

midnight gospels

poetry

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previously published:

- riante ruïnes (2016)
- zwarte rozen (2018)
- een moeilijk alfabet (2020)
- suicide note for valentine (2021)
- moon songs (2022)

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- moon songs (2022)

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Gent

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stream of consciousness

i do not know
what it is i'm doing here
i'm blackening pages
writing line after line
in a fierce attempt
to break free from the chains
that keep me locked inside
the cage of
my own predicaments

i write
to clear my throat
and spit out the ooze
of yesterday's pollution
on a page

to release
the heavy load
that's been weighing me down
far too long

to write is to sharpen my pen
that'll cut the cord
that holds me on a leash

a personal affair
a solitary thing to do
in the privacy
of a dim-lit quiet room
late at night
or early in the morn
when the tide is low

i have no idea
what i'm doing here
i'm writing
line after line
to soothe myself
maybe

to kill time
filling empty spaces
to feel whole
doing something
worthwhile

finding solace
in the constant dripping
of the ink

i'm writing to escape
to travel upon
a page that contains in it
all possible destinations
that allows me to go back
in time, to revisit the
departure line
to find out
where exactly
i lost track of
the self in I

it's a lonely quest to the core
to retrieve the broken pieces
that were robbed from me
along the way

and to throw them all away
in public
on nights like these

(in a poem)

this is a slow dance on a page:
a barefoot ballerina dancing
among the ruins of
long forgotten memories

balancing on a thin white line
stretched above the precipice
between the used-to-be and the
what's-yet-to-come
considering the falling
or the flying

a shadow dance
on a field of many possibilities
to find purpose and direction
with no apparent meaning other than
coming back to a standstill

still don't know
what it is i'm doing here
but i'm writing

slowing down the time
to find comfort in the
constant dripping of the ink
on the page
in the ever-changing
now

trying to achieve
a higher understanding
of what happens
between two heartbeats
and in between two breaths

but this is not a poem
i don't know what it is
it hardly matters
and who am i to tell
anyhow?

this is not a poem
it merely is
a silent observation
a momentum
a coming back to
the now

a wavering current
of reflections
randomly chosen
like clouds floating through
the vast sky
of my imagination
or
like drops of rain
falling gently
on the surface
of the lake

a giving of meaning
to feelings
that are often hard to
capture

it's a river of tranquility
that sprung from the wound
of shame and mis -
 understanding

winding its way
through a scenery of change
that leads to the delta
of unknowing

a stream of consciousness
that heals the pain
of not being able to speak
louder than the numberless voices
of the many that numbed me out
and took away my power

this is not a poem
it's an act of rebellion
a necessary sigh of relief
uttered on a page

a breadcrumb trail
on the pilgrim's path
to find a way back

to the one

 who claims

 to be the poet

never had much words

never had much words
a whisper
that echoed through the ruins
of my heart maybe
praying for the light

but i never had much words
a transient ring of smoke
fading in the open air
on the cold winter's night

lingering
in between the willow trees
dying with the stars

never had much words
an anthem of forgiveness
and a lullaby for
the restless child

sung on nights like these
when the world seems cold and cruel
and hung up in endless repetitions
of a broken paradigm that no longer
seems to serve the higher purpose
of the collective

i don't have much words
but it's the crux of who i am
right now



de waarheid

is soms

tekenend ...

Erisk Dr Pe

before dawn (the old poet)

he had to start from zero
on the day his mother died:

when everything turned
raven black
like electrified pupils
of a wanderer
lost in wandering

a dark dark night

where even the moonlit
willow tree
couldn't hold him back
from arbitrary chaos
and apparent welfare

as he started looking
for the carnival
and the feast of saturday night

and how everything turned
loud and insistent
as he grew wilder
like a rat
in a claustrophobic cage

spending nights
in the backdoor barrooms
of the dirty city

where everyone was yelling
or else was dying on the dance floor

where everything was always new
where everything was fake
& dangerous

he had to become the moon man
 a pupil of the night
to outlive the boredom
to overcome the suffering
living on the edge of common sense
digging into the old familiar wounds
to find answers on questions
no one ever asked

amidst the endless contradictions
he denied the existence
of the soul
remained paralyzed
 living in dimensions
 living in endless abstractions
 of the past

always
going
deeper

in a misty haze of lunatic ecstasy
roaming over battlefields
reliving childhood wars
he never won

always
going
deeper

to find that cipher ornament
on the bottom of the well

but
always
going
deeper

reaching
higher than
the vague eternity

far beyond
the moon-shaped horizon

where he found stigmata
in the eyes of every gypsy girl
and on his skin

always
going
deeper
in the mud

drifting further
and further away
from his internal
coastline

2.

in his days of darkness
he never really knew
what it was all about

like a weathervane
he was changing
with the wind

(in fact
he barely had a direction)

always on the run
from himself and others

escaping
numbing himself
with self-destructive tendencies

boozing in dirty barrooms
snorting occasional white lines
in shady apartments
in hopes to become
a better man

flying high
but with no wings to navigate
the coming down

spending time
with the wrong kind
 the misanthropic bunch
who, at the end of every night,
sucked his heart dry

poems from the boredom room

(2020)

after she had left
they confined him
locked him up
inside the boredom room
5 below zero
where he got drunk
and stoned
most of the time

day in
day out

walking imaginary walks
with imaginary friends
after midnight

(cause he wasn't allowed
to walk after dark,
let alone, walk with a friend)

but luckily
there was Kristofferson
and Prine

who taught him
how to hold the
six-string

and cry
away

that lonely blues