

Opening and Closing Numbers



Anny
Ballardini

OPENING AND CLOSING NUMBERS

by

Anny Ballardini

*dedicated to Maxine
my niece born on April 10, 2004*

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conflictual circumstances involve
compromises – interlude
unforgettable accident 3.25.11

(Women's Day)

one

there is no one time in music but there is only one symphonic sound

two

two and who are you and why can't you be more sure of the two it isn't
but a two moving in the air creating confusion on the doubled mood

poor two round and then straight and straight, curled up there curbed to ground
flat on the pedestal of nothing - no escape left from the two hooking it all down

three

three as the sacred trinity as three billion men who crossed the land

looking for a Graal with vessels & sails & horses & arms shining as silver
competing with lightening blades breaking the skies of his holiness

three as sacred revenge enflaming the hearts of those not guilty as
tongues of serpents creeping on rusted boiling rocks regulated to the
sour breath of incandescent movements of volcanoes gloriously blenching

three as thee three white columns suspended over my fingers
marbled air gentler than a poem given away for free for your flying thee
sustaining brick of the marveled existential emptiness generating our paths

four

sadness is not an opinion
but something pervading blankly
no matter where, it obscures
shafts of days, deprives of energy

it glues down to reality & shows
malignity by scaring many apart
who like ants hide away from the sequencing
of fate hammering on shelters of deserted

illusions dragging stagnant waters slowly
to surface & drains down into its suffocating
stillness no further ahead or happened
to be read in a sluggish displacing vertigo

upsetting rules of instincts clashing against
a cemented attitude of ignorant who regard
the world as a malleable toy in their hands
dirty with the blood of innocents

five

and the world was without dreams
only black whales hidden in wandering
obscure seas and weaving traps and
nets to catch fishermen who did not
conform to the void of useless laws

gods were sensitive to symbols
heroes were forged out of fire
plunged into ice, those who died
were just part of a heap - they wouldn't
get to the crest of their Olympic might

treated as if they'd opened the doors to
the Sabins thrown from the Tarpean rock
with traitors, a futile number among the
multitudes of unknown, ignored
by the hand of a careless despising god

turgid irises were taken to saddening
graves by would-be heroes who stared
amazed at the golden lettered air around
their /unforgettable/ never seen names
composing misdeeds against them -in fact

Air Shifts are amusing little gods who play
seek & hide that is why he ended up
being as mighty as a god and credulous
crowds sacrificed goats & virgins for awhile
believing he was the Hero from afar

six

six is accomplished without sex work at its best
no feelings for those who wish to emerge out of
the red immanence of competitive stands you're
a woman I'm a man so what who cares for that,
robotized totemic shapes crawl up to skyscraping
heights trampling all human affairs

business is dearest the green bladed tongue
spreading around in destroyed jungles and jingles
of Peter Pan's despair its urgent command;
who in the sky was Pan if he thought we could
live on bread without morphine to appease
our unbearable need of outmoded care

if you don't speed up on the highway they
drag you away helicopters loudspeakers thunder
from above, policemen keep it all clean on the
surface below, peasants straighten fields and
sow, teachers have taught the same music from
the beginning of our diligently organized world

philosophy dearest you don't belong to this
house or who are you, can't enter the room
without a magnetized card or heavy investment
to be carried up & down & savory profits already
planned with a fall in international
unstable questions for glittering fighting ships

the highest monument to pride a fat swollen
antibiotic-ized calf still ruminating in its motionless
posture in which it was born to have more meat
to poison those who carry leather bags & wear
leather shoes in yellow or black taxis arrowing

down town among Margrittean men

I am a plastic good-looking lady changeable
with seasons and faiths I can repeat right there
what you want your want is a wish, sex under
the pulpit, lift up your vest and feed me round
grapes the London bitches only once had
to be cut into pieces but I've already been cut

seven

the wonders of a certain kind of world are seven and they change
by our inventive spirit, a football match could be one
or our virtual connections & libraries without paper pages or
scrolls
& their imagined perfume of a utopian land that instead was full of
the sweat & tears of slaves under pyramidal orders in structured frames
glooming scorching suns and whips maybe our childhoods but we did
get to write and produce and study hard and go beyond ourselves

limited in a claustrophobic mess, I will not put my hand
on a bird you should know, too reverent is my attention
to the dignified flying sphere if compared to injustices stinking
out of well fed salaries for protected thieves and criminals
we are still nourishing with the freshness of our minds and
dreams
to find one another when the monster has finally fallen
asleep
stop that wheel it is crushing the grain too fine we won't be able to
sell our gold lust reduced to a dusted surrogate of nicotine and caffeine
and our sleepless nights nailed to the cross of having to
tell them all

what for, say instead if you can justify the effort put in
your words that are words as it's said and therefore are
- other time – pause –
we'll get to the wonder of seven the number that
allows souls to join prevailing over holocausts & migrations &

sheds light to pasts in the understanding of a benevolent self who has
known since the beginning of time what we should & why, as Strauss
considered at the end of his life, seven the number of faith as the one
able to see through in the storm of furies
keeps us awake under unstable nights crumbling through
senseful fears

when a caress is spontaneously given
with work to improve wo/man by freeing ourselves from masochistic

religious or superstitious deceits exalting suffering as a way to attain
a supreme imprisoning spirit, we will not decline to
wretched
confusion by remembering our physical body that requires
care to keep the wonder
of it alive in its breathtaking consoling beauty of the times in yet
unregistered spheres of hope by unclenching from their tighten iron clasp
dictated by the frightened shock of not having been but that was

a past of the many subdued to other's formae mentis
snow flakes in Selene's shadow
austere darkness keeps devils blind and grants gravity
& unity to the severed pots far down on earth remolding them in a
restored
warm-colored form without thirst or angst or maelstroeming
tunnels that

carry to someone else's mean surge against what is
believed to be the truest essence of the seven worlds the wonder of it all, that is: us

with its seventh color note stanza and help from afar or close and
self-acceptance of what was left after having cut out from something that little had

and continuously was brought away
reached when seen in perspective
and still trying to get up,
when it was the seventh day
& laughter

Eight

eight in its perfect doubled shape two circles conjoining and sculptured as a bas-relief conceptualizing history with monuments relating ancient deeds under the protection of outstanding gods with its foundation in busy flourishing towns and trades opening up to the desire of knowledge and the wish of new languages fragmented by their mysterious sounds like songs of peaceful naiads in the mornings of youthful times and birds singing to the straight vertical luminous rays crystal white as the star of Lucifer preceding Apollo, the glorious, on our circling way who gives life to our earth topaz yellow & sapphire blue the scented Florentine iris in the beak of the friendly swan

Pegasus born out of wisdom and emotion changes Bellerophon's new fate and does not fly, he pastures quietly as white as foam on the meadows crazy with bees & honey & wild flowers when bears were only constellations & men did not have to kill to survive but that was before the earth started spinning & it was like a soft luminous feather that brought all what we needed

& we were

when passion was & consumed in lust, the
highest communion to be given without the wish of anyone else's

and greed did not have means to exist, terrain in which it could sprout its roots, jealousies or envies not conceived – baroque beauty worshiped as the supreme god/dess spreading light spiraled waves opening plexuses this the energy sustaining planets' motion as the rose in Dante's paradise where humans were angels chanting their glories to a unique spirit found in oral Sufi tales narrated in the shades of benevolent trees to adepts on rocky intelligent paths

leading to distant monasteries in the downtown traffic or isolated in woods

armed with arrows or quick shafts triggered they flew to the beast & the child's life
preserved in its promising perfect form & only messengers with good news
on the back of doves, gentle was their offer of
games
& the night with its whispering winds telling of the scattered poison
given by Kuma
or the comet but Chiron the wounded hero let his healing open hand
and they breathed in their second/third/fourth chance, their new
sight
when Forseti gave the final judgment and settled tormented lives mended
frayed threads allowing for the Vestals' flame to
be sheltered

the guide was not destroyed
with wo/man as a polarity and their two guarding dogs to balance a stabilized
world
or two serpents circling the vase for an opening to welcome
prana
and the star striking falcon over the sacred fig tree or the buttocks of the horse on his
powerful race covering the distance of the three footsteps by which the
back eagle-
-eyed god strode the heavens towards the star above the mouth of the river to appease
their harassed entities and that is when Ulysses set foot back on Ithaca but he
was still
young and his Penelope a bride to be met & he'd already won all
dangers

its roundness talks of maturity attained perfection which if detectable by sight can be set
in our sequencing time clicking on the tri-angled gold of our ever-present existence in both
hemispheres completed with opposed seasons where our winter solstice becomes the feast
of the goddess of light whose temple is privileged on Ise with its octagonal mirror on which
Amaterasu's astounding beauty was reflected bringing her warmth back to lost Kami
pride forgotten
urgency of being

round spheres of nectar drops recovering veil upon veil wearing thoughts

for a while on different shores among the things
of earth
joined by eight paths bringing to the two spheres in one line merging in a
doubled form, rings of fullness - rings of void, since id quid est volat & will come back
said the
eternal voice of the many lives progressing on the endless way forward for the collective
to be in its harmonious oneness where ascension is fall
dig they said
to the source or
end or whichever center or question has to be materialized as it was meant to exist
untouched

cared for by the many over millennia
its shape in icy designs of frost in the
outlining of leafless trees, dark traces against the quiet whiteness of snow in sturdy
clouds the
turgid heavy flower opening up its petals against the sky
in an open amphitheater
in an apperception
decided by the evolving of inter-
connected thoughts un/revealed in a responsible choice.

Nine

Talitha cumi_ s/he says and s/he remembers

and accepts to stand up
it starts with voice - the verbum & contact
healing power is given to be used
it is in the number nine depicted by Rudolph Steiner in his spiritual spheres
as by others: seven or maybe ten or more
because it was the summer solstice and s/he liked star-stories the longest day
in the year when

water was blest and sun stilled down mountains
whatever
shone e/motions twinkling like pearls
believing in it

Selene reflected

his/her time but without

Show me_ Saint Thomas said, rationality couldn't build on mined ground
she played with words got a fan stated she loved who why & when did
the voices
echo down the narrow valleys chilling her burnt lips scorched soul infinite dis/appointed
spirits without crutches but rocks scratching further the silk of her future
memories
Stars_ she said, releasing an outlet to anguish be filled by childish romanticism, they will heal
the sound by letting a Neptunian look incapable of seeing whirl
on saddened soil
& stepped on the ship of Argo to meet Isis and Osiris in the attempt of fleeing deluge
heading towards Ouranos - in Greek heaven the magnetic green planet, from
the solar
plexus working on the pineal gland the father of the Cyclops the breaker of rules

set in events (Relating): the sword those three fat black white-clothed Brazilian priestesses gave her
chanting in a language she could not understand what it was for with thick cigars & smoke &
rituals
& icons taken from the many religions they performed walking in a circle by transfusing
peacefulness of water in her distressed limbs she put the sword on
her shoulders
and carried it along with a handful of pencils - reduced it had to be
the lighter
the better a single nine if you can make it a stripped bare one you will
be taciturn
without ever being indigenous through all vicissitudes as a faithful atheist
concealed
in the ninth chamber, kernel of an ego starting from the lower line to end in a sphere the
glazing fluster
is exiled contrary to all previous interpretations as opposed to what absorbed

the truth of nine speaks of end & rebirth conclusion & restart far from the
following
paired numbers still single but ends the row where you stand on your own
and see if it is

essential to what & how & the reason why
because once a shutter's pulled down with scarping gravel clattering for those who stay
you're just an unconscious beam out of your brow escaping unbearable inexplicable troubles
but then
somehow you are back & rest for a while & get on to your feet & receive & sort & give the
broadening or
shutting of a shells' spiraled form from above detached or
meditatively
floating as if on a magic carpet & watching what pirates are still able to
rob
when jewels had since long disappeared clusters of souls swarming afar subtracted by a
stealing hand

curved in a fetal posture as a nine to arrest outgoing fluxes disturbed
by worldly concerns to detect projected disasters
up to foresee them & feebly confuse what you fear with
what is
inside a magmatic turmoil moth to the fire burning candles consuming shoes &
stamina
to reach the one adept with a believing blinding mask where your mouth acts as
a senseless relief from tensions
as an old engine or a continuous tiring type-writer burping up
useless codes around time draws signs wrinkles worries rippling
a smile an invented
contentment

mould in awe in a musical context to drum beats beating casting out neglect for a staging of
liberty
a dancer does what the music s/he wishes says: bend enlarge restrict in the shaman's way of
collectively
conjoining every/thing/body/existing in the reflection of life as lymph by retreating backwards or

beyond a reactional be it clever estate and if you let
thought
enter movements with entertaining mimes a theatre of voices passing through the duct and here
is the
fool and the queen and the king and Paris bohémien and the astrologer illuminated in medieval
times and
those red velvet curtains by Caravaggio & fruits were since then never the same with their steep
shades
inside & striking light round are the dark pure Prussian blue with a tinge of lapis lazuli grapes
graced by the
mirrored drop taking to Narcissus' lake to look around to find a similar full conceptual insight
when the oversight was distilling diluted forms in differing individual ways
in the pulsing of times hers is eternal & stands at each
move or
letter written or read or incipit & her censure brings her to walk down
disgraced paths
restricting possible wealth by its hypocritical price
doctors powers
hear the voices of the sacrificed in history see their blood and feel how
death
extirpated life from bodies it goes beyond or deeper inside
they have become their own judges not wanting to stop the process of their self-inflicted trial
we knew in advance & forged at best greedy instinct-driven substance
anyhow twisted by manipulating brains stop snow slides in the immobility of
time & see
though infant's all-knowing eyes escape jungles of intrigue
oh the war! and peace, and all living together like a herd of sheep when slogan makers knew
beasts eat their cubs devour neighbors, lick their wounds with thick gluing saliva while
smelling for a stream cutting low underwood branches bounce back to
strip off skin
rounded up high here's the line of nine going down to meet the earth hard and stiff in winter
melting in spring
dried out in summer in its hushing of days and curious movement of planets the moon is
once up or down

a saint is the one living in enduring faith

fleeing afar from outbursts of rage - brief unsatisfied needs of me's correlating our soundtracks

