

## LYRICA I - O FORTUNA

Give me your hand Fortuna  
as in the depth of the lake there's the last teardrop of the moon

When she cries she hides her face  
as if every pain was engraved

She bestow her smile only to those who harm her  
Man<sup>(Mankind)</sup> is an insect and I am like cicadas

I can also tell you now, even if I don't believe it,  
that incense will not be enough to get rid of the smell

I chase the beyond-limit, I never languish  
I write these words so that they can burn forever

I demand an inhuman effort from myself  
by continuing to saturate this skull<sup>(Brain)</sup>  
But when I write that I get rid of anxiety of feeling failed in my endeavour, I gasp  
When, sometimes,  
you sleep next to me,  
I lie, I feel covered with a mantle  
under which I sow seedlings that will wither before crying

Suffocating is the veil that wraps my soul  
while I see in the dark the apparition of Fatima

Harsh is the existence to be cut to the bone  
until the last principle is shaken

The black gold around us sinks  
in a circus that prefers manure to the crap that surrounds us

I beg a farewell, falling asleep  
then every roar pours into silence

Play again with me  
as I no longer own lies

## LYRICA II - THE DESPAIR

It stalks me, waiting for the instant  
Day by day, without even the decency to hide  
Its poisoned dart hits, fast and accurate  
An unctuous despair penetrates the feeble and condescending mind

The instant stalks me without even hiding from the despair  
Day by day, waiting for decency  
It hits the poisoned mind, accurate and condescending  
Its unctuous and feeble dart penetrates fast

The feeble and poisoned decency stalks me  
Not even the despair accurately penetrates the instant without hiding, day by day, from the mind  
It hits fast, in unctuous waiting for its condescending dart

The poisoned mind hits day by day, waiting for the dart that stalks me  
The unctuous and condescending decency of the feeble despair penetrates fast and accurate without even hiding from the instant

I can only surrender to an apathetic and interminable  
copulation that doesn't even end in natural fulfillment

I find myself petrified in a rotting box, buried in the rubble,  
Secondary character of a procession where each station is a clatter of  
hideous and messy figures, an epiphany of vagrant and putrid memories and rumination of foul fantasies

Every light extinguishes and I become infinite Echo of enchantment of distant and alienated voices

I become infinite voice and every alienated Echo extinguishes at the enchantment of distant lights

I force myself to consider whether there has ever been violence  
and if a deep wound will ever remain and shrouded in the numbness  
that weakens the will to forget I reckon up how much dignity I have lost.  
Once the shame is washed away I have to make a last effort and  
rummage through the ruins as among them there are memories.

I give birth to the horror

of being haunted by the time

of being persecuted by my nature

of having to represent the theater of inadequacy

of having to answer for the time

of being called to join an idiotic coming and going of headless creatures

of being called to represent an inadequate coming and going of headless creatures

of having to answer for my nature

of having to join the theater of idiots

In giving life to all those fears that reveal the vice  
in a nature that is prostrate at the feet of imperfection  
I systematically deny myself to eligibility  
and nourish the cravings that satisfy my narcissistic needs

In denying all those cravings that satisfy the imperfection of my  
narcissistic needs prostrate at the feet of fear  
I give life to eligibility and reveal a nature that nourishes the vice

By prostrating myself at the feet of eligibility that denies all those narcissistic needs  
I nourish the fear of a nature that gives life to my imperfect cravings revealed and satisfied by vice

In revealing the imperfection of all those vices that satisfy a nature prostrate at the feet of eligibility  
I nourish my narcissistic needs and give life to the fear that denies my cravings

In revealing the imperfection of all those vices that satisfy a nature prostrate at the feet of eligibility  
I deny my narcissistic needs and give life to the fear that nourishes my cravings

In revealing a disposition that satisfies the cravings nourished by the fear of vice  
I prostrate myself at the feet of my narcissistic needs and give life to all those imperfections that deny eligibility

In nourishing a disposition that denies the satisfaction of the cravings of my narcissistic needs  
I reveal myself to vice and prostrate at the feet of the fear that gives life to the imperfection of all those eligibilities

I make myself a hero of duplicates of toxic truths

To take revenge on my ego  
I cling to acrid confessions

I cling to duplicates of toxic truths

I make myself a hero of duplicates of acrid confessions

I cling to accidental realities

I make myself a hero of duplicates of accidental realities

To temporarily avoid the worst  
I make myself a hero of toxic duplicates of truths

