It tingles.

The blue plastic lid that
sits upon the table.

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

What do I see?

Onion grinds mixed
with garlic frolics.

Spice.

It burns.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Surrealistic Sunsets And Groovy Eyes

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No niggers there!

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

Call your names.
Call on your illusions.

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

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

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

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

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Sweet Gentle Sounds

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

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

Oh cry out, you sweet gentle sounds!

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

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

Oh cry out, you sweet gentle sounds!

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Terminal

<i>The windows want washing,
the floor needs to be swept.
Dishes clutter the sink,
and my morning has begun.

The cat is playing, rushing
here and there in a frenzy
of chaotic feline energy.

I'm terminal. That is the
word I've avoided so far.

Coming to terms with
the finality of existence.

Terminal. Dying.

Dying. Terminal.

The phone rings and I
rush to answer it. Some
friend who wants to chat.
See how my day is going.
We chatter and promise
to get together soon.

Avoid the topic of the day.
The prognosis delivered
like a lukewarm pizza on
a foggy summer afternoon.

The chores are done. I feel
a sense of pleasure that I
can sit down in my chair.

Sip from my cup of coffee.
Drop an Ibuprofen into
my eager mouth, swallow it.
That will fix everything,

of that I'm assured.

Terminal. What an odd
sound that is to make.

They have provided me
a definition to aspire to.
A state of being that is
mine and mine alone.

As a boy I played with toys.
As a man I want to do so again.

Start fresh. Make different choices.

Renew and rejuvenate this
cancer ridden body that
surely does not belong to me.

Close my ears to voices that
say 'oh, I know how you feel.'

'No, you don't, ' I whisper.

'You who are indefinite
can not really understand
the message of a definite
time left to open your eyes.'

Terminal.
Terminal.
Terminal.

Isn't it funny how the sun
still rises in the morning
and sets in the evening?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Action Plan

He's just hanging around.
Popping pills and dwelling
on the 'action plan.'
Yes, they've a plan!
Those modern medical superheroes.

He is resigned to the procedures,
to the pills and medicines
felt to be necessary.
The surgery and recovery,
the waiting and the hoping.

He flicks on the television. Drowning himself
in some mindless movie.

He wonders. That is, he is imposed upon
to maintain a positive outlook.
And of course he shall do so.
Of course he shall comply.

Between a glass half empty
and one half full,
he always sees the latter.

That has always been his *modus operandi*.
See the good. See the good. See the good.

Hope. That is the 'buzz word.'
That is the magic tumbler that
will unlock everything.

'It's only cancer, ' he says to himself.
'I'm not the first and won't be the last.'

Take a sip of coffee. Take a sip of
forgetting.
The movie will be over in another hour.
That is when he can consider
the 'action plan.'

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Boat In The Window

A young boy spent many hours building a little sailboat, crafting it down to the finest detail. He then took it to a

nearby river to sail it. When he put it in the water, however, it moved away from him very quickly. Though he chased

it along the bank, he couldn't keep up with it. The strong wind and current carried the boat away. The heartbroken

boy knew how hard he would have to work to build another sailboat. Farther down the river, a man found the little boat,

took it to town, and sold it to a shopkeeper. Later that day, as the boy was walking through town, he noticed the boat in

a store window. Entering the store, he told the owner that the boat belonged to him. It had his own little marks on it, but he

couldn't prove to the shopkeeper that the boat was his. The man told him the only way he could get the boat was to buy it. The

boy wanted it back so badly that he did exactly that. As he took the boat from the hand of the shopkeeper, he looked at it and said,

'Little boat, you're twice mine. I made you and I bought you.'

In the same way, we belong twice to Someone. He both created us

and paid a great price for us. With the blood of His Son, we have been redeemed and reunited with Him. His Son gave His life to get us back,

yet so often we show such little gratitude for what He has done for us. We focus on the little boat, but we ignore His eternal message.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Burning Bush

(A Poem based on Ex.3: 1-6)

I looked into the flames and I asked 'Who are you? '

'I Am! '

And I cried out 'Who is going to save me? '

'I Am! '

And I wept 'Who is going to conquer

My slavery to sin and darkness? '

'I Am! '

And I said 'Who is faithful

Even though I fail? '

'I Am! '

And then I asked 'Who is the father of mercy

Who sends His son to die

That I might live? '

'I Am! '

And the bush did not burn,

and I did not die!

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Capturing Solemnity Of Escape

What is it within me that requires
The capturing solemnity of escape?
That imagines so many failed fires
Burning softly in the winter air?

With a look, you arrive expecting
To find me waiting for your touch.
But love does not bring me anything
Save for shallow words and promises.

He who demands shall never surrender
To heart of passions and fading joy.
For if I am he, and you are her,
Do we not create our own defeat?

Come hold me if only for a second,
Until the truth causes us to be alarmed.
That words we use are sanitary pretend
Which hold promises, but do not suffice.

Why do I seek you only to retreat?
To want you but only as a shadow?
Let us remember that hearts cheat
When they beat in contrary flavour.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Circles Dangle Like Earrings On A Chain

People live. People die.
Cycle of life, they say.

Around and around
the circles dangle
like
earrings
on
a
chain.

I am one of those people.
I live. I will die.

And the only release
will
be
that
which
God
provides.

Victims to
our humanity.
Slaves to
our destinies.
We exist
in
a
fragile
shell
of
indifference.

I sometimes wonder
why we strive so hard
for pieces of paper.
Surely we are not here
to accumulate things?

When my father died,
I felt the glimmer of
mortal existence.
The essence of living
a
shadow
world,
a pretend place.

He went peacefully.
I pray I do as well.

He is at rest now.
That is what they say.

Strange words that
somehow offer
no comfort.

The silence of the chair
that now sits empty.
The searching
of
the
heart
as
it
seeks solitude.

We never know the
contents of a sealed box
until we open it.
We never know the
end until we see it.

On the day it becomes
my turn
to
join
my
father,

I hope the
tears inside
will have
all dried away.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Clanging Bells Of Accusations

I've been here, there, everywhere
and still I feel like
an ice cube left out
under the sun.

Furious at nothing
yet angry at everything,
I've collected mental
images that
fester like lice
and
never go away.

Sat in crowds
and listened
carefully to
descriptive words
describing my
short-comings.
Dropped hand in
water to piss
away chance
of redemptive
acceptance.

Why don't we ever
challenge our
oppressors?
Why do we let
random voices
pick and choose
what we are
to feel?

I'm not wrong.
I may not agree
with every verb
uttered in my
direction, but
this does not mean
I am

incapable of thinking
correctly.

I've thought of
shapes and forgiveness.
Maybe these would
help in
the battle to
be self?
Or perhaps,
the clanging bells
of accusations
will never cease?
This leaves me at
only one
option; to ignore,
and to do so
eloquently.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Community Of The Chemotherapy Room

Whispers. This room is filled
with the mumbling of machines.
We sit for hours attached by
tubes that dispense poison
into our veins. We are a
private community of failing
bodies determined to extend
our survival. Dripping tubes
of hope that make us feel
like plastic bottles of once
vital liquids that have gone
past their expiry dates.
Each of us comes to this room
with our own private stories.
We are not superior, one to
the other. No, we are equal
in our determination to
channel our tales to expand.
Empathetic staff attends us
with the practiced patience
of their profession. We sit
in our comfortable chairs
in our uncomfortable reality.

I find myself a reluctant
team member in a group
of Intravenous warriors.
Some of my fellow soldiers
do not do battle as well
as others. I feel for them,
as I am sure they feel
for me. Sex, religion, colour
of skin; none are necessary
here. We are one tribe,
one cancer created family
with our own codes of conduct.

I say my rosary. I offer prayers.
I wish, so deep in my heart,

that this will pass from me.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Garden Of Life

A blue-grey night hangs oddly out of place
where frozen electric storms
join the memory of uncloaked ambition.
Winter calls and the tiny people drift
from their beckoning hovels
in preparation for erotic adventures.
Silver air bonds the winds of temptation
which controls the shadow white bones.
Tiny fingers reach out trembling hands
to grasp the last of the hot water as
it drips from an out of date mind.
Naked, the situation develops with the
same intensity that it would finally end.

And they called out in terror, in revulsion
as the jumping vines of ultimate distance
wrapped tangled chains around their necks.

Cold dark heat waves drifted casually
across the lives of the people so small.
Drowning fate in caskets of puss melted
carefully around the eyes of the persecuted.
Tiny legs chained in mindless droning of
factory dragons demanding retribution
for every quota that was never to be met.

And they whined about the lazy flowers
that would not grow despite the fertilizer
dropped harshly onto the garden of life.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Last Breathe At The Station

What will it be like
when I close my eyes
 for the last time?
Will I see that
 bright light
 I have heard about?
Pain may flicker
in those last moments,
 or maybe
 there will be
 no pain at all?
This I do not know.
From my first breathe
 to my last, oh how
many people and places
have I known and been?
Seems a wandering train
 of adventures
 has left the track.
Oh, how it seems
to have been rushed.
 It is now,
 as it seems,
 the end.
That last stop
 that shall only
 happen the once.
This passenger
 is getting off
 at that location.
Will anyone be
 at the station
 to greet me?
Such is the faith
 I hold, that I
 hope this is so.
Shutting down.
Closing.
Dying.

Final visions
filtering themselves
 from my eyes.
Who will I see
 around the bed
 when
 I
 swallow my
 last gasp?
Should I be afraid?
Or should I
 welcome the
 death rattle
 as a system of
 release?
Free from
the sundry
incompleteness
of walking in this life.
Not having to
 worry about
 the
 imperfection
 of walking
 on this planet.
As life drains
 out of me,
 what will be
 my very last thought?
What final image
 will I take with me
 to the grave?
I pray it will be swift.
Absent from pain
 and present
 in God.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Last Words In The Programme

Words are running out, empty,
little left to write. Looking back
at all the verbs and vowels I've
put to paper in my writing life
amazes me that I've found an end.