& here is the outside nine hasn't faced corruption on the stock exchange, in the literary system – at first

aid services bordering battlefields dug as oil pipes in the hands of professionals, of miserable bums, of

small peasants - the publisher pushes the prize of the book written by the wife of his lover to keep her

made-up while languishing in the bed warmed by the starlet who got to the hits of the disgusting parade

as if children could be taught she rinsed her face with

ice & talked for years of an enchanting sea of resonances clinging as gold through

centuries between selected souls of how doors open upon themselves on unexpected gifts for us - privileged for having distinguished seeds

nailed as we are in towers of the jails of knowledge the most superb deity of them all

the in/evitable necessity of borders as limit of things thoughts entities, protection and distinction of the being in its in/finite dual un/changeable & circular thinking

ten - 10 - ten

the in/evitable necessity of borders as limit of things thoughts entities, protection and distinction of the being in its in/finite dual un/changeable & circular thinking

ten - 10 - ten

there is a one and a zero tied but separate
distinct as per delineation in a form thus united in the meaning of a composed number
the function of limit, man-woman, same human cosmic
spiritual entity,
different outside and inside structure, why should we be the same
if we are not, borders separate but they are anyhow bound to join
out of the friction of diversity
sexual intercourse goes deeper than any idealized thought
brought forth in uneasy riots against an historical sequence
which has unequivocally recognized ultimate distinction/alikeness of wo/man illuminated by a
superior force
if confinement is looked for it is to follow as a shadow the movement of our beloved

no distances or physical traits or talents or colors of the aura/skin or
aspirations/selfish
disappointments ideals/argumentative contradictions idioms in the a-/religious
objective
are integrated in themselves as a fundamental element
starting from that unconscious lukewarm water in an uterus to go through by suffocating knots -
stage by stage - as if propelled out of necessity to reach
until nothing will be ultimately & humanly said
mirrored scattered light still confounds the rational by tracing the Borders of Austria with France
Argentina with China
when with the spreading of diseases or of nuclear destructive cloud/wars & yes you
Irish, Japanese are my bro'

& kangaroos in Australia were as important to Me as elegant quick vipers sneaking away from
the scorching hot rock of a sun-blest summer day all day its rays hit the harsh flatness of its
surface you could scramble eggs on it & the viper was there half dozing amazing it was to let
warmth enter through its hard scaly skin the surrounding sunset burning skies in surging
splinters of incandescence
outside reality/inside reflection oscillate & develop day-by-day night-by-night/consideration after
consideration followed by original statements to be potentially undergone the length of further

nights & days and measured mental ways all inside an hypothetical almost tangible division necessary to slowly pace, out of the rooted need to consciously know who and what we are therefore restricted in two distinct worlds: mental and physical, wo/men allow for this gratifying peaceful divisional space/gap to be why should you pull further lies -lies everywhere they flicker through the many-leveled nights of un/consciousness our battles are

common in- ex/teriorized by the state of having descended into a body & residing in it, this house of ours and it is needed to be given, collecting shells as he does or rocks the way she likes any shape re/collection of petrified life but life it is set in its neat borders outlined against a different background with defined lines again at touch

unanticipated thoughts from one sense associate with others born out of casual intuitions & a union comes forth to enlighten conjunctions in a pyramidal moment made

intense by its terse third plane of existence

when his hand rested on hers soft skin on long fingers

open chakras listening to a mute speech, I am now she told herself will think of it later & she did when things bounce back under other perimeters & even if similar, the same

never

ten is ten - one and zero - pragmatic and tangible there is no space for another One - shut in its completeness as silence from afar which takes place even when full of written words words-made-rock rock-made-words once said once given them a personal meaning words cut out polished & sharp in tone to hit none precisely to defend myself she said to win he added

distance made them idealized figures & from there they could write a wrong poetry

the one dictated by dream where objects do not follow their actual lives but are projections of your self distorted by wish or fear bound inside

the colorful three-dimensional screen

but still of your restricted self

who is the other

you see, it's all about beauty throbs generated by attraction create energy the lack of it repulsion

envies jealousies foment further steam the more I am loved the more I love a vertiginous precipice crater his psyche full of contradictory behaviors she stepped aside and from the cliff of

the Portuguese peninsula cried out first to admit her guilt to inevitably recognize absurd mis/understandings devoid of pure mystical sense of sacrificial love & her need for independence & un-fulfilling wish, trees deprived of personality were confined inside few centimeters of terrain in the fruit industry but I believe in progress - bottles of juice cans of jam hanging from branches glittered in the sun hens made sandwiches with boiled eggs lettuce & anchovies with a slice of a red ripe tomato a siren flew out of the window he was caught in her mania of stardom & disappeared the air was so rarified they fell and turned into mashed potatoes that's why his first she packed & went to the Niagara falls & fish instead of drops of water were her companions on a train

swishing & swashing & out on the still land a mountain looked like the giant hand of a god coming out of earth which kept down the back of his other hand all frozen in a white fixed unique set of boulders stilled as if in a pic trees his hair what a sensual god, & she let the tip of her tongue touch her upper lip - oh no she was too aware of movements to do that, the misogynist would have liked the sequence of images to develop like this, she let herself be passed through by billions of leaves & branches running towards her from the window with blocks of houses the perception of her regard changed, mountains as ships majestically cut the sight of the woman in their pride defiance, the dull color of buildings in villages confused with a whitish cloudy sky lying heavily on her retreat, fat round grayish dirty churches buried among similar constructions a sloppy place the one that doesn't refresh the paint of its gods, not arbitrary are dark green cypresses & sweeter sloping hills in a cadenced step of the valley opening to the south as wo/man knows

it is the action of passage from mountain to valley

the idea of a future south to appeal

as soon as fields and meadows come along one after the other the eye wearies and turns to the analysis

of what stirs the insight

in tuned unison recognizing one another

because every inch of their skins is written in words
printed letters

the perception of velvet

at the train station nothing could interfere with them they only asked for the highest deference
for their feelings

carrying on distressed paths searching in the eyes of others a spark of truth when the highest insincere era was to be found on earth

but I want to live he said I desire wo/men & all their intimate parts any part of any wo/man living on the face of earth

- other time -

Magdalene asked again because she was still nine not ten

SIZZLING ALIVE

Following yellow shades a day compares to life-in cold twilight the colors of leaves almost
painfully patched

now at night a soft-warm tangible scattered still mass

new date on the immaculate page

lyn leon dandelion over the dome

Barthes' Punktum's hard to strike

read and write

(the malignant regard of the pupil

punished in her dyed purple pride

awakens busy silly bees

and dust sizzles alive)

contemplation

contempt on the platform of a plantation with content palpitation, template for a common
plan of action

SATURDAY SHOPPING

At the big supermarket in the Urbe
I got lost among the shelves
holding my money tight which got all spent
I picked down a yogurt with strawberries, picked up a laptop
Rilke's poems, a phone call to my mother
your sweet smile, a card game, a two hour movie that made me cry
a steamer, some pots of flowers, a couple of stars
cold weather to send to an Aussie friend
a piece of a tropical island for another in Iceland
Zufowsky and Maendelstam to remember to send a letter on Monday
some ocean to put on the windowsill to remember my town
red bricks for the balcony – cityscape of New York
a crystal bouncing shield to set against my bad neighbors
and an open veranda door for my good ones with candies
56 candles to lead me through winter
six artichokes, two bottles of milk, a can of cream
a kilo of coffee of the golden brand, bread to toast
and cigarettes to smoke
a dustbin for our manipulators and a driller for a new passage
to let us breathe some art
I packed it all in my bag, and rode my bike back home.

BACK-THOUGHTS

back-thoughts dark dog

side/sliding thoughts

ripped crippled thoughts

(where's my face?)

Verga's concerted nature

(bow lower)

one of my individualities

(on the right-above)

aiming to what: Me in the ad

I'm nice echoed the voice of the
(I'm sure she was) blond little girl
in the dirty under-passage of the
Innsbruck train station:

I'm nice-r

SLIP

(Pterodactyls, flying reptiles
Archaeopteryx, airborne reptile with feathers
Hesperornis regalis
birds come from dinosaurs?)

was walking
it triggered in front of my eyes
was thinking and didn't notice
went back
similar to a dark brown warm detached flying hand
in the right corner of my eye in the distance
I saw it was a big red butterfly

too slow of me to get another glimpse of it

CUISINE

When I was a little girl for breakfast we used to have fresh eggs of playpus which we had gathered the day before and set in some fresh hidden corner during the night. One of my favorite dishes (so to say) was basilosaurus cetoides or sygorhiza kochii when we went down to the sea, we used to sit on some high cliffs right in front of the most spectacular ocean waves, light a big fire late at night and chew and chew, not to mention the mesonychids, delicious.

Distant times, and it was all fresh, nothing canned, what can I tell you, that is the way it is.

And here's another little piece to make archeologists yell:

I can still remember dear Stenonychosaurus, a little crippled with those 3 clawed fingers and hungry as hell; the gliding Planetetherium and Plesiadapis (used to call the latter Pletsy, nice cute Pletsy!); Triceratops was quite big there and stood out on his four legs, happy to be quadrupeds finally, and trying to avoid Leptoceratops which just ate us down all. The funniest was Pentaceratops sternbergii with his three horns, he did have that monster look - the more you screamed the better it was.

TWITTERING TWITTERING IN THE NIGHT

twittering twittering in the night
din said to don
or was it don to din?
(and he whispered in his ears)
and don answered to din
or was it din to don?
(and he whispered in his ears)
twittering twittering in the night

TIMES

randomly spiraling
 in their inevitable
 cadences

typed on fractured
 marbled dots of
 granular dust

a shell left on shore
 shorn of life
 circumscribed

nodal form
 nacreous record
 worn nachthorn

PASTORAL

Pastoral wandering cows with grass on the higher meadows
warm or dried dung on shoes the length of legs having slipped
sweat and cold alternating precipitously in shadow and light
an eagle circuiting above harsh wind blowing through your brain
the sky - perfectly terse like glass trims the world below
with white precipices rocks further up in the roughest accessible
and white snow blinding
iced teeth iced lips iced ears frozen thoughts
cracks earthly gurgles hollowing echoing smashing snaps
void and full - full and void the gushing air
pulled into a vertigo when slabs are under stuck boots
the conjoining of forces ghastly throwing you away against your will

WOLVES

in the land of wolves ice shivers to pieces of moon
instability
a child's dreamy estate stopped by the crater
detached is the unfastened single blow
like blood, the fierce smell of it
pierces like wind

those heights of the Kings
stepped down for parades
pinnacles unspoken, lances trophies armors
under glass, the room of the couple shut off
by a chain in the right wing, room N°. 7
surrounded by the ruins of the castle

Slovakia, 12.2003

an oasis

of past memories to project an outlined
near future like the opening of a new spring day
after a sleepless night with its reassuring liquidity
to remind that light is white & permeates it all
with gods in trees & flowers & mountains &
courses of rivers – water & stars
- bref, an artist pirouetting in the perfection of
his daily discipline in the full volume of air.

APPLES

I remember it was Xmas

when you arrived

arms full with

a round wicker basket

mistletoe on the threshold

your hair white with snow

an electric thrill in the air

“This is for you, you said,

a broad smile on your face

as happy as a child I looked in & there were

some little red and white apples on the bottom

covered by short moving gray and black vipers,

“Be careful, you said, don’t touch them -

at my awe you added,

- the apples might be poisoned”.

-

December 2003

**To my friend
Mr. Book**

Dedicated to Jon Corelis

She went downtown yesterday and in the old busy road
she met Mr. Book elegant & severe a tight & a diamond ring
he swiftly bowed
 let her slide through his translucent pages
 binding her to a long beam vertical on her left
 and she glided through words & words
 crafted in thick red and black ink
among images & images
a master mind had forged
 as she looked up & thought
 he maybe didn't know
and her voice deeply faded

by carving a/cross notes it was & would
be his grief transformed into white beads
past monk engulfed by ténèbres to be the
bright rarefied glow of a winter sun at dawn –

GAP BETWEEN PAST AND PRESENT

To Bianca Pasoli

Present (my sharing for the imminent death of her mother – my abandoned daughter)

g a p

Past (my beautiful friend – my Maestro with colors – my su/rprise /nrise)

unwinding to
investigate the gap
understand its existence.

