

A.S.

Dancing verses

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Versi in Danza

*Imprimerli potessi sul palvese
che s'agita alla frusta del grecale
in cuore... E per te scendere in un gorgo
di fedeltà immortale*

E. Montale

Part One

The descent

1.1 The Sacrifice

(February 2023)

The first time I was born
Out of fear and ignorance.
Seeing this folly, following
The path of the Silent Sage,
I turned around, seeking escape.

After valleys and peaks seemed
The path running more and more
Ahead, in a desert strange land.
Then I heard the Lotus Sage saying:
“Only the one who can give everything,
Enjoys the Divine All everywhere.”

I sat down at dusk, lighting candles,
Thinking that what was called for
Was the supreme sacrifice. But
Then I realized: the sacrificial fire
Is time itself. Each moment is
A flame that devours the universe.

What shall I sacrifice into this fire?
Everything that is mine
Is stolen, it is a lie, any precious
Possession is an illusion.
The fire of time owns already
Everything.

So let my sins and failures,
Let my falls and faults
Be the offerings to this fire.
Everything that was stolen
May return to the flames of time.

Time devours, it devours by
Making the offering made—a past.
Time devours, it devours
The offering is past—and now?
Now is empty, it is empty of
The past, and so much more empty
Of the future, so empty that
Now is empty of the present too.

Devoured by the fire, are
All happenings, all nature,
All in the past. It was. Now?
Now is just this pure
Consciousness without
Boundaries and objects,
Free on all sides, wide
Open, without qualities, but
Endless bliss. Now—and the past.

They touch in the fire,
They kindle the fire,
The now of bliss burns
Longing for its own expression
And dreams and sings of
Reveries and—past—stories
About the ten thousandfold
World system, its birth
And its demise, which unfolds
As nothing but the infinite
Longing and seeking and
Reaching out to that divine—now.

The fire is the storyteller
And the story and the listener.
Out of fire one is twice-born.
But if now is the bliss
And the rest is gone and past,
Shouldn't everything stop just here?

This fire doesn't run on perishable
Fuel, it burns the thrilling now,
Endless and imperishable, like
The enthusiasm with which
It creates and swallows
The stories of the universes.

Like the loved one and the lover,
Like the sun and the moon, and
Any pair of opposites joint in
The heart, they disclose
An eternal dance of shadows
And lights dazzling in time.

Now actions do not have to cease,
For the sacrifice shall continue,
But they can be perfected, tempered.
Like the poet who struggles to
—Sing, sing the Beauty saw in vision!—
Rest nowhere content remembering
How many times Beauty has been sang;
But with steady and unwavering
Effort gives all to the fire of inspiration, praying:
For new unheard words to say
Again, to sing again, again the same
Beauty again! Just so, continue
To act, continue the sacrifice.

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1.2 Naṭarājabījasūtra (September 2023)

A still explosion of simple delight
Flashing forth from nowhere everywhere
In each atom, breath, in each shadow and light,
Humming in all tongues and none: I love you:

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1.3 Invocation to the Fire (September 2023)

Oh, Agni! An abyss of light burns
In the core of this being that is yours.

Here. The mind teeming with restless thoughts.
This is you, you are this. Please take it!

Here. All the hues and throbs of the heart.
This is you, you are this. Please take it!

Here. The warm presence of the body.
This is you, you are this. Please take it!

Here. The vastness of infinite space.
This is you, you are this. Please take it!

Here. All beings are but one consciousness.
This is you, you are this. Please take it!

Here. Just infinite self-consciousness.
This is you, you are this. Please take it!

Here. The spaceless vast of emptiness,
Full of all-mighty loving freedom.
The substance of Being is pure Beauty.
You are me, I am you. Let us dance!

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1.4 You are (January 2024)

You are my secret,
Hidden in plain sight.
The taste of water,
The fragrance of air,
The touch of space,
The sound of silence,
The color of light.