So perhaps, with a sigh and smile,
this shall be my form of goodbye.
Thanking all those who have liked
what I have written. And of course
must not forget nasty minded critics.
So many poetic moments that really
defined how I thought and existed.

A man should know when it comes,
the time to begin and the time to end.
As the spectre of death looms ahead,
beckoning like a broken cardboard box
left torn upon the tiled and cold floor.
Not every sound is wasted, for some
noises indicate a determined strength.
Pendulum swings, this way and that,
between the choices left to manifest.
I have, perhaps, few left to make, but
what I do have surely are mine to have.

It is odd how at peace I feel, a sense
of accomplishment that I am having.
Shared so much of myself in so many
kinds of poems. Looked inside and
looked outside, and composed what
struck me as necessary to put down.
Who knows? Maybe a phrase will
drop into my mind, something that
might be necessary for me to share.
If so, I will welcome it like a friend
I've not seen in some time. But if
that phrase does not come, so be it.

I'm pleased with the work I've done.
I am humbled at the published pieces
that have been accepted and approved.
Even the books have given me pleasure,
to know I leave a small legacy behind.
Maybe few read them? Maybe they
are read by lots of folk? Either way,
the words I wrote will stay alive when
my body is decomposed in the ground.

So celebrate with me, do not grieve.
Think of all the good that is out there.
Words may not be coming, but yet
words will always be there. Happiness
is how we find it, and I found mine
in the poetry I've written. Arrogance
is not the word, rather, self realization.
God gives us different skills, talents,
that are ours alone and ours to shared.
He gave me the gift of communication
through the joy of literature. I thank
Him for this skill, this blessing He has
bestowed upon me. And now, the
time has come, I think, to put pen down.
Time to be satisfied with life itself and
realize it has come to the time to stop.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Man In The Room

Emptiness is not a disease.
It's a state of mind.
A perspective.

Cigarette dangling from lips, drink in hand,
television softly blacking out the thoughts.

He sits still as a stone in his tomb.
He never makes a sound.

He is afraid that if he does he
will need to prove his existence
is of some value.

But it is not.

He has been told this often enough.

Oh yes, just about everyone he has known
has gleefully berated his topics of conversation.

His attempts to be a man.
Attempts to be vital.

Parents, siblings, friends.
Jobs, wife, children.

All have had their taste of his fear.

Like a mangled orange in a pulper,
he has become the symbol of everyone's distaste.

The emblem of failed love, heart
as stoned as a rock.

He doesn't dare dream out loud.
To do so would invite the
smirking scornful remarks.

The wandering of the mind is
a dangerous waste of talent.

Emptiness is not a disease.
It's a state of mind.
A perspective.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Midnight Smiles

The midnight smiles.
I write words.

Pockets of emptiness,
sealed symbols.

Absence does not make
the heart grow fonder.

It lends distance,
and forgetting.

Love, so much
over-used.

Love is, in truth,
really love for self.

A moment, this
is what I have.

A small space of
time that I claim.

It is mine, to waste
or to cherish.

A noise outside.
Not sure what it is.

Something abusive,
something harsh.

The midnight smiles.
I write words.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Queen Elizabeth 2nd Gardens

It used to be called 'Sunken Gardens',
this section of the park. Now it is called
'The Queen Elizabeth 2nd Gardens'
because Her Majesty visited them.
She wore a pale blue dress that day.
I remember because my sisters and I
were in the crowd. Like the others,
we stared at the Royal 'She' in awed
tones of respect and curiosity.

In high school, we used the park to
escape the hum-drum of our classes.
Hiding behind the trees and flowers
so that the jailers from the nearby
school windows would not capture us
in our freedom. We were bold in
our youth. Finely chiseled minds in
adolescent toned bodies.

We'd sit under a tree, smoking and
planning the adventure our lives would be.
None of us would conform, or so we
promised each other and ourselves.
We'd be bold flashes of novelty forever
striking a match to light the flames of
resistance to middle class lives.

We were children of the sixties,
teenagers of the 1970's. Our hopes
and dreams were not the same as
our parents. No, we did not want
to have the white picket fence! Instead
we planned on how we'd take the fences
apart and use the wood to build
alternative ways of existing. Our plans
were brave and solid, our dreams
we would make become our reality.

Now, as I walk through the park

as a grown man, well into my descent towards my grave, I recall those vain words we spoke. Those brittle, youthful proclamations of a new beginning that we were assured of becoming. None of us really followed those dreams. The harsh bells of the 'real world' would not stop ringing. Most of us became our parents all over again. Talk of freedom and self-expression gave way to worries over the mortgage and the bills. Working overtime so the kids can have a new pair of jeans.

They still call it the 'Queen Elizabeth 2nd Gardens'. The flowers are still carefully planted every spring by the Department of Parks and Recreation. Sometimes I come and watch the young bodies at work digging the soil and planting the flowers in neat, tidy rows. Her Majesty has not visited Windsor in quite a long time. Her picture on the money makes her look older. Of course, she is older but then so am I. Indeed, so are all the faces I remember with fondness in my mind.

If I sit quietly on one of the benches,
and I slow down my breathing just a tad, I
can almost hear again our voices planning
the future none of us would have.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Rushing Stream Of Desires

I am sitting by a river.
Alone.
Beneath these still waters
There flows a strong undertow.
I only reflect the surface,
What's beneath, I'll never know.
I'll never taste of the water
if I sit
by the rushing stream of desires.

At times, it's a placid stream.
A quiet, restive moment in a
loud, aggravated existence.
Other times, it is a raging
torrent of pent up frustrations.
This still, raging river;
This quiet, loud stream of thought.

I am sitting by the river.
Alone.
Afraid of setting my feet
into the water for fear
that they will get wet.
Better to sit idly by while
the river flows on its way.
What's ahead, I'll never know;
I'll never live within
the rushing stream of living.

At times, a warm touch
is as far and distant as a
meandering letter lost
in the post.
At other times I am
participating in reality,
Where coldness seems to
be the dominant reaction.
What's ahead, I'll never know.
I'll never exist if I

sit by the side
of the rushing stream of desires.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Sailor On His Journey

'Blessings to you for your prayers.'
So thinks the sailor as he travels.
He thinks of his family, his friends.
He knows he loves them all.

The sea today is rough.
It shakes his ship like
the rumbling of lava
filtering fiercely
from a volcano.
The sailor thinks
he is not in fear.
He knows this is
only a covering he
employs
to help his ship to sail.

There are other ships
on his ocean. Other
sailors on the same
shattered journey.
Together, they form a
small fleet of larvae
hoping to burst from
the sea in a glorious
splash of redemption.

Ah, redemption. Strength.
That is the treasure the
sailor seeks on the
bloated waves of the
foaming waters.

His eyes look ahead.
His eyes looks behind.
His eyes look inside and out.
Searching as a single cell
the truth he needs to find.
The other travellers may

not be of any help to him.
They may be travelling on the
same sea, but they are
looking for their own
hoped for miracles.

Oh restless sea, let him be.
Free him from your
rocking and swaying.
Let his ship land. Land
back to the steady shores
of hope and positive living.

'Blessings to you for your prayers.'
So thinks the sailor as he travels.
He thinks of his family, his friends.
He knows he loves them all.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Same Sort Of Rooms

For most of my life
I've imagined being with someone
who really understands me.
Who envisions the same
sort of rooms I like to live in.

Now, in the drain of night,
I'm wondering where that
person might be?

I have not seen her,
have not met her,
have not made love to her.

Though you tell me
you are that woman,
I wonder why when
I look into your eyes
I see them
looking past me

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Sliding Abyss Of What Must Be

Soft spoken words are heard
in the chambers of the strings
hiding
in
the
light.

The shining flags do not
flutter
in
the
thunderstorm.

Hanging wet and limp,
they drop failure
into
the
mud.

I want to remember
only the good dreams.
Celebrate only those
things that make
me smile.

Ahead lies the
limping man as he
deteriorates
into
nothingness.

Lying on a bed
trapped in his
goodbyes;
his focus on
the memories
left to him.

I will not be
the man I used
to be.

I will not be
strength
or
hope.

These I shall not
be able to offer.

Let him shut his eyes.
Let his skin bristle,
burn, evaporate
into the
sliding abyss
of what must be.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Sound Of Rain

Walking in dim thoughts
with the sound of rain outside.
The dripping pattern takes
me on a pitter-patting journey.
I'm neither here, nor there,
and yet somewhere
I must be.

Craving to be healthy,
in mind, body and soul.
Content perhaps?
Aware of who I am
and who I will
always be.

Is anyone like this?
Really?

Or are we a collected
mass of android
arms reaching
lamely for
robot parts?
Artificial emotions that
fester out like
dirty mud shoes left
in the hallway.
We yawn internally
to avoid the truth
that we are bored
with one another.

Raindrops continue, as
does my doubting heart
as it wraps around
the possibility of
funerals and
Requiem Masses.
Long faces and
sighing masking
the indifference
of striving.

Together in mood
but far apart
in disposition.

Carry on, rain,
carry on. Slip
your wetness
against the dry spell
of my perception.
I can see. Or, I can
close my eyes to
imagine that the
tomorrow of thought
becomes the infested
reality I will be living.

I spend too many
careless storms wishing
for other days to arrive.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Sun And The Moon

I walk in circles, confused.
Others are clear at heart.
Some rise as stepping stones,
others stay back at the start.

What flavour is tomorrow?
What tension will be today?
Which path will be walked?
What memories yesterday? .

The seasons change, as always.
The sun and moon dance games.
Each day is another forsaking,
everyday is one and the same.

I cry in teardrops, hurt.
Others seem to have no heart.
Like a child I creep and growl
afraid to move or to start.

A hand reaches out for me,
but it is late, cannot sleep.
It fails to touch my wounds,
which are dank and deep.

