



WORRYING ANALYSES

By Luciano PICK ©

ARCANE SHIVERS

What could you have repented
 if I don't have explored,
 with ardent fervor,
 transitory exaltations
 of brief impossibilities
 and should not have crossed
 unreal confinements
 making collections of pain
 for every seed of happiness?
 Look as the light
 inevitably extinguishes
 and ignites, every day,
 and seize the arcane shivers
 of the dawns and of the sunsets,
 of birth and death.

PREFIX

I desire to appear what I really am,
 with the rawest nudities exposed,
 undressed of humanistic emotions,
 predisposed to the mutable present,
 root to the air on the coveted earth,
 adjustable thirsty appendix,
 to the point of to stay bloodless and dried,
 with the worry of not to know how to flex himself
 fearing to break at first event.

ADAGIO WITH MOTION

An evening without smiles,
 without love return and without words,
 is empty and tired
 like the bed were
 I relax myself only for sleep.
 Remain the incessant dialogue
 between who, without talking, listens,
 and without speaking, intends and finds,
 without speaking, an answer;
 in the only dimension
 of a time without limit
 that flies or motionless
 and always too much few,
 or excessive when
 too much is the distance.

MUTE SILVER

I, alone and other hundreds
 with the eyes enveloped
 in the luminous silence
 of the quiet sea.
 In the alive sunset
 painted of indefinite love,
 to a continuous horizon shaded
 with studied patience
 although inattentive,
 I fold and repair
 the impalpable mantle
 of a net bleached by the salt.
 Last light, the first stars,
 the flaming fire and a bottle,
 to pass again absurd of the goblet
 from the neck to the conscience
 they try to drown
 amazement and recollections.
 Also the gulls are now silent
 and, while immersing the oar,
 I wait serenity
 and orientation.
 This net,
 which rapids sinks
 and frees the air with bubbles of light,
 is like a destiny,
 deprived of dreams, wrapped
 on the changeable backdrop of time.
 The incentive is of the casualty.

Dumb silver, I perceive
 that the landing place is far,
 I don't withhold it.
 In the bucket and on the grill
 of the big cabin covered with the pitch,
 again it dissolves a pale dawn,
 the passed enchantment

THE OTHER FACE OF THE MOON

I have placed a thought
 on the dark side of the moon,
 sprinkled by falling stars,
 of candid and rare edelweiss's,
 of musky small alga's,
 of red and short slopes,
 of unexplored deep ditches,
 and some airy term
 already it has been lost.

VERMILION

If your curls
 could pierce the lobes:
 I could see the look
 spotted of red
 and a vermilion flower
 opening itself,
 like the sea
 devastated for explosion
 of a sunset,
 without illusions.

JAGO

In the secret shadows
 of emergent thoughts,
 that, unsatisfied intimacy
 of derided plans,
 induce to violence,
 there is the pride,
 slay Jago,
 ready to impose
 unreal effusions.

TO BE IMPRISONED

You bored in my world
 visiting the more intimate refuges.
 You walked free and curious
 on the designed meadows of my fantasy.
 You have recorded my emotions
 my anxieties, my uncertainties
 and you found yourself between your hands
 a frail and diaphanous entity
 from were you obtained heat and tenderness;
 some times, malaise and unconscious.
 A full and imperfect entity
 it makes you empty and filled completely,
 while everything taken of you, possessed
 or that, also completely won,
 and you never completely earned.
 Then: slavery, plagiarism, obsession
 for this marvel, this whim
 to shape and to adapt to your being
 stating that this was not
 neither it could be. It was escaping
 in the interstices fluidly
 and the race to catch in freedom
 for absurd and unforeseeable forms.
 And you gone winner, defeated;
 and you asked yourself: " could I have again
 that too much few that opened the uncertain wrapper
 from the which one the Being-butterfly exited
 trembling before and after sure, flying?"

THERE ARE MOMENTS

There are moments
 of life and of death
 of joy and of pain
 of love and of hatred
 there are moments
 of sincere wisdom
 and tragic falsity
 there are moments
 when we kill
 with impious words
 our conscience

there are moments
of justification
of the good because well
of mystification
of the truth, for holdup
of the confidence of the others,
also when now
we are already for all
for that which we are
without any appeal
without acquittal
without convictions
there are moments
in which we have ideals
in which we hope
in which we sing
and we laugh playing
like the swallows
under the roofs of the houses
there are moments
when you are ashamed
to have been cowardly
and while you speak
you rotate the white tongue
in the voracious mouth
without knowing who for
and what perverse reason
loading to you the anguish
of childish instability
there are moments
in which you disown
with falsify shamelessly
there are moments
when, tranquil,
my sad forgiveness
whips your memory
there are moments
in which I can remember you
without blushing
there are moments
of unlimited pity
for what you are making
nevertheless I do not cleanse
your chin stained
of gravy and jam.

