

moon songs

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by Tristan De Pauw

Cover design and artwork by Bas Hendrickx

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ISBN: 9789464652628

Tristan De Pauw, Gent (Belgium)

2022

for Camille C.
(1997-2021)



the end

this is the end
i have reached rock-bottom

confined by the limits of a wounded heart
and stuck on the path of empathy
i was aiming higher than the moon

i fell into the void
and drowned inside the well
of ignorance and shame

couldn't swim
was paralysed
between the 'what if's' and a dream

but now i want to escape
i want to climb again
to outgrow the cramped
cage where i am living in

with its deafening cities and suicide streets
exquisite pains and neglected fears

i want to awake
i want to stand up
i want to rise above it all

like a peacock in bloom
i must spread my
many-feathered fan
and learn to live with pride

i no longer want to be
the nameless vagabond
on the run
with no penny and no dime
chasing for the cheapest wisdom
in the loneliest of barrooms
among the fellow prisoners of the heart
the lonesome bunch
the artists and the clowns
all fastened on a chain of unresolved emotions

we were living for the weekend
and gambling with the booze
pursuing freedom in obscure quarters
in the boredom room
shifting the burden
from one to another
listening
to the broken-down nightingale top ten
on the jukebox
all picking up the lovesick blues
again and again

i want to leave now
i want to erect
the universe is calling out my name
i swear

i have to break loose
from these claws of despair

i want to heal
under the guiding eye
of the secret amber
that is shining from afar

o spirit survivors of the soul,
teach me how to grow
like a lotus flower
in the mud

show me
how to love
how to feel
how to rise up like a phoenix
from the ashes of decay

teach me
how to cherish the secret meaning
of my name

for i no longer wish to be the victim
in this slaughterhouse story
of self-pity and shame

i no longer want to deny
the deepest cravings
on the landscape of the heart

i want to shout
i want to scream
instead

i no longer want to be a citizen
in this realms of anger and frustration
where no one speaks to each other
nor cares about each other

i no longer want to be imprisoned
in this dungeon of destruction

i have to move forward
escape
climb
transcend the little boy lost in wonder
(still locked inside the cage)

o mothers
lovers
take my hand
show me the way
to the floodgates

open up my eyes
and let me cry my rivers elegy

and release me
whenever i am on the way to the heart

homeward bound