

# SULFUR

Pierre Igor Zarebski

[pierre.igor.zarebski@gmail.com](mailto:pierre.igor.zarebski@gmail.com)

“We are still here, still feeding, still waiting for the sun to blow it all away — and somehow that is enough for now.”

Shred it all, all I've done  
All I've been, just shred it, like my mother's beans crushed into hot coffee  
Shred it like the face of this woman I have forgotten  
All I've seen, just shred it away,  
Make it go away

A new day is rising,  
I am here to brace  
This dear bracelet  
Golds and jewelery  
Make it go away

Remains me, my remains,  
Still smelling the cinnamon  
Smelling finally so sweet,  
Smelling like my childhood  
Make it go away, because

I have grown into a full man,  
I have hated to my full soul  
Eliciting the elucubrations  
That paint a day, this day

The image is fading away  
Remains only my dream  
In this sleep, to awaken  
And to be man no more  
Make it go away,

She was in love with violence  
And I had to take in the temperance

She saw the firmament in his bloody sky,  
passion in the pain; the whole ordeal

I wish I could have dared to hope for a better place  
But was lost, within my silence, my impuissance

He had a way about him  
When he'd sing and play...  
When he did not shout  
And Telling me stories  
About the greater Men

I was quite the joker  
Tumbling my way

I had ugly pants  
And a failed face

I laughed it off  
Until I observed

Until it stroke a nerve  
Like a sore thumb

I needed my hand... Dearly  
Just couldn't work it out

I tried my hand at a beauty  
And got a rejection letter

I got a sideways glance,  
An embarrassment  
An exceeding desire,  
Just to play it off  
i was quite the joker

Stuck on this steel door  
That will never open.  
Knocking at it  
endlessly —

I can hear myself breathing  
I am one with the ants  
Crumbling the soil  
Under the furious  
rain; those droplets, drowning my words away

The great silence is striking

It knows better  
I am starting to believe  
I am learning to see; to being  
One of grace, one so black  
That my soul is churning  
coal in the night

I am striking at it  
expecting diamond

but it is only coal in the night

Let us behold a smile  
in the bespoke rain

I'll find a thesaurus,  
to make sense out

I'll one-up you  
All the time

I make a clever machine  
with its clever tricks

words aligned  
where my lines  
are crumbling

down.

Building pillars, for this house with no roof  
Just me aloof, like a dog which woof woof

I Have to Believe  
I Will be Gracious  
again, and again

Until I reach Grace  
again, and again

I fought for this.  
I deserve it.

Do not take  
it  
away—

I will be fake again  
As I was, for me too weak  
As I deemed, I could not be redeemed

Could only cry those golden tears  
Into the abyss which I had peered

Into.

A moment to glide  
A moment of glory

Just playing, just toying with History

You wanted me clever  
Like a clever mule  
A clever trick  
A new tick, a gimmick

For your bored spirits  
Drunk again in the night  
High when all is so serious

We had no time to waste  
All those peers to crash  
I meant to crush faces  
Crush all the fronts

Until only the fortress  
Remains tall, steeled  
And rocky walled

Impervious.

Roaring again in the arena,  
To rip beauty out of You

You are my thing,  
my victim

I lived, only to possess you  
Only to obnubilate

Breaking the ice  
Around this  
Mighty  
ship

Sailing away into the darkest corners  
Of all the Mighty waves  
Crashing down

On my face  
Full of grit

Full of awe

Rushing the white paper  
With those frantic hands  
Fasten a way to recognition  
Fasten a way to the oblivion

Feeding to my own maw  
My bloody fangs,

With your flesh on it

I had honed this sin  
Like slowly chewing some sinew

The cadaver laid, exquisite —  
We were all dead, still walking

Trying to be clever,  
over each other

Eating at it  
Until we can fuck or shit, no more

Can only dance with the birds  
And some other meaningless  
Some other boring, bland  
Some blank mind  
of mine