SAMURAI

Where the fantasy clings
 for to isolate the life pragmatic
 in a precarious and temporary fishing net,
 only consolidating the unexpected
 in the improbable illusion
 of the optimism lacking of principle?
 If the abstraction makes itself solid,
 the egoism would conform itself
 to the dimension and the weight.
 If the altruism were distilled
 from the egocentric confusion,
 would expand in the appraisable.
 If the doubts were educated
 and if they were coinciding with the growth,
 it would not serve the isolation.
 But the spirit is not solid;
 so the object is not fantasy;
 so the axe carves the log
 and the eye does not suture the wound
 but rejoice of the twinkling of the lymph,
 she is open to the sun that attracts her
 parching the life for that moment
 well-tried of exaltation in the sacrifice.
 How much it is important to live and to die
 like the dew, for the light only!

SOMETIMES, OFTEN, HOWEVER,...

Suddenly,
 taciturn,
 because it is not the same thing
 to be, at the same time, body and mind,
 reason and impulse
 in other words natural and foolhardy.
 Above those limits, they are unison
 or else the tangents, colliding,
 become tractors, propulsors
 of the escape and of the bewilderment.
 One of the two remains immovable
 and does not shorten the distances
 but otherwise it emphasizes the diversities.
 To think, to make and to say
 there are many ways,
 and others also

in order to not understand.
 But the external impression
 is always equal;
 nothing have not happened,
 nothing is due
 and the memory haven't any seed
 that never has been buried.

STRANGENESS

Strange soliloquy
 of an androgen
 perhaps crazy or mad
 agitated in its intolerance
 of being without wanting
 that shakes the tiredness,
 forcing the defences worried
 of the others to wake itself.
 his diversity,
 for as he stares us
 with acute strabismus,
 inspires almost fear.
 But, then lively he descends
 and, skipping, runs
 for enter nimbly
 in the first pub.

WHO KNOCKS?

The truth saw under, in between.
 The truth that sings in chorus.
 The color-blind presbyope reports her.
 The amplified deaf it comments.
 The truth is the light like the day!
 With the lighthouses directed to the sun.
 The pure truth gushes from the source.
 The empty files encumber the computer.
 Who brings the rubbish out the door?
 The egoistic truth shifts with clouds.
 Is not said that a root always sinks.
 The relative dark seems universal.
 Someone knocks beyond that door:
 why don't you go to open?

MADNESS

Also when the dust lifted on
and the dry eyes
crumpled up,
lifeless and tired,
the strength desisted not
but inside,
we known's well where
and like,
the road was ripped to the darkness
and the heartrending cry
gone where then the mind
answered no more.
It was the dumb madness,
stupid madness more than every death,
to close the life so.

ANTIMATTER

What it can do? Yet is together
the fly to the ox,
the rock to the ant,
the lie to truth,
the love to friendship,
in the diligent weft
of an universe alone,
contradicted also it is
from the empty unknown,
antimatter to the being that exists.
What a surprise is the harmony
when it already corrupts,
chasing if self
without never to reproduce,
and that light, extinguishing itself
on the grey dust,
it is the macabre memory
of the beginning hopeless,
of the always never covered,
after the principle.

AMEN

Does not exist anything more!
Face swollen from the rain.
To cry, while sleeping,
the own death,
this is right!
Lives the monstrous silence.
To drown in the dark,
nothing to which to cling.
This goblet of bitterness
destroys last hope.
But in order to scream...
we need the voice.

I SEARCH THE MAN

My useless battles,
storms without thunders,
made of rain and swirls,
abstracted from motionless
of born worlds death,
fluctuating in the opposed effects
of the thoughts
betrayed from the actions,
they exhaust every day
before that the dark
anticipates sopor
of the heartbreaking solo
isolated in continuous one
of Diogene's question:
where is the man?

WHY THE DEATH ?

I want to tell you way.
 What I think with wind,
 because I do not ask you to listen me
 like, as for a long time, you do not answer me.
 I will say to you that the day,
 more than the dark,
 is astonishment
 and is not the ineluctable,
 it is not the death that surprises
 but the lasting life.
 Damned why,
 so clear,
 shockingly logical,
 you do not give more space
 when, along the road,
 suddenly, we fall down.

LIKE THE NIGHT

You are like the night:
 hard to see
 it is necessary enter in you to find you
 with shudders and emotions.

You are like the night:
 dreadful retrospective
 of indefinable grays contours,
 of long white walls.

You are like the night:
 unspeakable sin
 prompted by lascivious thrills,
 of groans and brutish shouts.

You are like the night:
 inexorably ambiguous
 not satisfied slave of madness,

forgetful of the firmament.

You are like the night:
of short life, intense,
empty garden of corollas,
victim of tragic rustles.

You are like the night:
able to dissolve yourself, able and to vanish
in the light of the dawn
that relights the colors and hopes.

