

THREE POEMS BY ALEXANDRE L. AMPRIMOZ

Tropical Night

so dark
here

i had
to put the sun
in my pocket

monsters
vomit
schools
of dead stars

blind bats
bang their heads
against grey syllables

and the sun in my pocket
makes me paint
starry nights
before turning into
the deadly nightshade

love was also an illusion
to whom i lent an ear

my canvas
slowly rots
like a sunflower
in an abandoned field

An Old Tradition

That was no terrarium
or aquarium
but somebody
well kept
and disinfected
happy and alcoholic
in the closet

And when no one was around
mummy would take him
to the sunny balcony and smile
at the fetus smiling in the jar

Jacob's Ladder

tell jacob
i am going up
to pick stars
at the bottom
of a smelly chest

tell jacob
the world ran out
of ladders
and everything is equal
under the sun