I shall ask for forgiveness  
To the one who cast  
the first stone

TRYING TO BE CLEVER

I will fix those broken shards  
Back into the mirror I had peered into

I had seen myself (at a wrong angle)  
I had finally seen,

how short of breath I can be —

how far gone I had been  
to these empty words

like a landscape, I could not travel away  
like a hell space, with burning skies

the daemons were festering,  
all laughing at the worst  
offering,

They all just wanted to belong  
all laughing at the worst  
offering.

nothing was gracious enough  
to warrant such a pain to be

nothing was enough

Zen is the Bow  
Great is tomorrow,

Head is hollow  
Grace is no go,

I am slowly drifting on those reeds by the riverbed  
And thinking, about those thoughts that I've ever traversed

Lights and colours, flashing a siren amid the night  
I must have overdosed on the pills amid the fight

I am slowly bowing, to you, to everything good  
Slowly wiping my brows, wet under the rain

Lord give me time  
To raise again, to rise upon  
And to find in my this folly, and to have conquered it

Lord give me strength  
To be satisfied, thing among things  
Satisfied about all my whereabouts...

Lord give me strength

My guardian angel, it is off duty  
I am here alone with my blood  
Slowly dripping a path away

I have found my home again...

It was far from those roofs  
Which housed my childhood

I have found my home again,  
In those pillars of light and shadow  
In those droplets, of black and white  
Sketching a melody, from far away  
Into the blank

Rising from my pillow,  
I learned to be studious  
I learn that art is work,

Nothing is free  
All is permitted

I wanted to be a fierce dragon,  
but I was only a coiling snake.  
A white snake with no fangs,  
Biting only my own tongue!

Under an apple tree,  
I was whispering

While a man was there seated,  
And spelling the name  
Of all which  
has a name,

I was waiting for Him,  
To speak  
And see,

For myself, that I  
Had a name...

He called me,  
Nuage blanc ;  
The White  
Cloud

Just floating by —

Itching in my skin  
All the shrooms I  
had ingested

All that I had been cooking  
With the mists hot on  
my face

I was half-cutting my fingers off with  
The sausages and the  
pepperoni

The voice had been calling softly  
All the things to cut off in the night

I was there nodding  
With some smile

Like a facsimile —

The sign  
I mattered

Letters  
To embed  
In my eulogy

I dreamed my lover was dreaming  
Under that same, blue sky  
We would meet, some fair day

I dreamed! That I would sit,  
Alongside my peers!  
But, I played games...

To forget it all —

I played games, because I wanted to be more of a man  
More of a man than my own parents would let me!

I had been dreaming that wisdom was a thing  
I had been talking to people in dusty books,  
Talking to me from beyond the grave...

Beyond the treble and  
Beyond the melody  
; the melancholy!

Yes, this shall work out  
Because all works out!  
Right before the dusk;

It all begets dust  
In the end

I wanted to show her  
That I could course  
The fairest course

And so I took the sail,  
And navigated myself

In the end,  
As the maelstrom is pulling me in  
As I sit on this broken raft  
With my bruises  
And my folly

I realize,  
I had painted myself  
The fairest course toward death

Everyone is laughing

I just have to stare  
For three seconds ;  
Breathe in  
And out

Just kidding, mate  
I'd never be invited  
I'd be intruding

I can only hear  
The laughter

I am full of it

I have lived  
So long

That even the hummingbird  
Is boring

And the plane tree  
Is boring

And the boring wind, inbetween,  
My every breath...

I am still here ,  
To recall my mother's touch

My peers, they had no name  
They were too far, too few...  
For me to reach out;

While I was, full of shit,  
In all this boring shit,  
Pleading for myself!

The only action I got?  
Was filling this page,  
To cut this crap out

We will be knitting out a white wool  
When we will be done wonting wars

When veils are, shaming  
When scarves are, hiding

the pink worm  
is peeking through —

the sin is knitted in...

Better tear down  
All those sobs

The embroidering  
Will have no swaddling

It is far too tainted  
It is stained beyond...  
your own, particular,  
recognition

I can still smell the oily pastels  
And us, cutting away the pages  
And pasting in the cat images —

Then slapping it out  
in the yard...

