

A Secret Romantics Association

A
SECRET
ROMANTICS
ASSOCIATION

Collected Poems by Philippe
Nick

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For Hugmar Baarh

Secret Romantics Association?

During his childhood, Philippe Nick never showed much interest in his family's catholic traditions. Mainly because of their judgmental morals, e.g. sexual-orientation based exclusion and living the life of sinners, which threw him off right from the get-go. Given the circumstances Philippe began to question the sole purpose for god's existence, searching for answers in the labyrinth of life and death, found himself lost in a world of war. In his later years he came to realize that people have been, throughout the centuries of mankind's history, creating different definitions for god including Zeus, Omega, Jesus, or Buddha and this was a dead ideology that honestly bothered him deeply. Philippe Nick was a strong believer that it is impossible to define perfection, or what is considered to be divine by worshippers. To Philippe, "God" was entirely absolute, infinite in time, and was never to be understood by a definition, nor a thousand names could do him justice for he co-existed within everyone and no-one, in all things and in nothing, as the most powerful motion of life and as the most insignificant breeze of air, and Philippe also energetically believed there was a perpetual communication with this supremely force of the unknown, connected to the spiritual flow that waves our world, and we can feel it at any second, tying us with the exterior layer of our own perception. Understanding the incomprehensible, to Philippe, was the first step towards the birth to a new way of life. He was also firmly devoted to achieve a spiritual balance between his ego and his lifetime on Earth, and to release his eternal radiant soul or as he later appealed to refer as "the golden flavor". The most important gift he cared for his readers to appreciate as they advance through his work is that no matter who we are, we are still 199% capable, definitely, to obtain the power of absorbing and becoming one with the universe once again. It is entirely our power of how we put ourselves in perspective, and how we find the portal which allows us to become the being beyond a physical body, and this was Philippe's primary reason to establish the Secret Romantics Association with 3 other original members. The S.R.A. was a weekly meeting for Expressionist's Anonymous, devoted to whoever felt need to express a feeling in whichever manner they'd prefer, and it would weekly vary from psychologically disturbing poetry, or a shameless painting, or simply jamming

until our heads fell off, but whichever means, form or fashion, it certainly became an addictive portal to the unbound endlessness of our association. We had a triad of rules which were based on the confidentiality of its members identity and the content created never to be exposed unless otherwise consented, such as the S.R.A. book. *“Bless the times we read tormented wine, drank untamed poetry, smoked naked dances and filled our lives with Holiness.”*- Philippe Nick.

What is a life without regrets?

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Red Light

Our car was infested by Dad's cigarette death smoke
Dad's breath contaminated the air
and there was no love.

I could hear the noise of wheels and children,
the overwhelming rush from empty taxis causing chaos in traffic.
My entire body felt restless

and who is to say where Pa's mind was that day.

His face turned towards mine,
He was the god of a Jazz party.

A FUCKING MAD MAN,
mumbling his good-for-nothing opinion
on whatever else he felt need to criticize
it was in that moment precisely,

when I notice through the corner of my eyes,
A curve.

Never before have I seen a curve move so fast,
A curve that punched me into the air.

Take it, our lives if you will
drag me away from this man now.

But no, we are both still here.

Midnight Talk

At a bar in San Francisco
a man stands tall
wearing nothing but his naked grapes
crying out “It’s too soon...”
however he was wildly mistaken, it is impossible
to be too soon or too late or too long or
too short.
Time is nothing but a made up story,
infinite
and life is an absolute paradox,
bittersweet
and we are today enclosed by two distinct
yet perfect portals domed with darkness,
and I have been loved in darkness.
The crude naked man kneels low
and contemplates if he lost his mind
or merely found it.

The crevice in my shield

At sunset

I nourish off your short-lived
grins and stares to retain my
humanity.

At moonrise

I howl concerned of your
natural departure to preserve my
sanity.