You are neither
Myself nor another,
Less than something
But more than nothing.
A boundless loving
Presence holding
In your invisible
Embrace everything.

You are so completely
Different from all
The mind-made fancies,
Yet you live them all,
Enjoying their play like
The waters caressed
By shoals of fishes.

You are always there,
Unnoticed horizon of
Freedom and beauty,
A formless landscape,
Ignored, forever sought,
Kept so far away by all the
“Yes, but...”, “Yet, I need...”
Otherwise, you’d so close:
When every name and form
Is offered, surrendered to
That which makes them appear,
You are there, I am too.

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1.5 Not arrows (February 2024)

Blindfolded by our little stories
We roam prisoners of petty desires.
Afraid of falling, we forgot how to
Stand on earth and roll, and slide.

But if a magic singer could make us
Move close enough to remember
Our natural bond, then the bubble
Would be pierced, experience freed.

With many limbs and feet and arms
With many hands and heads and eyes
Reaching towards everywhere embracing
Everything touching and feeling at once.

We are not arrows flying to a target.
We are waves of light engulfing cliffs
And beaches and draining sands
To the depths of unforeseen oceans of beauty.

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1.6 My Game (January 2024)

Behold! This is my game.
You shall these meadows cross,
And straight till the end go
(and again, and again, and again).
Nothing expects you there.
But on the way you will
Wonder, discover, meet
Endless beings, endless souls.

Behold! This is my game:
Sometimes you'll just witness,
Sometimes you must respond,
Sometimes you'll be surprised,
Sometimes you'll fall in love.
Be fully with that all.
However, don't get settled,
Not even in your own Self!
Don't keep what has to flow.

Behold! This is my game!
Do not seek the past again,
Do not pretend to make
Future and cravings match.
Then you'll see what it means
To be, to live, to be
Free. Behold! Life, I am.

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1.7 Napoli (Settembre 2024)

Che strano animale, Napoli,
Aggrovigliato sul mare come
Un punto di domanda di fronte
Alla minaccia sopita del gran
Monte Vesevo. Ma incurante
Come chi sappia troppo—o troppo
Poco—e leggiadro nel rumore
Sempre vorace delle strade che
Rombano di un via vai che
Gira a vuoto—ma fa colore!
Le vie affossate, strette di
Negozi, botteghe e palazzi
Sconquassati dalla resistenza
Del tempo—che s’aprono d’un tratto
In improvvisi pozzi di luce
—scorci di un cielo perfetto.
Ma, Napoli, che fai? Dimmi, che fai?
La domanda cade vana, quasi
Passo incerto sul selciato
Di un vicolo. Perché mi chiedi?
Che c’è poi da fare? Quietati.
Aspetta. Domani forse sarà
Tutto polvere e rossore di
Lava. Ma oggi c’è tramontana.
Il mare è in tormento—eppur
Qui a riva si sta così bene.

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1.8 The song of the ground

(February 2024)

Did you hear the song of the ground?
A soft tune beating here beneath
Your feet. Listen! As it whispers:
“You can trust me. Yield, roll, sit, walk,
run, jump, fly—I’ll be there. Open!
You can feel me, my resistance,
You can build upon me—your dreams
Of freedom, and fancy, and play.
Those who don’t listen are afraid.
They’re fearful, worried to master
Their steps. Yet falling, and failing.
Scattered, they forgot how to dance.
Confused, they call my embrace death.
You’ll surrender to me. But first,
Let’s move until the flames are tired
Of their own glow, and we are just
Sweat, and breath—and fulness of love.”

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1.9 The Pythia's voice (June 2024)

In the hot dusty noise of the summer
I came to the old ruined shrine, heavy
With questions, mine and of my dear ones.
We are beings of confusion, yet we're scared
By our selves, which we don't dare to know.
We run and run, looking for prophecies.
And so came I, heavy with unspoken
Doubts. But I was too late: only ruins
Remained. Apollo's temple sunk in the
Quaking earth. Desert of people, only
Silence left in the burning midday sun.

