

Bart Sonck

TO ALL THE PARAKEETS & CANARIES OF THIS NATION

With all your chirping,
a peaceful sonnet, a Mozart's opera,
jumping from twig to sprig,
making this world a lot lighter to carry,
making our shoulders lightly unstressed,
with all your fluttering and nervous flying,
wings in psychedelically
summer- and spring tinges,
showing loops and landing backwards,
in the hope to receive some juicy seed,
washing yourselves in a hugeness bath,
five millimetre by five,
and pairing only for the truly love
instead of making some meaningless fuss,
and when we are approaching,
heaven shines into your eyes
by thinking we will open the door
of the tropical aviary, by thinking
our hands will lift you up
to the common freedom...

A rose-poem...

You're a rose,
cannot put in a vase,
holding with both hands,
cutting myself on your thorns,
so you're in my blood,
that runs through my veins,
forever...

NO MORE ETC. ETC. ETC. ...

Can I help you examine the consequence of your deed ?
Can I help the truth is something you never see ?

If the water starts to stream, you won't stop it at all
If the water goes, after a bend, a river grows

Your hand in my hand, not so curious on a wedding
Your hand in my hand, let's give it a shot to getting

I see the tears in your eyes, you're so brave as well
I hear the sea slipping by, blood so red as hell

No more postcards in the mailbox
No more using the kitchen for cooking
Everywhere I see emptiness, everywhere I see

Blame it on the city, blame it on the things we do for living
No more "thanksgiving", nothing else left from me to you for sharing...

‘she werewolf’s you...’

don’t understand what you feel,
when you say while eyes capture
the fire out of my immortal soul,

don’t know what you mean,
while teeth colour dark black,
eating the last piece of the brownie,

when you say: ‘can I see you
again before the falling canvas
of our play?’

don’t know what I miss,
while mother whispers orchestral:
‘she werewolf’s you’
when you say:

‘don’t know what you bleed,
while breath escapes out of
the lunges like the rope escapes
out of the gallows tree’

when you say: ‘maybe this
is for real, perhaps just
for today?’

Ruins and trenches

Sometimes the love leaves behind
scars in our heart
It's the blood who heals
those wounds,
it's the blood who glues
the heart back into one pumping part
Sometimes one sentence leaves behind
a broken chandelier, swinging on the ceiling,
it's a calm hand who stops everything,
and the swinging,
it's a calm hand who turns the doorknob
into the right direction of "being home",

Sometimes we all do things, things
leaving behind ruins and trenches
But it's the feeling, a Christmas tree...
It's a smile, a golden star
on the top of the Christmas tree
that overcomes the madness
and the sickness
Sometimes we only say: 'Sometimes
we say nothing at all...'