HOPE

comes from an Icelandic voice
silent place with subterranean warm waters
so lonely and crystal to remember how to throw a hook
& we are here austere as usual
on the stratified ruins of that empire
unique and strong
that made me recite the pledge of allegiance
every morning standing in front of the flag
an America God
has blessed beyond himself
but forgot for a few minutes

my N.Y. were
my books, the big box of crayons, the park, some Sunday mornings with the kids section of the
paper rolled under my arm, running as fast as I could to catch up with the long steps of my
father enormous up there

and the movement down the Village
in the late '50s early '60s the beats with their colored beads and easiness of life;

no, my parents were different I was thus different

and escaped before I was three every time I could to get lost in this gargantuan labyrinthic
playground that was my childhood

and I followed N.Y. from afar with the longing of emigrants for their hometown when images
become pieces of vision deformed by the stillness of toys that do not grow with you.

I came back to N.Y. to discover I was a tourist in a fighting world, yuppies were competing with
the stars & found
shelter in a decadent New Orleans then in an ancient Europe that gave for granted the fact that
I was one of its

intellectual orphans.

The States, not only N.Y., can better understand modern Ulysses who live thousand lives in one day

(reference to Iceland is specifically to Birgitta Jonsdottir who called for poems for her two anthologies: The Book of Hope & The World Healing Book as an answer to September 11)

TOWERS

troubled waters and troubled people
asking why

 some look for historical stories to justify
others try to interpret obscure biblical predictions
- with the feeling of destruction right in the center of every center of our bodies

 New York was my first age,
experts state it is too early to ask poets to write on the tragedy
shock doesn't allow for words to express

 something happened to me when I was a baby
 because New York is my childhood
and ideas freeze in my mind
when I try to put 9.11 on the screen

 the same feeling I had
 as a child when someone hurt me
 and I could not cry

Dear Nowhere,

somewhere is here with its boisterous pretending
the wrong mystical notion made cement

also

maupassant _but well before him_ denounced _was a stirring tendency to possess Earth
greed made to kill beyond frail perilous surviving attempts

somewhere is tightening its claws on irrational potential flights
within locked drops of absurdism depicted by few anxious minds who trespass
the -where to reach a no- cutting out the delimited some- heavy with surplus

nowhere,

since when you have left

our lives are a misery with their inevitable ways in heaps of dusty traps and the barricades I'm
pulling up

become further somewheres to which I go to keep my hope of you free from unwanted
psychological trends

caged boxes

reflecting stunned eyes for an absorbing unconsciousness - hypnotized under the
dictation of mental

postures

please come back soon,

yours, Anny

A DEDICATED ORCHID

To Rebecca Seiferle

An orchid is an orchid but I won't continue
where was the queen all those years
when she disappeared we looked among the orchids
down on the banks of the honey river leading to the crosses dancing with their smiles
Odette is one, and her friend with blue blind eyes staring with James
Joyce
you see, there were so many we didn't realize there wouldn't be any
while made dizzy by the strong scent, the times, highways, summer/winter fires
& they told us we didn't have to look for the queen, nobility was banned
so we hid the orchids, the crowns, the vaulted ceilings, the Gothic town,
embraced an iron sword, locked the windows to the gardens
and disappeared into the cellars to converse with spiders
not that anything mattered, nothing ever does
we were fated to look for the orchids
and that's what we have done

Maxine

the wind blows down the plant on the balcony
branches are hurt arms heavily folded on the floor
a friend knocks down lofty walls - walls climb higher
a Russian thimble on the desk with an elephant engraved
some stones, iron, tiger eye - calcite, lighters, pens,
selenite, papers, four agendas,

Maxine is four days old

sun outside

and the winds blow and trees dance,
it is dark it's almost night

a silent night

Anny - 9.32 pm April 14, 2004

CLEAN

I want two white ducks in the pond
in the garden in front of a green house
linked by a cobbled path to town
cutting through the woods

and I want to see the sun
every morning through my windows
and the smell of the breeze moving each new petal
of the flowers I've planted around the pond

and follow the slow movement of the moon
in its long trip through the stars
let it slide in the dark in all its forms
and listen to the jumping water of creeks

and meet the silver shiver
of life at dawn
freshly merging with
a peaceful clean day

THICK TASTE OF BOOKS

the storm is coming
 engulfing trees
 green masses displaced
every single leaf joins in a muffled shhhheeeeeessss
 louder than traffic
birds-people fast disappear
light clicks down to darker tones
 step by step as if mechanically drawn

an intense luminous glow hovering from the roundness above
energies abound in this heat / wind / rain to come
eyes see what's not here
 desire to escape from gravity

thunders bring back to a primitive fear bending all like branches of oaks

in November /// the thick taste of books to be read by a blond child
is brought back - with the fire - in the water

CELEBRATION

huge patches of light - light in its might
falling and gliding through the wind

seducing and magnified by the intense colors
reawaken
in infinite brilliant hues
ranging from white/yellow/green/blue
red emerges distinct
mars & sun
work is easier when surrounded by tangible beauty
still an imperative need to go, see, meet, move
be part of the bustling choir of beings
be they here now or in history
or maybe projected by
dreams made
conscious

it is the celebration of natural light
stimulating the biology
of our cellular life

COWS

Dedicated to my father

it was my hippy time, years and years ago
if it wasn't for that feeling of anguish I can still perceive
I could think it was a dream, the distant past can seem

a week-end because we were in the country
& O. the girl-friend of a farmer & wove carpets & shawls
loved the green, animals, pasta for all with S. & C.

those were bloody cows the ones we bumped in
after a heavy joint slippery shit under my city shoes
& I remembered my father's words _you see they don't hurt_

(_nahne_ he said _nahne hee_ while petting their mug
them black a pinkish long tongue licking his hand
snoring out the vapor of hell _nahne, good nahne hee_)

you see they do not hurt I kept telling myself
& took the long way round, was safe half down hill
when they did charge - staring at me - against me

the soil rumbled & jeez if I ran without slipping
in shit or high wet weed, rocks, branches or thorns
& they stopped --- I will never know why

it took me some time to get my heart to a slower beat
to let my head be freed from the heat to breathe
& to distance those round beastly eyes from me

THE DOG I'VE NEVER HAD

The dog I've never had is tired at my feet
we've played the whole day on Alpine fields
linking low rays to greet tomorrow's full moon

proud bold elegant & smart jumps over boulders
swims in the dark, my Irish Red Setter's coat's_so_soft
he sniffs snakes danger eagles & rats his tail upright
sight on the alert, he's mine my private spy my
German Shepherd guides me through protecting our hide

from the blue sky narrowed to two openings are
the eyes of the white dog who led me through
from my dream back into here,
again.

A Tapered Outline

fumbling for
striving in a streamline
d-v-/jing or the baroque vision of orchestrated music
underground or red-velvet opera fauteuils
(Still Life with Madame Cezanne dans un Fauteuil Rouge)
zigzagging in and out of a methodical attempt at being

more
to be done
for a tapered outline

not tired
the forced pressurized feed is lubricating cognitive systems
synapses opening and closing with their medusa-like info sent in combination
with the collection of what towns emit
by a specular eye it gets through to
provide
more

information
(action of the EU directive for small series Dutch vehicles)?
- but the shamanic force needed to bring tribes to their catharsis
is opposed to the one to one relationship requested by a poetic act

collaboration or detached loneliness in *defense of her strength*
new possible essay waiting for the Time
when it struck an inverted imminent turn
to a Subliminal Kid,
Spooky

(from *Daily Poems*)

WEDNESDAY QUOTES

/the cartoonist prefers the French market/
/when the bottle, seen as the focus on which both contemporary design and art pivot
starting from Warhol --- the patriarch (listen to this, he'd be laughing)/
/Sky - Doll, yes we created it, Barbara and me/
/not to mention his due interlocutor, the one with the infinite men crawling/
/when I became a teacher at the Disney Academy in Milan/
/crawling all around the bottle - Keith Haring
as a striptease, that is how she showed it in the ad
the round womb of it standing out on the box with his picture/
/and do you think illicit drugs are more dangerous than the others?
who can come up with some intelligent thoughts?/
/yes, the trio will be playing, the sax player was superb, I take my responsibility/
/oh you'll be traveling to Taranto and then all the way up and down again to Rome?/
/a winter love, that is Jonson/
/can you please quickly revise it, the weather is not too good, exams in a couple of days/
/run baby run
4.07 windy, lightly windy, get ready, class in 20 minutes/
/watered plants very dry oblique low sun rays love wind/
/Philip Dick and Carlo Galli note them down -Amazon- next time I'll come with the list/
/analytical philosophy and linguistics... "Le souper des crétins" "Say it in English"/
/words -fire points- words
timetable___ - quotes, quoting my life down on a screen,
6.54 pm

February 11, '04, Bozen

Some time off to watch The Last Picture Show by Peter Bogdanovich
b/w; 121'; '71;

 outside the sun inflates volumes to a new plastic intensity
 brilliant pastel colors let a park speak of a September Parisian corner,
 seen somewhere before –
maybe the given remembrance of a dear,
 on Wednesdays it's mild,
 the big fir tree a forceful alga moving in the air
 in the early afternoon traffic is kind
 the town an oasis among mountains
with its palms, we pass through dark & bright shapes,
 on the balcony in front a gemmed plant:
 hope widens my lungs in a deep breath

work to mark, coffee-cigarettes, pens, I will be shut here inside for hours from now.
February 11, '04, Bozen

A DAY

dedicated to Martin John Walker

Windy and cold - the rain last night cleaned today
an inside one - papers and people - a screen
I also remember a fall -
I'll take out its paramount colors
& project them on this white word page
add to it different characters
a new collage with a fireplace and screeching wooden stairs
books without alarm clocks or homework to correct
while the still green leaves embrace the air
& the white geranium tolls in the void
upward and elegant its hitching scent
with peaks briefly viewed in-between squared concrete
while cycling black ribbons from here to there
this morning - the power of new life in my hands
tonight – the rest for a worn out day.

CHINATOWN

In his nightmare he was living down Chinatown
at least that is how people commonly called
the cosmopolitan borough in which he happened to be:
 the armed Italian was an ex-policeman and thought
 the world was to be kept within strict watch:
 a woman has kids shuts up and cleans the floor
 directed by his fat wife as he was
the lady next door, a nurse, the gun of her boy-friend on the floor
 had more the aspect of an ape &
 kept her flat in dirt to remind her
 of the thick jungles she missed
on the ground floor they opened a butcher's
 it had been a dairy shop run by a motherly lady
 Moroccan men gathered in groups to discuss business
 stench of meat putrefied in the heat
an army of pigeons was fed by elderly disconsolate spinsters
 who knew how to avoid guards' control
 and madly chatted with the heavy birds
the old trees bordering the street
 once happiness of residents were becoming suspicious
 a herd of people was spreading voice
 they should be cut

He never woke up from his nightmare
his concentration faltering
and double locked a door he knew was a veil
to those piercing eyes in his veins

new joy for toys

he was plunged in his new toys
blue red yellow and white
his concentration was profound
& spread love to all what was around

the three old spinning women were mumbling
one had two bad wounds on her hands
black rings drew the second's eyes deep
the last was tired pains in her back

they watched him play

rain and rain

it cleans all meanness away, said one,
the third was feeding a crow:
"walls toBbePaint-ed"
"walls toBbePaint-ed", the second
sat on the worn out couch

new toys for joy
joy in exchange for new toys
new joy for toys

AN INTRODUCTION

Talking of will, out of the disquietude of times
I have forged an out/in-fit for an overall deployment
of what could be meant as best

I am the arrogant guy, cigar/gum in my mouth
hair-styled in the dark, large/tight jeans, car

resting in pics in a tiny set in train of extending
large smiles reaching to monotonous wrong clerks

out of a lack of alternatives on the scene
I've repeated over & over Othello back & forth

needs reduced to the scent of a
flower, country is the only lover

eyes confined guarded day & night breath
under control vitamins minerals bio-milk

as a young lady I discovered romance didn't exist

faithfulness as a value tied to a stereotyped
ever diverse triangular card to allow a self to be
at least for the slowest time present

WHO KNOWS

the world is so full of mysteries
a lawyer could be a bum
a bum a lawyer
a general hiding human truths
a soldier the father one never had
a lover a son or a master or an invisible soul
the moon a lace
a tale a trap
a person a ghost
a ghost someone
a flower a symbol
the truth a dogmatic lie
a priest/nun a devil full of thirsty lust
the drawing of a cat a companion
a candle the absence of light
perfume the smell of ruins
cracks openings to the future
a sight the weight of the past
a wall the emergence of hope
a stone a poem untold
the recitation of water drops
Kerouac's song
and a smile of his
a green beam reaching straight down to the guts
the aerodynamic displacement of a speeding car
a shiver on your right shoulder
the roaring of the engine of a truck
a blind tunnel and dust
& giggling laughter the love of a father and son
a trip a stay
a stay a journey
a residence a prison
a circle an amulet

a frog a sequence
a movie without screen
a red cushioned chair
triggered in the dark
a game of death
reviving passion killing passion
a denial the approval
ways and ways
unsettled ways
in the wild jungle of our well planned day

A ROBOT THUS SPOKE

to avoid jealousies every morning I wear
a humped fat nose - three wooden legs
a clock as a hat
and a climbing fat bracelet which is a plant

in the greenness of serpentine jungles of envy
I started swimming at the tiny age of days
& have become an athlete in diving underneath
a white algae wig as a bathing cap

and swiftly hide as an epitome
from grossly enameled snouts
scowling at any/thing -/body -/where
howling and stormy against all parapets

& cranky & clumsy & inordinately chunky
I crackle and shatter and act insane
to let the circumlocutory meanders of greasy barbarians
whirl at length lest they engulf me as with the rest

ANSWERING MACHINE

joyful sunshine of my heart
could I have you torn apart
eat you and beat you
maledict & cheat you
show my elegant surmise in languages
my bold & strong rage to your rabid race
tie you in choking abstract bondages
& state I'm an icy Full of wonder Ace

chat out of a black phone
I never answered the call

CONTEXT

i.