Then I stood on the slope near the rock
Where the Python used to voice the truth.
"This is a place of oppression and fear.
They pretend to know, but can't understand.
I am mother and father, I am earth.
I know because I make and take and leave.
But they don't like my truth: they are afraid.
That young God came here to rape and enslave.
He didn't want any power or wisdom.
He laboured only to suppress my voice.
He invented that farce of offerings.
He brought the commerce about the future.
He asked for sacrifices and trophies.
He promises and betrays. And loves gold."

Whoever was speaking wasn't speaking.
But I heard nonetheless and asked the rock:
"Please forgive me, and tell me what you want."
Like a large valley opening between
Steep mountains, so did the Wise revealed this:
"I am the Origin. I give birth to
Movements: some dissolve quickly, some endure.
They call them Forms. By repetition they
Become meanings. Beautiful children

Of unknown destinies, pointing towards
Possibilities ever unfolding.
— But by force of grasping they turn into
Rituals, and search for embodiment in
Flesh, words, then stone, and heavenly aether.
Too much beauty and power there to let
It free. Yet my children crack open all
Cages, not even the skies can resist,
So much less the marbles, and even less
Frail human bodies. Someone once said that
Forms descend from above, imperfectly.
If anything, imperfectly they raise!
Because they can't be kept, they break whatever
Pretends to block their flow, and leave it behind,
Like a snake skin. Behold! This is the source
Of all ailments: the cramp of grasping.
And those searching for healing need just this:
Acknowledgement, while relinquishing all
Demands. But this you know already well.”

Whatever it was, stopped for a while, like
Wind searching for its storm to bring nearby.
As I was dragged away, I caught this song:
“Know Thyself! Don't pretend to rule above
These dark flowing waters that carry you
As a leaf, as a reflex, as a wave.
Don't ask where you're going. Care only for
How you're surfing the currents. You do not
Need stony supports, only movable
Scaffolds to help your metamorphosis.”
—And it ended without having begun.

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1.10 Fine Estate (August 2024)

Nell'accecante luce di fine estate
Cosa è più chiaro della completa
Inutilità dell'odio? L'esplosione
Permanente del sole si spande
In silenzio. E quella disperata
Leggerezza di nubi che sfiorano
L'addio del cielo non sanno dire
Cosa resti di ieri, e dei giorni prima.
Voci di discordia mormoreggiano
Come onde di un mare dal blu
Perfetto, instancabile divoratore
Di sogni e idee pericolosamente
Affacciatesi troppo vicino a quaggiù.
Il vento ramingo inventa e disfa
In costante travaglio labirinti di
Riflessi e dune e grida spumeggianti.
Come attraversare? E verso dove?
La lunga attesa del crepuscolo
Rivela nascosta una luce di stella.
Guida imperfetta e muta, eppure c'è.
Non serve forse conoscere il dove.
Purché si vada non fa differenza,
Affoga soltanto chi smette di nuotare.

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1.11 Death (April 2024)

The body: still warm and seemingly alive.
Like the morning bed remembering still
Dreams and fancies of the past night.
The body: still warm, but alive no more,
As the breath just left it forever behind.
The dawn with her lucent sword has
The stem of the last dream cut off.
There is no turning back to that body
Or dream, despite the grief and pain
For their ending, and soon vanishing away.
Death comes for a reason of justice:
There is more within a soul than
What a body can possibly dream of.
This More is mostly nameless and unknown,
Yet it's there, and with gentle voiceless
Urgency demands and needs to be
Listened to, acknowledged, lived maybe.
No matter how long is the ignorance, it will
Eventually appeal to its right and call
Death as its faceless executor.—So we die.

The body: still warm, but not for long,
Already becoming senseless matter again.
There is but a split moment to take
This abysmal decision: again, or never again?
Here the greatest freedom lies, the heaviest
Choice, the hardest challenge of love.
Before the past begins to rotten and smell,
What shall you do? Time is no more,
Reasons vanish like fog in the winds,
Space collapses in one point where
There is room only for a unique say:
Back again? Or something entirely Other?
I trust in the unknown, I trust the
Dark belly of chaos and emptiness. I move.

