Shattered
Fear and hate act like these shattered mirrors,
Altering perceptions, and reflections
Until we lost sight of our rational selves, and see others
As eerie distortions,
Undefined, melted, deformed and frightening figures.
Instead of trying
To fix and rearrange the fragments
We carry within us, we project twisting
Shapes on the veil of our laziness.
It is easier, and convenient
To create boxes, to draw lines, to build walls, to wear blinders
And let these consuming emotions slowly infuse and grow
Rather than acknowledging that somebody else is just an alter ego.
Fear and hate are like coffin nailers,
Burying our discernment and souls
Between fury and madness, as the last blow of the hammer falls.
It is easier
Not to look at our own cracked mirror.

Bless the Poor
Bless the poor!
I love the docile working class
With no perspective or critical mind,
Just working themselves to death for a mere pittance
And fatten beings like me who keep them tied
To a miserable, degrading existence.
They trust concepts such as justice and providence,
And hope for a brighter future to come
As they waste their lives building my great kingdom.
Bless those disposable tools, keeping
The machines running,
Deifying billionaires,
Popes, gurus and leaders
Who couldn't care less
About people, democracy or fairness.
I bless the poor,
Dedicating their flesh and soul
To fulfill my dream of owning more and more…

Lucifer in the Sky with Diamonds
Gradients of color on the horizon
Swirl in harmony, and animate seven
Colossal glass horses dancing around bright shapes.
The rising moon sends the vivid waves of light beyond
A vast unreal landscape,
Slowly flooding the dry pond
As four golden-scaled fish rise from the abyss to the surface,
Merging loudly in time and space.
The strong winds of abstraction are blowing
On countless worlds without borders;
There will be no definite ending
To the enigmatic tale of mystical creatures
Turned into metaphors.
As light create photometeors
On the tinted horizon,
The sound waves reconnect to
The ethereal sky in motion.
Gradients of color pass through
Small diamonds swirling and colliding erratically
With giant glass beasts dancing around broken shapes.
The red falling star finally
Sets fire beyond the dreamed and known landscape.
Lucifer in the sky with diamonds.

The Cult of Performance
I need to be the best,
The most exceptional asset
Elevating my full potential
To reach the highest pinnacle
Of human success.
I will erase weakness
Error and inconsistency
And replace every imperfect notion,
With more selectivity
And competition
Because rankings and rewards
Are now society's standards.
My fascination for praise, validation
Is the fuel to my ascension.
I chase achievement,
Advanced optimization,
Efficiency,
Competencies enhancement,
Winning strategy,
Exceeding goals, unmatched skills
To meet the requirements of my performance ideal
And transcend the defective, fallible,
Broken human features.

Erwin's Cat
Alone in a sealed box
Among the dead and living, caught in a strange paradox,
Desperately waiting for this barbaric experiment
To quickly reach an end.
I'm killing time by counting atoms ironically
While being held hostage to a flawed, intricate and unpleasant theory.
I dream of a calm existence,
Far from quantum superposition
And bottles filled with poison,
Far from a fate tied to some hypothetical science
But I am Erwin's cat, trapped in every
Sick human mind, dead and alive simultaneously.
I've seen a different reality in which all physicists are slaves,
Aggregates of old wasted matter forever drifting on waves
Of great disillusionment,
Doubt, failure and resentment.
I hope these wicked brains will be erased by dementia,
What satisfying karma.
I've lost faith, illusions and rage
In this tiny, imaginary cell.
I can't even die of old age
Or escape this perpetual hell,
But I am left with a hammer,
A dull name, a Geiger counter.
My supposedly endless life seems bleak,
Thank you quantum mechanics.

Unfair World
Fearlessly advocating
For big and serious causes,
I stand firm against violence, feet mycoses,
Starvation, intensive fishing
And all sorts of tumors.
It is not easy to push at open doors,
Exposing obvious truths on
Non-controversial points
That nearly everybody on earth agrees upon.
Despising genocides,
Pollution and pesticides,
Hurricanes, pain, satire or trees devastation.
Unperturbed by all condescending whispers
When I protest
Against plagues or some disasters;
No one is immune to death,
And it's a shame...
God and Darwin
Should not be the only ones taking the blame;
Look at yourselves, just throwing waste in wrong bin.
The end of the world draws near
But I'm still here,
Determined,
Holding poster in hand
Against floods and earthquakes.
It's not a piece of cake…

Gateway to Euphoria
Social media
Is the gateway to euphoria.
We share everyday moments,
Every fleeting thought, comment,
Seasonal food recipes, opinions
On how to peel red onions
Or to solve world conflicts
With geopolitics
Data found on Tik Tok.
We're thrilled to relay any content
No matter how fake it may seem,
As long as we feel strong and important,
Draped in high self-esteem.
Social platforms are so fulfilling,
Allowing beings
To throw thumbs up and hearts
On Instagram feeds, full of bored fat cats.
Long live these altars, sign of a brilliant human era,
Hail to the euphoria!

Mieux Vaut Rire Que Pleurer
Un malheur n'arrive jamais seul,
Au chaudron des douleurs
Chacun porte son écuelle.
Il vaut mieux rire que pleurer.
Au pays des aveugles les borgnes sont rois
Et les corbeaux entre eux
Ne se crèvent pas les yeux.
Qui recherche la lune ne voit pas les étoiles
Car la vérité est au fond du verre.
Lorsque que le chat échaudé craint l'eau froide,
Le plus court chemin est la ligne droite
Et si chien qui aboie ne mord pas
Un tiens vaut mieux que deux tu l'auras.
La colère est aveugle,
Les eaux calmes sont les plus profondes
Et à cheval donné
On ne regarde pas les dents.
Il vaut mieux rire que pleurer,
Les plaisanteries les plus courtes sont les meilleures.

Purr Evil
I am the one called by so many names,
I am also the one you love and fear.
My true, simple, pleasure is to degrade,
Break, kill and eat all sorts of living beings
And just carelessly play with dead doves;
I don’t have the same moral code.
When I am bored I like to fight
The only thing that brings me light,
And it is so joyful to see
This endless pain and agony
Humans are just meat to toyed with.
I’m evil!
Purr evil!
Sadly I don’t laugh or know how to smile
But I gladly show my teeth and take a bite.
The sight and smell of fresh red blood really
Trigger my need for more bestiality.
You can give me nicknames and try
To turn me into a docile
Pet while I am a filthy creature.
It’s naive to think that my nature
Can be changed,
Erased or contained.
Bengal, Sphynx, or call me master,
Tabby, spotted with all colors,
I’m the silkiest
And the cutest
Incarnation of purr evil.

God Complex
The urge to deprecate
Every existing soul,
And place ourselves above all
To fill and satiate
Our fragile eroded egos,
Leads to cruelty and chaos.
A God complex; the consuming necessity
To coerce or erase
Whoever shakes our certainties
Or convictions, feeding our inhumanity
And will to set the world ablaze.
Becoming a divine incarnation
Of judgment and oppression,
Transforming spiritual
Or ideological
Views into obsession,
Is the path to the extinction
Of our empathy and reason.
A God complex; the visceral need to control,
Shine, reach a celestial
State only to affirm our high incapability
To conceive, comprehend and see
We're nothing but ordinary.
The fear of being a mere mortal,
To endure doubt, failure and downfall
Is unbearable for a God's creation.
We should rise above the sun,
Into eternal void.