It was not worthwhile ascending again to the borders
of the concave context the perspective of which contradicted its volume since we were climbing
through a
palimpsest
slowly
repetitive our steps
on the half-empty agenda signs were canceled and proposed again several numbers away
always even numbers
in the organization of time we were not given the possibility of something else

you see, said the anarchist,
we who do not love brown cubism, is it maybe a Braque or a Picasso
& under the Picasso how many other Picassos are there?
we're not listening or like to have our heads filled
because of minds projections of other minds

originality has been lacking
since the origin

in the temple of Fourwinds
four seasons

ii.

on the phone:
a seller of medieval encyclopedias
one thirsty of truth
one made desperate by his soul

on the same floor:
the mafioso of the local scene
the intriguer and her round bum

at dinner:
burnt barley in a burnt pan

Industrial Psychological Suburbia

Who lies in the molested landscape - who harassed
when black is black our brain
blindly automatically acts

---it's him I know /// just free me please---

I need my feet - my teeth
I want the chunks of my face
___my eyes back

selves cut into vertical lines
black is the power of occult second rate interest
the world as computerized parts performs
his lecherous need against ephemeral perfidious gains

listen - and be freed
from the magnetic medianic cusp of his selfish grasp
hating the goat - symbolic of his devilish must

glue

the content is not so sure, they told her
and her head was a grinding machine
bones scattered all over the place

the cage of cables & wires
could not arrest the out-going wave
it persisted like the pull of an order, mechanical
dictated by timetables & others' interest

such cases are not contemplated in the rules
said the technician, e/motions have nothing to do
with pulleys & shafts
no spare parts to be found or glue.

bombs stench rats cracks

we were animals not civilized humans
hiding and trying to breathe a black heavy curtain
enveloping from all sides I couldn't distinguish
who was the enemy who the friend

I remember

I was running the crocodile had open voracious
teeth under me a red dripping siphoning gorge
I kept on running and running sweat/anguish

when by rushing half flying into the thick bush
carnivorous trees entangled my feet sticky moving
branches from which I could not be set free

but the earth opened to swallow us and we fell and
fell in the most enduring fall down to the middle of
earth or was it the dimly painted murky hell

when I woke up, I remember I was less than six

First evidence:

blind faith --- to be prosecuted.

When and whenever faith has to be mentioned, it has to be in front of the Superb Majesty Of the Holistic Symposium (as per act 1977 par. 98 subpar. 22g); moreover, as stated in the Hidden Text of our Freely Interpreted Constitution banning all those who do not agree, the I of those who have signed the present document is the most threatened, the most anguished, the most excruciated, having lived through all possible painful sufferings.

Second evidence:

the concept of blind --- to be prosecuted.

In a solo judge composition, as per the civil suit under trial at the number above and below and on your left and right reported, started by statement of grave claim, notified on the date of today, tomorrow and yesterday, to the office of all Assistant Judicial Officers, it was decided that blindness has to be banned. "All those who do not see as I see, are to be considered unfaithful to the Law of Moses, thus executed" as declared in the Acts of the Never-Ending Symposium, Rotating Marvels, Jingle Bells.

CL 3485

Up in the sky they discovered a new planet, it was called after the name of its discoverer - Cleartongue Longsight, CL 3485, the number given according to the year of discovery. As it happens with planets, there is a synchronicity between names, numbers and dates. CL 3485 was applauded by all but as soon as its power was revealed, hidden by the same all who cherished its arrival. Only some curious anarchic historians kept it in mind and started analyzing history while truth unfolded like a long cinematic tape when the planet's highly radioactive ethereal substance was reflected on the deep rims of shady pasts in its exact conjunct position with Uranus, the Sun and Chiron, event which took place every 1,000 years for a few hours. Useless to say that projections of the said historians were censured by the democratic majority, the void lines in space - noticed by those who anyhow did not want to know - were still denounced by the opposite party who was involved with governmental officials in the capture of CL 3485 scholars. Within this aim, marches were organized around the globe, the earth started trembling and the harvest of that year was destroyed, people lived on a new substance produced by the chemical industry Buyall which brought to facial paralysis, an increase in pressure, suffocation of sensorial cells, and several collateral effects, diligently recorded in the Yearly Medici Registers.

A sort of general numbness was reached in the year 7399 when CL 3485 finally entered the Undercover galaxy and its effect could be felt through sophisticated sensors, which were destroyed as soon as their capacity was detected.

GAP

voracious crab man crawling through his sight on the flatness of the sea
in whose perspective beings were puppets of nobody - mulish as a rock
digging his success as a maniac inside thickly saturated earthly elements

- I am the one the one I am - only holy the sacred folly of his emptiness
spider-webbed caverns with still faintly echoing screams of his far dreams
iron cast branches his ambitions on which he niched as a lugubre vulture
stench of rotten flesh decayed ethics unused objects careless thoughts

no malaise de vivre is to be found here or newly born scarlet pimpernels
or sense of guilt or rose shame or the violently blue sky chopped by white
crests crowns of wisdom - an acute angled detachment sharply set.

REDUCED

Reduced we are

___ when more come back to town after the brief absence of a holiday
eyes through walls, dogs bark, cars and cars each one with its
personal driven touch ___

in space - deeper down we are confined, stuck in-between the ribs,
/We Want/ they all scream out /That and that and even more We Want/
plants become a surplus, trees a useless decoration stealing parking lots,
but now that it is night they can finally
intermittently
speak through the hiccups of traffic
and we look ahead worried for their lives.

PRAYER

sHe's not bread for the neighbors

Her nightmare /// WAR

shafts like neon lights disappear /the left side of her face a crater /her right skull departed
/as if she had no teeth _ no cheeks
/her left hand deprived of ethereal substance

by the obstinate will of someone / ___ give her the arms to fight these perfidious brains
once and for all

her patience fails

when having to endlessly struggle against

(petty engulfing interests /narrow-minded circuiting paths /malignity verging onto the black)

if you do not see or do not know it does not mean that it won't harm

a saturnine nature enveloped by venus

uprooted at nights /waking up from the aware lucidity of residing under manipulating hands /dug
out of her self /from her throat-temples /as if she vomited herself or was squeezed out /devoid of
sufficient opposing strength to counterback /the point of arrest of the wheel of torture is to be
detected

/as a ball /their ignorant wicked
meanness
will be bounced back by the buckler

ALARM CLOCKS

alarm clocks ringing round morning again
school don't – jump up - books papers
as a reminder: yes, I like it

(_I don't think we should do it – I think we should do it – I don't – I do_
who cares who put me into this)

a black Wednesday

the town is bursting before carnival holidays
darkness envelopes insidious means
they glitter before they're cut
to cling to the floor
in a taupe
yelp

cold
in a grain
rising several moons
words to mutter scatter apart
without any compliance from my mood
not tuned twisting far back unseen into nights

ALARM

at seven o'clock the alarm rang
firemen rushing into flames
the old lady was burning

seven were the agents recording private calls
pleasure in listening to her sweet low words
hard down there /not only because of the van

mentally aged, aged because of old age
7 by 7 plus 7 by 7 were the numbers
of shocks she was forced to go through

that was my grandmother, my mother
me, my daughter, my granddaughter
an oblong scream hollowing all along

all the Jews who died or survived
women and men, at the bus-stop
his father could not recognize him

seven the whispers of hate and mistrust
of envy and meanness of voraciousness
seven the hands of his blinding & blind lust

TO SUOR MARIA POZZI

Yesterday, with all these poems in my head:

Forgive them Father, because they do not know what they have done
Forgive them, because they do not know what they are doing
Forgive them, because they do not know what they will be doing
Father

I was writing them but I didn't have a pen

when the smell of the train tracks caught me
magnetic attraction color of traveled dream

still writing

(and I cried, I was ashamed and fought till the end
on the back seats some guys - a bottle of wine, on the cell phones they spoke their pride -
greeted me with respect
I couldn't cry but I did)

there were tears in my eyes before falling asleep
spy of my deepest pain

I woke up in the middle of the night, got up and ate a tangerine,

as I mentally said tangerine it all turned into acidic tinges
there were many people in the dark hall violet shades one was ugly _laughing

today, up, go- run,

I had to wait _an eternity, just stay here & wait, finally the phone rang
still wanted to postpone - interrupted with greetings, give me one more sec
don't tell me, yet

___ She died peacefully, she was with us last night at supper, this morning in her bed ___

Rest in peace, with a cut in the right side of my head,
to Suor Maria Pozzi,

SUICIDAL FLOWERS*

suicidal flowers, not stealing

quoting from above to be reported

below

killer flowers were the ones in Batman

with teeth and tongue and brutal strength

people have time to play as we do

an unfolding sun - couldn't remember

it had to be _just like that_

with a lukewarm whirl of energy breaking

through nervous channels

to lead to renewed fluidity in its vital

stupefaction to recover winter's disasters

when you turn round and see at dawn

your two brothers have killed you

to appear on a maybe appalling scene

similar to frustrated Mick Jagger as second-hand

rotten died-down improvised actors

to negate you & you feel ashamed

and flowers have become suicidal

as sheep hens cows pigs deer trees

a self-poisonous cycle,

but how can one see

in this unbelievably precious first spring day?

reference is made to Rebecca Seiferle's suicidal flowers in Offsets by Trevor Joyce

RED AND GREEN

Piercing green eyes, black short hair,
a journalist, she covered trials at court
wife of my friend they had a daughter.
Long hours work and work, home was
20 minutes away, by motorcycle less.
That is how he died - rushing home.

After a year she has not changed as
serious as a growing flower could be:
work, daughter, house, grief awaken
to life through the shock of blood
a split whole a forceful manifestation
of life, giver of life witness of death:

her name is Dalia

A WINDOW ONTO THE WORLD

A rainy day in the middle of the week in a town ready for its summer holidays, from today's New York Times:

///

Last year, 386,645 Chinese workers died of occupational illnesses---
More than 16 percent of Americans — as many as 35 million people — suffer from depression severe enough to warrant treatment at some time in their lives---

While SARS cases had been reported in 32 countries, only Taiwan had suffered a sustained outbreak---

In a 1999 study, the National Academy of Sciences' Institute of Medicine reported that each year, medical errors kill 44,000 to 98,000 hospital patients in the United States — more than the number killed by vehicle accidents or breast cancer. The study found that the largest number of those deaths, at least 7,000, were due to medication errors---

///

figures and words, this our window onto the world.

Bolzano, 7.30.03 ---

A WOMAN FELL ASLEEP

a woman fell asleep
she looked awoken
but was dreaming

the sun was always round
stars twinkled and twinkled
and a soft cat loved her
one day it died

you can still meet her sometimes
up some paths in the mountains
she looks asleep now
lost as she is in her dreams

CARD GAMES

in need of an illusion of playing
which verges onto desperation

on the screen red follows black until you can't distinguish them
fast it has to be in a sedentary subdued posture

a day flowed by without surprises usual steps reactions
no teeth clenching except for habitual tensions

no colors wanted speech no calls same things
difference resides within the ordinary behavior

GUILTINESS

guilty (do I have to feel - am I) guilty
I am (guilty)

tired_warm_comfortable_bored

_because of an aged day - I could have
said nothing/smiled all the way down
it's all set against changes

you end up discovering
the same old riddle
in the middle of your intention

ironical set of a masquerade

guiltiness
protecting against daily repeated paralyses

- unicity or leveling -

what is democracy

who is pop

when will pop-democracy be sealed on our frontal canvas

with statues pears open-curtains & actual drops

of rain or flakes of snow without a party

with the feast of people but that was communism

this is

it

cervantes' mills

bodies slashed under the enemies' cynical swords
uncontrolled forces dragged legs, arms, carcasses
smashed was common sense

never stir or defend yourself against
the deaf madness of deficient crowds
if their craving chooses to turn on you
no defenses are to be found

there was no oxygen in the air a thick
canvas trapped in muddled colors
compact with slaughtered pieces
in its riotous form, fall had started

the thousand headed monster was awake
hydra's eyes sliced through hidden caverns
all forms sucked by its fanatic
thirst of blood and destruction

and we stare at the vanishing light of what was us
reduced to nothingness, all to be constructed again
the countless dead will never find their sacred burial
we are mourning in the void and forever will

WHO CAN UNDERSTAND CAMELS?