I HAVE DREAMT THAT I WAS DREAMING

I dreamt that I was dreaming!
Unusual level of restlessness,
the dream, first one and troubled,
to the other, raw and ridiculous,
followed after another stubborn.
To innocent sudden and tormenting impetuses,
comic primeval barbarous strips
removed the usual contours
in the logical symbolism
of the contiguity of cause-effect.
Even if it were, was not or were been
because so it had to be;
nevertheless such it seemed
in the unconscious imposition,
that a desire "in primis"
from rough stones it were buried.
The nexus instead is clear
of pleasant sweetness to the ego.
Live innermost image,
and indelible compensation
to the longed weft of normality,
immersed in a dream that I was dreaming.

DREAM AND SLEEP

Reason has who suffocates the love
and lazily to own role apply himself
without asking himself how and why,
till when and for what reason.

Who indifferent mateds the slave
matrix, chaste and insipid robot
that also attends when
he with others perverse enjoys
while the sons in the sure port:
home, surname and warm plate
they learn that wins the blackmail,
the egoism and lie.

Honest colleagues, do your duty,
like honored straight small drunk soldiers,
cursing Saints and the commanders,
pay attention to be cunning and opportunist,
otherwise you will be repudiated,
expelled in the desert, where
water, salt and earth have another taste
and from where never you could not exit.
Nevertheless it is the only place from where, bare,
you could dress yourselves also of tragedy,
of freedom, of death and of greatness
convincing yourself at last that the awakening
does not excludes the dream and the sleep.

CONCERTO

Deafening loud
of thousand thoughts,
that go in agreement,
when this score begins
before of the concert
that together
within of us,
for the world,
finally we play.

HIPNOSIS OF ONESELF

To be alert in the sleep
 so don't escapes any moan
 and to appear physique of the unconscious one
 it does not alter the breathe.
 So imports this outward appearance
 because always the ego is two persons,
 also the defenses put down,
 and the opposite one of the one
 against the other it spends himself,
 rejecting itself one another
 ignoring itself entirely.
 To be expression
 is not an harmonic equilibrium
 of opposite signs,
 but weak potential
 of the contradiction,
 being alert with himself
 in the restless rest.

THUS

Already awake
 before of first morning,
 already in me
 before of the first thoughts,
 improbable anguish,
 sure anger
 and the desire,
 maybe also monotony
 of schemes wont to disappointment
 and a lot of spectacularity,
 inert masturbation
 of dawn, full of awakenings
 of the false senses,
 of encumbered stages,
 of automatic gestures,
 metaphysical visions,
 small exploring animals,
 and the excitation is already near
 of the next heat.

SHOOTING STAR

You are still here
to play
with the shooting stars,
unknown gasp, hope
slaked in the morning
like a betrayed dawn.
And you remain here
to prove,
with a mark of blood,
that any pain
is more heavy
of seeing you to go
without being lived.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWER

The death,
of a cut flower,
cut, withered
and that one of a leaf,
of many small leaves
shine in autumn time
and die falling, falling down
with a rustle,
go down on the ground,
weather that does not move,
makes free the gesture
that imprisons the body.

IT IS ALL IN ONE

Only one: day and night,
with the little isle suspended in the middle of the sky.
Color monotonous and infinite,
is not happiness
to stay elsewhere.

CONSCIENCE OF THE CONTENT

You have called them ghosts!
Solid ectoplasms,
they roll in the head
like unstoppable landslides
of appalling chains,
deafening prosthesis
of unbearable rumbles,
and they are such!

They are generated from me and only my.
From me, they are inspired to the screeching,
to the mental ptosis,
to the diaphragmatic dissolve
of the boundless unreal.

Therefore, they shout!
I don't have calls they for this?
To crawl in an underhand way
along the infinitesimal net
of the unconscious engraved
for to terrify him.

You prime the self-destruction
and you suppress the instincts,
you stand up threateningly
and shout, you shout still!
You dance!

Stretching out the sunken eyes,
crawling the heavy feet,
marking with the arms
the macabre dance of the afflicted,
you must sing!

The throat is dry from the smoke,
the lips are chapped,
the prehensile language,
you cripple the death
that it does not have to me,
Degenerated slaves of my will,
companions of my insomnia,
cunning oppressors of the freedom,
in subdivided formations,
which conquest the world!

I SING

Nevertheless it is,
I sing the joy!
Which one shining through.
Which one standing out
playing
an instrument that vibrates
and, expanding itself,
it plays again harmonic
in my mind
and in the body.
I sing
and the sound is collected.
It does not echo more far,
on the solitary plain
of the fantasy.

TIRELESS THOUGHTS

Nothing other than the firmament,
if tireless thoughts
like luminous stars,
dusts particles of the Big Bang,
like interlaced blades of grass
on interminable lawns,
like hydrogen molecules
mixed to oxygen in the seas,
like microscopic grains of sand
beige-clear in the deserts,
like traces and punctuations,
figures and faces in the centuries,
if tireless thoughts
all appear all of a sudden!

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