I am not here, far away,
in another land and place.
I create my own divisions,
and as such, my own space.

On my bed falls sunlight.
Shines as gold as can be.
In my heart only moonlight,
and that is all I can see.

My faith is shattered.
I have nothing to believe.
Voices may come and call,
as such, I only grieve.

Sometimes the mist comes.
It is circling my intentions.
Passions only lie dormant,
no answers to my questions.

I hear the sound of birds,
between my sighs and pain.
They twitter on the trees
and call me to be one again.

I run in circles, lost.
Hating myself in disgrace.
Here I am, left all alone.
Let no one see my face.

My voice is in the air.
Call out to running waters.
Other follows along behind.
I can't even be bothered.

Sleep is my one escape.
To forget myself in this way.
And so to sleep I go,
no thoughts of yesterday..

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The Tree Bark Shoved Into My Heart

A dropp of sunshine broadens the ground and shines like a coal upon the blazing street. And I am enjoying the last of the wine which tastes as good as the tree bark shoved into my heart.

The brown of the tearless eyes corrupt the message swooshing from the lips. I am the growing river

which slides like a storm into the shore. Some voices cry against the wind, others shout in support of it.

I am neither for or against anything.

A crucifix dangles from my neck. It was a gift from the children. They grow up so quickly. They grow up like weeds

which have flowered despite the thistles and thorns.

They call them wild-flowers. They call them uncontrolled. They define them in a multitude of labels so that confrontation can be erased.

I am as defined as the next man, as shapeless in my exterior as a dripping candle sloshing wax

into a plate.

A letter waits for me in my former mailbox. I understand it contains the fabric of my thoughts. I cannot imagine such a mailing, and one defined for me alone.

Stick a needle in the arm. Drive a wedge between the heart. Life is a process of adjusting, of

correcting attitudes which do not comply with the flavoured faces of the people hiding in the dust.

I am forgiving but not forgiven. I am silent
in my loudness which becomes my armour
against the nestled carpet of denial.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The World Is A Bleeding Distance

The world is a bleeding distance. I forget that
the laundry needs to be folded and the dishes

in the sink need doing. Phone calls are wanted
and the kids need new shoes. Still the world

is a bleeding distance that demands attention
to the important matter of existing. Sometimes

I take myself for a walk, this is my 'getting
away from it all'. My time of resistance to the

mundane same-ness of the electric rocking
and rolling of the performance. Two doors

away the grass wants cutting. Strands of promises
that neatness counts and conformity is required.

A cat waits in the tall grass inching its way towards
an unsuspecting bird. Window of the house not cluttered

with the bother of a curtain so anybody walking
by is allowed to see the occupant sitting in

his underwear needing a shave. A cigarette
dangles from his lips, the ashes flittering on

his chest. He once had daring plans to escape
to a secret island where grass could grow

as long as it desired. The corner store at the
end of the block is not the meeting place it

was in history. Now it is all neon signs and bargains,
and a teenage girl cracking her gum vaguely

bored by conversation. Her computer skills
more valued than her mind. Proud graduate

of the indulgence of her parents guilt. Eyes
forever glazed and indifferent to the hope

of any other searcher of truth. I stop her
daydreaming long enough for her to pretend

she was deeply concerned that I would have
a good day. Purchase my addiction with as

much commitment as a melodramatic bore.
The world is a bleeding distance that wants

only survival and times I pretend
that I can actually stop playing long enough to

really listen to the scattered fragments of a
who has time? The chores

need attention and the neighbours don't care
anyway. The wife is concerned that the bills

are all paid, and the grass is cut, and the dishes
are washed, and the laundry is folded, and the

kids are bathed, and life goes on in a blur
of importance. I realize that my biggest

ambition is to move two doors down and
sit in my underwear smoking a cigarette

letting the grass grow as long as it cares to.
Once in awhile I will motivate myself enough

to go the corner store to share the bored
vagueness of the teenager. The world is a

bleeding distance that waits patiently for
a band-aide. It oozes defeat and resentment.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

The World Is Too Big

The world is too big.
Free your mind,
or be stuck like a porcupine.
That's the bottom line.
Need to feed the grind,
and be normal, yes, normal.
Time comes and goes,
and is never subject
to emotion.

The world is too big.
The hating is too strong.
Step on the stars while
you're reaching for the sun.
But never burn a bridge.
For each one
is a teachable moment.
Never go outside.
Stay inside.
Vegetate your
experiences by
the hypnotic images
flashing on and off.

The world, the world is too big.

And I heard Jesus say that every
man, woman, and child
was going to be okay.
I heard Him say that
the
need
for soldiers was fading away.

Governments would work
for the people.
A concept, a dream,
a weird Utopian paradise.

The world is too big.
They've been selling us a dream.
Telling us we are on the same team,
but we're not wearing the t-shirts.
We never get invited to
the best parties.

We are here,
I assume where we

were told to stay.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

This Refuge From Cold Winds That Soothe Me As I Hide

And so, again,
the morning
erupts
upon a lingering realism.

Blankets wrapped securely
around my thinning body.
Here in this bedroom, this sanctuary.
This refuge from cold winds
that soothe me as I hide.

Yes, the window
is slightly open
to let in
a bit of fresh air.

At last
these considerations
of what must be
in the days ahead
focuses me on the
certainty of my essence.

Even so, I am
comforted by the
open window and
the bedroom that
removes me
from self-absorption.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Thoughts Spread On The Doorway Of Today

Swiftly the lungs expand,
filled
 with
 air
 of resistance.

Stand ready to succeed!
A death sentence
is
 a
 guess.

It
is
 an
 estimation.

God alone knows truth.
It is His will that decides.
Some days are better
 than others.

Like an adventure
where
 we
 never
 know

the end results.
Regardless of the day,
it
 is
 the
 only
 one
 to
 have.

Jesus taught us to
live for today,
to
 leave
 yesterday
 behind.

To ignore

the
worries
of tomorrow.

Each day has its own concerns.
Enough to occupy the thoughts.

I will
stay
focused
on the
gifts
of today.

Thank you Lord,
for the gift of life.

And
if
this
is
my
last
day,
so be it. I end with the
peace
to be
found
only in the comfort of God's love.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Through The Chalk Dust Of Vitality

Is there nothing left to say?

Drained thoughts
compromised by
draining body.

Chemotherapy and medication
fogging ambitious intentions.

What I want to write
will not translate into words.
Surrendering myself
to the plastic tube that
sends poison through my blood.

My poorly focused cognition
dulled by the fervour
of little white narcotics.

Is there nothing left to share?

I feel it is so. Shivering
with the refrigeration
of misplaced vocals
that stutter even
before being spoken.

Are there other strengths
that will sink in before
the final death rattle?

Odds and ends of optimism
that will magically
transform departing
consciousness into
wonderfully written laments.

Never mind.

I will not think of
what I would like to say.

Haziness is here.

Uninterrupted decline
streams with supremacy
through the
chalk dust
of vitality.

Through The Tick, Tick Tock Of This Clock

Through the tick, tick tock of this clock,
.....oceans move and winds explode.
Priests wagging fingers, Dogs wagging tails.
Tick, tock. tick, tock.
Constructive flailing will begin
.....at exactly quarter to nine.
The drums will do their drumming thing,
.....and the shepherds will eat their pie.
Illusions upon illusions, paper upon rock;
Tick, tock. Tick, tock.
Every head will stroke the beat
.....and drip in collective distress.
The flies will fly, the creatures will deny,
the passage of the
.....last of the glue.
If we sniff it, or if we don't,
the spiders will still crawl in
.....elegant indifference.
The truth will be somewhere,
..... the truth will be observed.
Tick, tock. Tick, tock.
.....As the water warms in the bathtub,
.....as the man allows himself to bathe,
.....the soft slice of the curled knife
.....puts every doubt in remission.
Tick, tock. Tick tock.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Tick Tock, You Damned Clock

Tick Tock, you damned clock,
what is your hurry?
System overload.
System shutting down.
The
aches
and
pains
a
tumbling
sound.
In the shadows of the dawn
is where the floating telephones
are constantly ringing.
Do not answer them.
Put
the
outside
world
in
its
place.
And hear the tinkling chimes
announce the
beginning of the end.
Tick Tock, you damned clock,
what is your hurry?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Tiny Apple

A tiny apple in the tree.
Our straining eyes could just
about make it out in the branches.
I think we enjoyed
the thought that something
was smaller than us.
It hung deep red
with a sliver of sun
shimmering off its surface.
Each of us felt the
apple was ours alone.
Each of us pretended
an exclusive affinity
with the tiny apple in the tree.
It was our special secret
which we would cherish
as if it was the most
significant memory of
our lives.
Our collective breath
sighing in fruitful pleasure
at what surely would be
a delicious bite.

This was the term that
separated us.
Half of us wanted to
gaze in admiration at
the apple forever.
The other half
was planning on
how to eat it.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Today, I Will Not Be The Victim

Here I am.
Wheels roll and stars call.
Just today. That is what is mine.
Mine.
Belongs to me.
No other body can
occupy
my
space.
The leaves have fallen
off the trees. The cold
has
arrived.
Cells of sickness
still grow. They
flourish as if
they
were
stars in the sky.
No matter.
This is still my day.
Sick or well.
Living or dying.
I
am
still
active.
I still survive.
Today, I will not
be
the
victim.

When the winter arrives,
and snow drops and covers
every place I can see,
I will be making plans
for
the Spring.

When Spring comes,
I shall be
anticipating Summer.

Carrying on.
Living each day.
This is my day.
This is my plan.

Here I am.
Here I will be.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Touching My Soul

Touched my soul,
Reached my love,
And felt its hands
pushing me upwards.

Social mobility.
Looks that kill.
Marked for life.
Self-created nobility
knocking me backwards
to the front.

