

# Benoît Pioulard

## Précis

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### La Guerre de Sept Ans

#### Together & Down

Oh bury me & sing to the seeds  
Oh bury me & sing to the seeds  
At least I can't say I didn't hazard a try  
To embellish my joys  
There will be no moment of silence when I die  
Only a moment of noise

Oh carry me & we'll swing through the reeds  
Oh carry me & we'll swing through the reeds  
When they stand round my grave, maybe they'll say,  
"He sang when he swayed & laughed when he prayed"  
& as they file past the gate  
All wrapped up in faith  
Having questioned their fate  
They will try to be late

#### Ext. Leslie Park

Pelted with signs & reminders of how we was  
You & I try to find remnants of rousing cos  
We tessellate & retain what they gave us to  
Fail & relate what we lose in our grievous moods

Hues & peruse with a delicate four zero two  
Style & defile cos she wants to sing after you  
Number the edges & keep track of all her keys  
Humble the hedges with shapes that we ought to be

Hands were softer  
Summer was faster

Sky's in the puddles & sun's in the window pane  
Rise from the rudders adrift in the baleful rain

#### Triggering Back

Letting go the days we knew when others fell before you  
Half a statue carved in ochre  
Lest we forget our will is a broken one oh honey

Deep resonance signs our declension  
Some hesitation bears ready mention  
Turn off the station to multiply the tension darling

I found a way to set aside the fact that I adore your  
Laundry lists & long promenades  
With haunting kisses & passing the days honeychild

Signed & sealed & in this sound we hear the memory dying  
Wondering if we paid attention  
Would we have seen our proper ascension day  
Oh there's no way

#### Moth Wings

#### Alan & Dawn

Buds on the trees, weak in the knees with a new heart  
Sing to the sky, oh might we try to make a true art  
Sick to the end, oh won't you lend this a new start  
Valve fire

Sad that the seas don't topple the trees cos they have their ways  
Cross all your Ts & come down with me so we can call off all day  
Sung still to breathe with halos of leaves us with a small part  
Course through

#### Corpus Chant

If they're always reticent to believe  
There is gasoline on the crest of the hill  
What will straining lines of five years deign to leave  
As the tissues are broken down & the flame burns the will

Writ in edges, made amends it hums a single note to me  
Burrs on clothing & a heat stroke of desiring still  
Clear the brush & flora to ascend to plant an apple tree  
& what the deer don't get, the rabbits surely will

#### Palimend

Oh dusk intended silences & corners pulling yellow  
With valleys for their styluses & graphics for her fellow  
Our Sunday morning starknesses sang false endearing senses  
A frame of preening darknesses made mortar for their fences

It is not over, you just don't know what you have done

When we're nervous for all our sins in grainy wilted blessing  
Deserved of whistling cardinal winds while gravity's redressing  
Oh smokepure strain of meeknesses & deathly-bound allying  
Too many little sweetnesses, so much life in denying

I always wanted you to know I never wanted you to go  
Your savior dies in empire glow but never tries to let it show

#### Coup de Foudre

#### Hirondelle

Like how when you hear us on the airwaves  
You can't help but picture a voice in our mouths  
And your oral muscles feel the syllables sympathetically

Like how the copper will turn green  
Showing time in a chromatic array  
In passing cos the spectrum's lost its sheen  
I hope I can age that gracefully

#### Needle & Thread

Tie your tether on (the knot keeps slipping out)  
Eyes wide, breathe deep, blood flow, push through  
Expand to keep, contract & rue  
Pools round your feet, eyes with circles

You were a sweet pursuit held fast with city roots  
Neglected by the chute, our gaze is rendered mute

Feel a tender warmth & numbness  
Blissfully detached from all this  
Noise & dust from absent makers  
Made beds to sleep with forsakers

These words are not mine, I just put them in a line  
& hang them down like vines, all letters dry with time  
Use them for little white lies, clearer in sheltered sighs  
With clumsy hopeful tries, they help make you your size

#### R Coloring

#### Sous la Plage

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 fall 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

#### Patter

#### Ash Into the Sky

Oh on that airline, a silver-bottomed plus sign  
Please sit keeping silent, a napkin a design  
The air is ground unfortunately, slipped through the turbine  
Oh pointed intently at smile blinding sunshine

I remember blinks & a soaking subtle sea sign I missed  
Thinning air is shortened breath & drone broken speech lines  
& stare circle edge colors as when we first...