

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

English translation was done for those people who want to read my poetry without having knowledge of Italian language.

VICINO A TE COME VICINO E' IL TEMPO AD UN RESPIRO

UNION ... NEAR TO YOU, AS NEAR IS TIME TO ONE DEEP SIGH.

Di

LUCIANO PICK ©

PROLOGUE

" Amor, ch'a nullo amato amar perdona....."

"Love that never loved, cannot forgive"

Of this verse, diligent student,

I was an admirer and a carrier

with writings and direct works

to whom the love lives and gives always.

SLENDER HOPES OF THOUGHTS

Near the end of time,
of a time dissolved in rain,
while the first leaves,
are falling yellow in the sun,
the unexpected blue,
appeared between clouds reflections
as the slender hopes of thoughts of love.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF SPRING

To you, my darling !
How sweet the willow leans on the shore ?
Slight whisper of souls, lost among leaves.
Refuge and nest of green seaweed and hope.
Where romantic, unreal, impassable limit is horizon.
Where the snow lies down ?
Rain crying comes down, instead to go up.
Dies for storm a day, all the sun
Wind poses !
The Rose, with her perfume, spring brings.

WHAT CAN I TELL YOU

Words in me are like fire.

Night passed quickly.

The rain washes superficial thoughts.

How many times rained in and out ?

I searched water but I found images.

Eyes of my mind are incredible.

Figures created by light and destroyed by reality.

Can to dream help to aspire...to realize ?

Contour is sweet and sour – I want to eat your eyes.

Now, look how am I inside, anywhere.

Cat weeps for love in the dark

Female wolf parts one's legs, supine.

To burn does not serve ! I would to bark.

Plan of my life had a reflex only.

More light we need : a little more light.

Crust of common convention it seems indestructible.

I could not to give yet. I still bear the fruits.

Do I speak alone, without echo, or you listen but don't answer ?

You did not try yet to receive. Are your hands strained ?

Many words without thoughts and thoughts without words.

Little thorns picks big wounds.

You ought to give a haemostatic sign, a lap that picks it.

What, at last, to tell you ? It is not enough for now ?

MINUET

With eyes I can speak to you in a low voice

You understand what I am telling you

I can't imagine what you could say

If the sounds to my words I could join.

NEED AND LOVE

One day as so many others.

The warm sun in summer.

The wind that blows light.

Second regular and you draft that follow the walk,

without leaving space

among an instant and another of our life.

The slow give rhythm is stopped of to hit.

The meeting of the two souls,

of the mirrors that reflect her,

the eyes, and then still the progress of the minutes.

Everything is different and everything is transformed.

Everything is better than this what it is, always.

The need and the love, the need to love.

The meeting is happy but not still complete.

To complete him, passes still useless instants.

The escape!

The time is not right anymore to be,

it has never existed.

It annihilates us the one in the other,

what is found it had not existed,

what found him was never.

The wave of the reason to exist winds

and it licks up the bodies that quiver to the mutual contact.

The work of the muscles has not meant

and it gets drunk us of water and of sun.

The sun anchors

and the contact anchors that does him as more concrete
and more intoxicating.

The candid stone is witness that the sky has not changed color,
that the river has not overturned its course,
that life has changed its heartrending
and that the love transforms,
as always it has transformed:
every thing, every mind, every character
and, all together, the characteristics of the people
to make to feel them able to rejoice and to suffer
with intensity never caught up.

It is not suffering the abandonment of the two bodies.

It sticks they nourish him some nectar the bees.

Still the corollas of the flowers in to grant they smile it.

The rite human beings, the feeling that accompanies it is divine.

Still her hands they are looked for.

Still, the molecules, to the natural state, they divide him
and the atoms form bright and sparkling crystals.

Even if ideally the network is a diamond it doesn't have the consistence of it
because it misses the determination to realize it,
because, often, so it has to be
when before loving you are wanted to understand.

The first yearning separation is unbelievable!

The time, stopped him to pick up the moans,
it now crosses his road with a leap,
launching us in an abyss of fear.