It was one of those days which started the season of winter
all white with such a dense fog you could not peep through
so people closed the windows put on a jumper
and looked at those who were there inside with them
that is what I did and discovered that
the tall camel with round round eyes
had been writing for years to other people
when I believed he could not even type
and told me his thoughts were for the desert
that lonely wonderful lack of green the yellow light
he underlined repeatedly that bathes an indefinable universe
letting me swim in it as if it was a magnificent
swimming-pool in the east
I was very surprised
that's why with paper & pencil I made his portrait
but he got as mad as hell
and told everybody that I was dead
well,
 who can understand camels?

INTENSIVE PURPOSES

Is there to be found a clean emotion
amid plans of war - words clattering out of the computer - terrorism
an increase in prices - domestic violence - betraying friends
while the sun is blessing now as yesterday a still earth still frozen by winter
dark branches tracing harsh & gentle lines inside air
out of a background of buildings and a luminous sky

And if we do not support war will the smarter strike us first?
marching is not my favorite sport being a loner, a listener,

the forming of this poem is not a simple act
requiring strength to stop above garbled tensions
while you are eating working sleeping in this spherical finished space
a spinning ball thrown into the universe

Is this meant to be our last artistic performance
in the happening of our being
with a bomb in its potential declension
ready to blow us all into fragments or disintegrate into nothing

A round man-made poisonous fruit
triggered from above or below
from the same sky we have prayed
endlessly for its clemency

the lack of support for the one who is just
was written in the Book and predicted.

Plans strategies acts hopes borders
roll raucously inside the kitchen
plants are immune to them
slowly shifting their leaves to the peaceful warmth of rays

I wonder if they will be in years
if it will be given to you and me to be still here
in a sunny soft day
so similar to yesterday & the previous days

March 2003

DELIRIUM:

language poetry is a poetry which uses a language.
It should be known that a language is not needed nowadays to write poetry
(lungs maybe)
or samples of wildjazz pieces spliced together
this is the new thing
which is what dadaists did with pieces of poetry cut and mixed in a hat (is that hat in some
museum)
and picked out
and glued on paper
but people think this remix is new
and it has the imprint of an artist
and thus we do not need a musical score any more
 thus we do not need a poetic form any more
 thus we do not need a language
 thus we do not need words

there are so many books we can cut up
or print from the net
and then cut and mix and create
creation has become the act of a child at a nursery school
it was Pascoli who stated that we still have a child in us
and we like to emulate
 we love dadaists
 we will repeat forever their action meant to shock
 armed with powerful scissors
 in our thoughts
 in our hands
 and brushes dripping round drops of glue
 we love the consistency of it
 we adore its splash on the paper
 we are plunged into intermittent sounds
 we ourselves have created

we do not need a language
we are against language poetry

faithfully yours,
a

BLACK POETRY

Rubbling through darkness
black poetry broke concrete
lynching fake fastenings
to ionize distant blue links

CONVENTIONS

The plants will still be there, breathing
the light piercing through the balcony
with the same intensity at night

what changes is the emotional intention
mine as strong as that of my enemies
wall to wall at its densest

some best wishes are most welcome
superstition wins with artists
who feel thoughts as tangible events

are slaughtered/glorified several times
a day - a night _ no one will ever
be able to understand reincarnation
as poets do.

2003/2004 ____

*

*******land art*******

*

|

& men

have been

artists

they have drawn

borders & volumes

detAched cut delimited

built killed stUck struck invented

|

& shapes & scapes ON the vast lands of
no one -look- an open concave amphitheater
to gather people for games sweat a deliriUm

|

now vegetation hosting tourists ON chunks of
the high steps of stone but down there were lions
& Christians & red flesh blood flowing imagine hoWling

the despair of women & men & children those dying & the
Ones surviving and the madness of the crowd
|
or younger DEATHs - witches burnt alive
with sorcerers and the inquisition or the numerous soldiers:
independence - first second world wars bayONets bullets
mines bOMbs craters again and vegetation from
the remains of metal iron decalcified bones whispers of thoughts tears
of distraught & the silence brOken by birds winds cold
|
|
like a one pompous Christmas tree
with a glass star & round red balls

HOME
MY

fast
appeasing
reach
in
time
indistinctly
recognizable
objects:
books
pens
at
rising
plunged
into slowly
fading wakening dawns
during the day at a night lamp
sitting in your favorite armchair reading
away your life I was twenty then thirty then
another book to consume flowers over
a line dividing the darkness a

table from the white wall
perfume drops on
the liquid
fluidity
of the restful
openness of home

or two wide-sighted bluebirds thrilling the air with frissons of chant in an immobile search for
sprouts to catch or
rustling through still dead branches swing in the emptiness filling what's invisible with
gravitational flights at swift
jumps of cats smartly challenging their feline acts-

ABSOLVED

square lines volumes in a vaporous density
it flew and I wanted to catch what caught me

what could I know of country-life besides that it was boring

with those long voids in which I disappeared
becoming colors awakenings wet leaves & tall trees

TULIPS

I should have intuited as I probably did
her smile arrived before her in my flat
she knew better as I've always suspected
she started unwrapping thin white paper sheets
when all these tulips came to my surprised sight:
pastel rose with an undefined white stripe as a vein
warm full yellow, white with a tiny rosy line the length of them
their long supporting stem only one leaf
eighteen tulips from her garden each as big as my fist
on my table as colorful sleeping birds
every morning I change the water
and hold their soft green inconsistency
surprised at their beauty - their life with a steep desire
to arrest time & have them with me for long
those blossoms gravely falling under the weight
of their tumid maturity

BEDTIME

Too tired -I say- to write a poem and anyhow who'd care,
mine isn't theory, or rare game, mane of -Ada or Ardor
à rebours- that is how it should have to be due

from now to the start and then all the way through
to undo and redo and try and once again
always without any gain

the house demolished -rebuild- the book read

she is tired why should I make her read more
lack of lore in the dark - a bed - downtown

DREAM*

Hah, you say you're unpractical
there an organizer of dreams you are

you say you're uncreative
look at the enveloping deploying shades of grace

you say you're unfaithful
and only of words is your day made

you say you don't like it
and your hands grasp tight to show white knuckles at dawn

you say you don't care
and wrinkles are drawing embroideries all over your face

you say you are not
and still you wish to know of what stuff you are made

you say and you say
was asking myself but why do soliloquies never end?

* meant as a continuation of Arni Ibsen's dream on Offsets by Trevor Joyce

minimal work

black and white a Gemini slate
cells luminous and dark
they move slowly

intersect

exchange dots become one single shape

then detach in two

each dot belongs to both

inside a sinuous movement of the same harmonious snake dorsal spine

the upper part restricting

the lower broadening

seismic system hypnotically trapping

with straight rays escaping out of frame

a doubled-faced scheme

in its static immanence

fatalistic deterioration of form

in an unavoidable sequence of future lines

soon sketched in mind

densely saturated miniature of drops

contained in concave domes

symmetrically drawn

in a

siren of Syria deity of encircling thoughts

ANOTHER CROWN

Another crown
another canvas

another cross
another poem
another book

another school
another translation
another day
another night
another nightmare
another friend
another life
another job
another tax
another timetable
another meal
another week-end
another Monday
another holiday

another poet
another wish
another prayer
another refusal
another offer

another no
another yes

another crown

another cross

AND ONE

And one is for the father and one's for the son
another for the mother and their adopted child
like in a spinning narrowing tube tight and fast
it was out

finished a job start another one
that's the daughter

the same as her mother
a too stretched elastic might break

_When in Dublin I went to Trinity College
all those books..._ 15 she is, ecstatic in past rapture

We met she is maybe five with starry eyes
stands there with an all-giving smile

_I'm exceptionally free tomorrow morning,
if you wish I can work those empty hours_

And one is for the mother and one's for the son
and one for the father and their adopted sun.

ADDICTED TO THE CALL

Vladivostok

by Kjell Espmark in his poem:

My name is always Osip Mandelstam

brings me to Chagall,
to an homage for him at Palazzo Pitti in Florence,
high ceilings spacious rooms and rooms for his thick wide paintings
and the festive gracefulness of his colors and colors you could enter
and to BP who asks me about my toying with brushes
and sprinkling vitality enters my metaphysical veins in a frenzy
which brings me to write this

those who know of art
can easily understand the rush

THURSDAY MORNING

Thursday morning
after the third episode of the Lord of the Ring
my friend and me: we saw it -
sweating after over three immobile hours in front of the screen
with a coke and potato chips
then the narrow dark alley
the small square with the old hotel in which Mozart slept
in front of the Neptune fountain
the pillory was in the middle of the market
last sales in the boutiques of the center
the unusual mild air brings to spring
winter has closed its doors
it's already Thursday morning, day of Thuer, giovedì, giorno di Giove.

TO SEE YOU

I went back to your village, a tiny bucolic one
fir trees and spring flowers paint it as an Easter scene
and happy voices of neighbors for the newly born
a rose ribbon on the entrance door
she looking from the corner of her eyes
hands quietly closed resting on her blest chest

further down intrigues were thick
business and money _Run before my fist_

your house at the end of the one straight road
austere dark when it was open with a kiwi tree and daisies
in your place a dark hole profound
they all respect those who remained
the sacrifice of your life is more than that.

THOUGHT

0.26 am - Thursday

no one will ever love me as she has

I

know

have always known

after sleep I will go

to remember/forget her sacrifice

in-between the air

how will I ever

let her know

MOTHER

will she become like Iris Murdoch,
a three year old girl? At the age of 80?

Difficulty of speech, wonder at light
at beauty as she's always had
repetition

(_you told me already,
where are you, mother? _)

Her deafness to prevent her from hearing
blindness to prevent her from seeing
trembling not to apprehend
distanced – a shrinking
to slowly take leave

//Tommy can you hear me?
It's a burlesque travesty//

I know you are there

in your new outfit/haircut
to welcome me

see how wounded I am
open up & help me.

BOTTLED

Dedicated to S.K. Kelen

She thought she could bottle me
as a wrecked Viking ship
lure me inside its long greenish neck
& once in its womb twist the cap
to let me suffocate.

She thought I was alone
as if culture did not matter (an optional for rich/as if I was)
and hung hundreds of bottles distorting the void
to the strings of my unconsciousness
my hair pulled, a nuisance -
from above around inside and below
I could see them and listen to her voice while

She thought
she could bottle me.

DIFFERENT YOUS

Today by van

I came to see you

in Ireland on this summer day jumping with rabbits in the fields, 2-storey houses with gardens and backyards, stilled time to be wasted,

in Heidelberg with the regular hauling train, the pubs and up to the castle with fortified houses, remembering

signatures in Berlin close to the villa & the lake & the swans and the light filtering through the high windows, a sense of oppression weighing on my ribs, industriousness

in a 3-D movie with my eyes shut, delirium of falling, eaten by a -15° winter wind passing through my bones

through postcards, Christmas cards sent to the North of France, with our blessings from here to you,

from us all,

from my throat with watery eyes

from the outside wall which brings me back to my aunt

in a village with tiny roads

How small is Italy you just don't know

and Argentina is a century behind

Cape Horn granted me one earring to wear

I am the sailor under moons of distant lands

I came to see you

with my tobacco to roll

in a vast land of highways beating drums in the heat

crossed the tunnel to wake up to a distinct pulse

awake I was and never wanted to sleep

in an open morning

the one at the green house with Castaneda and a plain valley around

fragmented by cliffs reflecting a Swedish sight attracted by a magmatic forceful sea

awe in meeting you

but it softened down, disappeared

because you and you changed and I changed and it was always a different you
and I am still here
and I came to see you

THANK YOU MY HOME

For your gentle protection
the comfort my enfolding shelter
I can recognize every inch of your walls
have talked to hinges ledges tubs nails
which I put up & took off
I've been repainting the six surfaces of each room
over & over my sweat mixed with drops of paint
& tired arms & hips & screwdrivers & brushes
& you laughing there watching me messing it all
to clean it up later & later to take this here & that there
& vice versa hammering unstable on a ladder
never content as you know
your sweetness when outside winds were whisking their strengths
to blow coldness through windows & cracks
or thunders when I had to unplug from the net
& it was only you & me & you hugely stable
nothing would have harmed me I'd recognize you
& warm to me
with that big bed fat with blankets & soft colors
giving me rest & peace & stars up high
I thank you my flat
for your northern openings to the world
that kept me here to write & work
& the red bricks of the building in front
every day a personal glimpse on my New York
I've loved every part of you
for your care & generosity for this sense of belonging
your ethereal white light pervading objects
& long azure shades when compared
to my green passionate one in New Orleans
the sense of infinite loneliness you've enforced in me
& the stillness of time rushing its ways in parallel lines.

nonsense

a backspace key without arrow
for a mindspread wit on the shadow
correct here,
 cancel that,
 jump on & switch & highlight fact
given the proof of virtual knowledge –
resistance is translated into
 nowhere

COLOR-BLIND POEM

you see I am all read, opps _red_ I meant
there where black was now red color drips
it is my tension, implacable dimension
dates down to ancestry, this field is Mine

Mine in Time
Mime the Trine
three fields are Mine

did I say that I was Red?
I must be confusing colors this morning
Black that was, as dark as pit, stiller than land

MILLEPIEDI

OneThousandFeet:

Fleet from the Feast

On a Far Reaching Fleer

Fleeing the Steer

of Swedish Reindeer

Dear Dart the Mart

of Thousand Adamant

Duck and Diamond

on The Hte Da

Heart is Tucked under a dendroid Truck

Luck of the Feet Far From Defeat

METAPHORIC DRINK

Here is the metaphoric drink shaken to keep a thread alive
a whiff of wind, a wisp of smoke, the stroke of a pencil
receiving word after word different shades of hints to reach
green par Bleu! green it has to be, swirling up fast to fading
hues to go above the skyscrapers scraps of moons
shedding moods awakening Scorpionic depths in howling
nights, darts of shame, hunger of dust, throbs of rust, stink of saint,
fecund lust; Virgo sets it all apart, sweeps the floor, closes the trapdoor
rolling over it the stylized carpet, wears comfortable shoes:
green is green - what the hell.
Aquarian sights smile from outside, that expanse of green, vivid,
in/tangible, an agreeable toy as the world is.