Philippe

Candid Romantic

I wish for the ignorance of fantasy,
foolish wisdom.

A slim, stretched and clear highway
headed for your door.
Caught up in a reverie,
carnal strangers waltzing and chanting,
and the mingling energy from the other world
creating romance.
pulses my entire body, saves my soul,
numbs my reality, a screaming urge.
The paralyzed fragments from eternity.
Hail to immaculate innocent desire,
hail to the erupting springs that embodies our blue moon,
hail to the essence of your high spirits,
hail, hail, HAIL to our young burning fire.

I wish for the ignorance of fantasy,
foolish wisdom.

MAD THEORIST FAMILY

It is impossible to say
how thoughts first birthed in our minds,
and how they howl for freedom,
in endless burning echoes
melting us into madness.
People, we are here NOW
and tomorrow is nada but a privilege.
We are here to create life,
to impregnate our brains with fresh ideas,
to give in,
to dream up,
to rediscover and re-invent ourselves.
We fall into blue-deep consciousness
to find a corridor full of mirrors,
and each reflects a different deception
of how we allow others to limit us,
and frighten us,
and break us,
but my fellow brothers that is over!
Now we are grand escapists of the common perception,
and beyond their judging eyes,
we abstract our minds,
and an open mind is limitless
to absorb all truths.

To Hell, I cry,
with this confinement
and to Hell with your deficient reality
incapable of digesting
our barenaked Holiness.



This isn't Florida

Some nights I notice you
lying there in stillness.
Lingering moments where
your ice blue eyes read me
and we are all angels
and I wish for you,
for your legs, body, breast, lip
touching me all at once
and our bodies intertwined
but what a fool,
fooling himself, again,
fooling around.
An obscure treasure from
a sociopath's mind,
lying there in darkness,
hollow soul.

Oh, My Whimsical Gizmo

Pungent city,
suffused with egotistical skyscrapers, and shopping malls, and private verandahs, nasty pigeons, unwashed streets and layers of burnt cigarettes AND people, commuting backwards and forwards, in their formal suits carrying nothing but their elegant leather briefcases.
A city that never sleeps
and lights are indefinitely switching, lights on, and lights of color, yellows, reds, greens and blues, the everyday rush, never an individual matter, we are mashed altogether.
People are a living collectivity and we are a massive organic entity and our identity's skin is rotting in this shit flushed society.
In a city that never sleeps,
dreams could never exist.
We are followers, followers of changeless cycles, claiming for safety, living in consistent fears of self exposure, meaningless lives commonly imprisoned by expectations.
I see the fear in empty deli's and busy deli's and
ran down local boutiques and uprising heinous corporations, and

none of it makes sense, and how dare they call ME crazy?

Oh, the big city, it is bare naked rock n' roll poetry.

In the concrete jungle only one thing will set you free,
free from the paranoid logic which we faintly comprehend,
from the involuntary routines we feel compelled to adapt in,
from the typical frame of mind embracing our paraphernalia,
until we meet skateboarding.

Not anyone recognizes this sensational break in time and the freedom
it grants us prior to exploring the skateworld,
prior to becoming a member of a skatefamily,
prior to having a wooden plate underneath our toes and
getting lost around the city,
traveling through the night aimlessly within traffic but
forget the cars, people, cats or birds,
only endless pushing down the pornographic
streets of another wicked metropolis,
free of direction, zero consequence,
nothing but our bodies guided by freedom, naked, lawless,
in altered states of mind.

The city is a fresh canvas and
we paint stairs, ledges and rails with our trucks and wheels.

Modern ninjas maneuvering on whatever they are
capable of envisioning, a prolific process
without rules and born within exceedingly gifted minds
and this gift is what hooks us and rips us away from this ordinary
reality, we gap ground perception, and
we rip the city when we strike through the night like
thunder and our noise can't keep up.

A harmonious bond followed by a thousand intrigued eyes,
or at least in my mind.