The sun is stolen to its heat,
to the water her freshness,
to the society they have escaped two persons
destroying the conventions, the motives and the hypocrisies of it.
The certainty to have realized a different world.
To have lost the contact with the inhuman reality.
The search of the based reality on the love,
on the altruism, on the need to live happy and to give him.
Here, the time is now really and inexorably stingy,
not day space but of rhythm and it points out the hours in place of the minutes.
The numeration has proceeded since two climbing over the one.
We can also love us with the thought
and only so, in the separation, it repurchases the time his meaning.
The couple, biblical nucleus, is alone again
to fight among the good and the evil.
This is the moment in which all should collapse,
the society to disappear.
Yet all it takes is looking at himself to find again the same desire,
the same transport.
To look through him with the eyes,
to graze him
and then to feel the contact that does more and more him impetuous.
Small people of the evil, that you look without seeing,
what smile without understanding and you strive you to dirty
what in kind it is pure,
the aridity of your mind is as an immovable desert,
your walk to be revived won't find oasis where to stay himself

to thank God to have given you that puff
what you have sacrificed to the lie
in the concrete envy of whom has known to live!
The search of the loneliness comes too late!
Alone he revives,
he lives for feeding himself,
to feel the senses wake up themselves to innumerable feelings.
You feels inside the storm
that he instigates and it desires to calm down themselves
annulling at the most itself of the upsetting.
The serenity of the wood is shaken from the trembling of the leaves
witnesses of the to occur again themselves some intentions,
day for day the foundations of a building are strengthened
destined more than the others to challenge the lashes of the time.
Slowly, the nature does not hide more its secrets.
It opens the flower to the dew showing shining pistils, perfumed.
The blush of the petals,
the dust of pollen that climbs toward a ray of sun,
the sweat of the exaltation,
the tenderness of the wish not to transcend over the premises
they confuse him
and at the same time damage the range of the emotionalisms.
On the trunk of a tree and in sky
he is written that the destiny of the men is the love.
The rain falls and bathes without refreshing,
without calming the torment that is born from the continuous orgasm,
orgasm without end. Because not to entirely give him?

Because not to reach the maximum one any suffering
in order to revive it renews you to the life?

A time pact.

Because every thing strengthens him,
for the certainty that every word is an action,
because the thought and the mind are completely empty of the past
and overflows of the present,
in order to convince itself that it is alive and it wants living;
only after, of this that surrounds will assume to us a new color,
they will play silvery trumpets opening endless skies,
the horizon will widen

You and aware that this has to happen

because he is wanted it, to survive,
to feel that there is no space between body and body,
time between thought and thought.

the breath from frequent it does him more regular,
followed by the regular heartbeat.

Blood palpitates in the veins and is purer, more filtrate.

A new sweetness spreads,
a calm that extinguishes the fever of the life.

The free electron, escaped the nucleus, reestablish the equilibrium.

It is the principle of everything!

Anchor,

actually to that the sun will heat this planet,

for us,

every breath will have only a name

and two finish: need and love!

S. VALENTINO'S SUMMER

Drunk of happiness,
with you,
under the rain of others,
with sun reflected in my soul,
on the body,
in the words
that light play on the lips,
between a kiss and another,
while the music
winter dissolves.

IN THE SILENCE

For you... I can see you without looking.

For your smile,

how bright it weaves with the red lips a song

what I hear without listening.

For the moon, that curtains your skin

so that to a light whisper

it waves, as in winter,

to the point that, waving, it lacerates the silence.

For the sound, that repeats it acute

and it breaks a voice

stretched out to tell you what it would like

when the resonance induces to the tender thought.

For the sun, that illuminates your face,

and the heat, that it invites you

to slake one's the passion in the coolness kiss

of a green wave that goes losing itself in the sky.

For the dream that attended it comes,

when the night seems empty joy

and the imagination it is cradled of anxious hope,

while a verse repeats it to the endless one.

For what you touch and you see,
for what you hook and dream,
when it prevails the melancholy
in my silence...

