

(for a) thyroid landscape

in sickness and study

it can take

many earth years

to molt

rooting perpetual paws

sensational suckers

that rest a kiss on crooked things

and walk only by force of loving leverage.

Mediating continuous assault and normed proxemics.

in sickness and study

I, the sick, adore and abhor myself.

I, incarnated monster,

suffering, spotted.

I hold up a mirror of green wounds

They reflect me as an alien

but at a leap from the world

in sickness and study

The time when the catastrophe has already happened

in which I have turned somersaulting

on ripe strawberry legs and mold

end of the body of the dance

end of the body of the sense

end of the body I had chosen.

in sickness and study

Then a tangle, a stumble in disarray

of viral ascent in the petrified city

end of possible bodies

end of accessible breaths

an enchantment of State

invested and adorned

of deviated carrion

the entire apparatus.

in sickness and study

I write voracious, broken to the chest

I write quivering bitch

dug tearing through meager burrows

pneumatic shelters that only by oversight figure things

I write cleanly

and surgeon to the abject

I hold a sigh

on the tip of the pubis

in precarious balance

divaricate oblivion.

It is a torment of sorts

always getting disoriented

woman and fish remedy

and blood and plasma

and chlorophyll and light

and a single, tiny handhold

in wood

to stay afloat.

I have found a refuge

that is escape,

finally.

Now rock the boat to a fare-thee-well.
Once we suffered dreaming
into a place where the children are playing
their child's games
where children are hoping
knowledge survives
if unknowing they follow the game
without winning.

Their fathers are dying
back to the freedom of wise children playing
at knowing
their fathers are dying
whose deaths will not free them
of growing from knowledge
of knowing
when the game becomes foolish
a dangerous pleading
for time out of power.

Quick
children kiss us
we are growing through dream.

Ora culla la barca a un addio.
Un tempo abbiamo sopportato di sognare
dentro un luogo dove i bambini giocano
i loro giochi da bambino
dove bambini sperano
che la conoscenza sopravviva
se inconsapevoli seguono il gioco
senza vincere.

I loro padri muoiono
tornati alla libertà di bambini saggi che giocano
al sapere
che i loro padri muoiono
né la morte li libererà
dal crescere dalla consapevolezza
di sapere
quando il gioco diventa stupido
una supplica pericolosa
di tempo senza potere.

Presto
bambini, un bacio!
Noi cresciamo attraverso il sogno.

Noi siamo idioti. Siamo idioti perché non ci vogliono, non vogliamo.

Siamo idioti perché non abitiamo il senso comune.

Non ci prendono, ci provano con le catene, con il piombo, con i farmaci.

Non ci prendono perché siamo idioti, siamo incomprensibili e siamo 1,2,3, infiniti.

Siamo idioti e l'idiota è il nostro massimamente stante. Idiota!

We are idiots. We are idiots because they don't want us, we don't want them.

We are idiots because we don't live by common sense.

They don't get us, they try with chains, with lead, with drugs.

They don't get us because we are idiots, we are incomprehensible and we are 1,2,3, infinite.

We are idiots and the idiot is our massimamente stante. Idiot!

NUESTRO DESAFIÒ ESTÀ EN SUPERAR
EN NOSOTROS MISMOS LA NEFASTA
DICOTOMÌA ENTRE MICRO Y MACROPOLITICA
(...)

LA DESARTICULACIÒN ENTRE AMBAS
ESFERAS DE COMBATE, SOLO CONTRIBUYE
A LA RIPRODUCCION INFINITA DE LO STATOS
QUO.

MAS GRAVE AÙN CUANDO SE ESTABLECE UNA
CONFLICTIVA POLARIDAD O UNA DEMONIZACIÒN
RECIPROCA EN TORNÒ A LO QUE SERÌA LA
SUPUESTA

“VERDADERA ACTITUD REVOLUCIONARIA”

I nod to the times like these branches to the winds
spreading pollen among the creases of every sung
syllabe
and there's no threshold in every shadow that can't
be seen
crossed and felt in its simple being
ancestral guardian of every flowing of all the senses
with open doors toward the karstic flows of the abyss
where each body is the body of every other body
where every now is within every continued breath
breathed
that upholds the existence

they are strong almost invisible calls
within the inlets that permeate every lost instant
in this forceful and decrepit living that wears us down
where answers are offered for everything
to questions we would have never asked

and this flow that accompanies me
perhaps embraces millions of years
it pierces through and joins every layer
from the beginning of every land
from the beginning of every time