**A NEW SEA**

the poetical works of Antoine Roquentin

cut-up poems by Jamie Hunyor

**Dink Press Chapbook #**

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For Joe & Kate Hunyor,

for your unconditional love & acceptance

—the sea is also a breviary, it speaks of God. Delicate colours, delicate perfumes, souls of spring.

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

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**#1**

He does not see this giant

shining in the sun.

 I exist

 in the sunbeam

 I who listen,

 sunning himself.

 I am going to

 the sea, green

 and serene,

sunbeam on the paper napkin.

 Didn’t you see my eyes?

**Obliterate her lips**

A little dreamy,

proud and somewhat shocked smile on

her branches ripens, blossoms,

as all my hopes were swept

softly away.

Don’t remember

the first time I

kissed you

 transparent as the

sweet sugary water of my flesh.

 Am I mad?

 Young? Merciless?

All is full,

 even you – especially you.

**There are no more cities along the star-shaped last living love**

 Close the book,

 you’re getting me excited.

 Mouth hand neck,

too afraid and gracefully laying stones

 patiently, my milestone.

 One hour later:

 finger soiled with muddy motion like blind passage of time

 enveloped with tiny whirlwinds

 This moment a horrible ecstasy

 This park at too great length.

 And God knows I have a sensitive skin.

**The brain so stylish mocked by a mannequin**

“Farewell,

little sanctuaries,” complains an unknown

poet dressed like a New York skyscraper.

There is no melody, only a myriad of tiny jolts.

The American voice sings:

“Flowers, like a bouquet of happiness to remember your lips,

 an aroma of old lust mixed with the sweet scent of

 Nature without humanity.

 I was organic in the

lunar sense. Gardens go limply

towards my terrors,

the seagulls and

 her blue face.

I stretch out my hand

 and touch the enormous

 mass of my

 glowing heart,

 its windows

 a mirror.”

**#5**

 The world was so ugly

 the

 radiant

 pink mass

 spiraled

 it into the

 singing

 ice

 to pass the time.

**The spectacle of their ritual, mechanical dances**

 She grew agitated over the

 illumination, spattered with fog,

 swallowed up in the important air.

Her hands moved along her blouse

 like

 spiders yawning

 (it is difficult not

 to laugh).

 There is a sort of awkward power

 caught in her beautiful wings.

**Far from swimming**

I’m hearing it

pain which spins around

it spins

goes and

to think that

these gins

will

empty

themselves.

 In the summer or the beginning of autumn,

 Mugs

 Madeleine

 a little

 mud.

 In winter,

 all throbbing,

 old rags and especially

 floods

 in

 my

 head.

**At the drugstore**

 “Come to Sunday with me,” I told Monday morning,

 clear and pale like gold.

“I’m going,” it howls constantly.

 Six feet from the ground

 white wax figures

 think I am a Socialist,

 my friends laugh harshly and,

 like a nightmare,

 I recognize

 my

 foolish

 smile.

**#13**

I watch

 you leave

with movement

 as

 fragile

 as

the porcelain sea.

**These small letters do not shine in the harmless mists**

 Bitter lines slide

 down

 my throat,

caress the green windows

 of my

open eyes

 where

 I am between memories:

 a theft of blind freedom like death

 and

 a puddle of piano noise suffering my bleeding fingers.

Here something clutches

 the sympathy of furniture,

 the weight of the sky.

**Fragment of May consciousness**

A tree knows how to feel busy,

awaiting the ridiculous chestnut murmur of

 the ellipsis in the air,

 like grotesque music

 floating

half-forgotten in wasted daylight.

 The silence of feeble smiles

 floods these sun-bleached barriers!

**I have spent years rotting in youth**

The

 gaslights

 pound

 on the summit,

 sunk in the

 black-speckled

 cold.

 Light falls like

 scattered cartilage

 on the pavement,

 everything

 drinking

 in the broken

 yellow wind.

**Nothing but stones and earth**

The roots burst with sleeping odors,

hungry vegetation eating the vomit of Man:

 heaps of photos

 toilets

 images of Christ

 streets

 electric machines

 cathedrals

 dream cities

 and

museums.

 The earth rumbles:

 “what’s for dessert?”

**The sound of fingers undressing**

She looks at me with eyes of summer,

 my sun-split sky drenched in blue.

 I unfold,

 minutes laughing at

 our flowing bodies breathing impatiently.

 The silent sea above me-

 her pink shore

 below.

**This sun is whirling and fatigued**

A perfect day to

 rot

 in the public park,

 violet wisps of insecticide

 devouring

 mute lungs.

**Florist**

Paint-smeared flowers float melodiously,

 weaving their glimmers of

 purple

 red

 orange

 yellow and

 blue

into a pale streak of panic.

My melancholy enters through her skin,

stirring a dark fog in her belly.

 I walk between ridiculous voices,

 distracted by unfinished night.

**There is nothing much to say**

 Ugly drunk mutterings

 dangle between

ambiguous and eloquent pity.

I cannot leave

 seated on unimportant stones

at the end of the stairway

 thinking:

 *this dead weight inside will*

*always understand you*

**The tea is cold**

I want to smoke but

 I am

 full of black water.

My bloodshot eyes gulp with

 every step,

 every heartbeat.

**The extraordinary violence of water**

The lighthouse

 full of green rust

 gushing toward the sky

shimmers in the cold air.

Red sea

 colored by fire

climbs up the jetty

 to extinguish the flame.

**My whole life is behind me**

 My present:

 clasping and unclasping memory.

Nothing will be left

 of her eyes,

 smile,

 fingers.

 I empty myself,

 calm and morose,

 as

 an uncertain light falls on

 tomorrow

 Anything can happen,

 *anything.*

**Staring at the ceiling**

“The moon has been out for a walk,

 wandering through the city wet with mournful eyes,”

 my lover murmurs.

Without leaning over,

 I whisper:

“Look at the color of the sky,

 throbbing behind the

 beginnings of

 diminishing light.”

Her black blouse

 weeping gently

sticks to her dreaming body.

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