

Victor Eshameh

I. Darkroom [chambre f noire]

Beauteous  
Not even when the body is debilitated<sup>i</sup>  
The spirit will talk to the soul  
And the soul  
Respond despondingly<sup>ii</sup>  
Who can bear this strait?  
Quandary<sup>iii</sup> between the three-folds  
Not the Father, Son and the Holy Spirit  
Like Jesus said  
In the Holy Book  
But of the gloomy spirit  
Dejected soul  
And the downcast body  
God is not a man that HE should lies  
In this world  
You shall find trials and top ranked tribulation  
But be of good cheers  
How?  
The testy soul questioned the spirit  
You are closer to the father  
So tell us how this could be possible  
The shabby body listens  
How long will it be for the plight to rest?  
If only the earth still swivel and spin  
On their axis and orbit  
  
N' importe quoi!

Why then do birds sing better than man?  
And men coo like the distinct birds  
Fiendish!  
Don't blame me  
I never did say so  
Ask them  
Haven't they sold it all-  
Their soul, spirit and body to the devil for nuts

Dieu m'en garde!

My spirit refuses my soul to lead my body into temptation  
And when my soul ask me where are we marching to  
My puissant<sup>iv</sup> body remains dumb  
The gallant nature in me had since been slaughtered  
Killed into confusion and loneliness  
Go,  
Ask a lonely man how many times he had died  
One thing does keep us restored-  
It's the gift of the spirit  
Not even with so much bearing down on us

Ce n'est pas grave!

Who can explain this abeyance<sup>v</sup> my body and my soul taste after  
In the future  
When valiant<sup>vi</sup> spirit has been lashed hatefully  
Severally  
I had to cry said the gentle soul  
Not you alone  
We all cry joined the spirit and the body  
My cup of tears runneth over  
If goodness and mercy shall follow me  
All the days of my life  
Why not start now  
The hocus-pocus<sup>vii</sup> have made mess of us dans l'obscurité

Because we were young  
And they call us children  
And we call them fathers  
The father we never had  
If the earth be for the lord and its fullness thereof

What is then the reward of the virtuous?  
Why then should I blame my garrulous<sup>viii</sup> mind for not minding it business?  
When the beatitude is been stolen from us by the fussy ones  
So furious that they want us  
Intoxicated with backwardness

II

Only cauchemar<sup>ix</sup> gives us joy  
With your heart praying  
That you never wake up again  
Those who bear severally on us  
Are not yet ready to repent  
Yet they call thee, lord  
While we await their call to glory  
Cause our glorieux<sup>x</sup> gloire  
To shine in the face of deceit  
Speak to our cheated, tricked, hoaxed spirit, soul and body  
'Énergie<sup>xi</sup>' get-up-and-go  
So that our great-grandchildren  
Sons and daughters  
Will glamour in our gifted grace

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<sup>i</sup> weakened

<sup>ii</sup> hopelessly

<sup>iii</sup> dilemma

<sup>iv</sup> strong

<sup>v</sup> nonoperational

<sup>vi</sup> steadfast

<sup>vii</sup> conjurer

<sup>viii</sup> talkative

<sup>ix</sup> nightmare

<sup>x</sup> glorious

<sup>xi</sup> Revolution/determination