Insisted on genocide.
Could be only one way!
Refreshed on homicide,
more and more, held at bay.
Till the hounds and wolves
of silent haunted homes
grew daffodils for fruit.

Dreary day.
Listless confusion.
Aggravated by
religious adventures
that left no touch on me.
Though they came and
warped the views
I had looked at.

I want to take you home.
Though, you may not like it.
You may insist I am in love.
(though not with you)
Though you are nice,
sometimes.

Stoic stares.
Heavy glares.
The lights of desire lost

burning freshly in here eyes
as she reaches out for me
in a dark room.

I have forgotten her name!

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Toy Soldiers

The trumpets sound. Bold noise in
early morning air.
Waking the dead.
Waking those about to die.
Another battle begins
in the never-ending game
of military parades.
Toy soldiers, in a little boys mind.
Lined up in neat compact rows.
Plastic guns and plastic minds
conditioned by visions
of old men's speeches.
'Arise, young valiant ones' shouts the
television screens.
'Go forth, brave sons and kill
all those who disagree'.
Toy battles in a little boys game.
Lines and lines of paper mache hearts
controlled by the propaganda machines.
Flashes of smoke; planes overhead.
The enemy, just straight ahead.
Toy people in an illusionary game.
Pretending that lines exist
in the dirt.
One side of the line is ours, the other theirs.
One side of the mind is empty, the other straw.
Toy victims in a mental institution world,
where fabric emblems are
waved in hypnotic fury.
'Defend the flag, boys! ' yells the
old man with the stars.
'Die for this symbol, kill for this cause.'
Toy soldiers lined up in rows.
Toy people pretending to be real.

In a distant place there is a wall.
It was built by visionary dreamers.
Behind the wall there are flowers.
The flowers are shaded by trees.

God's bountiful gifts gently
growing in the sun.
Two men sat on a bench,
inside this distant garden.
They were silently enjoying
the beauty of the morning.
Both men decided they wanted
to pick the same rose.
They argued, they debated,
they presented their cause.
One man tired of the verbal disagreement.
Picked up a stone. Murdered the other man.
Now the rose was all his.
He was the victor!
His cause was just!
His cause was right!

He stood up, his prize in hand;
danced a dance of victory bells.
Danced his macabre version of hell
in a garden full of roses.

Toy soldiers in a little boys mind.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Toys Are Scattered About The Floor

Toys are scattered about the floor.
Robots and Dinosaurs attack plastic soldiers.
The Grandsons are enacting a bloody battle.
No one is safe! Not even Grandpa!

I've been killed, apparently,
by a flying super-robot that
knows no mercy!

I worry I won't be
playing with them next year.

Darkness all around the world.
Darkness all inside of me.
Whispers behind my back,
murmurs of pity, I think.

I still have much I can offer
to these boys.
Or so I'd like to believe.

I'm not ready to stop hugging them.
Telling them, again and again,
how important they are to me.

Little boys live in a special world.
A place of mud and sticks,
bugs and stones.
Imagination the
only rule they follow.

Dirty hands and faces,
bodies screaming
for a bath.

I understand this world.
It used to be the same one
I lived in before.

Ah dear Grandsons.

Will you miss me?
Will you think of me
in the middle of your
playing?

Will you feel me?

Grandfather lips
mouthing
'I love you.'

Your hearts so innocent.
Lives so uncomplicated.

Neither of you understands
the concept of dying.

As it should be.

Stay this way as
long as you are able to.

The real world is a cold place.
A mixture of grieving and denial.
A faithless emptiness that
consumes the desire
to achieve.

Toys are scattered about the floor.
Robots and Dinosaurs attack plastic soldiers.

Dear God, how I wish this was
the only battle I was fighting.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Trains

The flash of urban
machine demonstrates
persistence.

Rubber slithering
on absorbing iron.

Interlocking harmonized echoes
scan in electromagnetic
trains.

Tracks dispersed across
the spectrum

of nothing.

Spaces.

That is this country.

We who've been in residence here
know the
detachment of our flag.

Walking shoes
of
walking men.

Back and forth, back and forth.

Sonar devices clamped like cancer
to their ears.

Listening to private noises
in the middle of a cluster.

We were thinking alike.

Hide in trains and
acclaim

the vacuum
of
performing.

Transparent Seconds Tick Away

Transparent seconds tick away,
mumbling their progression.
Filtered cigarettes and coffee,
both staining fingertips.
Enough time has passed,
yet still sober thought
circulates in such a way
that I do not feel the blades
of the fan in the room.
A facade has been erected.
A sort of wall, a kind of defence.
Pretending that limitless
possibilities are open for me.
Privacy I once cherished
is a memory no longer
active in the daily reactionary
tones of being in this prison.
In and out, and out and in,
the professional experts
affirm and stipulate the
terms of my existence.
Prodding, touching, measuring.
Advising, compelling, warning.
Their repetitious bleating
draining the spirit.
I glance with longing
at the passageway of doors,
knowing that all but one
is locked and firmly sealed.
Hope. Yes, have hope.
Be the glass half full,
but acknowledge that
it is also half empty.
Somewhere in between
the two points of view
lies my truth.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Trees

Love doesn't last a life-time.
At least that's how it seems to me.
Some people think love is forever.
Or so they would like it to be.
Seems my love was not wanted,
so I wander through the forest trees.

Flowers grow lovely in a garden.
They last forever in a loving heart.
Her love for me has not grown;
so I wander afraid in the dark.
Tasting again her lips in memory;
which never kiss me anymore.

Forest songs fill my footsteps
as I walk through the trees.
Wondering why she doesn't care;
why doesn't she want to be with me.
Seems my love is not needed,
so I die inside, outside in the trees.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Triangular Duck

You have bastardized me,
 compelled me to stick pins and needles
 into my veins.
Shining globes of tears that fall
 from closed eyes.
They pretend to be significant,
 but in fact,
 they holler their pettiness.
Men with names that do not rhyme
 who sit behind computer screens
mangling the English language.
 Using the internet codes that
 destroy communication.
Have we all become symbols of
 people without souls?
As we march around our staples with
 guns pointed at our feet.

You have ridiculed every milkshake I
 have guzzled.
Mopped away every green leaf
 I have held in my hands.
I smoke my cigarette and
 scratch my balls.
I eat a sandwich and
 terrorize the cat.

Every foot will walk the
 way it was meant to,
 and so,
the only possible reality
 is that which
 drinks itself
 to death.

Forget the paper.
 Throw away your pens.

Make up a brand new plate of exclusionary

triangular ducks.

Roast them in your oven-like hearts.

I begin to move away from
metaphoric prison cells

that have

brought

solace to a hungry brain.

'Good night', I say to the

computer screen.

You have turned me into a paper cut

that becomes infected and

finally, allows the soul to die.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Tuesday Morning In An Apartment

Isolation, those retreating seconds
before vacancy settles in.

Sedentary drifting, perception
in a thousand and one spaces.

I live here. That is something
to celebrate, I suppose.

For a man must be somewhere
and this is the situation
which I am occupying.

An electric fan is rotating
itself around the room of
hollowness that sharply defines
the brick walls of motivation.

Aspects of silhouettes tantalize
the intellect with opened drawers
stuffed with the debris of
other generations.

I'm confidant in
almost nothing
and so I
grit my teeth
in lines of
indifference.

Seek only truth.

That's the line of thinking
I've been taught to employ.
But which truth?

Which particular obscurity
is to be the one followed?

Best to not decide.
Best to stay undetermined.
Let the precipitation drip
down into the barrel.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Twisting Comfortably In A Coffin

Reluctance, mingled with trepidation;
these are my watch-words now.

I accept that the cancer of pretending
is as mortifying as the cancer inside.

Victims. Everybody seems to be one.

Moaning and bewailing the suffering
they seem to feel must dominate
every social contact.

Ah, but what of those who
truly are dying? Where are
their voices in the moisture
of the shedding crocodile tears?

It does matter how much time
is left, or so it seems.

I wonder how many barbed wire
fences must be climbed
before anyone notices
the bleeding? Does it
matter, one way or the other,
the shadow of a man's skin?

And off somewhere else, in
another temple of a false god,
a single man kneels
in supplication, counting
the seconds until
he expires.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Unable To Meet Eye To Eye

Unable to agree on a concession,
unable to meet eye to eye,
we squat on our
opposing buttocks
and hurl
insults at one
another.

The flowers grow,
all around, every Spring.
The warmth circles
and
lingers.

Even so, the alidity
has become us.

We are ever
so much
the products of
somebody's
drunken evening.
Air surrounds, and
though we inhale,
we manage still
to cross
no imaginary line.

I'm thinking.
You're thinking.

Yes, we will
leave one
another alone
one day; but
this is not that day.
I look past
you
and see
another you.
One that called
me friend.

I suppose that
for every
pleasant memory,
we'll now
spend our time
finding new
ways to abominate
one another.

Unable to agree on a concession,
unable to meet eye to eye,
we squat on our
opposing buttocks
and hurl
insults at one
another.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Unanswered

My soul calls to me.

It is speaking now.

'Free me! '

I am trapped in a sea
of wandering delusion.

Deep in filth.
Lost in lies.

'Free me! '

'Do not contain me
any longer'

I am compelled to agree
to
compromises
that compromise me.

'Free me! '

I am a wandering nothing
in an ocean of everything.

My soul calls to me.

I will not answer it!

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Under A Lipstick Sky

Under a lipstick sky
we drove our plastic toys
 to the end of resistance.
Screaming vowels of rebellion
 as if being loud meant
 we were correct.

Cars rust in the backyard.
Cars rust in the front.
 Technology on parade.

I would gladly understand
 any garbage you wanted me to eat.
But I cannot do so.

 I will not do so.
Instead I'll undo my zipper,
 haul out the 6 inch snake
and piss all over you
.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Underwear

Time is fading on
Perspective has become
distorted images
in carefully distressed
bottles

I slept beside you.
We were naked.

