

## 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.

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