

Philippe Rovere

Purring of poetry



A lovely place to find

First collection

Fly away

Fly away light,
Curled into the coiled high clouds,
Wild voluble soluble bubbles,
Fly away, frivolous and ethereal.

Fly away light, rise cleansed,
Released, freed from the bounds,
New bird, young bird,
Fly away light, rise, cleansed by the sky.

Close to the fire

The fire seized me,
Blazed my heart as if I were a tree.
No way to resist,
No way to escape,
I was stuck to the fire's landscape.

Feeling tremendously big,
Tremendously secure,
Tremendously free,
With the fire, my friend,
Free to breathe and love the world
And let it be.

The forested smell of smoke,
Cracks and swishes,
All that invites me to be mild.
Mild, wide and wise,
Wise, wide and wild !

How many fires at once burn on earth ?
How many houses, families and hearths ?
Stars and memories twinkling ?
Eyes and bodies trembling ?
How many entwined stories ride the nights ?
... flickering as candles, roaming as knights ...

No way to resist,
No way to escape.

No way further on to be the one
That I have never been.
No way to mistake the plan
That leads me out of spleen.

From this time on, close to the fire place,
The only way to be, will be to be
The cat, the cat poet purring of poetry !

A lovely place to find

There is a lovely place to find,
Where lives the heart, where lives the mind,
A lovely place that you must sense,
Something which is truly intense.

Something you touch but you can't catch,
Otherwise it will never match,
It could be close, it could be far,
It lies where love and friendships are.

All its perfume and all its taste,
All will come to you without haste,
At the right place, at the right time,
At the right pace, at the right rhyme.

Hardly willing to bite the bait,
Seldom freedom counsels to wait,
And will the winner be the ace,
That mystery I like to face !

Look at the grey and clever rat,
Look at the white and mighty cat,
Who knows who has the slightest chance
To first escape the mortal dance ?

I love to know that I am dust,
I love to be the star I trust,
And I will say, 'cause I'm alive,
I love to be, I love to strive.

Is it better to creep or fly ?
Is it smarter to smile or cry ?
Let's put all these questions aside,
Just go back to the dream and ride...

'Cause there's a lovely place to find,
Where lives the heart, where lives the mind,
A lovely place that you must sense,
Something which is truly intense.

Something you touch but you can't catch,
Otherwise it will never match,
It could be close, it could be far,

It lies where love and friendships are.

All its perfume and all its taste,
All will come to you without haste,
At the right place, at the right time,
At the right pace, at the right rhyme.

She is not dead, poetry !

She is not dead, poetry.

She shows her fangs, her claws,
She has faith, she believes, creates her own laws,
She sneaks in, makes a primal scream,
Follows the forces of life's dream !

She invents a world in her image,
She releases herself from the cage,
She plants the future seeds
And with those fruits, she feeds.

She is not dead... poetry...

In the night, she captures the moon's echoes,
On the back of the dunes, she sweeps, she blows,
She is not afraid, she is linked to the core,
She peddles, claims the soul of the world knocking at her door !

She moves or not...
She stands, she hops !
Look, look and see...

She is not dead, poetry !

Little things

Listen to the little inner voice,
Accept little mistakes,
Take care of little things,
Take a step today for tomorrow.

A tomorrow a tad less material,
A tomorrow a tad more spiritual.

A little bit more sharing,
A little bit more wondering.

An action for tomorrow, tiny,
An action toward humanity.

The Gift

** A friend offered me a smile and a bouquet
of autumn leaves.*

Like these soap bubbles that fly away and go away
And that burst at leisure,
Beautiful, true and dying mirror of my cells,
Bouquet gift of autumn, how much you fill me with pleasure.
Stronger than all, each day that passes,
A little more, ephemeral,
I love you, and by far, I choose you...

... over all these things that we use and abuse,
Senselessly, incessantly, things that we amass,
And that mass-produce our afflictions,
And that rot our affections,
And that end up turning our hearts, usually "bliss",
Into bland and cold and sad loneliness factories.

So I say again,

Like these soap bubbles that fly away and go away
And that burst at leisure,
Stronger than all, each day that passes, a little more,
Ephemeral gift of life, you I desire.
In me, in you, the fire which already states
That gift ounce of life we have inside, innate !
Do you see the gift of our eyes,
Do you hear the gift of our ear-drums,
Do you see, do you hear the gift of falling autumns ?