Hatred.
That word
haunting me
as I sleep.

Morning.
We were not sleeping.
Having coffee and
whispering encouragements
to one another.

I want to sleep beside you.
We will be naked.

The clinging nylon
of the morning escaped
our attention
as we chatted about
our relationship.

Hatred.
That word
haunting me
as I do not sleep.

Evening.
We return to each other.
Time grows shorter.

My life not getting any longer.

I slept beside you
in my underwear.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Unfinished Poem

I can't stay here
wrapped up in myths
of a time
I can't forget, yet
cannot take the time
to relive.

I am expanding in all directions.
And a new world is there
that I have discovered.

Freedom, liberation which begins
as a word and becomes a way
of existing.

I survived while others
of my old crowd dried up
and ruined their potentials.

Fame, recognition.
I don't care for these as
much as some think, and yet,
I care more for them than
they would understand.

Acceptance.
An odd sort of word.
What if some accept me
and others do not?

Does it really matter?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Unheard

I want the conversations
We'll never have.
The urged words drip
Off my tongue
In foreign colours,
And fall to the ground,
Unnoticed, unheard.
Ignored are the whispers
From my stained lips.
The words are heard
but remain
unacknowledged.
Around me are allot
of faces.
Some I recognize and
others I do not.
They smile at me
as they
hold their
conversations.
Talking at me
but never talking
to me.
And despite
the vowels they
pronounce these
faces with their
ears closed
do not hear the
words I return to them.
I want the clouds
to stop turning
grey over my head.
Looking, but not
really seeing the
disappearing self.
With effort I
manage to scream
loud enough to

convince everyone
that
I am still alive.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Unknown

Unknown, I moved amidst life,
In streams of fabric unravelled.
Desiring to soar into the sky,
To touch the happiness travelled.

It's gone past, this fleeting feeling,
Of depth gone sour inside the mind.
There are still visions to view
Of what is still left to find.

I must embrace what is unknown.
I must face the illusion dropped.
For inside the turmoil is false,
The legs buckle, the lie stopped.

Wayward thoughts to be controlled;
False starts to be rectified.
Nothing must stop the seeking heart,
Which seeks with lengthy sigh.

The path must be followed, walked.
The dream of life must be connived.
I am slave to no one, and yet,
I am concubine to what is contrived.

Don't force me to be a drone.
Let me not fall to self pity.
I am facing the rest of time,
Which I find is dark and gritty.

Unknown happiness must be mine,
For it is the road I travel.
The anticipation of joyful bliss
When the tension has been unravelled.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Untitled

I give you no title.
Why must one be given?
If so, let it be None
for that alone remains.

What is art
if nature its foundation?
Is it Truth, or a mockery thereof?
It is a mirror,
reflecting only?
I am not a flower, a sunset,
nor autumn's cool breath.
Only Man.
and my canvas reflects such:
decorated not with
images of Nature's untouched playground
but my congealed blood and
the tears of my life's not rain's tears.

Presume to mimic Nature,
what good can come?
Try asking the river to hold still!
The folly of barren souls
claiming to improve the sun;
It's subject not to touch or scrutiny.
Your blindness is evident
The point: echo not the melting snow and
the many starving squirrels
instead, reflect myself
(and of course you) .
Most of all, let us create
with all that we are, and
nothing we are not.
And so we return
from where we began,
untitled clouds dissipating.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Upon An Ending

Life has nothing to show more fair;
Than soul who creates fantasy inside.
Oh tortured heart how it does cringe
At words flung easily at mind so bare.

This mouth now will say nothing more,
Of rumpled sheets left soiled and torn.
Of slipping hope so quickly dashed;
Gripping pain left tossed upon a floor.

Glitter diamonds are the lights seen,
The hopeless path of worshipped sun.
Oh merciful knife come slice the heart,
Let blood flow where love has been.

Dear Lord, do you know this pain?
Have you seen black as I have seen?
Wasted words upon an uncaring eye,
Who only wishes the end to remain.

The river of life ebbs slowly past;
The ever dropping sound of pain.
Oh sweet glistening ending thoughts,
That open avenues that never last.

I cry out in frustrated angered words,
But little sense is made of dusted heart,
Whose images cascade into despair.
Oh silent cries that are never heard.

Release me from the vibrant rolling hills,
Let nothing steep stop us from falling.
Sleeping passion that has gone unknown,
In hearts defeated, yet hurting still.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Usually I Begin My Day With The Same Routines

Usually I begin my day with the same routines. Waking up, putting on the coffee and hoping the quiet remains a steady feature of the day. Lighting that first cigarette is the best. It is the one that carries the most flavour. Inhale the smoke and sip the caffeine. Fill the air with my habit like a dragon starting to perform his feats of magic. The caves of hidden desires are not so easily forgotten in the early hours of my awakening. They hint at falling values I am supposed to uphold. And I suppose that it is not the point that most of the values I hold are those that have been indoctrinated into my moral consciousness. There really seems to be some sort of a twisted agenda of following illusionary puppets who prance like jumping jacks on the fabric of existence. And I believe that even if the fabric is slightly ripped, as a whole we must never question the lack of direction. Sip from my cup and let my mind play with the tempting thoughts that so willingly come in the morning. Prices rise on everything, but the value never changes. Expectations increase, yet fulfillment never seems to be part of the equation. No matter how often I talk to other isolated strangers the focus of reality never seems to change. As one man, or as a group, the message is clear that the only acceptable solution is in conformity. Odd how afraid each man or woman is of being seen as different from the rest of the herd. Usually I begin my day with the same routines. In truth, these are the only things I own that are not shared by anyone else. Maybe tomorrow I'll just stay in bed?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Vacantly, I Holler, As The Tip Of The Tongue Retracts

Vacantly, I holler, as the tip
of the tongue retracts, wound
as open as the changing season.
A chasm wide between the
shifting values, somebody
calls me on the phone. I answer
it but the line is quiet. Somebody
does not want to talk to me,
so all my arrangements have
been changed. Ideally, the
sheets on the bed are changed
every day, and the window
blinds are raised, just a bit,
to indicate the false
premise of open hearts.
It does not help that the
beggars on the street smile
in dismissive attitudes as I
crawl along in disguise.
Days are routines locked like
keys into only one tumbler.

Nothing changes.
Nothing changes
Nothing changes.

I toss aside opinions faster
with each blinded hand,
one finger embracing another
and all together forming
plans. My own personal
eye travels to the next
pebbled judgement, and
I finally understand the
blinking of the lights;

Off and on.
Off and on.
Off and on.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Visiting The Truth Is An Abstraction

She spoke in riddles.
Abstractions.
Vague sounds that
laid like jello
from her
mouth.

This is this,
and that is that,
and neither
right nor left
will agree.

I combined my essence
with the reality of her.

She fulfilled in me
the sense of
completion.

And though her words
meant not a
thing to me,
still I
was glad to
find her
leaping up and down
on my fabric pillows.

We decided to dance.
We swayed as if
the wind
would never
overcome us
again.

She continued
her musings
in an audible

frame of nonsense.
Shaking my head,
I agreed with every
distance she
mentioned.

At one point in our trembling,
we felt the strains of shadows
that were inclined to
cover us with
our own inconsistencies.
Lacking focus, we
imagined that
all the circles and squares
were illusions
we could recover.

I wish I knew
what her value was.
Wish I could insist
on understanding
every syllable
she muttered.

But I know that
this would be
impossible.
Best not to try.
Better to slice away
the firm plastic cans
of truth and reality.

We'll just dance.
She probably will
not notice
that
I stopped
caring about her
a long time ago.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Wait For The Whole Week To Begin Again

Please don't wake me up when I'm sleeping,
it's easier to get by when not awake.
Leave all problems till Monday
and
let the weekend be what it is.

It's a morning and a night,
when the skin cream
is applied with
gentle touch.
I make the batteries last
till Sunday, and then I
wait for the whole week to begin again.

A silent bird without a song
waits on the balcony
with glazing thoughts.
Pretending that it is a cat
and it prowls
the streets at
night.

Open another bottle of sherry.
Mix it with a bit of water.
Dilute the forgetting it brings.
And wait for the
whole week to begin again.

Let the fingers ignore
the scars from last
weeks' battles.
Just enjoy the two days away,
let the feathers
grow another time.

When the heat wave strikes
our eyes, and the boiling
water spills over, that is when
the light won't shine; and the

ringing phone will not stop.

Another week begins on Monday.
I'd just as soon pretend it never came.
Losing perspective in weekend daze,
let's just wait for the
whole week to begin again.

An ice cream sandwich melts
on the sidewalk. I step over it as
I wander around. My dog running at
my side, and the dark glasses on
for surrender.

Another living day in life. Living
like a hermit inside. Don't open
the door or answer the phone.
We'll just wait for the whole
week to begin again.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Waiting For The Bubbles To Pop

If we are truly at the ending,
then
there is only this:

vague emotions broiling, waiting for
the bubbles to pop.

temporary moments of co-existence
that sustain until the next
series of hating begins.

I'm talking to you in riddles.
Social generalities about
having a nice day.

You also speak back at me
in the same half empty fashion.

And yet,

once our passion was so intense
it almost seemed like we
would never come out of
the bedroom.

But that memory is riddled
with gestures of aggression.

Small steps leading to
larger spaces where
the eyes can close
and end the daylight.

The candles burn out, one at a time.
The furnace shuts down.

Leaving only the chill of the evening wind.

I follow you with my hurt feelings,

desperate to pretend
that the anger is
just a fad.

A thing we are going through.

It will end, I think, when the memory of our
love-making resurfaces.

Breathing, I wait for this to happen.

I will die of old age before it does.

If we are truly at the ending,
than
there is only this:

intense moments of shouting
mixed with
no memories of before.

The most important thing left for us
is how many times we
can jam acupuncture needles
into each others' eye sockets.