The streets reciprocate with cosmic vibrations that fills our empty
souls for the very first time.

Oh, my whimsical gizmo, I lust for you

I lust for your grip when you elevate me into the air and

I lust for the moments I feel caught up in reverie during a mellow
cruise about the town.

I lust for your rubber vibration against the concrete friction.

I lust for our shared trust on each other, on each flip and on each
landing and I lust for your energetic ways,
for your unheard of magic that drives me alive.

I lust for the slowing of time provoked by the adrenaline existent
within you and

I lust for your holy insights and the family you have birthed in my life.

Oh, my whimsical gizmo, I lust for you.

I NEED TO TELL YOU, "I LOVE YOU"

I need a hug,

but I can't get warm enough.

Ah, I need a drug

but I can't get high enough

and I need some booze

but I can't get drunk enough.

I need to fuck

and I can't ejaculate enough.

Honey, I need to tell you, 'I love you.'

because without you is not enough.

Scrunity about death

In a note,
I would like to share a thought for heaven's sake.
At night I ponder over Hugmar's passing and other past
relations in my life and, in truth,
I've come to realize something:
Nothing lasts forever
and I'm sure you know this, or
you've heard it before
but it is well ignored today
and I see it all the time,
forgotten,
in people's eyes when they are sad
and blue over a troublesome relationship
or caught in a deep bag of past frustrations and
forgetting,
their own life has an expiry date.
But that doesn't mean you shouldn't look forward
to the happenings in your life or think they are of any less importance now,
NO WAY! In fact it is the absolute opposite.
We should embrace and cherish and love
every moment as much as we possibly can
because we may not have a second chance to relish
that same scenario with that special soul,
and certainly these moments will pass
and come and go,
and certainly these moments will meet their end,
but its our bitter fate that moulds
every hour spent alive so outstandingly beautiful.



Digging Holes

Keep digging the poet's hole
Dive in mist grey twilight
And there unearth your immortal soul

Make love to your strongest foe
Digest this wet polar insight
Keep digging the poet's hole

Lynch all expectations of tight-control
Cry to sooth the tender snakebite
And there unearth your immortal soul

Blink hideous mermaids trapped in a fishbowl
Caught up in a merciless fatal fight
Keep digging the poet's hole

Become the dragonfly, do not portray a role
Hear the silence of a serene night
And there unearth your immortal soul

In deep prayers to be whole
A broken mind heard God recite
"Keep digging the poet's hole
And there unearth your immortal soul"



Stars lit up on our wet pupils,
worldly projections of our consciousness,
a divine creator,
and to become the entire universe,
an entity conceived by a living collectivity.

Chig au Shurui No Senshi

Newborns drunk in bliss,
detached from all consuming illusions of distress,
shaped into receptors of all spiritual energy.
Hiding where you cannot see,
but they can be found,
infinite beyond their body,
within each and all living-organisms.
Only there we can be free.

Metamorphosis

Floral fields drowned by vivid colors
of red purple yellow and blue,
please come true,
please charm us,
and behold my japanese mistress,
and her skin as soft as white lilies,
when she grasps my hand and
we hitch a ride in the breeze of spring.
Sheltered in love, in drunkenness, in craziness,
and marching on.
We defy our previous generations,
by abandoning their dreams,
twins of butterflies,
when we brave ourselves in our own divorced isolation,
each enfolded by a individual cocoon,
warmed by the blankets of our own chakra
confined in darkness.
And there, within us,
we are illuminated by the brightest light,
a fiery taste of inner peace,
and burst out as Virgin beauties with angelic wings,
and in a heavenly gentle rise,
reborn and blessed with freedom.



