

Once, I wrote in a poem:

'Sun doesn't judge me,
it shines warm'

(though tbh I can't recall on the spot at what point
of my theification of the sun I was,
and so whether I wrote 'sun' or 'Sun', but
for sure sun/Sun, without an article in front, already
a being beyond simply the gravity of
the star at the centre of our planetary orbit,
yet still bound to that plasmatic physicality)

sun - does - not - judge - me

That is because

- now I realise!

from the point of view of a light source
all the dark spots it generates over an object
are out of reach.

Yet, that's intrinsic to the nature of this dependency:

dark spots are because they are out of sun's reach.

It follows that

*any defect needs just a ray to shine it warm
and it can be lit in its own truth, no more dark.*

I long for the day

I will become

transparent

and my being

will be as if

engulfed, phagocytized,

within the solar core:

every pore of

my humanity

salvaged by

obscurity,

a radiant fog of plasma hugging

my whole.

waking up
early though not too
early, still drowsy, and outside
it's still a dark grey dusk before dawn,
so you hide under the duvet for some fifteen mins
scrolling your phone half asleep with a timer on,
then your head pops out again, and,
like waking up again after your lover
comes back from an
early morning pee
and smiles,
the sun.

I write with hyphens
- 'cause my life-story
had me in-
between contrast-tensions: linguistic
(but - *underlying*, also: ideological, experiential, emotional)
that my mind blurs-buzzes
in a miasma of opposites,
and similes,
in a duel of languages and registers
as I try to express
a thought
- though juggling side-
and counter-narratives.

And here I've ended
up, with
chimera-compounds,
trying to
both circum-
vent and put to
test and play a-
long
the limits of a strained tongue.

I'm for universal love
but ain't shy only with the boring aspects of it,

those of *tuning*
to the inner child
who cries
when we could love better,

and those of *trusting*
others to know better how to give names to their suffering,
and of *entrusting*
others with my blind belief no one really means any bad,

and if I suffer it is because
we all suffer, but really
we have just given
a broken name to existence.

Walking an end-September Venice:

the sound of water squashing
 against the canal flanks
tastes dense like molasses.

The air moisture thickens dark and humid,
 tucks into my nostrils
the comforting smell of stagnant water,
 reminds me it's time
to embrace seasonal melancholy clichés.

A small white maltese is walked back home
ringing the bells on their leash along the stone pavings.

Light poles three metres tall
 star the streets
at this approachable height, and
 map this geography of walkability
kind to a human stride.

The chatter of tourists,
the banter of workers,
trash pop pumping out from a kebab spot,
the jingling of keys in my pocket,
my foot steps on the soft floor of this home of mine,
and then

I open the front door
 and step inside.