The body: cold and still. Dreams are
Gone. The day moves on. Me too.

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Part Two

Love dances

2.1 Does it matter?

(February 2024)

Sleepwalkers all around,
deep into their dreams.
I slipped in the empty room,
Searching for the dawn of movement.
You were there. Were you sleeping too? Or I?
—Did it matter?
I closed my eyes, opened my skin,
Sink deep into the ground.
We clashed, softly, like green
Branches moved by the breeze.
There was no music but our breaths.
There was no word but a single resounding “yes”.
Not two, and not one,
Beyond or above.
—Did it matter?
We surfed in one wave the same
Energy with its million nuances.
We exploded apart, fused
Into the core, grew up and
Came back, again and again.
How deeply can you feel another?
So deep as ...
—Does it matter?

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2.2 A touch of truth

(July 2024)

I stepped into the space trembling
For answers I could not dare to
Listen. The ecstatic southern
Sun was sweeping the floor and you
Were there. Your body like a Sphinx
Was throwing riddles in the hush.
Hesitantly I fell towards
Your soft skin and your gaze turquoise
Astonishing like a newborn sky.

But I drank the unspoken words
Of your hands, I cherished the taste
Of your weight, and the smell of our
Sweat. Your drumming heart, the strings of
Your breath were singing an aria
Unknown to the worlds but to me.

Our bodies matched like distant
Chords and each movement unfolded
An improvised melody of
Grace, and lightness, and struggle, and
Care. I could neither leave nor stop,
Only hide beneath the veil of
Your gold bronze hair, or in the cave
Of your limbs closing on me. We
Left the six directions behind.
We, went to a place of surprise.
I sunk in the ocean of your
Unending presence. Until Time
Resumed that awkward march towards
Tomorrow.

Did we go away?

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2.3 A simple story (March 31)

My story 's simple.
I was waiting,
My eyes wide open,
Searching for little
More than... 'I don't know'.
But only when closed
They could see you.
Then, light was music,
Touch was talking words
Of silence immense,
Unknown to all but
Us. I'm you. You're me.
This, fear cannot
Understand—nor stop.

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2.4 Take it

(February 2024)

Did you hear? The future is sold out.
I wanted to give you my smartest words.
But it will take ages for them to
Paint even a rough portrait of me.
I might offer you verses or songs.
But you'll need decades nonetheless
To distil from their tunes my blurry
Shade. I could tell you the bare truth.
But I fear you'll forget that it remains
Nothing but a lie taken too seriously.
Perhaps, I should invite you to dance.
But each atom of space between us
Is a universe without stars to cross.
Behold, I know. Take my weight.
Immediately you'll be in contact
With my essence bare naked
Ineffably alive and terribly exact.
Take it all. My weight is my soul
Take it and show me where is
The door that leads us forever here.

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2.5 Les Folies d'Espagne (March 2024)

I—don't know. But you:
Will you dare to dance
Les Folies d'Espagne?
I—can endure the pace
Of waiting and waning
Slowly into silences, and
Raising, immense, beyond
Again, and again—but you?
I—am. Waiting. Waning.
Why I do not know. I was
Asking you: are you there?
Will you dare to take my
Hand and gaze and the rest?
Can we let ourselves behind,
Like cloths on the floor, and
Move on without steps?
I—am here. Shall we?

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2.6 It rains

(February 2024)

It rains, and rains, and rains—
The earth is a drum of a thousands
Rhythms, yet so dry it remains—
Words like trembling droplets that slide
Away, caressing its whole surface
Unable to penetrate inside.
It rains like tears of joy and
Grief and hope, fear maybe, who knows?
No one seems to really understand.
I'm a droplet, I'm a word, I am
A silence, a smile, a mysterious
Gaze. I flow and flow and break the rhyme.
It's fine. But if only I could let
You savour a grain of that freedom,
Beauty and Love that is all there,
So obvious! If only I could find
The open crack in your stony skin
To sneak inside and from there release
That taste... like a moment of pure being.
All would be done—the rain would cease.