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU

To let love to do,
It runs as a crazy
And stops only
For looking you.

GOODBYE IN THE SUNSET

(or: history of unilateral drug and genesis pathological of vocation of madman
with permission of circulation in a story of auto torture in which the presence
of the sun is purely casual).

The goodbye to the sunset leaves the sun suspended.

For me, it is there still and it doesn't want to go down.

Crazy sun, red of love!

Round as the tail of the peacock!

(Sister goddess, befriend my, help me!).

To the dawn, very before you.

To the dawn, very before me.

Where is the entrance of the run?

To the dawn, heat you wanted the incandescent earth.

To try and to try again you owed.

Pulsating eye glued to the mirror of a flying disk.

Musical flower with petals on the stave and pollen on the line.

Tests of strange sounds under the low time of the roost.

Topography of casual runs to select times.

Collision of inclined worlds to kicks from the case to meet themselves.

Graft of marches of a machine not cohabitant.

Apex of smiling meetings opened to the impure hope.

Words framed to reveal the simple draw.

You start yourself to go up again the hours of the morning.

The staircase leaned to the wall, toward the roof or more aloft.

The desire slips among the hands and burns the salt.
It approaches. It boards very softly and it doesn't hide.
The hands, the wrists, the arms, the hair. . . .
Where am I?
Ah!
The sun of midnight with all that small black seeds.
It is midday!
White seed that grows grabs on to the life.
Symbiosis of the seed.
Curse! Two seeds in the head quarrel.
That black wants to change colour.
Vegetable racial discrimination pondered by an animal.
Hamlet's of the being with the addition of which to do.
Aspirator of nightmares complicated from attached and connected.
Suspended life to the nail calls life.
Lips in escape produce silence and panic.
Silence! It seems to climb quickly going down.
No! It is not a carousel but the labyrinth of Strà.
It turns and it turns, a stones throw from the tent, we are not certain to arrive.
So, this way it is in fact and the only path gets further.
In vertical, the sun shortens the shade of the remorse.
Peaceful rests under the snow
At night, the thought works and produces long roots.
In the daytime, the thought rests and digests illusions.
The time passes in this way!
The present becomes past and future or trouble.
A suspended label to the conscience admonishes:

—To look without touching! To graze? Now!
The sat spectator doesn't get up.
The show must be go even if the heart bounces behind the scenes.
What appetite of forms!
The ceremony of the spiritual meal radiates sensuality.
An abdomen submarine apocalyptic tensions it explodes.
Sauce of lost alga in the time seasoned of sacrilege.
There, where attended it is an echo, a smile responds.
Death of white weapon.
Ghostly reflexes freeze the warm blood.
Stupid hope! Before to be born, last to die.
The sixth sense is love. Seventh not to steal.
The sun goes down, the staircase climbs and loses it in the void.
What does it do? Why he stops? It sweats.
Why?
While the staircase climbs, a fall of gilded honey goes down.
Gold pearl in a casket of blue.
It falls in the arena the bull showing the language to the toreador.
The eyes however fixed son to the face behind the mantilla.
Sun as earth in burnt Siena.
Sun as earth of the Carso, dust of fluid blood.
No! Don't read! Not turn the look in Babylon.
Jerusalem, my country, why open they are your doors?
Why you tear are they your boundaries and my hands?
Scattered in the Temple the tattered bowel, wet of tears.
Where am I?
Again there, crazy sun! Lustful and immoral.

In the alcohol the hours drown, actually to night, they resurface.
They resurface from under and all extinguishes their in splinters.
Prayer, invocation, regard, goodbye, worry...
Under the tower in Babel, absurd, they speak and they are not understood.
Good-bye supported by timidity, folded up by the courage.
For me, it is there still and it don't want to go down.
The goodbye to the sunset leaves the heart suspended!