And the gift-caress of a sunset sky,
The gift-solace of a hand on the cheek of the child,
The gift caress-solace of a hand on the cheek of life...

... in me, in you, in the yields of our feasts,
In our nutty-nougaty nights,
In our fires, in the starry alcove,
Do you hear the cadence-gift of our voices,
Do you sense the gift of our intimate torsos,
Embraced by our arms,
When heart of our chests, we open and offer to ourselves,
That velvety warmth of our embodied souls, that love, innate ?

Perhaps these are the gifts in which we must partake.

So I say again,

Like these soap bubbles that fly away and go away

And that burst at leisure,

Stronger than all, each day that passes,

A little more, ephemeral, all I desire is you.

I love you, far and near, and that's why,

Even deciduous, I gather, I cherish,

This dear companion,

This perishable,

This life's

Gift

!

Between future and past

** Wondering... meditating... breathing...*

Balancing between future and past,
I remember the thoughts that last,
Sitting dreamily in my armchair,
I remember when I am there.

Amazed how the birds go fast,
Intentionally tied to their wings,
My heart beats and swings !

It is the feather-bird in the air,
Somehow it is alive somewhere !

I amble again for moments there,
Sitting dreamily in my armchair,
And fathoming as far as I can remember,
Come the notes from the flute of the future !

Wherever I seek,
That something I know,
Gives me back a peek,
Strikes me as a sharpened arrow.

Lively beautiful mystery-melody I know.

London's bricks

** A plenty of bricks London's fantasy.*

While downstairs people take the tube
Trampling on the newspaper anecdotes,
Bricks outside give the tune
Forming in the air the melody's notes.

Everywhere bricks !

Brown ones, bright red modern ones,
Greyish black smoggy and dusty ones,
And the old ones, the sandy yellow crinkled bricks...

... whose primary grit still sits
In the frantic beat
Of the crazy streets of

London !

Like the zest of a palimpsest,
The touch of the past it makes.
Coming from the primordial Thames,
Here are the roots of their fames.

From the thousand roofs and chimneys' alchemy
Through the houses' avenues and alleys' harmony,
In each of their wrinkles nestles a story.

And among this clayey melting pot,
Patchwork of the working city,
Is exactly where I'm having a rest and my tea...

... thinking that :

From mud and debris,
Ashes and cinders,
Spewed from my poetic-volcanic kilns,
Built of ubiquitous bricks,
London is maybe,

A Phoenix !

The little poet and the bird

I have the impression of being only a little poet, when I see all these birds, all those apple trees in bloom in May, all the song of spring, these birds I say, when I see all these wonders ! I feel like a subaltern in the middle of Mother Nature and its big lanterns. Besides, I would be proud to be born moss, surrounded by my friends the ferns, I would sit wet and soft under the dress of trees and seasons...

Yes, you appear to be free, bird, perfectly in balance.

You pick an insect, you peck a fruit, your security... it's your forest... made of a straw, a twig, your nest... and all your fellow friends whistling, squealing, singing without restraint ! Bird, you know how to be happy, you know how to satisfy yourself, can you teach the people of Earth the magic of quintessence, the magic of necessities.

With three times nothing you build your happiness, and we, big boobies we are, with three times too much of all we build our bad luck, our disaster, our misery. Tell us again the seasons, sing to us that before apples there are flowers, and that they do not grow in the supermarkets, and that of appearance the most crooked, the most damaged, by taste, by core, can be the best !

I have the impression of being only a little poet, but with a valiant heart, in short, like the bird, I go and I sow my verse where I can, and if possible in the hearts of humans... where I can... and if possible in the hearts of humans.

Sweet airiness

Sweet and old
... airiness ...
Flower of my soul
... woven with hopes ...
Dear and joyous to my heart.
Oh ! Extreme bliss.
Oh ! Sweetness.

Colour

That colour it is blue.

Blue as your eyes, blue as the sea.

It is anti-blue. It is black, like the blues of the dark nights.

These nights when the blue is encased in the dark.

A mangled blue, a strangled blue,

A blue engulfed in the bleak black.

