

Benoit Pioulard

"Sous La Plage"

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To have always been sold a vision so cold as the one
born in between
Oh the sieve & the skein
Is it to say it's all distraction & none of it matters
Once our pyres are gone & we're all scattered

I've a layer of film & a coat of dust
Made solid in the kiln with a smile bent in rust

These melted frames & plying games will not set a
light in me
So what do you see
With every one an excuse for silent clatters
The clouds & dark horizon lines leave the day in tatters

My timely thoughts undo the knots in the hopes we
used to flay
Oh so what do you say
Arranged in rows all paving stones hold delicate
patterns
Amended once or twice I don't think this one will
shatter

I've a layer of film & a coat of dust
Made solid in the kiln with a smile bent in rust
& centered on a heart selling platelets south
With lots of softer parts that fail from the mouth

By the time it pines, a line so fine is drawn in mine
Oh so rise & shine to know you'll find the clearest kind
Half a world around, a sleeping love began aloud
But dormant in a shroud, to find its source we formed a
crowd

Thanks to razvan

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