

Victor Eshameh

I. Darkroom [chambre f noire]

Beauteous
Not even when the body is debilitatedⁱ
The spirit will talk to the soul
And the soul
Respond despondinglyⁱⁱ
Who can bear this strait?
Quandaryⁱⁱⁱ 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^{iv} 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^v my body and my soul taste after
In the future
When valiant^{vi} 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^{vii} 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^{viii} 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^{ix} 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^x gloire
To shine in the face of deceit
Speak to our cheated, tricked, hoaxed spirit, soul and body
'Énergie^{xi}' get-up-and-go
So that our great-grandchildren
Sons and daughters
Will glamour in our gifted grace

ⁱ weakened

ⁱⁱ hopelessly

ⁱⁱⁱ dilemma

^{iv} strong

^v nonoperational

^{vi} steadfast

^{vii} conjurer

^{viii} talkative

^{ix} nightmare

^x glorious

^{xi} Revolution/determination