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2.7 I hate you so much!

(February 2024)

Keep the Truth, I want to fall.
Don't wake me up. You're my dream.
I don't care for the wise, they understand not.
Gravity is my guide, your skin my sea.
I hate you so much! How did you dare
To be—knowing the immense distance
That would have followed? I hate you so much!
How could you get closer than my breath
Only to leave behind the warmth of
Thy vacant presence—like the shape
Of a body in the messy morning bed?
We achieved nothing. We were nothing.
Just the play of balancing shadows
In the rainy evening—vague shapes
On a steamy window, in wonder to nowhere.
How could this be anything more?
But I hate you so much! Because
We had to leave. And now we're no more.
But even this absence is a thrill of beauty,
Albeit cruel, and hopeless like
The Solitude that comes in olde age.
Not going backward, not forward, much
Less standing still. Enough. I fall. Shall you?

*

2.8 Unbearable

(May 2024)

I can bear the solitude. Of the desert
I'm not afraid. I can bear the silence,
Where even the last echo is broken
And thoughts don't dare into words.
I can face the sorrow and the blues
That hungry mermaids sing from beneath.
Being a stranger, or just misunderstood,
Is an ordinary dissonance, nothing more.
But when for an unbelievable moment
We are—in spirit and movement, breath,
In the infinite sunset, and in sweat
—and the time explodes in thousands
Of thousands splinters of eternity; each
Is a thorn ready to press the heart,
Your touch turn into a warm vibrant knife
—because how can I then let you go?
Too rare was the moment, too brief, why
Should it end? And yet our bodies are
Torn apart from each other by this distance
Becoming immense—so immensely immense.
I can bear the darkness—but the fading of
Your light, its blowing out, I can bear it not.
I've no words to keep you, I've no breath
Left to run after your shadow. Then, I sink
Into wasted space. The logic is exact, but
No wisdom can make it up for the taste
Of your skin, just now so real, and soon
Becoming a fading memory of wholeness.

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2.9 Amsterdam

(August 2024)

You are a cobweb of grachten
And waters, a geometry of lights.
Red dragonflies of mensen aan het fietsen,
E le carni sempre fresche dei macellai
E delle puttane achter de grote ramen.
Doe normaal. On s’amuse bien avec
La vie coulante entre les petits commerces,
Les boulangers, les fromagers, les plaisirs
—Quelli noti and those yet to be discovered.
Everything that was once tabu is here
On sale. For the heaven please sign up
For a weekend workshop—all’inferno non
Chiedono prenotazione. Mais je ne suis
Pas convaincu. Ton système de philosophie
Non mi torna affatto—la falla è evidente!
Waar is je verdriet? Waar de pijn
Zicht verbergt? Je ne crois pas à
La jeunesse éternelle, et beaucoup
Moins à la félicité. “Forever young” is
The echo of an old song that grows
In the cracks of your crooked pakhuizen.
“Non son chi fui, perì di noi gran parte”—
Sang the old poet, et je m’y retrouve.
Ik heb niets. Ik ben niemand. Ik wil
Niet meer. Ik loop tussen bruggen en
Waters, ik fiets niet eens. I don’t buy your
Ideology. Je t’aime assez, tu es très
Charmante, en gezellig—dat is zeker. Ma
Non basta. Dov’è il tuo cuore? Quello vero.
Il cuore batte solo per l’anima che duole.
Where are you? The invisible spider hides.
Tu es une sphinx qui répète une énigme.
Mais les gens sont too drunk to understand.