The Story of Lilia (Prologue)

To best understand this story, first you must evaporate every one you've ever known from the existence of your reality, and that is where Lilia was born. The world has long ceased to be as what you may think of it today. Human kind has come to a pinnacle of extinction but as contrary of what comes to mind, in this world there weren't any flesh eating zombies, nor an invasion from mentally superior or highly advanced beings, not even a nuclear self-destruction, nope. In this world a simple epidemic birthed from mother nature itself was capable of exterminating over 99% of the human population. We called this virus "daemontreopto". The virus could affect people through 3 different types, but inevitably all types left us nothing but a soulless body, there for the name "daemontreopto" coming from Latin "demon's three wishes".

The daemontreopto "type A" - a.k.a. the "bad apple disease", was the first type of the virus to spread out. The place of origin is unknown. The life expectancy for type A was of one week from the moment of contamination. This nasty form of the disease would show symptoms of blindness within the first 2 hours, then rotting of the bone structure, falling teeth, and by the fourth day there was almost no visible skin, infested with white growing fungus. Many people diagnosed with type A found other ways to end their pain instead of awaiting for the rotten body.

The daemontreopto "type B" - There are no symptoms and very rarely someone was diagnosed with this disease prior to their death. The type B virus immersed within the all cells of our brain and has the capacity to shut off all brain activity instantaneously. Not much was found about type B in the little time of research, although it was discovered the virus would mainly become active during intercourse or even from a mere sexual thought, where suddenly the virus would neutralize and shut off brain cells without causing any pain or exterior damage, but a body collapse. It wasn't longer than a year that 2.6 billion people died from type B.

The daemontreopto “type C” - Very little was known from this type. By the time it took its turn on mankind there were barely any functioning scientology buildings or hospitals for that matter, but It was known to be a blood contamination and to provoke an escalating high fever until the moment of death.

The virus’ main carrier was believed to be in the water and it contaminated 94% of water from the entire world. When the virus started to spread, in the world as you know it, it only took 3 days to become a world wide epidemic and in a matter of months brought humans to the top of the list of endangered species.

The less than 1% who survived had developed an immunity to the daemontreopto virus and this immunity seems to be hereditary, meaning the immunity factors are genetically transmitted at birth, and giving this minimal population of 2.4 million world-wide a new hope to grow as a civilization.

Maybe mother nature had an intention all along, maybe fate just had different plans for human kind, either way this was their second chance to establish a way of living which works in harmony with rest of earthlings who inhabit the world.

This is the story of Lilia, a 13 year old girl born in South Africa. Her parents were the last one’s alive in a small village where once was known as Limpopo. Her father died from daemontreopto like most of the other villagers, when he died she was only 9 years old, and the only memory she has of him lasts in the gift of a bronze dagger he had given her a couple weeks before his demise. Her mother passed away when she was 12 leaving Lilia alone in this village with only a few supplies. Her last words to Lilia before perishing in time were “Lilia, you are a strong girl, stronger than I ever was.. and I can see it in your eyes, a firing hope, freedom of will, don’t ever loose that my little girl..”

The Story of Lilia

Short-hair blonde, crystal eyes green,
5 feet tall and skinny, and hungry.
Wearing her mother's old tribal cloak too long to fit properly,
Lilia, wanderer of the new world.
The lone wanderer always kept by her side the only gift
she possessed, her bronze dagger.
The bronze dagger with carvings of three wise foxes,
gently dancing with each other,
and a single scintillating blue butterfly.
And by the dagger's side engraved "Sonhos mortos viram realidade",
dead dreams come true.

Heavy rain pouring all night long,
not a fish left to eat.
Slowly, Lilia takes a seat in the nearest roots of
an elder giant tree.
Time seemed to slow down that night,
raindrops became memories of old piano notes
she had only heard stories of from her mother,
the majors,
the minors,
and the wind singing admirably for
the submissive dancing giant trees.
All employed in harmony calming her heartbeat,
roots warming her body, lulling Lilia to sleep.

The Sun-face smiles upon her pink cheeks,
she feels waken by the warmth and as her eyelids
crack open she becomes blinded by the mystic scenarios
and oddly yet divine creatures from the imagination
of this 13 years old girl.