FRAGRANT FLORENTINE LILIES

Fragrant Florentine lilies, rose scented as a morning blossom blue slowly harmonizing into violet with its screeching emotional gap, tubular, cubic, three dimensional in its vorticism,

watercolors fresh on scrolls of papyrus talking of reeds symbolic in their new life meant for the reader decoding signs in which s/he reads what s/he's projecting an upturned mirror for our times

a close up of sculptured friable mud

a never-ending video with the repeated repetition of a minimalist soundtrack

a magnified reality in its hidden fringes

paths intersecting entwining dissecting

paths cubes threads stones crevices to smoothed sand in rotating universes with the marvel of skies, and earth, and desert, and river, and asphalted ways to new rooms enlightened by the awareness of a conscious dream, thus tangible again if you later on remember.

S

such

a

soft

lofty

street

sighing

slippingly

surrendering

some sacred songs

in

sight of a slight somber

sinking silky sunset

slimming sleet

sliding

southwards

stringing along

slender shoulders

so

slinking swiftly inside

some snowy shape

smoothed shelter

sips slumber

sour

silence

ever seeking

snugly surviving stories so far

tree wood fire warmth

warmth fire wood tree

I spent spring-time watching the tree grow
it started by singing its liquid green and I
was waiting there waiting for it to appear

that was still February and then March and
the cold again and April froze with harsh
snow on surrounding peaks but May

was here and the wood precipitated into
the world with the most tender green Venus
had promised to daring man an avalanche

of festivities with smooth clouds and brilliant
colors and winds bouncing back and forth
the youngest softness earth could show

summer gave shadows to delight every
presence & fresh leisure in meandering paths
with berries straws mushrooms and birds

fall again but of the glowing kind with those
never-ending hills up and down & red & blue
& yellow that's sure when the white of ice

detached mount from sky and leaves rattled
down in their last symphonic act of the year
their lymph sucked out by its muffled final touch

tree wood fire warmth
warmth fire wood tree

THE STATE OF BEING

I cannot remember because I was there
I can go back there and from here talk to you
and I can go to when I was reading about T.
and remember what I read and resume
at present the substance of past with quick
dislocating movements while sitting still.

If I want to relate of here I have to get out
and move to a staring posture which is not now,
indefinite and atemporal when the wind brings
me back and I repeat

the wind brings me back

and type.

The L sound

the L sound is my favorite
brief liquid & light
it could be a dream where I got lost
the one with a belief
it talks of loss because of love
of the Latin fifty in the middle of the road
of lymph and nymphs on aquatic leaves
of the effect Monet wanted us to breathe
in waterlilies reflected by his blindness
of playing Naiads with bell-lyras
in fields of azure leveling hills
far down to distant stills
of metamorphism twisting along the gulf
deploying shining spots of hidden suns

LEAVING

little light beings look lost over the deep beam
separating

/in a backward image
a hand
detaches - the enemy is watchful and attacks

a cry joins the roaring of the storm - leaves torn apart from almost barren sights

/// departure ///

I am leaving
seas and seas and sails and wings of winds sprouting blossoms on the eternal thinking
no more time to waste and pick up this and upturn that and see
see the habits a promised youth secures how stars are different and brighten anew

new
the sound of it sinuously constructed attentively desired absorbingly believed in
unimaginable

left
and he wakes up and looks for her and she is not there
walls are empty and home
home
where is it?

sepia colored carillon song

she was a baby
maybe three four years old
and registering the volumes of spaces
some round some square all light blue
with their distinct deepness in perspective
gauges and judgments on her own
in those high lighted vaults of her mind
mummy was not there she was never there
daddy neither.

RECURRENT DREAM

It was a recurrent dream which set me in an antique building wandering through the long dark passages

along uncountable rows of heavy doors. Rooms inside were always different, sometimes blue with mirrors and straight colored rays and rustling satin and transparent crystals in a strident narcissistic solitude which rose above in a vertical challenge not to be experimented in the brief course of an existence interrupted by daily crashes and dull steps in pragmatic fall backs; another one red with heavy velvet and drapes soft pillows and round wines smoothed and warm and profound lover with oil paintings on the walls made important by etched frames mirroring burning sunsets; another dodecagonal yellow and uranite floor and the sun in an endless spinning movement and golden cups chatty as a luminous spring day in the open country answering to newly timely awaken voices and violins and triangles and high piano notes in an allegro e vivace svelto; another dark - black with archetypes traced by graphite on the naked wet rock and gloomy visible only at oscillating candle lights and far away songs of whispering choirs in submerged crowds numerous the adepts and maybe endless the number of self-sacrifices in an infinite progression towards the end of the cave; the violet one and its emotional touches with the fragrance of the violet and its five petals for a fifth hypothetical era of humanity not beyond but among the four by its startling impact and silent slipping through unconscious folds.

JACKSON POLLOCK

I know this dripping of yours
feeling the scattering of notes
not to be sold at the same price
it could sound like a farce,
similar to you in your car crash
when you are looking for your death
isn't it

that true

a swirling of the past
staring at beauties etching themselves inside
looking for to share
your sound solipsism
going in & out of yourself
touched by

air

transformed in thick drops of paint
what are those tales that drive us crazy
one way roads one way tracks
and trains and trains
go & return - yes, where do you think I am going to sleep?
return to where if your home is not here
and here we go with a key of longing
in the sole attempt of getting back

NOTES

Wasn't Caravaggio caught by the highest fevers
in his delirium preceding his death
or Pasolini beaten out of his life
in the heat of his blood, shivers of pain
the more you crash against life
at times you reap
a word a stroke the one distinguishing you
with that brush in your hand a keyboard a pencil

stunning is rest
eyes wide fixed on nothingness in which you are immersed
light-blue-green transparent yellow liquid almost amniotic
mimetic symbiotic symbolic of what
deprived of caffeine the usual amount of nicotine & smog
body revives
the beneficial effect of sweat
with a cigarette & a pot of coffee on the table.

QUERIDO PABLO,

how many Nerudas all around,
wondering how it feels to be called back
that intensely from your place of rest,
entertained as you've been up to now
by solitary distanced seeds lightening up
the holy darkness of your night.

You thus appear minute and dear
defenseless since not competitive
out of the floor, of crevices of walls
among dead branches, new blossoms
at traffic lights, on the road/ sidewalk
through windows at dawn and under
lamplights at twilights obscuring awns

---a chorale maybe just for now.

WHEN SATURN MEETS VENUS

she wears a long black dress
no jewels or smiles a silver gleam from her eyes
her austerity strikes him, too
she invites him to sit on the red velvet throne
bends and attentively listens

“the south west tribe wants to devour part of the empire
right above on your right the virgins are screaming
all the way down to Arcimboldo’s right cheek, as rigid as chalk
behind your back an army is gathering
from the north they have tied trees around your liver
for you not to see their camps
in the center the 13-headed monster is sucking down your self
to dress it and hide - no one can recognize it in its plundering
bad advisors sold your soul cheap at the eastern market
exchanging it for scented colorful tricks
out from the west rises a star
and in your clear heart few faithful will remain”

her vestals bring in green tea
and fruits are offered to the mighty god
his body massaged with perfumed oil
and Venus lets her tears become steam
to help him warm his cold projections

SUN

Sun and sun rotating
rotulating rebussing rekrreeAting
since this morning with its temperate flow
robust nourishing all beneficial triangled Run
gems here and there and up high over there again
listen, viewed in-between the fragmented glittering dots
they're slowly chewing absorbing deeply singing digesting
stretching themselves further up to reach for warmth and light
a satisfying most appeasing peaceful continuous brunch
trees have almost become fluid inside their rigid trunk
as if gracefully dancing under the protective hand
of our most beloved benevolent Apollinian god
whose embroidered designs keep us all
upturned to his awesome Beauty
unequaled by living man

an image

an awakening of senses in the explosion of Sunday's afternoon sun after Saturday's grey leaden rains in a changeable sky pregnant with both heavy brooding clouds and a rutilant sun able to dissipate them

a chilly irrespective wind intercalating a still pool of lingering warmth cycling out of my confinement into the midst of people flowing along the promenades bordering the river I am caught by the enveloping smell of already mature roses shamelessly showing themselves and the well kept orchards and the cherry trees almost all dotted in red and those hills breathing and alive in their symphonic joyful shades of green the tender ones almost choking the fir trees severe in their elder solemnity from which restored castles dominate or a handful of houses following from afar small paths taking to a detached belfry

as if the world was here to be lived without the need of a personality the filled I am by this stunning beauty allowing for mere contemplation

SUMMER

Sun-tanned feet - open windows - day-light rolling precipitously in-on- plunged into, when you wake up - the freezer - one-two-three-four-five ice-cubes in the coffee mug - shorts - T-shirt - almost no tel. calls - no fixed appointments - the thin silver chain around your neck makes you sweat - joyous fresh water gurgling and gurgling - thoughts find their way as planets wish

breathe your luxurious holiday and enlarge every moment of it

BIRTHDAY

do you know of the perfume of the gardenia
of the small light in the dark in front of the pc
of the tree whispering and whispering in the wind
and the breeze with the cigarette and a slight pain in your leg
the electric being as a chrysalis in a shell
and the thunder distracting the vise in right side of your head

of the stars high above and planets looking down
of a friend of all those friends and alone
while you take out of the fridge the cheese for the toast
and to plan tomorrow you remember your skin elastic in the light
after the water whirling all around with the taste of sweat of its salt

do you know of the world and of its past and those books
and those images running in your eyes you keep fixed
through glasses here and now to see the lightning flashing
down straight to your left as if you caught it with your hand
and the sense of full and the sense of void
alternating methodically inclement in their quick natural flow

do you know of coincidences - oh what a coincidence
déjà vu - mais bien sur! and a mail brings you back to you
your Sun has returned and it joins your two other stars -
you A R E
and you can feel you are made one by the Sun
just in the middle of the night its intensity so strong
you could do without food and you are moved to the beauty
of that eternal love which moves the spheres all so tangibly right.

ME AS A PROTOTYPE

Ajax White, Curly Negro Hair in Damp Weather, Two Legs,
No Tail, Invented Wings, Three Languages and Scraps of Others,
No More Scrambled Eggs, Printer Working, Artichokes,
Tangerines Yes, Nightmares and Sweat, Racing Bicycle,
Lately Migraines, Seeing Through, No Families, Plenty of
Families, Books, Papers, Taxes, Longing for :Piano, Lightning,
Thunders, Movies, Surrounded by Calculating Usurpers, Life
with a Stuck Screen in Front, Stuck Where They Want, Crowded
Round Here, Balcony Plants Living – Dying, Prying Bluebirds,
Museums, Markets, Mahogany Fate, Destiny to be Utterly
Withdrawn, Epicenter, Rotating Projections, Misunderstanding
Due to Equivocated Non-Crossing Generational Waves, I Have
My Age And That I Have, Coffee For Breakfast, Coffee At The
.0001 (te)2.9997 (d)-287 (No)1.0016 (n)] TJ .9998 (a)5 Bbc999 (g)-2723 001 1.9981 (f)-1(a)2.000117.00

RELATIVE AND ABSOLUTE

absolute is the Prada Foundation with Celant, Mattiacci, Franchina, Kapoor, Hiezer, Bourgeois, Flavin, Anderson, Mori, De Maria, Quinn, McGee, Castellani, Paolini and his homage to Pasolini, Cacciari, a chosen selection of films from De Niro's Tribeca Festival

relative are rain and sun, the fact that it is 10pm without supper, injustice made worse by a subsequent accusation, prevarication, overwork, a loving mail, some good words, when I didn't tell my mother – she has no idea of how devastating her words are

absolute is the power of press – journalist, front row documents material cd's and tarts, how gentle is our world at our feet for some written appearance –

relative is what I think of my endless discovery of images behind images of the absolute
relativity of it all

which is anyhow absolute and can ravage any relativity be it absolute or relative

HERE

Here

 back and again
 that shadow in the frame
down on the portrayed cave
whispering behind your back
 clearly seen in front
 or sliding sideways
or preceding somewhere

materialized thoughts
projections of many

my head
slammed against the marble
a fountain inside falling
hyper sensitized hyper viper
high
the tide of outgoing students
 rafting for better notes
 in your brain cells

hi
to the hands of a colleague:
 How much better I am she says

hi
to the devastating force
 of neighboring uncivilized drains

money call out the most
this June in the heat of hell

CHURCH BELLS

church bells of beaten metal heavily stuff the air with their sound
in the for-once-compromised stress-free volutes of my Sunday brain
the tolling replenishes all molecules in broader deeper louder waves
sunk in solid resonance vibrating their clumsy lumbering black slick bulk
you can see those furry uteri exaggerating the heat of a leaden August
with baroque ornaments a saturated texture as to make them desiccated earth
no void no anguish no pain no air no
Sundays are not for me on this land of Canaan
me brief a reptile of the uncaught sun
looking for mosquitoes in need of open air.