LONELINESS

To cover a route of a white path,

feeling what others don't heard,

to hear words that never will be said,

to see what never happened,

loving without being loved,

to suffer of everything for nothing,

That is a Loneliness

IN YOUR HANDS

Don't close the windows,
let the sun to enter,
and stars to appear.
Hug me if I tremble.
Search me if I don't find you.
Give me the joy that lets me to live.
Don't leave me alone in the dark.
Don't abandon me in the limbo.
Out is too cold.
Let me to stay sweetly near you.
Like a flower I will bow the stalk.
Picked up my petals in your hands
So they do not fall down, between dead leaves.

SERENE

In all this time,
sequence of melancholy,
with a kiss still engraved on memory,
and an acute desire of your caress,
like a rare flower
upon a high crag,
exposed to intense, cold wind
that freezes me,
I attend.
Sun comes and goes away,
do not comforts me.
I confuse gestures and words.
All that we do is useless
And everything dear
is connected to you.
Everything , every thought,
if it is to bud in you,
It will cheer up.

ALONE

An empty goods wagon

Forgot

On a dead track.

NOTHING

Dazed,
elbow on rest, on table,
once in a while I awake
and glance, fixed
on a reflection of the sun,
it puts off.

Useless,
Like light the voice that repeats
If I something desire. What ?
That is what I ate
Clashes terribly.

Do not ask where and how.

Do not ask me why.

What I don't desire, it will come,
Perhaps have already came.

It is in myself

Like it there was before.

Nothing ?

Is a little thing !

Remember to wet me

At times a plant has only roots.

Useless is worse of nothing,

Shade will walk lonely

DEW DROPS

Here, hand dewdrops picked,

Slowly, then twinge, after hailstorm borns.

So found, near the face scents of love.

Flower of dew is also the quiet flower.

Palpitate brief life of a star near a cloud

Stalk removed from chalice is still stretched

Passes and starts again to lips hand of dew.

IN YOUR WOMB AND LATER

I hold you and you have me, to be in you,
already entirely beloved, before being born.
Indivisible perceptible who is quite engraved.
Certain entity of soul and body.
Seed shed that it owes to you the life.
Your is the origin since you bind me.
Your is the light since you disclose me.
Look for elsewhere me. . . and where?
The spheres of the time break the memoirs.
Of indelible it stay the regret.
I suffocate the breath and to attend I stay me.
To stop you, to stop back me to that it serves?
Yesterday it is a writing in the time that was.
Today I am that from you I depend.
The nourishment that you will give me will be of love.
Of the revenge and the hate it will be teacher the time.
Wait! I am that I live and I feel!

VACANT AGAIN

Night, you forget what you see.

White rock of grief on dear hill.

Empty bitter cup hidden in sweet smile.

Broken is thread strained to the day.

Hope, still reflected in the sea like before ?

Said and reside love deliberately intense.

Lips still stretched to the empty.

DREAM OF WINTER

The mature wheat mixes its colours to the green field.

A source is touched by a wisteria and a willow united.

The pollen is transported by the air and it flies from the corollas to the ground.

The wind slightly blows on the dikes and on the beaches.

The sand adhere to her body and to her forms.

The silence sings and the shade is mute on the stingy ants.

The fish is mute and astonished of the world that surrounds him.

The river bounces to every riverside and then reflect thousand accords.

In the evening, the sound of the bell, takes the sun to the sunset.

The clear nights sing the music of the starry universe.

Everything recalls the desire and it says: but will return the summer!

TIREDNESS

What serves to speak about arte and poetry

When tired eyesight with difficulties

A little of a gloom invents

MY SPRING

Rain, you sprinkle cold and poverty
This garden without footprint
Little you see this solitude
Because my steep is mine and not yours
For to surpass inert leaves
That fall down on the gravelly earth
You do not hear child's playing
And neither lovers glance
From gaunt trees cry comes down
And wind slides thorough your trunks
While broken-hearted goes away
And drags my sweet spring.

APPARITION

Distant,

a figure without voice,

you seemed me.

Near

A figure without body

Weren't you.

SILENCE

Fragments of dark lines draw the blue sky.

Serene is the winter without end, without noise.

Silence of gestures, of words, of desires,
of evocative and vague images.

The leaf is not there and doesn't move.

