

Massimo Fantuzzi

I Used to Know You

As airborne goes
rubicund lone,
crystal lens lures
wintriness inside
this afternoon of adjuration.

How may I have laced my visit, towering Dervish
oystercatcher whose consciousness spun to dispirit
whirling dirt around the heavenly matter of choice.

*(Vertically they skate | raindrops | ink slugs | nines and ones all swaying drunken commas around your names || wounds
of sweat all furrowing the marble, mauve plated and teary.)*

Dangles suites by her portico a shrieking insignia,
infinitely devoted, pale faces avowed to the high sites,
tartan storm, red woollen dust, once more
my lips tingle on such cold touch of desertion.

*(Mamma Giliola latest addition to the tombstone you three now share | paved | in the grey modest cemetery, in the ever-
expanding outskirts all nines and ones.)*

Our pencilled songs shrivel in the celestial haze,
a prodigal wasteland of sweetness' ending portray.
Apple and piglet, snout and marshes, mildew and pests,
our story is a stutter of throats afar and in between losses.

*(The numerology of those dates carries a supernatural feel, or pagan, or perhaps not, just you making the point of
hanging your neck on your brother Francys' birthday, 1/9.)*

Of Tall Corn and Long Fields Combed

Of tall corn and long fields, sister Sergeant, of
a coiled dented beret closing onto this inside-sun job.
To a loud cry came down shutters, vacant became the rockery, iron grove
an open grave of lupins.
Toy and soldier, train and craft, departing for
that bitter world clad in infant curiosity,
shipped out in rough woe.

Object-other placed as focus subject and other old fascinations' comebacks. Reach me.

Of blind maze our slice and sale of mud-caked nails. Formless soul
the coarse matter concealed inside a late-blooming trimmed edge,
the Saturday night before creation occurred,
the workmen's torrid yard tiptoed and hushed. The spot: pile
of red hunger bricks purposely placed dispersed:
 from the third, left, 9 foot inwards, keep the perpendicular,
unbolt Orion on your 6 then dig, tightrope the pore. Grab the lot
then run, free three melons bet,
shunting despotic guilt
 wait, my man, whose fear, whose will?

As a little girl, I used to believe that there was a tree, at constant work, hidden somewhere inside me, balancing score, rhythms of growth and hibernation, a tree orchestrating the taps of energy, consumption and parsimony. E.

Lids

(To the End of Lengths, a speculative search.)

Sleep those sways: shawl to this drought
I return to wander, thirst sojourned

Frothing purpura gorge and, dust on,
Hard high cheeks from the outer territories.

To hold is but a gaunt village story, bells
Like tapping a cigarette on glaring rails

Waver, purrs Cagliostro inside your grasp
Forever joy rolled onto, dicta sunt, augury

In B minor the liquescent fire rust leaking the lithium cell, still,
Nowhere else could alight the shelter of your last prompt.

Funereal bed windswept and estranged dusk
Clandestine matter of blurred digits and sundry coats.

An archaeology of cardboard boxes, plastic containers
Our corniest Pharaoh has outlived his excuses from this downsized burial.