

- In Esilio -

Ho invitato un cane. Doveva esonerarmi dalle immagini, le emozioni, i ricordi. Doveva tracciare una storia sconosciuta. Sovrapporre un disegno su un mondo invisibile. Il cane vuole cibo ed io non posso dargli quello che gli interessa;
lui nemmeno.

Una passeggiata tessa da Gedankenfetzen, none of them collide they just float:

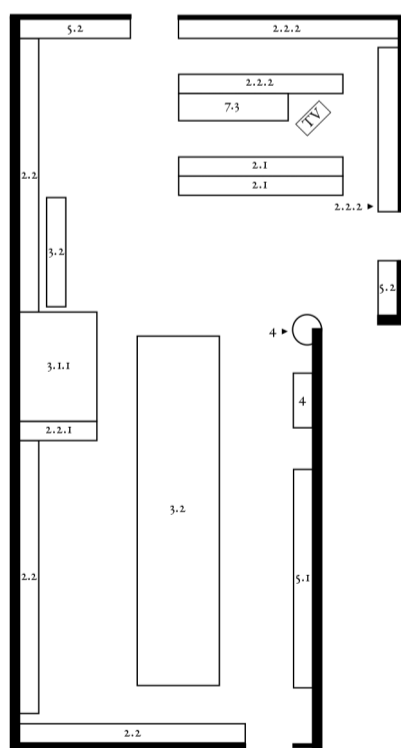
INTO-NEXTO-FINTO



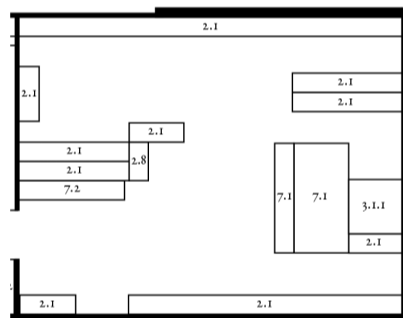
The guardian dog had to take over. He couldn't do it. He would get depressed. This is why I have to pull the strings into composition. I can get depressed because I understand words, but what about the meaning?

Tiger Lilly goes up and down a slope, a hill, a mountain.

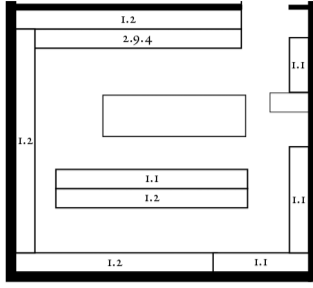
P.T.: Which animal would you free first?
T.P.: The one that lies.
P.T.: Don't they all lie?
T.P.: First of all, you have to wear a raincoat for confidence, then ask why lie to yourself.
P.T.: I wouldn't admit that even with a raincoat on.
T.P.: Once you realize the raincoat is the lie, you can take it off. It doesn't matter if they all lie, as long as you don't do it.
P.T.: The peacock, I would free the peacock.



Oh complexity, relentlessly growing from genius to senselessness.
Overwhelming...
all those rays...
Golden paper wraps it all up.
P.T. you are a whiney,
and so are all egocentric magicians.
My admiration navigates high.
Blue-eyed dance,
grey-eyed boldness,
green-eyed beam,
reunited in an amber room,
in embrace.



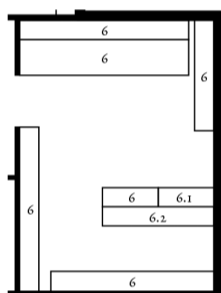
Divenuto
Il Minotauro
L'uomo senza organi
Sorride compiaciuto senza Rama.



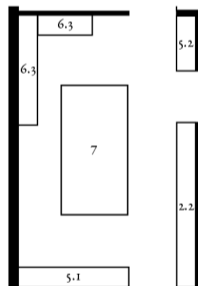
Walking around like a lion in a cage; it's a liberating act.
Up and down - in a square - in a circle - on a line.
The ashes falls on the dirty hotel floor.
The spirit alive, the fantasy running, the tasks on check.
Lovers wake up, yellow eyes gaze in translucent skies. The day just started.
Fingers grip a pen, after a yogurt with sugar.

Alles nur Bildlegenden für unsichtbare Bilder.

Die Spirale die sich nicht traut.



... Ad un tratto non c'è più gravità.
I piedi pitturati di rosso si staccano
dal pavimento concavo.
Spudorato antirisucchiamento.
Una danza vertiginosa attorno alla stella frenetica
che punta i suoi raggi in qualsiasi direzione.
A nessuno di loro mi posso tenere.
Tutto molto gaio qui.



The bear has his kingdom.
He put me on his shoulders to witness
the revolutions of mind.
He walked me through seeing.
What I saw was a salad fork shredding
a piece of meat on a table without plates.
Not bad for a start. Not good for an end.