That colour it is blue.

Blue as the time of our reunion.

Sky-blue on the straw bales... golden yellow in the sun !

Golden yellow in a green meadow,

The very one where my head lies,

My eyes into the colour of you, that of pure blue.

That of two blue air clouds in a greyish sky.

A winter sky in full August time.

Two drops of doubt within the loss of hope.

Loss of hope that you may close your eyes

And I would no longer see that colour,

That of you, that of your luminous blue.

I promise

** I wrote this poem after hearing a conversation
between young students about weakness.*

I will give you, you all,
I will give you weakness,
I promise.

I will give you, you all,
I will give you vulnerability,
I promise.

I will do my best to put into the air
Nothing more than the needs
And ideas of the present time.

Nothing more than the rain that falls,
Nothing more than the cat that sits.

Nothing more than the thirst and hunger
By which on earth I am trapped alive !

I will give you, you all,
I will give you patience and strength,
I promise.

From life's energy, I will let the best
Go through me, longing for the best by itself.

Nothing more than the sun that shines,
Nothing more than the bird that sings.

I will deal and dance
With the one who may want to step in,
I will remain the trout in the stream.

I will deal and dance
With, all of a sudden, the dirt of anger.

I will give a chance
To the possible friend beyond the stranger.

I will give you who I am,
It's plenty enough for the flow,

This is the magic ingredient for a good dough.

I will give you, you all,
I will give you weakness,
I promise.

I will give you, you all,
I will give you vulnerability,
I promise.

I will give you, you all,
I will give you patience and strength,
I promise.

Let's humanize

Second collection

Rain attracts me

Rain attracts me, rain extracts me
From my noxious dream, of a cemented world full of stingy will
Drop by drop, I wake up
Drop by drop, it moves me up
The flip flap flop of falling drops arouses me
Flows onto my back, it drums, my skin it taps.

A rat, it's disgusting, yet so clean
Is probably hiding beneath my hat, under my skin
And on my way to Aeolus' wind
On my little face of a mouse in a field
She tumbles, she spatters
Fine tremors, life abounds
Water's tom-tom, my skin shivers, my skin resounds.

I go, I sail, I cast off
I leave this earth and all these shops
I leave its business with no delay
And come, and come, and come what may.

Rain your little bells rekindle me
Under your lead, I trot, I trot
You are the blessed bread, the antidote
You play the tombstone, the gutter-conduit
You crackle in the gravel of the cemetery
In puddles, you make bubbles
At my ears, you jingle-tinkle.

On the parvis, yourself you splash
You chime, you smash !
You chime, you smash !
You chime, you...

Fine needles are falling into a spin along my spine
Thousands of ballerinas are dancing divine
Around me, they revolve
Me dressed of drops, me mystified.

To all these heaven fairies

This rain of pearls, to these undines
Which offer a gentle babble
A sleigh bell, subtle
To all these heaven fairies
This rain of pearls, to these undines
To nixies, nymphs, naiads, sibyl sisters :

... Thanks, thanks, thanks ...

Let's humanize

Let's connect,

Let's cooperate,

Let's interact,

Let's work,

Let's love !

Let's be surprised,

Let's amuse,

Let's humanize !

The melody of Lise

** A lovely walk in Paris, side by side with
a poetic Russian girl named Lise...*

How jolly it sounds, listen, please,
Melody made by the name Lise...

Upon the white paper it slides,
It neither clashes nor collides,
Please listen, how it glides with ease,
“Neither clashes nor collides” is...

Not so true, frankly, on ride,
In the streets going side by side,
Indeed, we made some encounters,
Strolling from towers to towers...

Once or twice we came in contact,
Adhered to the same tangency,
Impinged on each other's body,
Going from distant to compact...

But in fact it doesn't matter,
Whether we made a pact or not,
Or whether the snowflakes cover,
Hide, ride the hills up to the top...

Will hours elapse slowly or not ?
Maybe perhaps or maybe not !
It doesn't really matter
If we still don't find the answer...

‘Cause jolly it sounds, listen, please,
Melody made by the name Lise,
Just listen how it glides with ease,
Even flakes fall in love with Lise !

