**A NEW SEA**

the poetical works of Antoine Roquentin

cut-up poems by Jamie Hunyor

**Dink Press Chapbook #**

Copyright © 2015 by Jamie Hunyor and Dink Press

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. Please contact the author or the publisher concerning permissions.

Dink Press  
[www.dinkpress.com](http://www.dinkpress.com)

dink@dinkpress.com

Ordering Information:  
All Dink Press titles are currently available at dinkpress.com- https://www.dinkpress.com/shop/

Printed in the United States of America by Lady Bones Print Collective  
ladybonesprint.com

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

**TABLE OF CONTENTS:**

1. #1
2. Obliterate her lips
3. There are no more cities along the star-shaped last living love
4. The brain so stylish mocked by a mannequin
5. #5
6. The spectacle of their ritual, mechanical dances
7. Far from swimming
8. At the drugstore
9. #13
10. These small letters do not shine in the harmless mists
11. Fragment of May consciousness
12. I have spent years rotting in youth
13. Nothing but stones and earth
14. The sound of fingers undressing
15. This sun is whirling and fatigued
16. Florist
17. There is nothing much to say
18. The tea is cold
19. The extraordinary violence of water
20. My whole life is behind me
21. Staring at the ceiling

**#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.

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

*This collection was composed from individual words or short phrases cut from Jean-Paul Sartre's Nausea. I used the 1964 New Directions paperback, translated by Lloyd Alexander, after the copy fell apart shortly after reading it.*

*Special thanks to Jacob, Bill & Miriam Forquer. Without a much-needed trip with Jacob up his parents' house on the frozen Lake Erie this past winter this collection would have never come together the way it has in this book.*

*Special thanks to Fast Eddie. Without you this book would have never happened.*

*#5 first appeared in issue 2 of Gap Tooth.*