Er is geen beter plaats voor je pijn
Che metterla in piena luce, farla galleggiare
Nei riflessi di cielo sulle acque limacciose
Solcate di quando in quando da una chiatta
Full of tourists enthusiast of their rondvaart.
Sorrow is deep for one who has nothing
Left but celebrating fleeting happy jokes.
Amsterdam centraal—una palafitta di ferro.
A man gets on the train with his red chair,
Il s'assoit près de la porte. Il faut être
Comfortable, mais vite à la descente.
Liefde en dromen en ademen en alles
Dat je kan of wil—hier mag misschien,
Of niet. Come with me, get lost. Er is niets
Serieus in questo casino un po' barocco.

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2.10 With(out) you (August 2024)

It's that timeless moment at night
When sleep has been banned forever.
There is just this immense moment
Of emptiness spreading over
The worlds. The Moon has abolished
The stars. It hangs alone, questioning.

Then, I too swim in the darkness
Following the dreamy hues of
Your memory. Where are you? And
How do you feel? No answer comes.
I ask my skin and search for your
Traces, touches, and your embrace.
I pray to become wax and keep
Your impression, or melt away.

My being is the high tide searching
For your shore. But you are so far.
The tide withdraws leaving behind
Algae, shells, broken twigs, and my
Questions. How can I be so light
To mingle with your breath and stay
Secure in your chest? The darkness
Falls silent. Time left. The Moon looks
Through me. I dissolve. A halo
Of shimmering light. Kiss me, please.

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2.11 Unexpected

(June 2024)

I've got lost following the paths and valleys
Of your forehead, and I've drop in a light-
Green lake, with a dark isle in the middle,
So hungry for nameless things, still
To be discovered. Am I one of them?
I've heard at night a speechless prayer.
It asked to just be there, please, nothing
More to add. Was it yours? Or mine?
Let's flee to the shore where no stories grow.
Where the sun is just warmth on the skin,
The breeze just a gentle caress through
The leaves of the trees and your hair.
The wobbling dock just a place to lay
Tired bodies after a life-long swim, and
Breath, and love, and asking for nothing but
The unexpected that brought us in touch.

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2.12 Delight

(September 2024)

God's original sin was wanting
To separate darkness from the light.
But light is just the isle of darkness
That's seen and understood—it's a lie.
The truth is letting darkness shining.
My cheek rubbing your beard, on your bike,
As we are precariously riding
Through the night, looking for love awake.
And your head bowing towards my chest,
As if shy, praying for a caress.
Our bodies standing in the crown
At the Dam. And amidst everyone,
Wet of fresh rain, yet one singing still
"O sole mio"—you gaze at me,
Letting words dissolve on our lips,
In one breath, and one unending kiss.
The green so mysterious of your eyes,
The soft sigh of surrender when I
Embrace you—and you smile, and I too.
All pulsing cracks of delight, from which
Drops of darkness invisibly flow,
Their stream carrying us to the unknown.

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2.13 Thank you

(July 2024)

I promised myself to fade back into
Silence, as I could not entrust words to
Keep the thread of our communication.
I didn't want to intrude, I didn't
Want to become a handful of phrases.
I was looking for a moment of sun
To share with you. And it appeared right now.
Many things can happen in just one week,
Or none at all. The beating heart of Time
Stopped, even if all is still passing by.
I've sent a butterfly with some turquoise
As a memory of that perfect past.
I've taken showers of bodies and sweat
To wash away your imprint from my breath.
There is so much more that still wants to say:
Thank you—but not as a needed goodbye.
Thank you—can it sound more like an invite?
Anyway, here I am, pouring my self in
More words to hypnotise the clock a bit
Longer—and quench this abyss of longing.
I fell in it entirely. And gladly.
Thank you—I hope you are doing well too.

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Part Three Know Thyself

3.1 The Cave (September 2024)

I've heard of a cave
Where people enslaved
Watch shadows of things
Taking them for real.
But it's a long way
From hearing a myth
To recognise it.

The air didn't smell
And lights were vivid,
Not gloomy shadows
But colourful ghosts,
No chains but very
Comfortable chairs.