If I find myself wanting to re-connect with you,
I'll hold on to the vision of
you
torturing yourself for being with me.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Walking In The Early Morning Drizzle

Rain is falling.
This is an odd sort of winter.
Warm temperatures and dying.
Interesting combination.

Walking on the sidewalk.
Hood up, jacket zippered.
Sense of destiny propelling
my steps as I begin to
recite my eulogy.

Let it be said that
ice cream
is cold,
but
not
as
cold
as
the
autopsy
table.

Grass is still green.
Trees without leaves.
Solitary body tapping shoes
on
a
wet
grey
Sunday
morning.

Go on. Let the solemn time
flow like etched glass
into
the
veins
of

forever.

Humming a song to myself,
I change my direction.
Enough of outside.
Yes, I have seen enough.
There's nothing here
but the raindrops
and
the
man
with
limited
time.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Walking On The Moon

We were dancing, my friends and I.
Collecting moments to put away for

future reference. Music played and
we sang along. Every song we heard

became our favourite melody, one
that we played over and over in our

collective thoughts. I wondered how
long the dance would last? Would we

still stay united in the glare of the day?
I sense that we will not and so I cut

the memories out of my mind. Talking
about the future we pretend that the past

will not interfere. And our voices merge
into a collection of denials that we begin

to share as soon as we hit the floor. Let
me look at the faces I see around me for

I know I shall not see them anymore. We
will make phone calls and play at being

committed to continuing our friendship. But
the time will fly and life will arrive and so

we will forget our promises. We will dance
only in memory but in fact we will not have

time anymore for one another. Some of us
will get married, others will not. Children

will be born and bills will need to be paid.
Mortgages will be gathered and jobs will

define our futures. Let the dance never end
for when it does it will mean it is time to

grow away from one another. I touch the
photograph, lightly stroking the thought

of how we used to be. I wonder what
you all are doing tonight? Are any of you

thinking of me? I'll be walking on the
moon grabbing the stars of memory

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Walls Of Certain Depth

Farther away, where the cars
are all painted dull black,
and the
leaves on the ground
have
already died,
that is where the
walls are being built.

Strong walls. Walls of
impregnable fortitude.

Walls that will
never be
overcome.

Behind them, that
is where I shall be.

Hidden.

Forgotten.

Put aside to live
with all the
other people
behind these stones.

We will be quiet here.

Dwelling thoughts lost

in managing

individual funeral pyres.

Outside these fortified rocks

will be the footsteps

of people who do

not care to see

anything beyond

what they feel is

marvellously important.

Pecking fingers on their

cell phones

in their peculiar, solitary

way of being a

'community'.

We might hear them
from time to time,
distant sounds
that penetrate the
rock fed monster
we have built to
surround our
last moments.

Water falls in a
rainfall of passion.
Cups hold liquids
that are never drunk.
We share the same
determined falling,
ending up the same
kind of dead.

Goodbye people
outside our walls.
Thank you for
peering at us
once in awhile.
And now the Biblical gates
are opening.
Now the walls around
us are shattered.
Leaving here, we
become the pictures
on an internet page;
where people will
write R.I.P. in
the comments.
A like button
will be pressed,
as they move on
to the next entry.

Conversations over.
Memories diffused.

Stones from the wall
fashioned into tombstones.
Names etched on them,
and some plastic flower arrangements
all that remains.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Wasting Words Before I Go To Sleep

Even though it is early in the morning
and I
want to punch holes in the walls
still,
the cat wants letting out
and the milk
has gone bad.
It's odour a refreshing change
from the stale
pretence of the
name-dropping relatives
who insist on
sharing the same blood.
I've sat up most of the night
with a man
I have idolized since
I was a boy.
His cancer has won
and the family
takes turns watching
him die.
We talk when we are
required to communicate.
Sometimes I wonder
how well we really
know the inside of
anybody else.
The cat meows at the door.
Now it wants letting in,
rubbing its fur against
my leg
as I stick two eggs
to boil on the stove.
Pouring coffee, I sit at
my desk and read
the letters that arrived
while I slept.
It's going to be another
winning day.

Who
knows how many words
will be wasted from now
until I go to sleep again?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Waters Of Rebirth

There was time when thoughts of rivers in full stream
Meant the entire world to me. I fell into the magic sight

Of waters running free. To me the liquid did seem
To enhance the world around me. Everything was right

As long as the waters glowed. Gathered in celestial light,
The streams of life confided me and I became a beacon

For thoughts gone astray. What I felt was right was good
As long as I believed in it and my vision was seeking

The path to relief. Looking through the tangled woods
I realized the world would change. All the fickle dreams

Would become real stones. The stones would weigh me
Down and I would try and uncover them, but it only seems

Like a solution when the waters recede into tunnels to be
Caught in waves of pain in their glittering facades of doubt.

The flowers on the shore would wither and I would see
The grass turning brown as I learned to painfully shout

My submission to the change. A rainbow must begin
Where every shadow falls in silence and the light of day

Becomes a beacon of solitude. In the hassle of a sin
I become a rock of solid waste and never let me say

That the end is nearby. I crawl into a fatal shell of empty
Serenity, which when I open it becomes a dribbling day

Of defeats. Inside my tussled head lies a vision of me
That I recognize as being from the shallow earth.

I reach behind my back to find a never-ending sound
That blisters inside my head signalling my cosmic rebirth.

I am drawn into the waters and it seems I am upward bound
Into the memory of starry night gone flat into the mire.

There is a rustling in the leaves that can only be my mind
As I create a world of new in which I will begin to inspire

The signalling of the end for the hope I might find.
And this becomes my enemy, this becomes my birth.

I am renewed through the waters of life; waters of pain
That begin to fossil playfully upon the aging earth

Where I collect the shadows of the newly falling rain.
Standing alive, I am the boy that became the man.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Waves

The waves on the lake roar
like angry children
throwing a tantrum.

They leave a taste of
bitterness in your mouth.

The rejection is there
but you don't feel it.

The solemn faces are present
but you cannot see them.

Ignorance is truly bliss.

Forgetting even better.

Sit by the edge of the lake
and dangle your hopes
in the insistent water.

Let ambition be drowned.

It only holds you back.

Someone has thrown an
empty bottle into the lake.

Its symbolism is not
known to you.

You watch it bob upon
the angry waves.

Wondering why nothing is
inside of it.

It reminds you of your soul.

Empty and false. Demanding
no known contributions.

The glass is clear but the
inside is full of air.

Nothing shall ever look the
same to you again.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

We Are Blue Below The Slime

Weird and damp about the clouds,
We lick sexy fragments about the mud.
Awaken, awaken! The Fool has fled.
Totally musty after the rain.
I eat sinning children on the land.
I colour in black and white pictures
with electro-magnetic sand.
Be transparent. The Knight shall flee
and he will arrive at no set time.

We are blue below the slime.

Can you dig it? The feeling is hard
as licking postage stamps with ice.
Darkening thirsty rosary beads
are collecting near the fireplace.
They are not understanding
the green shallow sun in the sky.
The majesty of kingdoms
reflected in the yellowing pages
of a book.

In whose eyes
the traveller
asking his way
must be in
knowledge that
all things in life
involve
taking a chance.

We are blue below the slime.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

We Are One World, One People

Around and around the blood flows warmly
through the veins. Beating heart sustains
the body and the body holds the soul.

We were discussing the ways and means
of uniting every breath. Recycling the
memories that permeate like daggers
through every shade of perspective.

We are one world, one people.

One voice of gladness and misery
jostling the ozone with our shared
journies that we are walking.

A faceless distance that together
we are hoping to avoid. We are one
beating mind seeking the
jumble of God.

Clear it up for us, Lord.
Teach us again how we
have fallen away from the
words of Your Son.

We are one world, one people.

One magic circle of completeness,
of open spaces crowded by
impersonal cities. Hands raised
in begging mode, eyes averted
to avoid the world we have made.

Find us, Lord. Bring us back to
those ideal scenes of the garden
you wanted us to share.

We burnt the trees and ate
the plants. Killed the animals

and one another. Jumped the fence
and played at creation. Endless
wasted seconds we cannot be
bothered to admit.

We are one world, one people.

A tribe with many languages, a
group of many heartaches.

Each hand reaching up is our own.
Each rip that we do a tear in
all of our gardens.

Individual family members
meeting only on social occasions.

Pretense and discipline two extremes
that we are all manufacturing.

We are one world, one people.

One hopeless mess of redundant underwear
covering the sexual organs of our illustrations.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

We Dangle Sentences

Whispers struggled out by the lispings of
the hands are
not promises that shall be kept.

No breath exists upon your soul,
it is vacant of emotion
and absent of passion.

In truth, you do not manifest salvation.
Nor are
you the living Body of Christ.

The taste of your communion is foul.
It darkens the universe and
is anathema to living.

Words spoken in bed are not contracts.
The lie is easier to create than
to live in truth.

We dangle sentences across the room
at one another.
They are empty sounds of defeat.

The past is some sort of mangled memory
that confuses the present
state of being.

I am not the channel of aggression.
You are not permitted to define
me as the source of all wrong.

Flavoured cough dropp melts on tongue.
Books un-opened lie like accusations
upon the floor of the heart.

Touching is just an excuse for not sharing.
Skinless hands reminding me of
delights now shadowed.

Someday the sun will shine in brilliance
 over a summer's day of adventure.
I want to be alive on that day.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Weeping Heart

I found your grave today.
It was near the path under
a weeping willow.

I do not know who planted
that tree. It shades your
resting place like
a natural umbrella.

Your tombstone features
a picture of you,
smiling in your bridal dress.

I remember that day
so vividly. I wonder if
you can still
remember it too?

I sat at the foot of your grave.

Smoked a cigarette.

Focused on every
memory I still
held of you.

I am somewhat surprised
at how long ago
you were alive.

