

ASKING FOR NOTHING

From a distance I looked
at you, while others

were talking about
translations and speech.

You never spoke. You
were quiet as if you

wanted to know, had
nothing to give.

Time moved slow,
just as we did.

And then, we came
together, like the stars

attracting each other.
You walked into my heart.

You possessed a strange
unbeatable fire

that would not be contained
by other humans.

You got into my heart.
Both of us took a free flight

in our sky, fearing nothing,
asking for nothing more.

I saw however desolation
staying on in your native heart,

how you were living in a slowly
burnt-out heaven.

Your words on the page
trembled and quietened.

[stanza break]

I knew your body and soul,
their unfathomable generosity.

Today, you must learn to live
a different life, far different

than what you seem to be,
your anguished breath

turning into a small home,
its members loyal to each other.

THE FINAL TRANSACTION

To be here is to take part
in surreptitious games,

the mysteries of the night.
It has been a long fight

with myself, with a will
that wouldn't let me

rest or sleep. It has been
like a deep wish

to be present near
myself, far from the daily

reminders from death,
the keepers of bones.

The struggles for residence
have been exhausting.

I move from place to place
so I might not be found

by the inquisitive eye.
Time moves from place

to place too, quietly induces
a long sleep, after which

there is nothing to know,
nothing to be proud of.

The contract with life
is extended day by day,

each moment being
so different from the earlier.

Everything is forgotten
like the dinner of yesterday,

[stanza break]

like the memory of ancestors,
the necessary speech of now.

STORIES

Who writes these lines
in the dark, processing
his thoughts, his blind

desires, so they may
sound easy to the listener?
who lies in the bed,

looking for sleep,
remembering his past loves,
failures? Who lies on the floor

waiting for things to happen
in a sequence of thoughts,
waiting to be known?

Who listens to me, his
memories moving toward
death, after-life?

Who will be there
to tell our stories
to the world,

say that we were good
and recognised every
passionate moment?

Who will speak to us
in a dark room, writing
his own story, in which

we are there, his desires
processed gracefully,
as ours did in the past?

A LOST DAY

The day is lost among faces
that do not know
where they are, why.

They roam the streets
like stray dogs, harming
no one, looking at no one.

Is there a god that knows
this, an angel that is ready
to help them find a way?

Or are all the angels are lost
with the day, serving
an impervious god?

The faces are gentle,
overlooking our dirty hungers,
asking for nothing.

They are neither happy nor sad,
having thrown away all that
into the town's ancient river.

I look at them, try to know
what they suffer from,
how they reached this town.

They maintain a quiet silence,
until one of them whispers in my ear,
"You are one of us."

I go back into myself,
think of my sleeplessness,
my highs and lows.

I struggle to forget their words,
and, as I do so, I feel their presence,
how the day is lost to me.

MY VEINS ARE FULL OF BLOOD

My veins are full of the blood
of my ancestors.

I wake up in the night
in order to put the blood in order.

So much blood has passed
through these veins, these arteries!

I look for nests of weakness,
where all blood is.

The early sun is clear
like glass.

I hold the sun,
my palms full of it.

Somewhere else someone
is losing his life for lack of blood.

What is this blood of mine
doing here?

I wish I were near him,
giving him all my blood.

Somewhere else a rock
is slowly dispersing like a cloud.

My blood dances
within me, unable

to stay where it is now;
it pays its homage to the dead.

The dead are on their feet again,
asking for my sleep.

My sleep is designed by
unknown hands, is never complete.

[stanza break]

Somewhere a wish turns into
a desert plant, falling in love

for the first time, its roots
looking for my sleep.