MOON IN LIBRA

*(Full Moon at 15.60 Libra
April 5 at 12.04 pm GMT, 2004)*

Poets couldn't but be transfixed by the beauty of the Moon in Libra
they called her shamballa - Artemis from Delos opening tunnels besieged by boars
companion of Persefone, Hecate queen of night, Selene in Heaven

depicted her rarefied rays _white bone_ circle crystals of light
they invented colors from violet to bottle green both attuned and resonant
shades & shadows breathtaking nuances suspended among dark clouds
even of a perfectly double mirrored rainbow they told me
and followed & preceded her up & down rivers drawing hills
through Breugel, Hieronymus Bosch, a Friedrich Caspar David alive
attracted by her luscious shivering beauty someone stated:

Tiresias saw her.

here is my new canvas

an enormous M towering in the center

tunnels of spiraling lights fragment against the cubist solidity of the three-dimensional capital letter

in a flowing form from the left upper corner

a waved horizontal line at about two thirds of the height of the work

hosts an amphitheater dug amidst traffic, and behind it in an open perspective a still sunny square in the De Chirico fashion

(no rubber gloves hanging outside the main frame) not a soul in the midday heat, Ferrara could be the town depicted

but the walls are yellow and chapped pieces of cracked plaster will be stuck in their falling posture

(I will eliminate the band passing by now in the distance with its drums and trumpets and South Tyrolean costumes)

but I'll introduce the nightmarish click - click of the keys of the neighbors entering and exiting an outmoded stage, suffocating dust from their ankylosed selves – stubborn their obscure deficient brains

concentration is a hard state unthreaded as I am

vertically and starting from the right bottom a seed of *Ficus elastica* that through the whole painting grows and grows to cover the entire canvas as soon as it is finished when it will attract some direct Indian sunny rays on its offering leaves to nourish itself in its hyperbolic turgidity

from the left lower corner a violet indigo blue with a hue of black slowly widens and floats to reach muted boulders bordered by conifers, the scent of acidic soil loved by needle-shaped trees is inebriating

if you meander inside there will be a taller fir, aged over 100, its main front branch as a willful long arm will direct you towards the hut, the moon to guide your steps

there you can rest to be awoken before dawn by the guttural call of the steinbock to refresh cinders for a young fire to boil water for coffee – the freezing water of the frisky stream will make of you a scream

awake again in the marbled glory of a white new sheet

A CANVAS TO BE THROWN AWAY

The fat neighboring Lady with Red trendy shoes is vivisected in the center of the canvas
she's of late adopted a soaring allure walking as nothing but Christ himself
instead of on water on stable pavement
her inevitably devastated skin due to old age cannot be hidden behind
the sticky bombed-combed blonde hair
adiposity of her vicious sedentary life rolls over sweaters and pants as a jellied greaser
& the XXL military straight jacket cannot contain what she wishes shouldn't be seen

in an unavoidable close-up her mouth used only to kill people in their backs is stressed
by the tongue retraction of a pig-nosed frog over-elongated because of its direct intrinsic instinct
running parallel to the horizontal axis of her deformed shape,
that is her tongue and nonexistent lips cut through about 1.5m wide at 1.7m height from the
ground

she is coming from church and imbued by what she thinks people easily believe
tries to transform herself into the _Madonnina_ that is the Little Holy Mary
you can hear her stubbornly repeat: _I am the Madonnina_
and here flashes a tiny figure in mid-air all rarified light blue
witch of witches the bubble crashes when curious eyes focus on the disgusting moving boulder
capable of creating temporary poltergeist images.

A SUNDAY CANVAS

rectangular, the height is longer than its base
centered but towards the left side thus giving space to the right
 which will be half-filled - its superior part
 with the painting of the same scene this time horizontally depicted
an ogee shaped elaborately carved frame
of a long glass door giving to a luminous garden in a white day
moment in which the original colors stand out without that yellowish persistent hue of sunrays
seen sideways you can glimpse at the heavily adorned crocket
tribute to Bacchus with its thickset foliage and grapes
a little further and behind it a gargoyle with the open mouth of a lioness
inside a heavy green cotton curtain and at its feet a grotesque
the monster depicted has the wings of a dragon, the feet of an elephant, a cat's tail and out of
its vulture's head
erectile fangs are waiting for a tame prey
from a distance the only well-visible part is the outlet onto the garden
the rest is quite indistinguishable steeply hidden as it is in the half darkness of a dimly lit hall
getting closer to the canvas you can distinguish the walnut floor reflecting the luminosity from
outside
a big working table, on it several doors
one leading to Maxine in an infant's cradle little wishes around and her hand trying to catch
them
the other to JC surrounded by mythological gods offering him on an etched gold plate syllepsis
and zeugmas,
euphemisms, alliterations, oxymorons and tautologies
the rounded entrance to CM with acolytes with/out rhymes in blogdoms - the heavenly queen
a tiny opening to GT the sickly pale doc friend but today her recovery has widened it
and many more doors, doors and doors,
some white in lacquered enamel, others bulletproof,
some simple fences giving to pools,
some leading to Lady chapels inhabited by men,
there a newel supporting the pillar with one thousand and more winding steps to the last round
floor of the turret with a circular opening from which all the winds blow,

or a simple niche and inside the prayers of millions
In the back cannons with skulls like a Tibetan mask targeted to the enemy
this the complexity of a Sunday canvas.

Caribbean souvenir

dedicated to Chris Murray

Can you remember when your body answered every command
resisted temptations as much as yielded to them
 & no excess was unbearable to be accepted
a whisk you were in paradise and in hell

To be in one's twenties is to live without end
the more when shot through oceans on ships
 seagulls following dolphins jumping through waves
 suns setting into waves with stars piercing through the upturned dark
 bowl
and earth in front - it is there, harsh, fixed as the needle of a sundial
 you anchor in harbors with exotic names
 palms and patois the red-orange tanned color sparkling and igniting

Those are my Caribbean islands
 jewels by Henri Rousseau
 lost in the dramatic balance of twilight
 breathing after the suffocating tangibility of space

 with blossomed geigers the color of a burning focused spiral

and tobacco trees, coconuts, the tall bladed leaves
of bananas you could use as tribal gowns

emotive rush filling your chest
you were fully content
and eternally
without
rest

CANVAS III

The scattered dark pebbles on the white broad lane
leading and disappearing into the park
are thus set to become notes - the alley a score
children are walking on it
and every new of the many steps performs a symphonic chorale
translated into paint in different colors
the main hue an anthracite blue
reflecting the cloudiness of the day

A little white lacquered frame to border it.

MAXINE

rhodochrosite is my present for you, that most intense stone the color of wild rhododendrons you can find high in the mountains after hours of walk, they mark the limit of the thick corolla of fir trees & with their rich trusses of red deep-rose bell-shaped - their curious face looking up - flowers and flowers amidst myriads of small chatty glossy dark green leaves bordering the world up high as a silky refined taffeta necklace and stand out from white glowing rocks - old great elves meditative and pure in clear crystal hours round with warmth at noon neatly and geometrically cut against those infinite blue skies some foamy clouds mark the entrance into long afternoons you'll solemnly perform with the joyful cries of your endless magic discoveries and I haven't told you of bluebells yet, the violets you find in meadows usually against some low ancient walls, plenty of sun but also water while on damp soil moss is master, maybe birches can show you its way, white and slim their light green small leaves silverly sing prickly pine-thistles on the other side of the mountain, tall French Mademoiselles with their violet sprite hat, a more profound violet is the scent of Black Vanilla Orchids tiny dots in short grass, their drops of perfume in rarified air befuddle you like poison and you dizzily look for them, two or three in a closed living-room vibrate and you with them.

(with my acknowledgement to Jon Corelis for having revised Maxine's poem)

And one for my father

(not because he needs to know - what / that he doesn't know)
words are nothing but words and how many did we hear/read –

(a poem for him because it is logical it has to be
for those who have brought you here, as a tribute
to recognize that we have been and we've fought
as growing plants with the same wild proud force
be it for one of our ideas or of our generation or
for whatever we wished or we had to and we both
did do or were compelled to.)

Can we rest now, maybe forget there are family ties
there is a family, there are infinite families, no never

I will be your daughter and you my father.

I REMEMBER

An Egon Schiele
at the first desk in class
the girls are thrilled chirruping as sparrows
he arrived late in the year & little knows
attentively breathes down my words
not one sigh goes by unobserved

I am stunned by his resemblance to the painter
the class through my glimpses
has turned into an exhibit with portraits
of the early XX century - they are posing for me
the spectator who is making them alive again

ANOTHER SUNDAY CANVAS

A flat surface divided into morning and night

white / black - white has to be of an intense luminosity
which becomes almost disturbing at its peak
black varies in density
to get to a pitch saturation similar to coal tar

in a cubist style among the fragmented splinters there are scenes

the white : myriad of sprinkled splits talk of trees blown by freeing currents of air
a single yellow flower opening in its roundness
roots and bulbs dug out from the earth and back again into a pot
vertical striations of opaque orange-brown rock bare and compacted
a castle a fortified house church bell-rings peeling out

the black : patches of coned artificial light mark the separation among distinct obscurities
lamp-posts sidewalks corners scent of flowers
cigarettes telephone visionary calls emails
the taste of licorice dark rooms one after the other
lights from windows magnified sounds and then silence

Sunday canvas III

The rounded motive of a Byzantine side chapel
with central flowers leading to the statue of Jesus, the child
hovered by two golden angels holding the crown

he is helped by his mother seated at his side, her hands on his armpits
his arms as an open circle to receive our prayers

the echoing vaulted ceiling channels and reflects our thoughts
reflection brings back to the subject his amplified quest
breaking through perceptive layers
sometimes emotion is so strong as to bring tears
like the might of an ocean erupting onshore.

It tears all apart.