Has it really been
over 20 years
since the day
I watched them
bury you here?

I am not a grave
visitor by nature.

This day was an exception.

I found your grave today.

The seeds your mother planted
have grown into
perpetual flowers.

The weeping willow
is an impressive
symbol
of the weeping heart
that buried you.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Wet Winter Snow

Wet winter snow,
melts slowly
as the
icicles
freeze
the
stone statue of Jesus.

Arms outstretched,
offering salvation.
People walking by,
vividly
ignoring
the solemn message
carved in
long-ago
symbols.

Bright orange sun,
hollow warmth
permeating
like
dried leaves
in a painting.

Forget the world
outside you for a while,
seek Heaven
and
find what
you need to find.

Seemingly insubstantial,
yet indestructible,
like a ghost,
the colossal frigid tower
hangs in the sky.

What Do You Do?

What do you do?
which translates to;
How do you make your money?
Money is a drug.
We are a drug culture.
Why do you?
which suggests that you
are acting incorrectly
if you act to be free.
We are conditioned for
self-denial.
No matter what you do.
No matter what you think.
Mindless bands of steel
will circle your mentality.
The only way to act
is to learn not to react.
We are surrounded by
plastic scenes that are
as relevant as death.
Blamed if we do not
blindly love the machine
like drone of our lives.
We have lost the right
to determine our own
methods of existing.
What do you do?
which hints at the
premise that your
occupation defines
all the goodness
that is inside of you.
We've slipped back into
the stone age.
Mindlessly hunting wild
animals in a pursuit of
something we can never
define.
Reversing the process of

independence; replacing
freedom of expression with
conformity and status quo.

I see a box.
This box is for I.D.
Place my pieces of paper
inside of it.
In doing so, I have
declared my
non-existence.

What do you do?
As much as I can to be free.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

What You Are Seeking

Do not be disturbed
by the
little disturbances
pervading the atmosphere.

For, it is not the
most persuasive of effects
that often rules over
the soul.

Pursue life and reality
above all else.

Do not be troubled by
encompassing shadows
that seem to dangle around
the perimeter of vision.

Do not surrender to
dancing neon lights
that seem to flit and flick
around the jangled glare
of unknown perspective.

There are attitudes that
snap and grab around
the dying of the mind.
Slippery webs of sawdust
that grasped the remnants
of the deserted heart.

Open up the bottle that
contains the images
of peaceful existence
for they are the waves of
the mangled distractions
that define and confine
the perception of self.

You are the one
you are seeking
to love.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Wheels Rolling

Wanting you.

It grows like an open wound
that bleeds onto the skin.

Watching you.

Knowing that you are
not caring what I see.

You celebrate your freedom.
In a thousand different ways
you cut the strings
that once bound us together.

Missing you.

The tangled sheets in the morning.
The whispered sharing of
our intentions.

Our unity measured by
the cups of sugar we
poured into our veins.

Rendering.

The long time ago sort of world
that belonged to us.

Knowing now.

That you do not care to relive
those special memories.

Wanting you.

It feels like a nightmare that has
become a reality stone.

Nothing left.

Your mind is closed.
Mine is anticipating.

Re-inventing the wheel.

Let it roll over me.

Death.

A word.
A statement.

It is what you express to me.

We have died.

You remain living.

I am withering like
a
vine in the storms of winter.

Undone.

The words escape me

before I remember you

do not care to hear them anymore.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

When Heart Is Still And Will Never Heal

Wondering how to imagine flowers
in a city covered with concrete towers.
There are so many signs that lack truth,
when heart is still and will never heal.

I walk the confines of my walls at night,
only sensing the world out of sight.
What am I searching for, I do wonder,
as confusing images blink on and off.

What does it matter if I never find
the answers to questions so unkind?
With poignant malice so pronounced
do the crawling lice stand so proud.

I sense that I shall always remain
filled with dread that fosters pain.
Internally the wheels will grind
as I try and cease their rolling.

I understand the midnight moon,
for it signifies my private womb.
There are so many signs that lack truth,
when heart is still and will never heal.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

When I Say My Rosary

I sense the touch of God
when I pray my rosary.
His presence strong in
the chanting of the words.
I know that He is here
by the peace that I feel.

Words intoned so ancient,
beautiful and serene.
Comforting me in
ways I can not explain.
Through Mary to Jesus,
my salvation ensured.

God provides solace
to those who seek Him.
In the echoes of despair
He brings me assurance
of blessings and hope
which He restores.

So many moments
lost in useless ventures.
So many times I
tried to be supreme.
Only with God do I
triumph in my dreams.

Heavenly Lord, Father,
thank you for your words.
I pray my rosary in joy,
loving every holy word.
May God, the Holy Trinity
continue to be with me.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

When The Grass Turns Brittle And Darkly Brown

I count the grass on the ground.
I count the clouds in the sky.

Summer is happening.
People are complaining
about the heat and humidity.

Air conditioners are conditioning.
Aeroplanes are flying overhead.

Other people are occupied with
their own dramas and situations.

Me, I am just being quiet. Not
looking to talk with anyone.

I am thinking of how matter of
fact the Doctor was when he
shared his professional opinion.

As if he was talking about the
hot summer weather; as if
the temperature was crucial.

I listened to every word he said.
Shook his hand and thanked him.

Strange how we fall so easily
into the habits we've been fed.

I count the grass on the ground.
I count the clouds in the sky.

I will never reach the end.
Will I ever reach the end?

Will I be sitting here, next
summer, counting anything
at all? What do the clouds

do when the grass turns
brittle and darkly brown?

Chris G. Vaillancourt

When You Die, It Will Be Your Dreams That Are Remembered

Lucid dreaming is the doorway
to the unconscious.

So dream.

Do not stay closed
behind cement barricades
blocking the moon
from shining.

Live.

Each second is for you.

The tumbling of life
does not promise
anything.

In one breath
you can have
a time table
handed to you.

A distinct framework
of how much
longer you shall be.

Stay in illusion.

Keep in mind
that very little
is worthy of
being screamed about.

Politics

and

people games
are not
the substance
of existing.

Picture colourful images
that flutter
playfully
across the
mental horizon.

A traffic light
will

blink
red, yellow, green.
A noise
 will dominate
 the shading sky.
These mean nothing.
Moments of distraction
 soon
 gone away.
Focus on fantasy.
Allow yourself
the freedom to
 celebrate
 the essence
 of harmony.
When you die,
 it will be
 your dreams
 that are
 remembered.
Breathe.
It's just
 a bad day,
 not a bad life.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Whispers In A Dreary Place

Damp drilling spiders
correcting Grammar
and fulfilling their mission.
We are breeze skinned now
and so we prance
in malignant abandon.
Calling to trees...

fall.

fall.

fall on me and
educate me
on the
stupidity

of
opening windows.

Doors slamming shut and furious skins
are demanding retribution.

Sighing to self
and thinking,

it's all lemonade
gone stale now.

Jesus. Sweet merciful Jesus,
what sharply stoned road
am I walking upon?

There are too many shivers of dread.
Too many falling trees
and skinning of knees.

Answering me.

' Be quiet.

Remember who I am.'

Whispers The Heart, Oh Jesus

Whispers the heart, insisting and so soft,
'Life goes on. Death is not dying.'
Faith, that is the message. Let His
will be done, however it works out.

Fears are there. Yes, they can consume.
They can strangle and inhibit the
very will to walk on. Ease them away,
He walks with you, soothing and firm.

We rumble through our eggshells,
rushing through buildings of steel.
Pushing, shoving, important in
our unimportance. Unbalanced.

We eat too much and love far
too little. Strain our ears to
hear gossip and slander. Be
the image we pretend to be.

These are of such insignificance.
They are bottles of nothing, with
shaded glass. Emblems of issues
that are manufactured. Unfeeling.

The truth is in Him. When we
face trials of aggravations, tears
of lost hope, that is when we
need His care the most. Forgiven.

He has always been. He will
always be. He will glide the
care of the body if you give
Him the word. Yes, He answers.

So to Jesus, I appeal. I put my
trust and my fate. Though
blocked in fear, still I marvel,
that He is there for me. Amen.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

White Feather

Your textile face strong
as a white feather.

Determination set in
neatly labelled crayons
lined up on the table.

We named the colours together,
with the casual manner
of having a life of time.

There was harmony once.
Spontaneous laughter that
filled the cathedrals of
our happiness.

Drifting off to sleep
with the sounds of
our favourite movie
ringing in my ears.

I remembered
knocking on your door
when I first met you.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Winter Of Our Love

So it's wintertime and all the snow
lies cold on the ground. The temperature
is below zero and yet it is not as cold
as the words we throw at one another.
The kids are playing outside and just
maybe they're afraid to come inside.
Mommy and Daddy are playing games
of being too polite to each other.
And the neighbours light a fire
in the hopes that the flames will
melt the ice that has grown up
between us. But as quickly as the
ice starts to melt we dash cold water
into the burning mess. Somehow we
live through the days pretending that the
words we say are representative of
the bonds we break around us. It seems
very important that each of us retains
some sense of balance. But the problem
lies in what we define as reality. The words
we use in careful tones are words so cold
they slice the tendons of our vows. And
I cannot help but wonder what picture
we will be drawing some years from now.
One can only imagine that as the spring
approaches still we will be locked in
the winter of our love. For seasons may
come and go, as they always do, but
we in our icy rooms can only stay
and face the snowstorm of our demise.
It's a magic moment in eternity and
I whisper words of comfort to my mind.
Let the snow continue to fall and maybe
in the cold we can freeze ourselves into
icicles of despair. Than let the flames
begin again and let us hope they melt
enough despair away to let the sunshine
come back in.

With Dying Hands He Strokes The Threads

His brown eyes open,
absorbing every experience
that has been his to know.
A looking back, sorting
mangled bolts of history.

His story. His remembering.

With dying hands he strokes
the threads that have
unraveled around him.

