

Cliffhangers II

They didn't speak loud enough for you to follow that faint
thread of conversation between the neighbors, murmurs, a
cackle, a glass rolling on the floor

You enter a hallway and its aromas, shrimp, crayfish, dried
garlic

Your cat watches you as only he can

There's no hope, the record's scratched

You look away, the heel of your worn shoe tends to be a good
reason for suspicion

It's just a sketch, a couple figures against a window, it all
happens too far away, one lump leans against another, now
all you can see is someone's back

What if you wrote down all the details from your dreams as
soon as you woke up?

Devoid of the impulse to reach deaf ears, you insist
on a few poems

you should bring your ear closer
to the ear
to the ear

•

these are deaf tasks
while you fence and muzzle
you also sing
don't panic

•

wherever you thought you were safe
it hurts there too

•

Conjectural tango:
it's neither sky nor blue
just writing

•

I don't like
when you're quiet
dream butterfly

•

write with strength and clarity
now that no one will read you

•

(in the margin) what would you leave outside if terror has
already nestled in?

•

you
stay
quiet
the whole
day

the whole
day
stays
quiet
in
you

•

I orbit the point where beasts roar
and aromaed forests are abstractions

•

Waiting in vain for the mistake of a sweet trick

•

I write on your body
erase and write
on your body
remember and write
on your body
(that is not here in these letters)

•

pulling the blanket up to my neck
I construct

beautiful
monuments
made of words

•

“you’re close to poetry, even though you fear it and abound it”

•

Oh, poet, don’t sing to the rose
or water it

•

I just copy the phrases jotted down in my notebook
I’ve decided not to write poems

•

keep heartless stones
that will be useful to you later

•

write
from another chair please
further
from weeping, from thunder
from desire
elbows on the table
no masks
no fear

•

let’s play hide-and-seek
in the vacant lot

no trees, no night
no corners
only words
for a hideout

•

Nastagio degli Onesti

give me your love, I need it
at dawn I'll go out to hunt deer

don't mind the battered traps
hares are stupid, occasionally they escape

•

here too night falls before sunrise, Reinaldo

•

Lavorare stanca
I enter the shadows
there are words on the chairs
waiting for clients
(it's a slow day, Blades would say)
and I leave

•

I jump from one threat to the next
I beg bread and escape plans

•

I hate this failed pretext so much
I sip a restrained drink

•

night has arrived, who would guess, the day is now a crumb

•

this gets worse, drunkenness only lasts a little while
and here you come with honeycombs in your mouth

•

forgive the fireproof trunk of some evenings
and the concave words at parties
forgive too the being alone

•

pulsating carnitas, that is us, trying to explain it is pure idleness

•

It's interesting to witness these encounters. / The serpent
awaits: The frog is resigned.
Sometimes all we're given is the chance to watch, Oliveros.

•

like a tower
situating itself
ceaselessly on site

•

and yes, whoever makes words makes oblivion