The grass is not there and doesn't fold herself.

The sidewalk can sleep, covered of dust.

No trace of imagination.

Silence without end, without fear.

A static procession of recollections
it penetrates a wall painted of coolness
and it vanishes over the plaster.

On the windowsill the flowers grow no more.

For my flowers I have no vases anymore,
and also the silence does not come out of the body.

EMPTY

It is a far memory.

To hear echo disturbs me

because detail makes confusion

while my memory trays out

optics indefinable of time.

Loves and sufferings

where hard it to distinguish

plays of sense and mind,

both left back with intention.

What remains over empty

That can injure over sorrow ?

EARLY MORNING

Thoughts of night, soul lost at first sun,

Still engraved in eyes between dreams and reality.

In them love slides sometime flat, sometime thick,

Where to fall , to stiffen and to laugh seem without end.

Without end is time of soft abandon.

MAYBE TOMORROW

I taste bitter memory of minutes now empty.

A different flavour had your smile.

Now you do not live here, but in a deep well

Where I never tired I appear to search you;

From where , sometime, you emerge to examine me.

When I hug all these images

For clasp more those loved,

That remain near to sighs

Those I will live again maybe tomorrow.

UNION

Near to you, as near is the time to a deep sigh.
Leagues of traces and symbols that reach you.
Traces and warm thoughts in flight toward the fire.
It washes that nourish the projection of my spirit and you remain me.
Too much is, and few, both what is wanted and had.
The essence of the sunset is shut in chalices of clouds.
Whisper of express agreements in the dark of the night.
Dream and substance of unreal things with one hope.
Drunkenness of the abandonment forgets of every wisdom.
Dialogues of lights and shades out in the space.
A creed deep, reflex in the memory.
Harmonic dissonances disrupt the lived images.
An echo dies and repeats herself in the wonder.

SKIN OF SILK

Skin of silk, to wait is a promise.

The cobweb is laddered itself for a gust of wind.

The line of the train that jumps always is ours.

I have taken the ticket and am punctual.

There instead is too much time to crumble the pomegranate.

The poor grains are passing, one after the others.

The knob of synchrony doesn't want to stay motionless.

Dark skin, your suit flies in my imagination.

I convey colours in the ether of the subconscious.

The raster is in three points: the love, the tremor and the uncertainty.

The heart sounds with the city's orchestra.

An elevator's button shows, like last place, the infinite space.

Which is it the colour of the flowers, skin of love, that you offer me?

I will sit on the cloud and will retry a whisper.

Skin of sun, Icaro melted himself in the embrace of love.

The deep blue on the ceiling have moved with the shades.

The last sentence will give the verse of the end.

Skin of light, don't suffocate the moan that shakes.

Without you, the photosynthesis of the thought is void.

TO MAKE THE LOVE WITH YOU.

Covered dewy, I pick up every sigh.

It filters from the glass the sound of the morning.

It will can this day, to be filled of wind only?

Full of the green that, slowly, it reddens and then it dies.

Only whistling, as nobody, they sing the last summer.

Careful prayer, don't lose the accent!

As I see you and as always..... who suggests the tune?

Your body, covered of nothing, it illuminates the light.

It salt, toward a piece of sky, along the branches of an imposing maple.

To possess your perfume to have the fill of the sadness.

To tighten your sigh among the lips that murmur in the joy.

To tune with you the intent for slow and exciting gestures.

To quiver in states dilating the desires for to own they again.

As the wave that is risen, it magnifies, foam and break itself.

And disruptive, a chaos, liberation, to make the love with you.

ON YOUR SKIN

On your skin.....

After verse will slide

like tears of love,

on your skin,

after love.

MY EARTH

Since the death gave
to this earth the bodies that I loved
feeding the grass of the fields of silence,
I don't see how I couldn't to say
that this earth is mine.
I have inside me her colour and the relish.
I preserve every nuance of it.
And she will be mine till when
I will have prayed and I will have cried for all of my life
and, when the time will come, the eyes I will close
in a pure search of the soul that goes with the wind.

Sommario

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