

Elie RAJAONARISON

5 Poems

I.

Mother...

Mother stopped expecting me
some time ago
the heavens had exploded in her soul
as the sun of life rose
so she might meet him there.

Mother

Mother left so many times
some time ago
left us behind.

and the wind
carries the sound of her Sighs
and it seems that
the sun doesn't warm me like her love
nor's the moon
as gentle as her voice.

oh Sun-Moon
left so many times
rarely did i come close
to her
this Mother
left so many times
just once left us behind
É but never came again.

Mother!

Remorse!
stopped expecting me some time ago
sorrow
haunts the horizon
of my regret.

II.

the silence of the night
seizes me
resounds in my head
this morning
bringing back forgotten faults of
yesterday.

a dreamlike fantasy
flits by
the part of my soul that loves the Past
singes its wings
crashes on the cranium of
aborted Love...
the mood
of waterfalls in woods.

breathtaking music of Beauty.

the silence of the night
where Ardor, entangling with Attrition
inspires the shy Ambition
to aspire for tomorrow,
for that to come.

Soul and Corpus engender strength
to fill the bottomless abyss of
Nothing.
in this Conquerors' dawn, it's rushing,
the silence of the night fills me

and...

III.

A Talk with My Father

[the soul he'll never see again brands itself onto his heart]

and what if She had asked?
you would have said No,
you could not, would not get
the tumbling of her heart.

and if She had pleaded?
you'd tell her that love,
like a falling rock, feels but
the weight of its own laws.

and you, won't you forget?
not forget, but resign myself.
she is humming our harmonies.
she is holding... our memories.

and you will not see floods stream
in these eyes.

IV.

1 August 1985

don't wanna jive
no more.

even the birds have abandoned the skies
the bees
hardly
hum

and the flies
spread wild through the streets
mastering time.

don't wanna jive
no more.
and even if
I would not.

because
they work but are wanting
search but don't see
listen but don't understand
self destruct
unconscious
the somnolent masses are waking.

rising with the dawn
rousing still-bruised skin
they will not see the setting of the sun
the awakening mass
cannot relax.

don't wanna jive
no more.
and why would I keep jiving?

even the birds have abandoned the skies
the bees hardly hum
and the streets
and the town
are suffused with shame, with guilt,
and with sighs.

V.

The Crestfall'n Angel's Song

sorry! if you please! excuse me!
an arabia of nights wandering without sleep
forces you to address the wetness
of your open wounds.

the circle was shattered
in this dissonant fall
but we all carry on.

so it flows
 on and on
 the crestfall'n
 angel's song.

afraid of heights you seek blank night
you wake alone
wandering the web
of a heart-forsaken desert.

which only bruises the
Sound of Happiness, makes
a heavenly trumpet
rigid with revolt.

there may be no way out.

and so?

an arabia of darkest nights without sleep
forces you to dress
the indifference

of your scarring wounds.

one break in the circle of lovers begone
but in this fall
we all carry on.

back it flows
 on and on
 song of the Angel.

(crestfall'n).