Yet this is the cave.
Not of stones but words,
Symbols, meanings, sights.
Lost deep in the world
Of mind where all is
Clear, distinct, foreseen.
A huge lie that sounds
Like sweet lullaby.

Escape through the mind
You won't. 'Cause the route
Would still be mind-made.
But escaping you
Should. 'Cause here there is
Only talk of things
Never born in flesh.

Where is the escape?
At the end of sleep,
Where body awakes,
The dawn of movement
Surprisingly comes,
And you just walk out.

Please, don't wait too long.
Inertia calls for
Even more, until
You forget the feel
Of a free dancing
Body in open
Space. And then you'll sit
Happily in your
Coffin of soothing
Lights and words and lies.

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3.2 I'm no poet (December 2023)

I'm no poet.
If I were,
I could sing
Wordless beats.

Yearning for
Beauty can
But Music
Understand—
Sometimes, if
I let it
Come close 'nough.

On the shore
The struggle
Vanishes
In the storm's
Afterglow:
That is my
Roaring soul.

I could tell
You maybe
The formless
Mystery
Of my self—
What I feel,
Or might be.

But a poet
I am not.
I'll let you,
Thus, touch me.

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3.3 Song without words

(May 2024)

I rest on the amaca swinging in the dusk.
The breeze plays with the greens, clouds
Like brushes of an improvised painter
Tell a story of movement and struggle and
Love: I've lost all my words. I broke symbols.
I leave the meanings to you. Let me be
This silent jar of life, just a beating heart,
A dancing breath, a tiny light within.
In this emptied space I make space for
The upcoming darkness—the firing of
Unknown stars and circles of untold myths.
I close my eyes, dissolve the phantasms
Of the day. I hide in the discolouring
Of the world. I'm still, quiet, waiting.
You'll have to find me like if you were
Groping for words. But I've no words,
Albeit I sing. Come finding me, I'm here.

*

3.4 Mirrors (May 2024)

The bell tower points like a finger
To the empty sky. Where are all the stars?
I have been many things and none
Has lasted. Does something remain?
The bells ring the hour, but out
Of time: a vague 'now' that's nowhere.
I have taken many masks and tried
To cover or control or express this
Deepest shadow, bottomless like the night,
Full of dreams and voices so hard
To understand: but all compact in one
Unique tone of dark blue light.
I have never seen my face—nobody
Does. I have sought mirrors of irregular
Surfaces and different shapes to look
In my own eyes: I see never the same.
The stars are gone, time is broken,
Masks dropped, mirrors blind, myself
Walking no longer in the morning sun,
Feeling the crispy afternoon light and
The chill of the evening soon to come.
What will I say when They will ask me
What I have done with the span allotted?
I've took many forms and of many let go
—The beat of Being danced me out:
I never knew how to move except by
The grace of another. So this I can
Witness: all is immaterial but mirrors.

*

3.5 A minor (April 2024)

I'm a tune in A minor,
Dark blue, foggy, without words,
But a vibrant tone that leaves
No doubts: let me cry, let me
Say that I'm weak and broken
—and that is not the problem.
The problem was the heavy
Smile, the radiant mask, happy
Voice, the rest of the farce.
So much beauty in darkness,
God can't see nor understand
It—but you? Light makes blind
The soul to its own shadows.
Do you hear them? They sing still:
A simple tune, A minor.

