

# PRIMORDIAL SCENERY

(the land of replaced souls)

shudders of life  
through my fainted eyes run  
what astonishment  
those golden mountains

they raise sage  
omniscient dust throughout time

orgies of colours  
white clouds reflect  
from waving flowers... so bright  
the wind caresses the ancient foliage  
the leaves whisper like voices saying...

welcome  
to the land of replaced souls  
here human soul  
is delighted in everlasting peace...

you who blows emotions  
through skylight splinters... please  
disclose to my soul  
sweating bare roots

overgrown with moss  
chrysal-clear waters they cry

high foamy crests  
from this sea of pureness  
twirl placidly up to the sky  
the waves split on hard clouds  
the uproar resounds like a voice whispering...

welcome  
to the land of replaced souls  
here human soul  
is delighted in everlasting peace...

we all will return  
to the elements of the primordial scenery

# AS BLOOD MOVES

(a tale of everlasting passion)

... the wind now rose with great violence  
the moon was beginning to descend  
the clouds swept across it and dimmed her rays  
while the lake reflected the scene of the busy heavens  
rendered still busier by the restless waves  
suddenly a heavy storm of rain descended...  
(MARY SHELLEY - Frankenstein-)

ages follow'd ages in endless history  
asleep was my blood  
cover'd with my home-ground  
the vibe of life felt...

restless through my veins  
was it when liv'd the sight  
she one soul enraptures  
then vanishes forever

thus hath such a tempest o'erwhelmed my own fate  
my heart enabled againe to love or hate  
once my dull sleep broken enlightened was the quest  
for my blood thine feels rejecting all the rest

damned am I and suffering  
sith the first day my sleep I lost...

...as blood moves  
my heart bleeds  
and dresses me in red

- the prophecy -

'who bleeds for love  
deceiv'd is by beauty  
a 'll roam in the dark  
and drink blood in eternity'

as blue and refreshing is the sea of my passion

or clash may the clouds stormy my darkness  
thy nearness my blood feels with serene emotion  
or suffers alone crying out thy remoteness

sith the first day art thou my mistress

...as blood moves  
my heart bleeds...  
...as blood moves

'...a batlike soul waking to the consciousness of itself  
in darkness and secrecy and loneliness...'  
(J.Joyce - A Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man -)

## ART BLEEDS

(viewpoints of dying artists)

'life is  
a luminous halo  
a shower of atoms'

(V. WOOLF - the narrow bridge of art)

'works of art are made  
of endless loneliness  
it's only love who can grasp and cherish them  
time is not a measure here  
to be an artist means to grow like a patient tree  
trustfully resisting to the strongest spring winds  
without fearing that summer will not come  
cause summer will!'

(R.M. RILKE - letters to a young poet)

'when my disheartened soul roams inside  
to catch an emotion death and life collide  
and like moths attracted by a shining light that leads  
the cells of heart set forth and so... so it bleeds!

an everbleeding wound  
a wound is art  
and art forever bleeds'

'timeless moments slaying death'

(JOE - art bleeds)

'enchantments of the heart'

(T.S. ELIOT)

'life is a heap  
of meaningless ironic ruins  
death the final montage through which  
our life can express ourselves  
life ends where it begins  
the artist is a trembling idiot'

(J. JOYCE)

(P.P. PASOLINI)

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(JOE - art bleeds)

'I want to be a poet  
and I'm making myself voyant...'

A.

RIMBAUD - letter to G. Izambard)

## ANTICLIMAX

'to feel the colour of darkness  
Caressed by this freezing breeze... Nooo!'

No reflections from a waterpool  
Will feed allucinations

Art is left to burn on the stake  
To bestow life into the highest form

Experience  
When meaning is no more possible

A different form, it is needed  
The higher level of perception:  
the unspeakable!

To be dead in an empty page  
ANTICLIMAX  
The negative utopia

No metaphor will heal  
The crisis of words

Which makes the mind ask for more  
When words repeat themselves...

... to eternity  
and meaning is no more possible

A different form, it is needed  
The higher level of perception:  
the unspeakable!

To be DEATH in an empty page  
ANTICLIMAX  
The negative utopia of art...

... still to be written

# COGNITIVE SYNERGY

(the battle of signifiers)

BRIARS and PLUMES  
appears the CAULDRON  
ARCHAIC HEINOUS ritual

YEARNING for revealing  
the LINEAGE of the soul  
ARCHAIC... HEINOUS

RELENTLESS is the DELUGE  
the SQUALL loves the WHIRLWIND  
VIRTUOSITY rests QUIESCENT  
X-RAY through the UNSOUND mind

" within a red riot of brains  
what is taking place is... "

DELUGE FASTNESS  
LINEAGE RELENTLESS  
NEURAL  
ORDEAL

YEARNING for revealing  
the LINEAGE of the soul  
ARCHAIC... HEINOUS

the ZEPHYR upon earth ENCROACHES  
a JOLT to the ISLET FASTNESS  
such a NEURAL GRASSLAND  
I TRESPASS on MEANINGLESSNESS

" within a red riot of brains  
what is taking place is... "

the CAULDRON spews out souls  
seemingly KINDLED  
by ORDEAL holy rising ghouls

"...the battle of signifiers  
the battle of signifiers "

# SNOWFALL

roaming through the dark  
and calm air of the night  
as nature cries  
frozen tears sway down  
to the tepid heart of earth...

(you never heard  
the cries of earth fall down!)

...where their freezing kiss  
or natural heat prevails  
they sing their hymn  
the sweetest ever heard

you never heard  
the hymn to life  
that snow-flakes sing while dying!

snowfall  
like tunes of falling frozen tears

when the coldness prevails  
through her eyes of gold  
we shall enjoy the whiteness...  
...shall enjoy the snow

roaming through the dark  
and calm air of the night  
as nature cries  
frozen tears sway down  
to the tepid heart of earth...

(you never heard  
the cries of earth fall down)

winds clean the sky  
spreading all the stars  
and sweep the tears...  
...and sweep the tears away

so nature burns

moments in green  
before crying out her pain again

like tunes of falling frozen tears

hear the snow fall

## A GOUT FROM THE SCAR

mist blurred my eyes  
fear blocked my ears  
I could not see  
inmost atrocities

words...  
rip wide inner wounds  
if spoken out like swords  
as the prince spoke out daggers

voices are too weak  
to perceive secret sanity  
as to be fault  
as r still stana open-mouthed  
so existence turns  
into a deadly sequence  
of pains overwhelming  
their own good precedents

only I see my scars  
ripped again  
I sustain my past expiating pain

wounds seem to be healed  
but memory still  
makes'em bleed

time...  
time does not heal  
when wounds are so real  
and a heart dies alone

see this

gout from the scar  
sign of  
my inner death

## COMET

orchids of a deeper green  
serene, over the blackest sea  
as the eyelids stand open  
and the sky plunges in, reflected

the spell is cast in the eyes  
mine, foreseeing next passage  
of such a fascinating beauty  
only blindness can grasp and love

because the comet passes  
shining faster than a wink  
leaving the green orchids  
drifting in a stormy sea

coragious waves sweep over  
falling like rain drops  
down, til the eyes be shut  
and another spell cast...  
...foreseeing next passage

as RAIN fills in the SKY  
SHE spread her HAPPINESS  
sailing over this SEA of TEARS  
trespassing the NEXT to the EVER

...rain  
...sky  
...she  
...happiness  
...sea  
...tears  
...next  
...ever