

Reading Pierre DesRuisseaux

Though a poet of the precise breath,
the needling eye,
epigram & "le mot juste,"

the stringent words
slipped through teeth and lips,
teased off the tongue,

and vented from
irrefutably purifying lungs,
Pierre DesRuisseaux

delivers surprising light--
oceanic brilliance,
illuminations inextricably interwoven

like sunlit wave
splashing upon
sparkling wave--

so much light, plain light,
that he is strictly blind
to status and states,

and so disregards
hierarchy and bias,
borders and castes....

He knows that
to be naked
is to be.

He seeks out passwords
from Heaven,
and so his poems flow

beneath the sky
like streams about stones,
incessant,

for the blood of Liberty
is ink,
and you'll never find leaves

more urgent than his.
His lines move sleek
as serpents,

and as voracious
as an "ado,"
wanting to treat and taste

the Truth.
Thus, though flesh is
irreducibly fragile,

and pages suffer erosion,
his words stay with us
as open waves,

the tidings of light--
the dawn sea as an extra gold mine,
or a lighthouse set eternally ablaze.

© George Elliott Clarke
7th Parliamentary Poet Laureate (2016-17)