

# In Sections



A pre- re- birth Volume

Alain De Sade

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*To all those who I loved and lost!*

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# Is it true?

Is it true?  
The hour passes two  
In the morning  
Or after midnight  
On another continent  
It is another time  
But what is it to be  
In time  
With where you are?

But  
Is it true?  
The hour passes two  
And you  
Have passed  
The boundary of time  
In the infinite  
Into the imagined eternity  
But what is it to be  
In time  
With where you are?  
It becomes  
meaningless question  
For you!

But is it true?  
The hours passes two!

April 25, 2016

# The Cycle of Love

Love is a cycle  
We miss its beginnings and it  
Ends when the cycle breaks and we  
Run like hamsters on the  
Wheel. The world spins and  
gathers pace indeterminate until  
We  
Recognize  
Love.

Love you, we say but  
When did it all happen, nobody  
Knows. It happened while we were  
Sleeping, or perhaps when we were  
Joking, laughing at ourselves for  
Thinking we may be in love  
Then  
We  
Recognize  
But, is it  
Too  
Late.

Cycles do not break, or they become  
Lines, and lines can stretch to  
Eternity, like marriage!  
Let us never get married, or let it be  
While we sleep. Let it be  
While we moan, making love in the afternoon  
Skipping work for the day, like skipping school

In love, we never grow up but  
Love grows  
Kiss  
Touch  
Laugh  
Cycles do not break  
We  
Recognize  
Fact, that fact about cycles and about  
Love.

So  
Shall we skip school today?

November 22, 2015

# Last

Last tree is down  
Last sea is dry  
Last mountain is flat  
for all has a price.

Last news bulletin  
brings the last of today's  
Trembling prices  
in a curved fortunes.

Last meeting of the board  
Decisions are made  
Decision to flee  
before the chaos presides.

Streets are boiling  
Anger is spreading  
Patience is dying  
From a cancer called greed.

Last mountain is flat  
Remains the market in decline  
Looks like another day  
Takes on the night  
But clouds are on the horizons

What do these clouds do?

January 13, 2016



# A Conversation

I need to have a conversation  
with God, angels, humans  
or the remains of my grey matter.

I need to have a conversation  
that reminds me the words  
for a functioning human, (a language lost).

I am being lost in a robotic world  
last seen on level two  
of unknown computer game, (dressed like a pirate on a spaceship).

I need to have a conversation  
out of an addiction  
out of pixel-sized existence, (pixellated to extreme, streaming light).

Last seen jumping the cliff  
into the abyss  
blurred image in sleepless night  
but ... a conversation is all I need  
I have a coffee and pizza instead  
and continues the existence of the dead  
in a robotic world of empty cycles  
I finish the night shift  
sleeping alone in a cold bed  
I need a conversation  
but ... I lack the words.

January 13, 2016

# But Why?

In a flash  
The world changes  
Like the new year  
Fireworks  
It changes  
Into a thousand sparkles  
And a buff of smoke  
Ascends to heaven  
That is imagined  
It does not reach  
The sky above  
It makes  
An interesting photo  
Remains unexplained  
A question  
(Why?)  
That is always unanswered  
But Why?  
A hysterical father asks  
A hysterical mother asks  
A hysterical some-body  
Asks  
But Why?

January 16, 2016

# The Music of Loneliness

Since Adam and Eve  
have  
Eaten the cursed apple  
and  
Gained consciousness,  
Poets and philosophers  
Debate our continuous  
State of loneliness.  
Composers let oboe  
Sax and horns  
Blow out their heart and soul  
Wailing like a grieving mother  
Answered by shrieking violins  
Stop!  
They do stop at a high note  
That's the painful nugget  
of  
Loneliness  
in  
Human throat  
Choking over the bitter taste  
of  
The cursed apple.  
Music continues into a misty  
Fog.

Forgotten.  
History.  
New lonely souls.  
Born.

Music continues into a misty  
Fog.  
Forgotten.

May 14, 2016

# Broken

My heart is broken  
like a mosaic tile into pieces  
My heart is broken  
and lonely is the heartbreak

My heart is broken  
like a mosaic tile colourful  
but colour is deceiving  
It breaks the light  
and emerges from rays disappearing.

My heart is broken  
like child talking  
a string of sounds with pauses  
for the distance the mind travels  
in search  
for the missing and memories.

My heart is broken  
like a mosaic tile into pieces  
is colourful but fragile like  
the child of light  
easy to disperse  
in rays disappearing

...

My heart is broken  
and lonely is the heartbreak.

January 22, 2016

# Dementia

Thousands of fractured pieces  
Floating on the surface of  
Memory.

Thousands of cells tangled  
Sharing the space between  
Times.

Hopes and dreams shared  
Floating like the leaves in the  
Wind.

It is always windy after an episode.

Thousands of faces still  
Haunt the darkened corners of  
Memory.

Lost is the memory, lost.

In the distance there is still a face  
A familiar face  
With a smile  
Can't make the name  
Can't remember the letters  
The letters  
Yes  
She wrote.  
He wrote  
They wrote

Yes  
Keep writing.

Thousands of fractured pieces  
Floating on the surface and  
Drown.

May 22, 2016