This is truly a way to tell,
How the words with her whirled so well...
Over this swift wafting story,
They sweep as snow does tenderly...

How jolly it sounds, listen, please,
Melody made by the name Lise.

Fire

Fire burning,

Fire of my ears and my heart that searches out,
Fire of my hope and the spirit that ignores my doubts about,
Fire that licks and shoulders with other fires.

Fire patience, loving, attraction and action.

... Spirit, ritual, spiritual ...

Fire inspiring the peace appeal,
Fire inspiring the call for esteem,

Fire of the speech-silence of the sweet talk, intemporal.

Hunger

Hunger for human wealth, for subtlety,
Hunger at morning with an empty stomach for my tea.

Hunger for a moment near the candles of a church,
Not for its dogma but for its stones,
Hunger to immerse myself in its memories,
In its moods, in its lights afresh !
Hunger for them trembling,
For its organ stirring up the air and my bones,
Hunger for the sound-eruption which stirs up my body's flesh :

When the water of my cells begins to vibrate,
When their memories open larger and wider,
When I and the consciousness are filled with wonder !

Hunger for human wealth, for subtlety,
Hunger for the terrace of a coffee,
For the closeness of a tree.
Hunger for resemblance, assemblance,
Hunger for diversity.

Wherever around this planet, hunger to think
We could be and live citizens of the same city.

Hunger for respect,
Hunger for regard,
Hunger to take care of things and beings,
Hunger for beautiful aborning human deeds.

Who is you ?

** When I put "you" in a poem,
what is "you" ... who is "you" ?*

I love you. But who is you ?
A bird, a flower ?
I love to walk with you. But who is you ?
A companion, the invigorating air of spring ?

I love to talk to you. But who is you ?
The energy of life which animates the whole universe ?
A wife, a cat, a swing, a tree at the corner ?

I love to listen to you. But who is you ?
A piano, the silent night, the frog on the pond...
The mist in the vale, the dog on the bone, the stone in the well ?

I love to love the love in you.
But who is you ? It's love.
But what is love ? It's you.

You, a wife, a cat, a swing, a tree at the corner,
The energy of life which animates the whole universe,
Who knows and who will ever ?

The snuggling snail, the daisy and the butterfly

** Listening to my inner butterfly...*

It may lead me somewhere.

When the wind winds among the trees,
When the rain falls upon the hills...
When no more bees buzz over the fields,
While the wind upon the leaves lulls my memories...

I then seize the sight of that light, like a dream :

There's a snail snooping and snuggling under the rain,
There's a daisy on its back smiling around again and again,
There's one butterfly flying and there trying to remain...

So as a man totally blind,
I then follow the law of the great mind,
'Cause I know in doing so that I will find...
In a kind of nothingness, I have faith,
'Cause I know in doing so that I will find...

That lovely butterfly to lull again my inner child,
That lovely lullaby to lull again my inner child.

I no longer know how to know the end

** A poem inspired by a friend who welcomes us to his home
around a tea and a time for poetry...
I really love the way he softly reads...*

I know nothing !

I don't even know
What living means.
But I do my best,
To live, I take the risk...

And I don't want to know the end,
On the path, I want to feel my feet,
The ways of time that bend...

I don't want to know,
I just want to see your eyes,
These springs inside that grow...
I just want to feel how it flies
When you deliver that inner flow...

When the motion of your mouth and lips
Unclothes and strips
That breezy taste of your intimacy...

Verily, it makes so much my soul and body bend,
That I no longer know how to know the end.

The garden of candles

Just a candle flame,
Just that, it ignites me, that's fine !

It amazes me, it's so subtle for the mind !

Like the feather of a phoenix,
In the dark grey of a night of onyx,
It's my mystical mirror dancing,
It's hypnotic and nourishing.

It stretches, it waves, it's rhythmic,
It's light set to music !

It improvises, it lessens, it intensifies,
Dynamic dancing sparks,
It's blazing, it's scorching.

In the beautiful boredom of the night,
Nascent, it's magic !

Words on pains

I put words on pains, the word herbal tea on stomach-ache, the word daisy on my aunt's sake. I put words on pains, I put my mouth on my heart and trust on my fears. I put words on pains, a poppy on my weariness, the ephemeral on my boredom, three big drops of joy when I walk under the rain.