The day outside is unbearably bright
shivers run along the spine after the vision of eternity
a child tries to attract attention
on his father's tired face compliance to life
brings a detached answer

paths and streets like guts
knots and lights, fires sometimes

they say death is the displacement to another chamber
still it becomes difficult to pack or let someone you love
start packing

August 22, 2004

MOVING CANVAS

(my DIVINE COMEDY)

once suspicion's been taken away
metamorphosis
is left
to re/- move the continuous delirious state
of being a victim of others' manipulating faiths

the canvas is lying on the floor
above it marble powder mixed with glue & water
will be laid
acrylic colors & another hand of the previous mix
will make it hard enough to let it there
part of the floor

– earth – hell –
opposed to
ceiling – sky/air – heaven

flames
burning at the opening
some gasoline will be sprayed on the surface and lit
they'll limb the sky

deconstructing the image

pieces to be inserted:

bad neighbors
(for the art work's decency camouflaged in serpents
one eating the other)
in an ethereal cloud
Saint George himself floats in the air

only his spear has a material consistency

the power of the dumb:
blocks of concrete
so stiff they crumble
still the bulge's there stuck

the stench of towns
for every one its own
unbearable from the start

hospitals dizziness slumber - slumber dizziness hospitals in a Dedalean detailed enlarged
Escherean entanglement insects viruses cockroaches bathtubs dolls cars plastic bags books
paintings trips fireplaces golden knobs lamps all covered by mould –

rusted away

**HOLOGRAPHIC COMPOSITION
ZIGZAGGING THE ROOM
CUTTING IT IN HALF
PURGATORY**

from hell to purgatory
monsters
with bleakish eyes
are transmuted into holographic mutable images
white / sudariums gothic graves sheets cubes pebbles

**FRESCOED vaulted CEILING
HEAVEN**

a fresh beer when thirsty you get home at night finished work and can go to sleep
a shower
warmth
wind

the water of the ocean on the shore
the sound of the ocean
the wind of the ocean

Saturday, June 19, 2004

CARDBOARD COFFER

Round circle the wind and the sounds
of those distant times when I was one
1 cake 1 candle on the roof of the house
smile they said & smile I did the gallery a row
of happiest smiles life a parade of white fluffy lies

my mother introversively smiles
a teenager with a white apron
looks like a model the thin she is

my father
the most handsome guy in town
seems my mother's father
but that's after the war on their wedding day

my grandfather at the celebration
an old old man among Boccaccio's characters
stares amazed right at the camera
and I'm sure someone told him:
"They're taking your picture, smile"
and I'm sure he answered,
"I know that's why I'm looking at them"

round circles down the tail of the dragon
distant dates and unknown faces
1947 – 1934 – 1927 - 1915
all smiling and smiling
fading away

SUMMER IS HERE

plants are straightening themselves up
scattered white dots pierce through heart-shaped leaves
a whole bunch of petals open up from the fist-like grip
that had kept them inside in cold rainy days

the big tree fleffles and scrittles in the afternoon wind

the world breathes its greenness
a pregnant stillness in the heavy warm night

worlds outside each one his/her own
I lost mine – who and where was I
canvases are piled up like earth's crust
overhearing people's voices passing by
there is no solitude

concentration falters
a medium is a medium & could mess up
heavy masses of ethereal substance
hunt - suck me out

whose fault is it - from the beginning?
the child's eating raw meat or the mother's?

or the father's or the brother's?

or the sister's? or the sister's?

meat and blood the dog sniffs game's tracks
it barks & the moon is out

there was Water

& swimming &

the world
made benevolent velvet
green sleeving good good
clap clap - in the breeze

a fraction of Paradise

from sunrise this year
bluebirds go without stealing
with a _Lutheran*_ jazz accompaniment
they get gladly insane
a twist here one there
and in the wild jumbled rabble
yellow beaks black-blue throats
restless round dark eyes
warbling trills
thrilled by their
ingenuous
serious attempts

other sullen eyes
ensnare what spiders so finely
tried to draw

Here is the Crow, believe it or not!

*Online station from the Lutheran University:
<http://www.kplu.org/whatson/indexlisten.cgi?stream=kplulb&ref=msft>

Ursus arctos horribilis

(to be protected)
horrible the fight
with a molesting weak

questions:

has an adult to respect a senior?
even when s/he enters your self

Wes Craven's nightmare on elm street

no red murders
a juxtaposition of paths

but finally, who knows
why or what or where?

orders are simple:

pump up emotion
bar bad past
stuff in this instead of that

a roasted turkey

JUST A BRICK

those distant Pink Floyd
/awaken again through a dvd*
_we don't need education
we don't need self-control

...

_/

brought back that strange feeling
 can you remember
 aware on the border

seconds catalyzed
_teacher leave those kids alone

...

—
analyzed criticized deconstructed
restructured redirected

it had to be different

a medusa-like formation
war killed outside inside
bombs and drugs
refined, made us survive

to become a brick?

_ All in all it was just a brick in the wall.
All in all it was all just bricks in the wall.

...

—
this poem: a déjà vu.

DYING STARS

She was one of the most beautiful stars
who broke the heart of the young German commander
her dyed red hair still speaks of perfumes, hats, high heels, jewels

her son sits at the other end of the blue glass table
even if devoured by cancers, aids,
his unquestionable beauty/ fury can be glimpsed through

he speaks of Musil, Zweig, Roth, and Roth again
of how slowly he read his books, two pages by day
“I didn’t want to reach the end”.

On the big terrace of the villa
hovering the town
we sometimes breathe the smell of flowers, sometimes of smog

the evening is full of clemency as our hosts are
it is already night
and Imperial Vienna dances and dances as if time had never existed.

End of July 2004

EURIDICE - DUBUFFET

Didn't we play with light feathered arrows
after our erosive labor
earth-breath pounding
earth-bread in our earth-mouths
with mud in an enpebbled concrete text
reflecting shadows' fever-pulses
beating,

beat again in a furtive concert
come back, my air flower
behind the forbidden curtain
as when through the mental staircase
I could see you, the leopardy patina
or brutal décor could not camouflage you
ricocheted as an echo in the gaps
of the text of the missing

and we bathed down with the shadows
Euridice devastated in waters, we rocked
her decrepit role
and let her out, nude air she was
geo-embodied in the light
brief sight within her new life cycle
and hid our secret up-standings
into wrinkled elements.

All in a-tremble, among vivid stone-laces, earthly embroidered, caught in vestiges and
conjugated to scorcheries
in a futuristic violet dynamism following a secret calendar
she touched the cloudy text in silver-flat readings
foaming bed of appeasement for her nights
by the underground theater of our imagining
a festival of celestial earth for her:

Euridice, earthed again onto the surface.

Note: this poem is the re-elaboration of a long list of translations made by Maria Damon of titles of Dubuffet's paintings.

CATS

My cat flies.

No, you didn't know it, that is why I am telling you.

She, yes, she is a she, does not have wings, as you can easily imagine, but a most wonderful soft streaked fur, her ancestors were Egyptian, she has directly inherited their symmetrical beauty. In the morning, when she is happy, she's chatty. Comes there, wakes me up with the lightness of a plume to tell me her dreams, and flies away.

She is most elegant when she flies down the stairs, or sails on stars. And disappears with the moon.

When something bothers her, she gets nasty. That is when she is invisible. I know she is here, but she does not show herself, so to say.

Her favorite texts are by poets. I noticed it. If I want to see her (this is an old trick) I open a poetry book, and if she is far away I simply think, but this is a new poet... And there she is, in all her majestic beauty, green eyes with the vertical black almond in the middle. She feigns nonchalance, yawns, stretches her paws, acrobatically licks her shining coat, looks sideways as if she was there because she had nothing else to do.

French poets in French are her favorites. I am a detective after all, how could I not notice that when Rimbaud, or Apollinaire, or Lautréamont, even Proust show up from the long list she starts purring deeply, casting diamond sights in the twilight.

Athena, this is her name, hunts for the family, that is me. She hosts me in her palace because I also like poets.

From here I have exceptional Romantic views: the lake framed in trumpet creepers, their delicate scent in the air.

When I go to bed I have a whole menu ready, birds are preferred because they are tangible signs of her agile flights, but also snakes, mice, chamaleons, frogs, you name it. She thinks that

Sunday canvas III

The rounded motive of a Byzantine side chapel
with central flowers leading to the statue of Jesus, the child
hovered by two golden angels holding the crown

he is helped by his mother seated at his side, her hands on his armpits
his arms as an open circle to receive our prayers

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the act of reflection brings back to the subject his amplified quest
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knots and lights, fires sometimes

they say death is the displacement to another chamber
still it becomes difficult to pack or let someone you love
start packing

August 22, 2004

MOTIVATIONS

Looking for motif/ actions
to let an enveloping
motive move
like ivy framing
passage doors

attentive to actions
moving acts
into still frames
to be repeated
like a leit-motif

in a patterned mood
similar to sequences
synthesized to avoid
the di/verging need
of disorderly moving

to be able to move.

Slow passing Neptune conjunct Moon

creates

heavy days – (how's it there) –

the ninth house is calling

when the longing – illogical – usual - falling –

how used to it in the many re/ cycles –

it is magnetic – synchronic – simply pulled out/ up – it autonomously starts running – triggered by nothing – Platonic – through the 9th

fresh are its colors – smiling prowess – projected in nonsensual nonsense

its month could be May

encompassed in thermic inertia

effluent

in mindful states ripened palms

gothic psalms

stable sample of Hollywood waves

they interact

Moon & Neptune

one pulling the other blending

the vision of wo/man distanced

under earthly psychological strain

9.2.04

RED BERRIES

you knew you were back
in the deafening past
when you visited the future
deciding to be deaf
and blind
in the past
still unchangeable life
of the future
from the past
seen backwards
in the screaming gut

table of verbs:

am screaming – have been screaming – was screaming –had been screaming – will be
screaming – will have been screaming – would be screaming – would have been screaming _

9.23.04

NOTES

1.

rainy fresh downpours chill the surface skin of summer in a light shiver, relieved rocks animals humans raise in an upright movement while daily activities are carried out in silvery enameled endeavors forgetting the hardships of unendurable winters

2.

a distracted regard out of my plunged animic questions halts on the white shape of a man I recognize among many and the surrounding flatness of silence is colored by a myriad of gleaming thoughts while a deep warmth reaches alive in my chest

3.

since when you are, started her long letter illuminated by the coned light drawing volumes of scarlet flowers that still grow and grow

4.

distance is filled by telepathic perception brought in waves by the ocean to open bays the movements of an
e/motional full moon

5.

protracted in a subtracting present clicks the clock round spaced seconds on objects that cry for the profound touch of a poet

6.

a beating headache indicates danger chopping paced planes, a skeletal left hand is deprived of white substance,
walls pulled down to cement and narrowed spaces making eyes blind, the fragile envelope shows hollow craters
excavated by the persistent malice of enemies

7.

tall dark green cypresses revere a joyful alleyway when chattering leaves sprouting out of olive trees drawn black and twisted against the distant background of a foggy sky tickle her wish of sending him postcards

8.

a drop, grey fresh air, distant traffic bustling, a neat surprise, and the calyx of hope stands erect with its trembling

corolla in scented pastel petals and its offer of life to the collectiveness of the firmament

9.

in me, continued her letter, there is you the bulb of the table-lamp got brighter and a smile lit further compassion generously giving to passions

10.

his Saturday night fever attentively dug her out of shells in the rarefied air, it would have taken another week to go back to the patched garden, what an effortless nuisance, she said, to keep on building only to witness the deluge drain it all away again, with a bored unsatisfied detached gesture

11.

gravitationally fallen back to truth the world got its edges again in a gray day inviting souls to escape

12.

after days of rain and of gray cold thoughts, sun caresses the earth, and plants speak the language of life as if a loving hand set its sight with the broadening care of emotional ways in the liquid lights falling from above

13

tragedies as much as overwhelming moments of feelings will ever be present, an association, a specific word, a

perfume and you are there, wrapped up in the same entanglement an equal intensity, detachment from reality, frightening vertigo in time

14

while looking at the crystal shaped intense violet amethyst parted in two - the second absent - he said, that is how I think we are - cut in two, she mirrored herself in him and thought we are human anyhow, and her face glowed with the smell of the one halved amethyst

15.

my stones, she smiled entering the door, they all rumbled back content in their magnified stillness cutting time through in their eternal absence of movement

16.

the plant on the windowsill, a green plastic rounded shape against the bricks of the building in front, cheers the last days of August the emperor with the red tiny spots, the student who gave it to me winks beyond it in maternal affection

17.

same scene a still life at the window, two red apples to ripen in the late afternoon sun, two rocks, a big pot with a small plant, bricks the background or facing building, the picture gets three-dimensional with the noise of traffic echoing from the busy street on my right, life continues in open windows, summer enters under the electric light projected on the screen.

18.

who will be able to cure years of injustice years of pain years of tears years of abuse years of eyes registering it all years of so-called friends years of physical sex without love years of winters years of ice years of unsustainable heat melting the asphalt the year in which the cat died the year in which he committed suicide and told me before you know years of escape not to feel it all

19.

unprotected, unpaid, unregistered, unrepentant, unforgiving, unhappy, un-sad, unsaid, unexpected, unanticipated emotion, unpeaceful, unprivileged/unparalleled, unready, unlikely to agree, unowned/unframed, unfamiliar, unobjectionable -- unheard, unransomed, unpursued, unknowable, uninterrupted - uninterrupted, unravished, uninvolved

20.

now that I am older & I can put into words what I have always seen, now that I have time to scribble those words on paper, now that space surrounds me & coffee helps, now - right now - I don't want to see any more

21.

stylized trees cut the sky in their winter stilled movement in an exquisite Japanese joint sequence of loops
overdrawn by rings of my cigarette smoke mixed with the perfume of tea

22.

solemn wall-nut table all of one piece with ghosts of past people still sitting on your chairs you need a silver candelabrum in the middle to preserve your sacredness in front of which I kneel - aum

23.

sudden changes in life are like storms, sometimes they rumble & rumble & you are there waiting but they still surprise you when finally they break out their unbearable tension other times they fall unexpectedly & all your energy is merely needed to survive

24.

knight Cristobal was galloping in the skies, he jumped over cloud mystery turned around the cyclopic constellation raising fragments of knowledge & stopped with princess Awe in front of star wisdom, that's all we know of him



Anny Ballardini was born on July 24, 1956, and lives in Bolzano, Italy. She grew up in New York, lived in New Orleans, Buenos Aires, Florence, Bolzano. She is a translator and interpreter, teaches at high school, and is the editor of the Poets' Corner, an online poetry site; writes a blog: Narcissus' Works.

Among her translations:

In_Ri by Henry Gould; *On the trail of words* by Larry Jaffe; *Smokestacks Allegro* by Rita Cominoli; *Metaphysical Reference* by Kenneth Hirst; from English into Italian—and from Italian into English: *The Renaissance of the Self*; and *the Notebook of Positano* by Arturo Onofri.