



CABLO III EX-VOTO A NAPOLI

Subito attimo in cui ogni cosa
significa e tracima e la pioggia
ha striato d'azzurro il bronzo e ogni
rigagnolo impietrito con le onde
dei crini della statua equestre dice
dell'occhio e del cuore di chi la fece
e di chi la guarda e dice del tempo

allora il cuore non è una lacrima
rossa e bombata pianta al centro
di una coccarda di raggi solari
barocchi, è – invece – una cuspidè
esso stesso
pianta e piantata in se stessa.

Giovanna Demarchi

Busco un río que me lleve al mar.
Ese mar donde las olas no mienten,
ese mar de azules, ese mar de mar...
Busco su ritmo y busco su paz.

Busco un río que se vuelva mar.
Un mar donde las olas avancen,

Un mar de lunas, un mar de paz,
Sin horizontes definidos, sin final.

Busco su fuerza y busco su rito,
busco su calma y busco su fluír.

(Aunque no fluya conmigo.)

Busco su canto y su sentir,
Busco su cause y su destino.

Busco las horas junto a ti,
Busco los días perdidos.

y sí las olas no mientes, creeré en tus ojos.

y el viento no me engaña, creeré en tu fé.

Giovani Della Mancha

TORTURED BOY

genius died
today a
penny for
the old guy

again
its the end of
the end
of
the world again

they promised
he said
the
neck bolts
were
temporary
and
these
my
worries meaningless
and that
all mirrors lie like
rugs

does
this
tinfoilhat makes mybutt
look
big and are
they
enough my
their
decaying
up
dug
bones
organs muscles
sinews and skins sutured
pumping
blood electric a
being
only barely
but and so
contingent see
look ask what
do
verbs
do are
they what animate
me

her laugh reminds
me of another younger
girl by the lake holding

a flower
my sister my
daughter of
the
black socks unashamed
she loves me
she loves me not
she loves me
she loves me not the
flowers out plucked
and
floating
away on the
water

it was an accident
i didnt mean to
drown
her

where does this leave us
except feeling
left
and now
all i want is
to be
rich footballplayer
rich
drug dealer rich
body guard rich
spokesperson rich
stolen art in the wall safe
hidden behind the picasso
in the study
rich
auditoria
research facilities and museums
named after me
rich
pilot a rocket to mars
rich
fake news
rich
and then dying
drunk
in a helicopter crash
on
calloused knees in the
hyde
park
mens room under
my over
qualified
secretary

sorry im late
my excuse i
forgot to make reservations
my excuse

its
a condition my
excuse who knew
these
facts
had real world
consequences
my excuse no
body
goes
there anymore its
too crowded
in
china
on
facebook in
your
sky
blue eyes
the
air brown
and
unbreathable in
fact
in
blood
in
bed my excuse
is a sound
a
word
like
or
as
work home
respect love
and or cancer
sniffed
out
by a dog
cut
out
by a surgeon
controlled
by
a
chatbot from the duly imagined
third
modernity warm
and
spotless my
excuse
i did it all for you
dad

b speth

background
alex de zan