

novae

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Translated from Italian by Anton Ivanov

could have stayed away from the observation point, never again to say
a word about the shadowed part with no one, evaluating distances with eyes
used to a hypothetical explosion, to precede like one proceeds amongst variables
and cautions, proximity to collapse, tracing again the once combusted edge
of anything seen that could be lived, simulating the accelerated wail,
its sound at every interval: I gaze nevertheless at what remains, if I haven't got
anything left to remember besides releasing clothes that smell
only of that which was yesterday and won't return, far away, always,
unable to change the motion, the core of the beat, the rhythm
of every surface, the idea of correspondence with things that are done
with hands, when chaos is part of induced words,
imposed by the environment, said or maybe perceived,
just again beat on the film of the world.

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pointing to the cause of the phenomenon, thinking of what you'll never see again
or save in the docile memory of others, kept apart, sliding
on the groove skipping on the short period of years you forget
how it happens with it all at least once in existence, reactivated to the touch
of a light that arrives if it runs through matter, it reaches earth,
crashing into the perception exposed to the flux of downpours and of intersections
tides that lash over it bystander, leaping over him as he passes the limbo

of icons, the magnetism of all that is crossed: announcing
causes and proofs, fixations, trying to figure out if here is the strip
of passage or if it is the brain the organized mass of that no,
I can't, I'm sorry, the impression of a shadow casting a wall
against a wall in the distance, the choice of a mid-range haul:
we are still to be moved away from the bang if it intervenes
in us the excavation, the closed and mute extension inside the orbit.

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I'll always find violent the idea of having names, to throw them around as if they were
trophies for mixed associations, in nerves, bundled, septa and lodgings,
thinking they are something else and not signals of existence, if then from these
are born shoots, inert substances, after-shadows, realities
not regular and infected for passages shifted from one line to the other,
invalidated once you decide you've got to take back your life,
in reticula of actions, sidelines from which organisms send out messages,
the cells that you recognize inside rivers more complete for the scalp
and beyond measure, and then perfect, they let themselves call in oceans
more saturated and volatile, if possible, from one day to the next. with a name
one loses the advantage that is left to the living, poised to take
burdens and faults from the genome, ready to reach the lost ones
in the mouth of the beast, yielding to total emptiness or the most selective:
peace as it may follow, inert, disarticulated in the light.