Hidden under my hat, I give earth to promises, I put words on pains, under the bees I put flowers. I put beauty in the unknown, chocolate in my gloominess, I put some you, I put some me, I put some us in our tenderness. I put some balm on my shoulder and love in my sweetness, I put some white in my ideas and I let life put red in the veins of my heart.

By the fire of the weapon of my pen

** Spontaneous poem written at the literary café
"The pen in question" in a Parisian bistro...
A flight where the pen, with one stroke,
wrote what it thought !*

These are the first fruits of a spirit surge when my pen takes a pose in the palm of my hand which presses on the white page of the paper leaf offered to its sharp iron. It's here and now, in this place, that by the weapon of my pen I transcribe the fleeting bitterness in my mouth of a coffee, acid... It's here and now, in this place, that by the fire of the weapon of my pen I evoke the clashes of the crockery set to dry behind the bar, and also at the counter the resonant rumour of the cheerful chatters !

It's here and now, in this place, in the fire of the weapon of my pen, in its dancing and certain simplicity, that come to me memories, remote rhythms, floods, fountains and words and flows which go forth and back, which give me and get me, and carry along the pen which gives the prose, which exposes itself, which takes a pose in the palm of my hand which presses on the felt of the leaf of the paper offered to its iron, and the leaf lets it be, it welcomes as well the scratch of claws as it welcomes and deciphers the soft thread of the cloth of sentences, so that never again we smother them, the sentences, it connects them, makes them visible, so that never again we smother them, it connects them, makes them visible and in phase, until the flame of the fire subsides, until in the heart of the Earth they merge the embers, and that the water and the wind finally carry them away the old dead phrases.

With one stroke
It declares peace,
The pen,
It chisels the stone,
It kindles the light,
It enlightens,
The pen,
With one stroke, it declares :
"Peace".

I would like to keep the autumn tints

** A poem recalling a stroll I like to take...*

*From Montparnasse, through the Luxembourg Gardens,
to the bridge... between the bells of Notre-Dame
and Ile Saint-Louis.*

Vulnerable and friable, veined wonder,
It crackles when we crush it,
The old leaf under our feet.

End of autumn that hurts itself and leaves only scattered bouquets, yellow and russet-red dresses, brown dark and grilled bouquets. They lie on the ground or hang pierced by the barks of the grey woods of winter.

I would like to keep the autumn tints and its flames, but, at each of my steps, the bouquets are fading and the leaves fall innumerable, and winter progresses, braided with its bare trunks.

It's dumb, but I so strongly believe that winter will be monotonous, and yet, already, it prepares its sunny days and skies, dry and clear, those of the purest and the lightest blues, those of the blues the purest, the sweetest and the hardest to imagine.

Soon, upon my word, they will all have fallen the valiant amber tones of autumn ! Farewell brave blazing fires, farewell heroic Carmines ! Farewell the vain and many jewels of my garden, farewell the leaves on my way...

Body and mind seized with a sane and dry cold, velvety milked winter blue in the soul, scratched by grey trees, between the bells' ringings, I catch, ere it fades, the last echo of a memory that still hints :

“I would like to keep the autumn tints”

The indelible kiss

Third collection

The genius of a Japanese tea

I taste the genius of a Japanese tea
And I listen to this biscuit cracking in your palate, sweetly.
On the table, a note-book, half-open, makes avowals to me,
The cotton of its blank page
Lies in my eyes, abandoned !

... and the coffee machine, at the back of the bistro,
Hurrying breathless, presses an umpteenth espresso...

That's when a book calls me,
That an art work intrigues me,
And I feel it's ready to open up,
To make me swallow, in the evening,
Its stories and ravings...

I embark on its boat, I taste the wind of its words,
And I see myself happy, childlike, sitting in its carousel,
And I melt with love as all around falls the snow,
And it touches me in the winter and in the cold,
Especially since deep in my mouth,
Melts a chocolate in the warmth.

... and the coffee machine, at the back of the bistro,
Hurrying breathless, presses an umpteenth espresso...

I hear the clinking of the cups,
It's with it, here, and my neighbours that time eases up...