I cling to duplicates of toxic truths

I make myself a hero of duplicates of acrid confessions

I cling to acrid confessions

I make myself a hero of accidental duplicates of reality

I cling to accidental realities

To hide scraps of semblance  
I drag carrions of accidental realities into chaos

I make myself a hero of accidental duplicates of reality

I make myself a hero of duplicates of acrid confessions

I drag carrions of toxic duplicates of truth into chaos

I make myself a hero of toxic duplicates of truth

I cling to accidental realities

I drag into chaos carrions of duplicates of acrid confessions

I cling to duplicates of toxic truths

I cling to acrid confessions

I have made myself

vulnerable to chances

stooping to opportunity

stooping to case

vulnerable to opportunity

Infatuated with indefinable bodies that have graciously given birth  
to anxieties and panaceas like motherfuckers

I got infected with my own self

### LYRICA III - THE SLEEP

The faint light that came in through the window had turned off the phosphorescent clock-hands of the alarm clock.

In the greyness, the dust floated in midair.

Dust, nothing else. It was enough for him to turn over in bed for the puffs to rise from the covers.

The more time passed and less he was able to sleep

She sighed without looking at him, moving a little dust, with a smirk on her face, she suggested the pretext of the club to get rid of him

To remove him from her life had been easy, it was enough to close one door at a time, quietly.

The door next to the phone if someone called, shut

The door of the living room if some visitors came, shut

the door of the children's room, always so noisy, especially if they decided to grow up from time to time, shut.

Travelling was all he liked. Not leaving, not arriving, traveling, and taking the car even just for a couple of kilometers, it was still traveling

As when he was a soldier, when he left with the truck for training and it was still night.

While the other boys huddled against each other in the cold and on the scrap of pillow made with the jacket lapel, they closed their eyes, hoping they could recover a little sleep, he sat aside and couldn't wait to start bouncing on the road.

In the dark, the landscape was passing by, aloof, distant

Transfiguration of forms that revealed to belong to different essences

Continuous change of fantastic entities

Eternal movement of cold and dormant souls

When the lights had made everything clear and defined, even his dreams became real.

Often he dreamed of sitting on a bench waiting in the station for a train

The train stopped, the door opened, but he was so heavy that he could not move.

He tried to get up but remained nailed to his dream. Sometimes, with a huge effort, he managed to fall to the ground, remaining curled up and finding only the strength to turn his head to see the train leave.

When he woke up he felt fatigued and disappointed.

There had been years when he had slept leaned over the steering wheel of his truck, on the hot stones of the boundary wall in the July sun

But now that he no longer had his truck and was old enough to tell others he had the right to rest, there was something that prevented him from really closing his eyes, so when he slept he was half awake, and when awake he seemed half asleep. He wanted to rest but he didn't know what from.

Once, as a child, he woke up in excruciating pain. He called the mother but he realized he was alone. Holding his stomach with his hands he got out of bed and barefoot, he had been looking for someone through the whole house. He had climbed up to the door handle of his parents' bedroom, and had opened it.

He had seen his mother, grandmother and neighbors. Everyone around dad complained that he was still asleep at ten in the morning.

He hadn't even put on his pajamas. He had kept the good dress with the boutonniere. He hadn't taken off his shoes and had smeared the whole blanket with black polish.

Mom wanted to hit him, thank goodness uncle held her, and dad, good boy, remained still.

He heard someone say he shouldn't be there

- It's still early, why don't you go get some more sleep? -

So they had him taken back to bed and he fell asleep. He was a child, there weren't enough rocks to keep him awake and nothing was hard enough, cold enough, not even the air-raid shelter, which was crap.

The light came and went with each explosion, the air was foul and smelled of sweat, the women whined, the elderly ones spat on the ground, the children peed in a corner. Someone screamed that they were all going to die. He snuggled against the mother's body, plump and soft.- He's mad - she said carelessly holding him in her cool arms - Get a good sleep, when you wake up it's all over. -

Those guests were particularly hateful so in order not to have to greet them he remained on the dusty blanket pretending to prolong the nap even at the expense of the club but from the thin wall he heard her say that sooner or later he would fall asleep and never woke up and he knew that someone of those fools nodded.

At those words he remembered his father's sleep, he had announced his death to everyone except himself.

Here he is, lying on the bed, dressed, with his shoes on the blanket, the sports gazette on his chest and the national team striker who, instead of the ball, kicked his heart inflicting an excruciating pain.

He jumped out of bed and ignoring everyone, he ran to the car.

He didn't know exactly the time, but for the first time he felt he was late.

He drove to the station, he was late

He abandoned the car and ran into the underpass

The door of the carriage was wide open, he jumped in with the face of an athlete at the photo finish

The stationmaster didn't even notice that last one passenger, he closed the door, waved his hat, and the train ran off.