He blinks, and he lets
a single teardrop glisten
on his lived in face.

There are miracles and
there are no miracles.

Either way, the prognosis
is what it is. He knows
everything he knows
and yet he
knows almost nothing.

Tall buildings and concrete streets.
City traffic on major roads.
People. So many people
occupying the urban sprawl.
In the midst of all this he
speculates on any number
of significant resolutions.

How cold his heart feels!
How resigned and dark
are his thought patterns!

With gratitude, perhaps,
he reminds himself that

one thing often leads
to another. There is
neither rhyme nor reason
to what is to come.

And when the droning
that inhabits his thinking
becomes too loud to hear,
he can shut his eyes.
Close them tight.
Let his eyelids be
his entire world
and
sit
like
a
rubber
hammer
banging
nails
into
his
heart.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Wondering Desires

I suppose that happiness is provided
by the tangled weeping we must do.
To satisfy our hunger for fantasies
Our piercing wounds must be tangled
with the ropes of wondering desires.

I have an obligation to pursue
the activity of the animals in the zoo
Which I suppose might define us
in terms of how little caring we do
Odd that every point of view
must be crushed aside to be true.

Laughter pursues our ambitions
as we meekly meditate our situation
Our game is full and highly done
Every moment is truly most wasted
so that our only hope is to respond
in tones of black and white relief
Alas, there seems no point in happiness
if every evil is so well provided

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Words Escape, And So They Should

Words are stuck inside my throat
and yet

I am finding I am able to
free them.

Perspective is changing,
direction is new.

Like many before me,
I'll enter into
the Centre and meet
with what is needed
to be done.

Almost with a focus
that is

hindered and unaware.
Speak what needs to be spoken.
Hear what needs to be heard.
Whisper, if that is necessary.
Whisper and let the healing
machines embrace me.
We are one entity, one unit.
I speak to them and they gurgle
back at me.

Listening, I know the hum
around me is the
humming of
restoration.

Like a medically trained army
advancing into
enemy territory.

So many people here.
We are members of
a club, a society
all of our own.
A selection
of beings mingled

together in
one common objective.

Words are said.

Words are written.

I'm learning to appreciate
the nuances of each.

Words escape,
and so they should.

I salute their desire
to be loudly heard.

My peers and I shall
speak together.

We'll share.

We'll explore the
confines of our
community.

I am resolved to
stick to the plan.

I'll be the good citizen
of my new world,
obeying every rule.

Life. Yes, that is the
magic word I
intend on forever
speaking.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Yellow Feeling

Yellow is my colour,
or was,
till I met you.
Then I knew
I'd be blue
 forevermore.

It's hot in here.
Or could be cold.
Depending on your
atmosphere
 or sense of space.

Whatever your
perspective may be,
you've earned
 my respect,
but not my love.
and
 yellow is my
 colour again.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Yellow Sunshine

Four souls locked in a room
discussing the relevance
of yesterday's beginnings.
The music in the background
indicates the the four were right.

One by one they came to realize
the profit motives at work.
That they have no importance
until they have money to burn.
They speak though yellow sunshine,
which is indicated by their smiles.

shared memories of rebellion.
A High School chronicle of fear.
Four misfits in a room
telling their tales of pain,
as they try to speak for peace,
and get mocked by fools.

Little rats in their caged
and barbaric interpretations
laugh at the four for their
free loving souls and hearts.
They are afraid to follow them
for fear of getting spanked or shot.

Ready to talk of solutions,
yet afraid to put them through.
The four of the yellow sunshine
called the rest of them the fools,
as the night wore on in colours
that changed the rest of
their thoughts.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Yes, Flavourless Prescriptions Are Intimidating

Magic dust and floating ground beef...
floating harmonically inside. Touching
statues in indecent fashion, oh, how
marked up the paper is with squiggles
of indecipherable nonsense! I raise
my arms high, I put them down again.
In fresh milk I swim in flavourless germs.
'Hey! Are you dying? ', asks the steel
lips of the granite pill bottle. 'I might
be', I reply, 'they will let me know.'
Conversation over. Mental gymnastics
tight inside the boggled interior. Light
a fire. Burn the books that disagree
with the politically correct dogmas.
I'm crippled in body, mangled in
the mind. And I do mind that the
cancerous volume is turned on so
insistently loud. Perhaps the danger
is in the thinking? So, do not think.
Just feel. Just feel. Growing with
limp abandon, I find the beating
drums are of some sort of foreign
extraction. They'll do that soon!
Cut the skin and take out nasty
tumour like diseases. Pleasure and
pain become like rain, and the
waters of pain will recede like the
mighty storms of panic. 'Will you
learn from your mistakes? ' asks
the versatile merchant. 'Indeed
I shall, ' I answer, 'I shall begin a
novel way of frosting the candle.'
Music begins. I do not recognize
the song. Nothing matters but that
which is important. Deeply dig the
hole. Place feet firmly inside and
let the dirt capture every drug
soaked image that this bit of
silliness has come to inspire.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Yes, It Is Clear That The Morning Sun Has Risen Again

Yes, it is clear that
the morning sun has risen again.
He stretches as tall as he can
and folds
paper aeroplanes.
Is that music playing he hears?
No.
Shouting. Neighbours
expressing their broken
vows to one another.
And even so, he knows
that if he opens his
apartment door, only
the hallway will greet him.
400 units or more in
this glass and concrete
community. Vague nods
to the occasional dweller
in the elevator. Distance
practiced with surprising ease.
Isn't all blood the same
type of hand cream?
But it is never enough.
Nothing ever is.
His wings might be
a figment of his
desperation, but still
they can carry him
from the roof to the
ground.
Yes, it is clear that
the morning sun has risen again.
He stretches as tall as he can
and folds
paper aeroplanes.
Flicking his lighter,
starting a fire.
Better to burn now
before the

coffee has
finished brewing.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Yet Remembering

I have finished with your body.

It becomes a new territory
I am not permitted to explore.

The swishing of the rain captures
my attention; I bask in its
wetness, in its forgetting.

Yet remembering.

A dash of salt on an apple.
A bit of soy sauce on the fish.

Gestures of life and silence.

The press of the pen upon paper.

I am without ability to shape the
desire that once consumed, the
roped knots that held promise.

The spices that added
meaning to my life.

I trace my finger in the dust
on the table. A world vanishes
under my hands. Streaks of
brokenness, of curling lips
hurtling venom.

I caress the flowers that I
planted in the spring. Now they
bloom in ever amazing vibrancy.

And then you appear beside me.
The flesh does not recognize
the flesh. The mind does not
appreciate the thinking.

So we embrace our darkness,
our forgetting.

Yet remembering to share
a discussion on the
dissolving, the rejecting.

I have finished with your body.

I give it back to you. It is not
mine to love anymore

Chris G. Vaillancourt

You Are Free

I was working through a
radical frame of mind
suggested by the demons
that circled around me.
Tribes and nations
screamed their knowledge.
Such evil coming forth!

What is there to know?
To know of hate and violence;
Rules and regulations,
and,
the power of ego-tripping
mortals playing at being God.

A glass rested on my table,
formerly being full of
a green liquid
that some commercial
said I would love.

Now the glass is empty
and I am thinking
'What was the thrill? '

The bizarre thing is
that somebody sat up all night
thinking up a con game
to get me to buy it.
Seemingly it is better
to coerce things on me
than wait for me to
decide for myself.

Last night I dreamt of
castles and surrender.
Fog and rain, melting
down the resistance to
actually be a man.

Freedom is declared
illegal if it contradicts
the will of doing it.

Doing it!
What a thought!
Actually stepping out
and declaring your
emancipation.

Being your own
piece of paper
to prove,

YOU ARE FREE!

Chris G. Vaillancourt

You Can Hear Silence, If You Listen

You can hear silence, if you listen.

Stop your breathe and tap
into the empty.

Oh chalice of hope, too often
left unfilled, drain
the resistance.

Lie back, close the thoughts
and open your eyes.
Believing does not
require seeing.

Allow sentence after sentence
to remain unanswered.
Be unrestricted enough
to not be alarmed.

Fountain of ice, melt away
and liquefy into sharp
pencils of vision.

Sighing in peace, letting
the lace curtains of
contentment to rise.

Skin to be stroked
with the developing
essence of being
in contemplative mode.

You can hear silence, if you listen.
Listen now

Chris G. Vaillancourt

You Can Save Me

I am alone.
We are together.

Your imprint stays in my mind.
Lying here with
the pure savage memory
of passion
of desire
of strangling you
with my eagerness
you breathed fire back at me

insane gyrations
of flesh caught in flesh
I am amazed at
feeling this way
at breathing this way
at slipping so far into your
being that I think I
lost track of me

Amazing.

Incredible.

Visions of lights dangling
from your eyes as you
set my flesh
blazing in
a river of lava
so strong it destroyed
my desire
to resist you

Even now
after you have fled
the scene of your crime
I think of you
I'd welcome you back

I'd surrender to you

Captivated
by your scent
by your skin
by your growing
control over me

I am lost.
You can save me.

Chris G. Vaillancourt

Your Eyes

Your eyes seek what I do not have to give.
You ask for permission to laugh.
I give it.
I do not share in it.
We are hushed in a closet.
Murmuring endorsements
to each other.
I want to stay here
where it is safe,
yet I leave.
You must not share
my tears.
They are solitary.
Your eyes plead with me to stay.
I cannot promise
to do so.
I have already left
you in my heart,
though my mouth ensures
you of my devotion.
It lies.
Inside in the mist
of emotion
is truth.
I do not love you anymore.
I am not sure I ever really
did love you.
Being honest I might
be inclined to say that
I loved the idea of you.
Your eyes accuse me of deception.
I cannot deny it.
It has been said that
the eyes reveal the soul.
My eyes have revealed
to you the truth.
I am pretending.
I cannot give you what you want.