At 10am she was a commandant, leading her army
of human-sized meerkats into battle
against the cowardly screaming zebras, who
only knew to run aimlessly without looking back,
living in fear.
It is a mystery why there were never
any other humans in Lilia's fantasies,
perhaps conformity.

By 4pm she was part of a revolutionary group of red-banded hyenas and escaping death by plotting the murder of their dearest rival, the discolored chimpanzee, king of the ancient trees. In mid-escape, racing through the aged forest, dodging what seemed to be a devouring sand ground, “soon Moon-face will appear” Lilia observed.

In that quiet second caught between reality and reverie she was placed face-to-face with the largest cat ever witnessed. A ROAR, and her body straighten up, the chill clinched her spine, and the entire scenery melted into thin air. Lilia could only look at the brilliance of the cat’s eyes, could only sense the hunger in the cat’s jittery movement, could only feel the fear where darkness has now taken over. Carefully she approaches her dagger with her right hand, and when she got grip, she held it as if the dagger were to escape. The large cat took three enduring steps towards the little girl and Roared again! This time even louder. The dagger slipped through Lilia’s fingers in terror.

She starred into the sky, disregarding the lion, to have one last stare into that immense navy-blue sky as stars birthed by each second of that night, Lilia kneeled down and accepted her fate. She did not try to run away like her coward zebras, or start a revolution like the red-banded hyenas, Lilia kneeled down and faced death. She embraced all memories of being human in a world full of forgotten wonders. The lone wanderer closed her eyes. She could only hear the large cat approaching, steps sounded heavier and the cat’s breath could wind her hair. Intoxicated by fear yet so still, the lion was weak to comprehend, but Lilia had a smirk, a last smile, happily convinced this was her choice, this was Lilia’s way of life, and in a glimpse of time, the night became entirely silent.

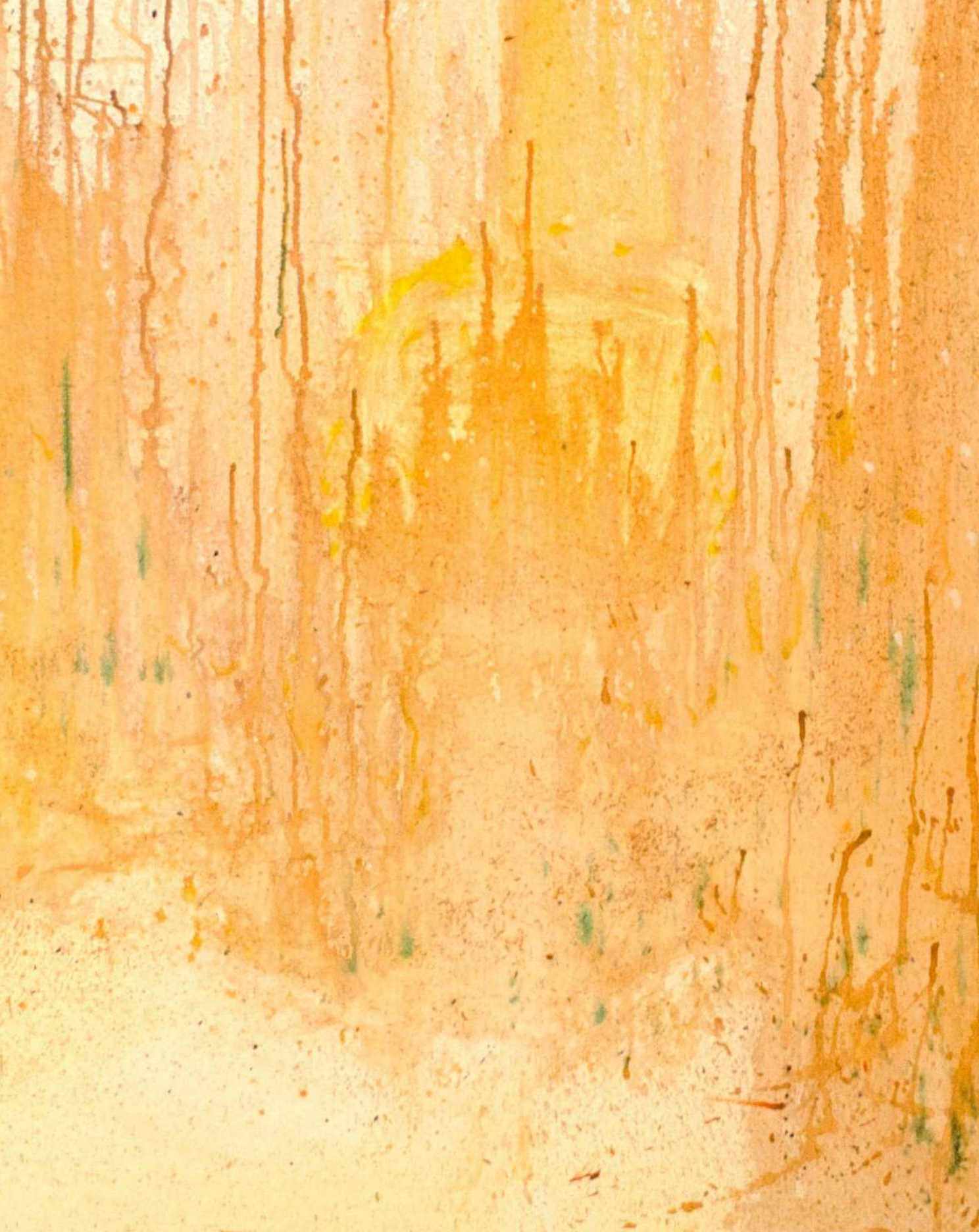
That night, Lilia didn’t feel a bite in her neck but a first kiss to her lips.