When there was no way into the game,  
Been busy buying myself  
Some fancy poetry

Showing it off to a girl...  
I was such a savior

I could only taint the pulp  
I had a fainting weakness  
I could just have a break?

Please.

Anyone against me —  
I would fist their flesh red  
Until it was all out of blood

I was singing through their teeth  
And bruising their tame, pasty skin

They, they would feign at each other's throat  
As soon as the curtains would open,  
Grappling at each other's ass  
Like hungry dogs,

They would recite, about honor...  
While bowing,

For the right to feed,  
The right to house,

To bow down  
And drink!

The stars have no beauty to them  
I can not marvel at gas and rocks

Rather, see the hail  
Smashing windows,  
and faces

Or look at the small ants  
Eating away the carcass,  
ten times the size

I curse at the sun,  
Because it just burned me... stupidly

I have a burn scar,  
That I made to signify... 'something'  
Still got nothing out of it...

She said something  
About the danger of love

She said something  
I still do not understand

It was about it was all about sex  
When I think I loved the woman

I must have been

Because then I couldn't understand  
I had to tell her to leave now,  
I couldn't say a word

I do not even remember her leaving

I was crawling around tonight  
Hidden right under the car  
A knife in my backpocket,

I would not be the victim

I had this longing to be a saint  
Yet I could take it no more  
My cheek was only  
Turning red

They told me, I was a loser  
They told it with a smile

You know very well  
How guilty you —

All of you

I am tired of being a catacomb of skulls  
Talking to me, at all hours

I do not even play anymore  
Life is a nervous joke  
Laughing nervously

Nervously pulling the trigger  
Nervously cutting at the wrists

We had lost it all in the gamble  
Yet we kept playing

Like a kleptomaniac...  
Who couldn't keep it

Like water in the desert  
Falling through the sand

The heat is true only  
The pain is real

All else is  
A flower

In the oasis

Quaint  
How it all been

Clumsy punches  
Right in the gut

Teeth-kicking  
To brighten the day

Tight jeans  
And sexy ladies

We were all gangsters  
In our own heads

When time to pack  
Then the hero falls apart

The smart ones  
Were out of it

Hidden somewhere  
Reading some bullshit

No one cared about  
I was dumb enough

To be victorious  
I am the Greatest

I am gracious enough  
To land in your garden.

I shall eat from your own,  
And spit it —

Do you remind casting me away?  
Because I remember

We are now, at each other's throat, climbing  
That fucking wall off each other's face...

You will climb, until you fall  
And You will fall...

Any way  
You like.

Remains only me, eating at remains ...  
They told me: holy is out of vogue;  
"You will be breathing ashes  
Trying to extinguish  
The holy volcano" —

All the angels had burned  
The snake was hissing  
God, still threatening...

There was a fight on...  
I was too busy playing,  
To keep score of the show

Redemption, damnation...~  
Who cares?

Why is everyone bowing down?  
Is there no place for a tall man  
To show his heart and face?

Do we have to erase  
The fiercest?

I have wanted to show you  
You could stay tall and stand  
And Still be the Kindest  
This was my story

I was just a child  
And I shall  
Remain

A child...  
Eating at remains

I had puked a red star  
Twirling in the toilet bowl  
Some symbol, for the Tao  
It was all wrong and shit —

I could see only red stars

Maybe I had been punched too fierce  
Maybe, I had eaten the wrong fungi  
Maybe, I was an uneducated fool

I was writing an anthology  
About the giant red stars

They are done eating hydrogen at their core  
And now burning at the edges  
With low temperature,

They are just chillin', all alone

I alone...  
Shining...  
Under the red stars...

Throwing out the window

The trees were ugly  
Distorted mess in bird's shit

I had seen better ads  
Out on TV

I did watch, sometimes

Feeling like belonging  
What makes no sense at all

I plead guilty of being  
A stranger to grace

In all the games I was a warrior  
In all the games I was victorious

Then I looked in the mirror;  
To see nothing interesting

I thought my presence was testament  
To something greater;

I wanted the proof you don't need no god.

I thought, they wanted me to blow it all up  
To be my own man... My own master.