And I husk, and I chew, and I munch,
Voices, sounds and words.
I slip into their faults, I skip,
In their intact and tactile instincts,
I flit, I surf in their subtle flips.
Cloth of silk, meaning and emotions, with delight,
I listen and I bite in all the whims of conversations.

I taste the genius of a Japanese tea
And I listen to this biscuit cracking in your palate, sweetly.

The seven sentries

** Poem in spontaneous writing ...
... 7 breaths, 7 sentries, 7 mirrors ...*

The night swarms and in its bosom, the seven sentries observe me.

Time's sentry looks at me endlessly and when I sustain her gaze, I project myself into the infinite, I no longer know when I am, am I a year, am I my age, am I a hundred and seven ?

The child's sentry looks at me too and shine her eyes in the night. Shine her eyes of airiness, shine her sparkling eyes, and shine her wide and round eyes lost in the moons, it depends.

Pain's sentry throws her bloodshot eyes, she writhes, she screams of grimaces the wounds of her body, she oozes the torpors of her heart in an awful silence, she is sad, she is alone and she is suffering.

Love's sentry throws her sweet eyes, her dancing blue eyes, her sincere and frank eyes, without any scheming. Then, all naked and all me, I bathe, in the pride of her being, beyond appearances, in the source of her fountain eyes, her oceanic elegances. In the aquamarines and azures of its irises, I breathe the reminiscence and the aromas of an original dream. All naked and all me, I dive with love into the waters of these memories that bind us, profound and intemporal.

Death's sentry strikes me down, she is about to cut the thread, right now to make fun of me. If I cry, she laughs, if I'm afraid, she mocks me, if I laugh, she cries, she magnifies all the folds, all the faults of me, and at the game of the smartest she always has the last word. So I look straight at her face, and on the thin thread she proposes, well obliged, I grant her the last waltz.

Mystery's sentry looks at me, she is elusive. She is the grain of water, the grain of sand. If I choose one, I drown and I choke, and if I choose the other, without any grip, I sink and I choke. If I take both, I'm the whole beach, I'm the beach and then the sea. If I take both, I'm the earthy dust, I'm the infinitesimal interstellar flowing and snaking in the S and the meanders of rivers. I'm the one who loves three times, the one who loves, who loves the one who loves riddles.

The seventh sentry does not exist.

It's just the rest of a zeal,

Illusory,

A lure, a mirage, a mirror...

A zest of night in a vest of black.

Tale of the Suze

Once upon a time there was a glass of Suze. Once upon another time, there was a glass of Suze similar to the first except that, this time, a first glass was finished. The man was drinking, the man was reading. The wasp, a noisy and disagreeable companion, sniffed the bargain and invited itself. Lady ants, neighbours, invited themselves too. The man was very annoyed to see so many intruders coming and to thus have to share his glass, but at least his heart gave way :

“After all ! Let’s drink all together, let’s share.”

He waited for the wasp to sip and offered the rest of the glass to the ground thus saving the drowning ants.

The fear

It's like a heart that one chokes
A bit of desire and no more breath.

It's like a cry that says I love you
And then a no it's not worth it.

It's like a yes I want you
And then doubt and then death...

It's like a nothing that takes it all
Even love, this crazy love.

What sound makes the beat of a hand alone ?

** Dancing with grace...*

Palm to the sky,
Palm to the ground,
It calls the other hand.
It calls the hand of the friend,
It calls the friend of the hand,
It raises the wind,
It blows its question :

“What sound makes the beat of a hand alone ?”

It offers its wrinkles and lines,
It raises the wind,
It blows its question,
It makes the sound...

It makes the sound of the horizon !

The indelible kiss

The indolent kiss without any future other than the now of our bound tongues holding together as hands may. The indolent impulse of our mouths tossed in the wave of the ABCs of the wild and stammering world ! Stolen kiss booty of our children's souls, our wet lips let slip the truth of the book of our emotions.

Maintained, tenuous, heady, tense between us as long as there is still time to be there without restraint, in the night like moved, moved by the desire to love.

It will never be forgotten,

Fine and raw,

This indelible kiss.

The consensus of sensuality

Let us evolve in voluptuousness...
In the unanimity of our animalities...
In the consent, assent of our caresses...
In the freedom of us to bind with love, again and again...
In the acquiescence of this quintessence,
Accordance, concordance...

