

July, Netherlands,

after the disappointment of a flavourless summer squash.

Post-seasonal melic

Whether 'cause of weather,

or fruits of other moons

(plastic-packed - tightly wrapped,

for air not to breathe in

preserving brightness - negating ripeness)

've

lost

a touch from seasons

a tact for time.

This country that repelled me

set me in an out-of-context,

and this fresh ground young ploughed

can't articulate a word to my bare feet,

and a sun

of this latitude

speaks

with contrasting pitches and *harsh*

phonetics

my skin ain't trained to hear.

My body cries a mother tongue.

Seismic melic

Stitching together back

a feeling for human touch,

as physicality was shut

to me, by me,

self-absorbed, self-abandoned

at the edge

of

any

social

ecology,

and my brain

too fatigued to self-entertain,

overweighting my energies,

cramping my spine,

ridiculing

that little inch of body confidence I had fought for.

Me, in a den with sugar-cravings

for cell-phone games and social-media attention,

no more will, no more energy, nor wit.

Yet - as it happened before

(*a pattern in my life*),

killing a part of my vitality

lets other people *bloom* around me,

and me more receptive of flowers.

My ego

got beaten up once more,

and me Penelope weaving

conversations at distance,

while the world at sea.

Me *ridiculously!* lamenting

a doom to shipwreck,

while *I* 'm the one on land.

Yet, my ankles tremble,¹

and I cannot stand upright.

¹ It was Poseidon's neigh
that breached the walls of Troy.

Responding to a writing prompt.

The prompt lectured me: you cannot feel a connection to the world as a whole - it's too big to embrace.

Where is your home-land?

- *me feeling a deep sense of unease*

Is it

my hometown? my olive-tree-clad mountain slopes, my lake,
windy waters and rock surfaces, sun-dried,
where I'd spend the afternoons hiking with my dog?

I'm not there now, and

- *to be fair,*

I'm afraid at the thought of going back, spending
my life caged in a room that's small and full of dust and feels
more like a storage for all my awkward memories I never had
the time to properly archive.

Whenever I wrote about nature that was in Italian, and my English

is a language of political bodies, and rotting corpses, and academia* (*in order of their degree
of decay)

Where can I even have

a sense of place,

and belonging, when

I can't paraphrase the subtleties of my senses?

It can't be these Low Lands,

'cause I don't belong here and society can't help but fake-smile at me, reminding that
my being present and interacting and asking to be and interact is but an annoying buzz.

And this nature is nothing but a construct of urban plans I can't manage to relate to, a
suburbia-jam, of residential housing and planned spaces of public green, spread over
a slice of exploitable square metres stolen from the sea.

My current survival praxis: to

go outside, stretch my legs, and catch some sun, and breathe,

in a ritual of productive, conformative leisure.

Though I can't but go back, it can't

be Palestine either - the Land, Holy,

killed my friend, and scarred so many more, and

every time

it gives a hard time

to my hope for

an apocalypse of kindness

to exist

- shine bright, *enough*, along people.

Me, a contradicting contradicting chimera,

a construct that's the sum of push-pull pulsating.

Me, stranded, while crossing this post-human abyss,
already reborn an Über-child - *as there no flesh left a beast could bite*,
though still carrying the humps of a pilgrimage never truly evanescent.

Me, who could never suffer the battle between snake and eagle:
a vertical tension, instead, is my call to join a cosmic life;
the red at the horizon is my only true dread,
a blood bath of opposites I'd rather have abstained from.

I do, however, feel connected to the sun when it's shining
harsh and dry in the sky as it's doing right now that I sit by the window,
- as it did when me, kid was collecting dried starfishes along a white-sand semi-straight,
halting at a British Royal Air Force base patrolling the Cypriot fault.
and befriending rust-tone ladybugs that nested colonies in the dried shrubs
behind were we would lay our towels,
- as when I went for solitary afternoons in Cabo Verde, sketch
half-built churches left in the middle of a polichromy of magmatic spurts by the shore,
just to avoid my family vacation and rest my soul from them,
- as i did while walking by my sandal step the hills of Jerusalem, where
no-wonder the most empty of dry airs, where
sky is no agent / sky is no body / sky is no god
would call for the conception of an absolute G_D,
while the body of a sky-god would be so ephemeral.

My sense of place lies wherever Sun can
disband my skin, and I can bathe in light,
my back, laying, hugged by soil, my finger tips playing with the orb's radiance.
or walk bare-foot at the pace of a pilgrim whose reason to the pilgrimage
is to wander and wonder, and so runs their journey
sparing the energies for the next time they might get hand on a sip of water.

I AM A KID OF SUN'S DOMAIN

AND MY PLACE IS NOWHERE BUT ANY ROCK SLAB OR GRASSY PATCH OR SAND DUNE

THAT AS SOON AS I CLOSE MY EYES

MY TYRANT CAN SHINE BRIGHT AGAINST MY SKIN

THE VIOLENT RULE OF DRY WARMTH

August, Italian Alps

staring at the unavoidable erection of a new house in front of my parents' house balcony.

A study on direct sunlight exposure within the northern Garda lake valley

re-new perspectives:

a sunset is no more a sun setting.

engulfed in this valley of splendour, that

expects to nurture² me,

speaks and tortures me.

the sun sets only later, beyond the mountains,

but my skin gasps already

when it shades behind the peaks at five.

² makes me think back to some poem

I was writing as a kid.

I had no mental dissonance: to evoke
the Great-Mother of Hesse's *Narziss und Goldmund*,
she who devours her devotee-sons into darkness,
was totally reasonable.

there is no equation

" nurture = mother = nature "

as nature is all and none, no mother,
and life is fed and burnt by Sun,

the all-mighty radiance,

ephebic and bromic,

epidermic though cthonic,

as it incancrenates blood.

Epiphanic epilogue

Sun-blessed:

a lemon, left

to over-ripen, to the point it's

sweet.