

# Littérature Moderne

A Collection of Fine Poetry

by Lew Phillips

## CHIMERA CESSATION

I sit at my desk, my den dimly lit—  
outside, the orange and burnt hues paint  
the ground. There's something about

an October sky, isn't there?  
An incommunicable ambiance  
distantly intimate. I have

become a victim of my limitations.  
My creative inferno once chaotically  
perseverant now sputters and tempers

to the energy of a match.  
Inspiration so prevalent, like air  
yet repressed and left unmolested.

I spin, rotate counter-clockwise,  
stop, and dial back like a combination lock.  
I reach for my atlas shelved between

On The Road and Green Eggs and Ham.  
As the once separated, yet always  
celebrated books merged, Jack Kerouac

and Dr. Seuss sat side by side, singing  
a song, moving along. I will disable my limitations.  
Kenya and Sudan call page twelve home.

I awe as anticipation stifled the fatigue  
out of my body. Herds of zirafah with torsos  
sloped downward toward their hindquarters

and tails. Coats of beige with chestnut spots  
of geometric irregularities as distinct as fingerprints.  
I will let them feed on the leaves of the Acacia

and Combretum and turn the page.  
I flip and drift away to paradise found—  
an island that time forgot. A coconut palm

leans over the blistering sand toward  
the shoreline as if to quench its thirst  
without burning its feet. A squall brews

offshore as I relax in my hammock of  
thought—my eyes investigating, my introspection  
forming a melody. Expansive flora creates

a jade carpet over acres that man  
has yet to destroy. Amidst nowhere—  
“Dinner’s ready.”

COUPLED COT

In a double bed, its closed eyes break.  
It thunders as the cubic flames under  
it confirms cover, which echoes

through the networks  
closed of cries.

The calf surplus ignites, cubic expenditure climbs.

The return of the shoulders went down  
during the night, ocelot from the pressure  
emptying after the throat melted ice-cubes .

Look for the concepts of the explosive  
bodies of the curtain for the connections.  
The hearts of contract two locks and fists

of devote termination turn to the no-load operation.  
Mari, lost this morning, doubles  
over as the cocks crows thrice...

DISTILLED DEBAUCHERY

Ah, Carnivale—  
Try to control the reality which you despise so much!

I thought about me.  
Can I identify with myself?  
Well, I suppose I'll revel as well.

The rendezvous within myself begins to manifest.

Contained in this package  
of exotic flowers  
from the asylum  
are vague memories of memorable nights.

My, how the wind howled so violently  
through streets and trees and ears.

Chaotic vista, everything with its several dramas—  
laughter at the thought of comedy.  
The dubious crowd maintained vastness  
in their imaginations and continued  
to douse themselves in Pernod.

Physical shouts resounded dissension  
tipping the scale away from reason as lunacy peaked.

Robbed of oration and tolerance  
they began to fall.  
Beautiful women with poisoning, seductive smiles  
and worms with premeditated agendas,  
all red-eyed, too murky to see inside,  
are now footnotes on this page.

ELEVATED BELOW

Here, the tree of the interior induces  
Friendship—wavelike, beginning from the east  
to the cover,

confused in the size of the sky.  
Displacement makes contact  
with my enemy as I maintain

deep breathing until my  
box arrives like innocence.  
I remember me.

I burned all and left the license  
of word to the light.  
Saccades the roller, who is me,

covered in the atmosphere  
contact my hierarchy, innocence of the dream.  
I awake isolated, been too far

and receive a contour of my part of  
simplicity  
Preserved truth, always received.

© 2003 Lew Phillips. All Rights Reserved.  
Printed By Permission.