Let us evolve in voluptuousness...
Let us taste our murmurs and humours...
For hours, taming, loving each other...
Loving the least wrinkles of our alleys, sensually...
Let us enjoy the silky sand and the agreeable grain of
The embrace of time...

Let us evolve in voluptuousness...
In the consensus of sensuality...
In the carnal, the spiritual and the erotic...
In emotional and physical criss-crossings...

Let us taste !

Let us dare to kiss the embers of the impulses of
our souls of angels,
Omen of love which seals itself !
Let us dare our mouths, our passing breaths,
The tangle of our tongues, universal parlance !

Let us evolve in voluptuousness...

And may the link weave and nourish and unite us,
And may flourish our amorous friendships.
At the heart of us and the whole world,
May flourish the consensus of sensuality.

Paris

Paris spirit I write
Paris I scream sorrow
The sea too far I starve
Very soon there I'll go...

But for today Paris
And here the life magic
Paris a lot of meets
Effervescence Paris !

Paris essence champagne
Paris pollutes the plain
Paris buzzes too much
Paris unhealthy smell
Paris bridges pretty
Paris the Seine pretty
Paris swarming city
Paris islands pretty...

Paris coffee sitting
Paris bistro dreaming
Paris its stones its streets
Paris lost and loving !

Paris bitter the pill
The hues I miss the sea
Flavours of breads, peaches
Paris bikes barouches
Blocked, traffic jams the streets
Footpath people ambling
Evening the warmth trotting...

Going, coming, writing
Iris open and naked
The bus carcass the cracks
Paris I eat you raw :

The life spirit Paris
Paris Paris Paris !

The tuba player

** Poem for a tuba player in the Parisian subway...
Between Charles de Gaulle Etoile and Montparnasse...
Line 6... aerial...*

He made me cry the tuba player, with his battered tuba. He was done up poorly. I gave him a pound and others did the same. He was magical with his battered tuba. He moved me. He had the sensitive Romanian virtuosity of the eastern countries. He diffused the music through his soul, heavenly !

Many, with their headphones on their ears, didn't notice anything, their eyes on their screens, they didn't see anything. He made me cry the tuba player. His appearance went against him but he was so beautiful ! Without being pejorative, he was poor... and beautiful, and he played marvellously well. In the car of the train, many seemed to be rich externally, but inside, they seemed dull of gadgets and noises.

From this mass, a couple and their two children were emerging. One only had to look at their shoes and clothes to understand, like the tuba player, that they were poor, beautiful, very simple people. They seemed happy without a doubt, and their children were serene and attentive. Oh simple people happy with little, I love you ! How sweet it is, how good it is for me to see you breathe and live. You are the buoy of my existence.

He was beautiful the tuba player with his battered tuba.
I loved, I smiled and even, naively,
I started to cry.

The crab and the hammock

** Souvenir of Guadeloupe where small crabs wander over
the beaches... and come in and out of their holes !*

Close to a hut,
Near my hammock, a not too hefty crab
Is cramped on the side of a boat.

Crackled by wind, sun and rain,
In the surf of the sea,
Moored to a rock,
Its wood hisses and cracks.

Birds, gulls and mews,
Play with the winds,
I surrender to the sun, dreaming.

At a distance, kids throw pebbles,
And their parents scold them...
Ricochets are over,
They fade from the surface of the water
The elegant waves...

Close to a hut,
Near my hammock,
Crackled by wind, sun and rain,
It still sways the boat,
Stranded, at rest,
At the end of its rope,
It parades with the sea's ripples.

The not too hefty crab
Has left the boat,
Has left its stone.

It's not here anymore,
It has decamped,
It has gone back to its hole !

The power of flowers

Flower, you've got the power,
Soon dead, barely born,
You've got the power to give my nose a flavour.

And this flavour, oh flower, lightly touches my thoughts.
Inner garden, outer garden,
Garden of my loves.

Flower, you've got the power to sneak in.

Your language is a colour,
Your language is an odour,
Your language is a touch.

You've got the power to hush me,
One day, flower, you will be my cemetery.

Then through you, will flourish my posthumous farewell,
For ever, the soul of a man that one may smell.

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