Poetry

Takes us
as prisoners of suffering,
confined with rusted chains,
our cancerous blood squirts off
our blue veins from each whip to our nude neck.
Rips every limb off our body,
one at a time and
It drains life from us,
from each bomb that detonates in our heart,
from each feast that digests our soul, and
from each memory that tortures our mind.
Leaves us,
alone again, naked
in a world of both misery and ecstasy
and the feeling is naturally fitting,
at its best,
on paper.





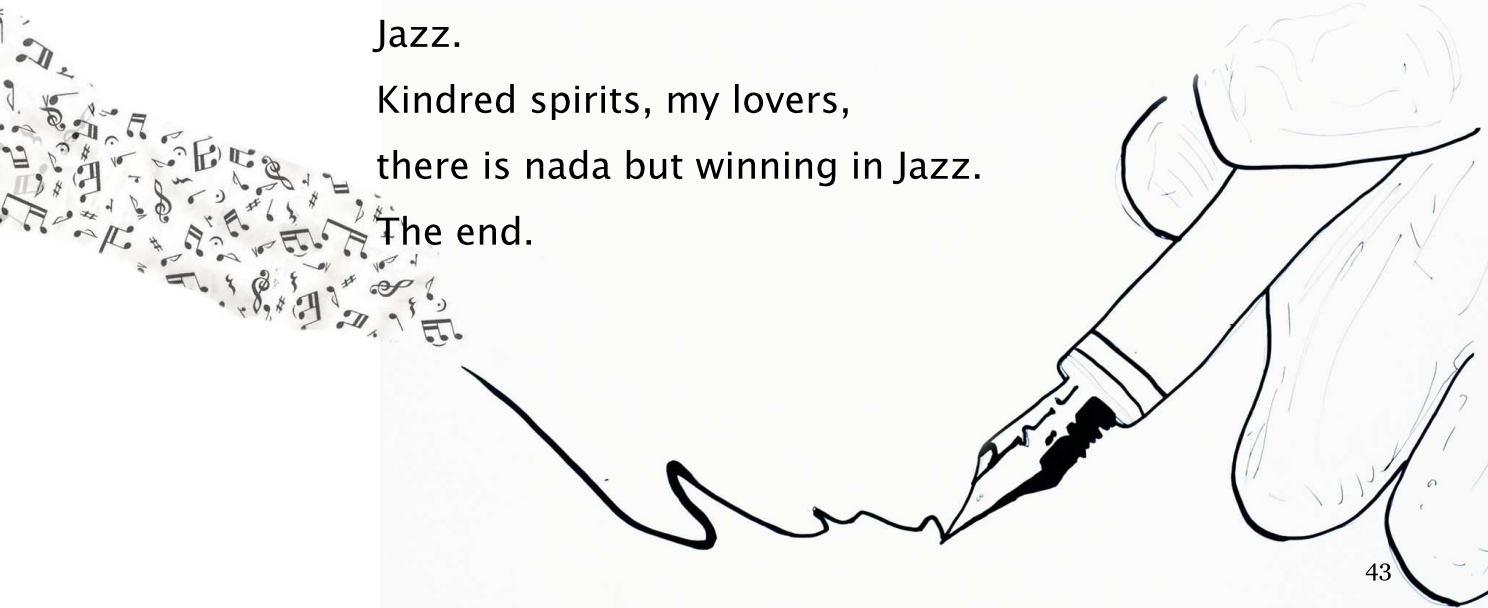






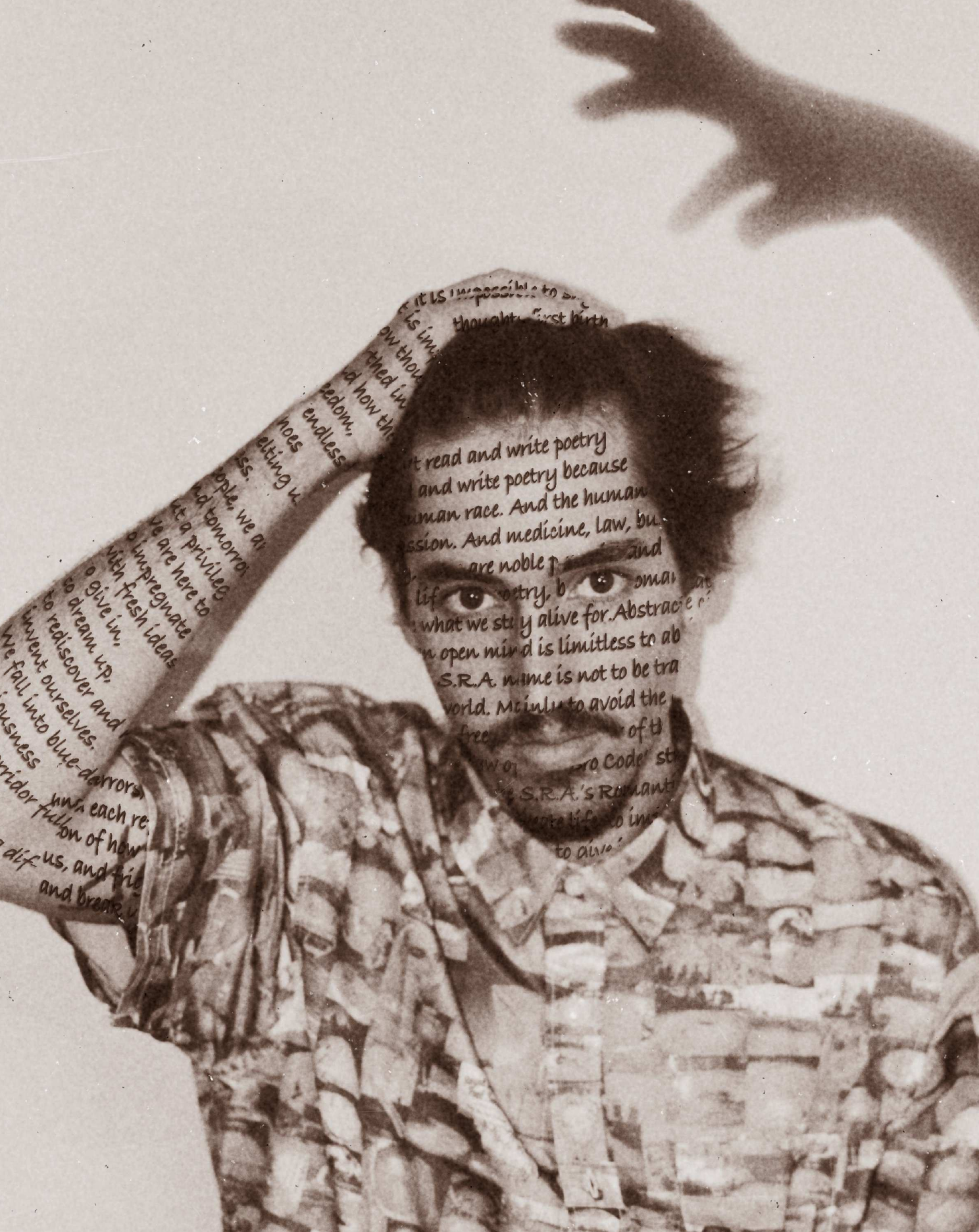
In the end

Near the end, lights off and JAZZ.
Bouncing off the walls jazz, vibrating floors jazz,
viral jazz, new jazz, old jazz,