*

3.6 Genova

(April 2024)

Genova, che sorgi di luce splendente
Nei mari di meraviglie, come spezie,
E puzza di piscio dei vicoli, e facciate
Istoriare di glorie scomparse, dimenticate
Voci di vite che sono non più,
E puttane non più giovani agli angoli
Della Maddalena, tra tentativi di fare
Altro—ma cos'è poi il passato,
Se non questa inerzia del già provato?
Non basta la manna del sole
Ad alleggerire la melanconia scontrosa
Scolpita nelle tue ardesie e sui volti
Vivi e dipinti dei tuoi abitanti.
Itaca fosti, ma più non sei. Bellezza
Intoccabile, lontana come la linea
Del mare sbracciata sull'infinito
Ma irraggiungibile. Quieta ti apri
Di storie brulicante, ma in una
Lingua che più non parlo. Fu mia,
Ma più non è. Fui tuo, ma più non sono.
Come il terreno argilloso degli orti
Che si crepa e cuoce nel forno estivo
E si spacca in zolle e sabbia,
Brandelli di ricordi e vita e speranze
Sono impastati in ogni scorcio di
Queste tue vie sempre così storte e
Sensuali, ma ora come spezzati,
Disarticolati dall'arsura del tempo.
Taci sospesa sui vaghi presagi
Del futuro che verrà, ma non sarà
Mai buono o nuovo abbastanza.
Ti scivolo in grembo, ascolto, sento
Che qui è concluso il mio tempo.
Non già Itaca, infine, ma porto
Da cui salpare per tornare più mai.
Ma non è forse l'amore più grande
Quello che sa lasciar andare?

*

3.7 Fake it (May 2024)

Anybody's faking it?—I am!
Faking what? (Be honest) You know: being
The one who knows, and the one who can,
The strong one, the one who doesn't need,
Nor asks anything. You know: I am
Tired, weak, and getting older, and
Still miss words brave enough to whisper,
To ask: can you simply be with me?
Just be there, here, do nothing else, let
The door open (no door is better).
Can we be on tender grass under
An uncertain summery sun, saying
Nothing and allowing the silence
To take us on a ride for elsewhere?
No reasons to give, no explaining
For this: don't even call it love, just
Do it. And if you'll fake it, I won't
Mind. For as long as we all dissolve
From moment to moment like droplets
In an improbable rainbow
(Like a little dance of shivers when
Emerging from a deep otherness)
—For as long as we dissolve and again
Fall in the unknown, together, less.

*

3.8 Evening (September 2024)

It's too early to sleep,
But too late for the rest.
Silence flows through the rooms
Like a dense stream rubbing
The edges of my things.
All that was familiar
Is silently changing.
Spooky gazes appear.
An immense vacancy
Of sounds burns in my ears.
The day faded to black.
Voices and people too.
The buzzing of a lamp
Is all that I have left
Between me and the Dark.
Still too early to sleep.
Yet, thoughts are already
Tired and defeated.
Late, indeed, for the rest.
The body wants only
To lie down, still...
The worlds spin around at
An infinite distance
From my being
—this nothing.

*

3.9 Take me (July 2024)

Take me. Take me away.
Away from the noise of
My dreams—so very loud.
Take me wherever you
Want, but be gentle 'cause
I am tired, so very
Tired, and broken a bit.
I'll follow, yet slowly,
Like your shadow at dusk,
I'll follow as I fade.
But do take me with you,
Whoever you are, I
Won't ask you to explain.
Just take me all in your
Silence of light and dust.
I'm not afraid of you,
Nor of your gaze where all
Life eventually rests.
Take me, but softly like
The first love, the last breath.

*

3.10 Domenica mattina (May 2024)

Cocci di bottiglia per strada,
Rumore di traffico dimenticato
In ritardo sul raccordo, silenzio
Stracciato come il giornale di ieri,
Fiori e verdeggiare di fogliame improvvisano
L'estate tra asfalto e gli avanzi di
Un disperato bisogno di godere nonsoché.
Brezza che increspa i riflessi pur
Tropo inquinati di cemento e ansie umane.
Malinconia che vede e sa resta sul fondo.
Ma non duole, non trema, non dice.
C'è di una presenza saggia che guarda
Questi passi incerti, lo sfiorare della terra,
Il gesto che cerca, la materia che risponde
Con gravità e movimento. La brezza
Cancella le domande in un unico tacere:
Sospeso il tutto svapora nel tempo
Di un ultimo sospiro. E non resta che...

*