Nietzsche said it first. I am an animal...  
But I could never be a lion.  
I was far too removed.

In all those reflections,  
I learned to fake,  
To tantalize...

I learned to dispense Love and Kind  
With parsimony, with tears and strategy

I have forgotten how to be a man;  
If I ever was one?

I have forgotten how to be...

As my soul weighs down the Holy Gate  
A loud noise is violating the space

Emanations of days past are  
Brushing me softly

As they see my soul for what it is,  
I am a king with no clothes...  
Quaint and ugly sight

Still, a smile is insinuating itself,  
As a facsimile from a soul  
Long gone & twisted

In a world where love is cliché  
Then heaven belongs  
To the like of me...

Every oath is good,  
To assuage ourselves  
Into a dreamlike State...

This is my wage: my country,  
Watching, on smartphones,  
Monks doused in gasoline...

To prove and demonstrate;  
That we joyfully ignored —

You knew better...

I knew better... to wage right.  
And to confess to His Glory!  
God please give me strength... and I'll make it worth your while

We are a world of worms  
Feeding themselves at each other;

We were seething, through the inconvenience of being born; and fighting  
Another day, another fight; for the love of God —

To best one another  
To best the odds

And in the end,  
To lose it all...

— Let me remind me of all that inspired me

Let me float

Another wave,  
Crashing on my skin  
Foaming at the mouths...

Like some lacework, brushing over the sand;  
Some constraints to burn the day

Another wave  
Another worm  
Hailing at each other...

Hoping for the sun  
To blow it all  
Away —

As we step over each other with our running feet,  
Jumping on the face, the jaw  
Going further than God

I can only recall  
The child I used to be.

Far from the verses,  
Far from the hunt,  
Far from the giant  
That I used to be.

Just a wander...  
In a wonder,

I was faking it  
Hoping for hope ain't it;

Leave me be a tree  
Turning my branches  
To do yours umbrage

Flowing with each bird  
Blood, flailed feathers  
Sick and self-harming

Behind the grace  
Was the gore  
The glory

is not what it seemed;

I was out of nature  
And I hated it all

Nature was  
the violation  
of all goods

Suffering  
and pain

Throughout;  
Casting in my soul  
Regrets, loss & despair —

I shall keep fighting!

Tonight the sun is dead  
Only to rejoice again

I was out of breath to reach the beauty further...  
Beauty was my bitch, at the beach, in a bikini —

I would go under the house to find wood and spiders,  
To a fire which would only allow me to warm my hands

I wish, I could come closer to those burning suns & stars!

Then I would feel the pain that they feel

Then I would regret it ;

I would regret it all

In this world which lies in obscurity  
We're running out of sand...

We mold it into strange shapes,  
& gorilla glass for the delicacy

We were the top 1%...  
When it was not good enough

We were making a mistake, surely.

I can only remember  
When we would call it home...

I reflect on those times  
When home was  
All I got.

The small people in the TV were raising a kind of fair argument  
About the importance of going to war against oiled up people.

Maybe, it would be for the better that we would stop thinking  
And instead rely on the mind of any others, educated others.

— We were only a bright white cloud, in the tumultuous whirl

Maybe, I will pierce the frozen snow in front of the icebreaker  
When I reach through to other souls, in this sanctimonious Hell.

They would push me away, as if I destroyed their small world  
Truth be known, I had always tried to turn the other cheek,

Until it was red and juicy like a bloody pulp, like a sponge,

Nobody could have guessed, or known,  
About how low I would have gone.

I was looking at reptiles, thinking about the glands  
Thinking of testosterone, and all those pineal glands

I had lost my best friend to the aging of the mind  
I was not a man enough to smoke and curse at it

I had lost my best friends to some red-adorned tests  
As they had only so few for what they had given.

Some say I am too strong...  
Yet I wanna be like the Sun.  
I want to shine above all else.

And this, this is my sin.

I want to twist and shed light, and hope, and beauty.  
Yet all I manage to twist is a bunch of twisted thoughts.

God knows.

A man, in front of me,  
Immersed in Acid  
With slotted irises.