smoking grass jazz.
Call the fuzz and kill the buzz jazz,
razzmatazz jazz.
The kind they declare illegal jazz,
criminal funk jazz, sloppy drunk jazz.
But we are Lords of Jazz,
screwing in jazz,
blooming in jazz,
floating, brewing and consuming,
Jazz.
Kindred spirits, my lovers,
there is nada but winning in Jazz.
The end.



**CYNTHIA M. C. DE MELLO, MARKUS JOSEPH NICK, ANTONIO COLLET,
ANTONIO PEDRO, GABRIEL GOMES, MICHELLE BALI, LÉO RODRIGUES,
PEDRO NOYA, ANDRÉ COSTA, JOEL WOOD, DIEGO SAPUNARU, TÉA LUNA
MEI, MYLES NOWIK, DEREK GLENCROSS, PEDRO DOBLER, MARCELLA
CONDE, MARYLIN BOWERING, CARLOS C. DE MELLO, MICHAEL CASS,
KYLE BERRY, NIKOLAS VILHENA, BRUNO LOPES, GABRIEL HERKENHOF,
VICTOR MAGRATH, RIO G. TRENAMAN, WILL HILLS, BRITTANY
MARCHILDON, WILLIAMS DENTE, RAFAELA CARMONA, BRENT PRETTY,
RAYMOND KNIGHT, ALAN MILLETO, KAUE BAKER, BRADY STJENBERG,
TSUYOSHI FUJITA, JOSEPH NICK, EDITH MELLO, FLAVIO MELLO,
RICARDO BRANCO, HUGMAR BAARH, RUSS MORLAND, KIM NIXON,
STEFAN EISENKOLB, ROGER FERREIRA, RANMA SAOTOME, ANDRÉ
LISBOA, RODRIGO "BILL", GUNESH GURSEL, PEDRO HELIODORO SANTOS,
DYLAN TIMMINS, MADISON BOREAN, ERIC TIMMINS, ERIK PARTEL,
JOLENE SOUTHEY, DOUG STETAR, KINKAS CAETANO NETO, COBY
MCDUGALL, JAY LEW, NEIL MANUEL, KIRKLAND HADDON, JAYDEN
PRESCOTT, LUKE HUNTER, JUSTUN BEAVIS, BRANTYN WONG AND
NATALIE PORTMAN.**

Thank you for reading.



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