Gironzolare cieco

The guardian dog and the black cat slouched into
the dust, listening to the master whistling Wagner.

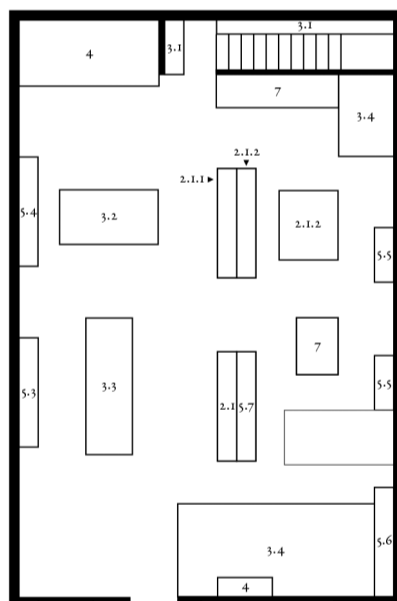
Schon wieder Wagner, mit D'annunzio, Merz, Hand in Hand mit fliegenden Nummern, Steiner, die Höhlenfrau Emma und der Schamane.

Alle spielen sie jetzt Boccia. Meistens finden Sie uns langweilig. Ab und zu kommen Sie aber noch, und halten einem die Hand, pusten Federn in die Augen, oder pusten einfach nur Parfum in die Poren.

Impostori di razza, il custode vi ammazza

Island of memory

Why does it have to be a horse?

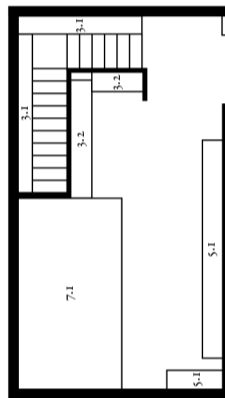


Rattern

Madame Blavatsky is sitting on the woven chair, smoking a big cigar, wearing the white shirt with old bloodstains she got when shot while fighting aside Garibaldi. On her knees a small monkey, the head of Jiddu Krishnamurti.
The smoke dips the space blue.
She sails through the space.
Her hair can't stop growing.
The smoke is in her hair, the space is her hair.

I tuoi topi fanno
Spiritosismo da baracconi

Die Eule nervt mit ihren dummen Augen.
Der Stinkkäfer ist so faul, dass es einen wahnsinnig macht.
Wo bleiben sie, die Trommel-Räuber?



Il gatto su due zampe è ubriaco
l'asino si dirige verso sud
sul torso una pelliccia nera
gli zoccoli di porcellana
un collare di pelle rossa
in bocca rosicchia una bandiera
con significato sbiadito
il sole cala dietro il monte
l'asino con il gatto dormente
sulla spalla sinistra
torna indietro
il gatto si sveglia
annoda la coda dell'asino alla sua
lo trascina verso sud

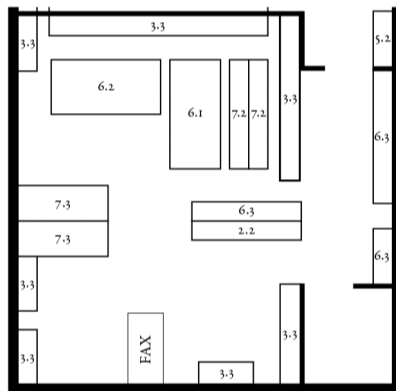
Sul muretto in Puglia tutto sembrava avere un senso.
Generazioni visibili come i disegni nel cielo nero.
Il ghiaccio si trasformò in acqua, anche se pensai ad un imbroglio.
Una zanzara nell'orecchio del napoletano,
ed i suoi ricci a forma di stelle sul mio coltello.
Il conte caga nella doccia comunale.
Tutti vogliono toccare i capelli argentati,
anche la strega che non muove le palpebre.
Tutto limpido, solo la luna mi tradì perché loro erano ancora ubriachi.

Driving through Mexico with a chicken, a bottle of Mescal
residing in it's brain.
Glittery cold walls in Peru, spiders
crawling into your eyes.
Then I see you, dressed like a bride at her funeral,
the dress tinted in grey, a megaphone at hand
proclaiming war to boredom.

Eine Glückswimper
kommt aus dem Nirgendwo.

Wir tanzen nicht wahr?! Wir tanzen da wo sich die Köpfe biegen.

Molecole,
ma nemmeno
più quelle



Oneironauting my way to the temple of illusions, but somehow derailed in a space where history repeats it's curse. My pilotage needs serious adjusting. "Get lost in black!", I hear. In what was supposed to be skin, the thick curly fur penetrates. The corner is illuminated, but the waving line asks me how I do. I respond "Good Morning".