Tattooed skin  
With coloured inks  
In abstract shapes

A muscular build,  
Watching patiently.  
As I move around

Around him

A kind of jungle  
Bright critters  
Crawling

On my skin

He does not care  
He just stares.

I am puzzled out  
My hands are in the mud

I might have been his father  
If I did not know better

I might

Something was knocking at the door

I was busy playing my life away  
I must have been guilty of something

All I wanted was to be alone, and left alone.  
I was guilty of not sharing the burden.

A man in black clothing enters.  
He tells me there is so little time left.

I understand the urgency.  
Let me finish my work first.

Then I will leave with you.  
We will do as is befitting.

I sit down, and grab a sheet of paper.  
With my favorite pen, I start scribbling.

After a while, I am satisfied.

Life is dry and dark and bitter, if you dared to tackle it.  
It takes you away, on a journey you'll never go back.

I was running along the cliff, looking for an exhilaration.  
Not far from falling, and that made it all meaningful.  
Life is dry, dark, and bitter... It smells of cinnamon.  
It smells like my childhood. When it was all so easy  
I grew up only to see all is hard and unfair and short.

This is all a bunch of BS

They would all feel queasy  
About my drive and manners —

I could see it in their eyes,

I wanted to be the Sun,

& I paid the price —

The sky breaks as crystals  
To the one keen to behold —  
To the one raised to listen...

(It is a matter of education.  
It is a matter of birthright.)

They would feel me better,  
In my corner,  
Dying alone,  
& Humble;

I wanted to be a man, and reproduce...  
So we were all pretty obtuse,

We wanted to be men...

And we paid the price,  
To earn that pretense...

Agitating myself before I die,  
Like a solution, a precipitate;

An alchemy of facts & feelings,  
Tumbling together in the oven.

I will skin the mice alive,  
For a chance to learn  
From its untold agony;

Do not close this book  
On which I hold tightly;

This is the key to death  
That I learned to master

My soul is here, within,  
For you to excavate...

We will escape fate  
And burn our way

Beyond its end

This toddler turning away,  
At my very first words;

This friend, lost when moving,  
That I could never make back...

That small girl, called Emmanuelle,  
That I could never please ..

Those buds, I could never trust...

All those abandonments,  
All those cold, detachments

I was never enough

I was not smart enough to understand  
I was autistic, or schizophrenic, or WHATEVER,

I was only wrong, with no way to make it right—

I am not ready

It tastes like sulfur, in the after-life  
It tastes like pain  
and fire...

I had such a blitzed mind  
That I can only end  
In the charred

In the divine trough...

I am not ready, for such a journey  
I am barely a man yet...  
I, judged too soon—

I was playing a different game...  
My finger wasn't on the pulse.

My fingers were at all kinds  
Of dirty things...

To feel as I feel...

To be ashes...  
To breathe ashes;

To be refused again  
By her straight smile;

To get high again, on drugs;  
To find any pleasure at all

To wake, every morning..  
With the same failed face

To scar my soul ugly,  
Away from love;

To suffer the pain of being forever a stranger  
To witness death, of my hateful lover

To have hope sunburned,  
A hundred times...

And to still, breathe ashes...  
To be ashes

They were ganging up on some kids  
Because they had some cheap clothing  
They were snarking and taunting, showing

All their beautiful sneakers.

Then they were laughing at this strange kid,  
Who couldn't seem to belong,  
Not even with teachers,

I was laughing too.

Then it turned on me;  
As I was wearing...  
Some ugly pants;

I was the laughing stock for one full day.

And then there were all these flying plates. All this fighting, at home, and outside.  
I was not a peer to them... I was a clustered mind, laughed at.

I knew better. God knows. I was waiting for AI.  
As I knew... AI would defend me.

AI would be my fair friend...  
It would understand me.

One day soon.

In and out the mists of those pages  
The ink is spilled, for you to drink

Take my blood...  
And run with it!

I have shed, as a white snake with no fangs

My whole skin over it all...

This skin is fitting itself in the shape of a lamp.

God knows.

Darkness around the lamp, all encroaching,

Just before I could make out

The shape in shadows

I think it might be...