



In the sky of utopia

Poems

I write. And don't know whether it is a cure or a disease

Stefano Maria Palombi
Edition 01/2011

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THEY DANCE

THEY DANCE ABOVE MY BED
IN A PATAGONIAN MOTEL
THE GHOSTS OF FACELESS PROSTITUTES WHO PERHAPS
HAVE A MARVELOUS ASS.

OUTSIDE THE SHADOWS OF CLOUDS ON HILLS
MOVE LIKE THE SHAMAN HANDS OF A LOVER
OVER THE BACK OF ONE BELOVED.

LATER, IN A STREET SURROUNDED BY NOTHING,
IN A PLACE WITHOUT A NAME,
IN A NIGHT NOT YET NIGHT,
THOSE TWO KISS.

AND I PASS IN FRONT OF THEM
TOO FAST
TO REMEMBER HER LIPS
AND TOO SLOW
TO FORGET THEM.

LOOK AT HIM

LOOK AT HIM, HE'S OURS.
HE HAS NAKED HANDS AND EYES WIDE OPEN.
RECKLESS FOOL!

AIR YOU LET RACE IN FROM THE WINDOW.
ENLIGHTENED SLEEP OF A SHAMAN,
LAST ABSENT-MINDED WARRIOR OF THE LAST FOREST.
REBELLIOUS AND FRAGILE.

LIKE PLANE-TREE LEAF
HE KNOWS THE SKY,
WILL KNOW EARTH.
CONSUMED LIPS,
WATER DROPLET THAT BAPTIZES,
DESPERATE AND LIVE BREATH OF BEAST
HUNTED TO DEATH.

SHINING SUN,
SUN SHINING
IN THE SKY OF UTOPIA.

ELECTRICAL SHOCKS

ELECTRICAL SHOCKS
POEMS TORN FROM THE CURRENT
EYES ASK EYES ANSWER
WOUNDS OF BATTLE LOVE
EXPLOSIONS OF VOLCANO LOVE

TONGUE ON THE ONE HUNDRED SMILES
OF THE SAME SMILE
PRAYER WITH JOINED HANDS
EYES CLOSED
AND ALL THE REST OPEN
WORDS ABSOLUTE AND NAKED AND DISSOLUTE
FLIGHT IN THE PERFUMED AND PRECIOUS AIR
OF THAT PLEASURE
DRUG TASTE TOO MUCH
SOUL-DRENCHED HAIR
AN HOUR A MINUTE AN INSTANT
AN INSTANT AN INSTANT LONGER
THE HEARTBEATS THE SWEAT
TWO NUBA FIGHTERS
MY HANDS SEEK NEW HARMONIES
DO YOU HEAR THIS MUSIC
IT'S YOU.

I AM THE GYPSY

I AM THE GYPSY
WITH TWO NECKLACES AROUND HIS NECK,
WHO SMILED WITHOUT KNOWING,
WITH A BICYLCE
FASTER THAN YOUR HEELS,
AND A HEART
FASTER THAN A BIKE.

THE ONE WITH THE SKY'S ORANGE COLOR BEHIND HIM
AND IN FRONT THE ABANDONED SKY OF YOUR EYES.
IN BRIEF, IT IS I
HERE TO TELL YOU
AS AT THE END OF THAT NIGHT,
GOOD DAY.

AND AS AT THE END OF THE LAST DAY,
GOOD NIGHT.



SEE

SEE,
I DON'T LOVE YOU FOR YOUR LOOKS,
ON THE SURFACE.

I LOVE YOU
IN DEPTH,
IN YOUR ABYSS.

DOWN THERE,
I FEEL THAT YOU ARE YOU
AND I TRULY MYSELF.

An abstract painting with a textured, layered appearance. The colors are muted and earthy, including shades of brown, tan, grey, and blue. The brushstrokes are visible, creating a sense of depth and movement. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

IT'S AN INSTANT

IT'S AN INSTANT
IT'S ALREADY PAST.
OR IT HAS YET
TO COME.

I FELT SOMETHING
SOMEONE
TAKING ME AWAY.

THEY BLINDFOLDED
MY EYES
THAT I MIGHT NOT
AND SEWED SHUT MY MOUTH
WITH ALL
MY SMILES
INSIDE.
TOMORROW
WE WILL AWAKE
AND THERE WILL BE THE SUN
AND WE WILL WALK
IN A PAINTING
ABSTRACT
AS MY WORDS.

I
LIKE A NUBA FARMER WHOSE CROP HAS
BEEN BURNT, LIKE A UNWITTING POET
PLUNDERED OF HIS ONE AND ONLY POEM,
LIKE A FEVERISH TOURIST WHOSE SUITCASE
AND PASSPORT HAVE BEEN STOLEN.

A LONELY BOY WHO AWAITS THE RETURN OF HIS IMAGINARY FRIEND.

AN UGANDIAN MOTHER DESPOILED OF THE FRUIT
OF HER WOMB TO PRODUCE A KILLER.

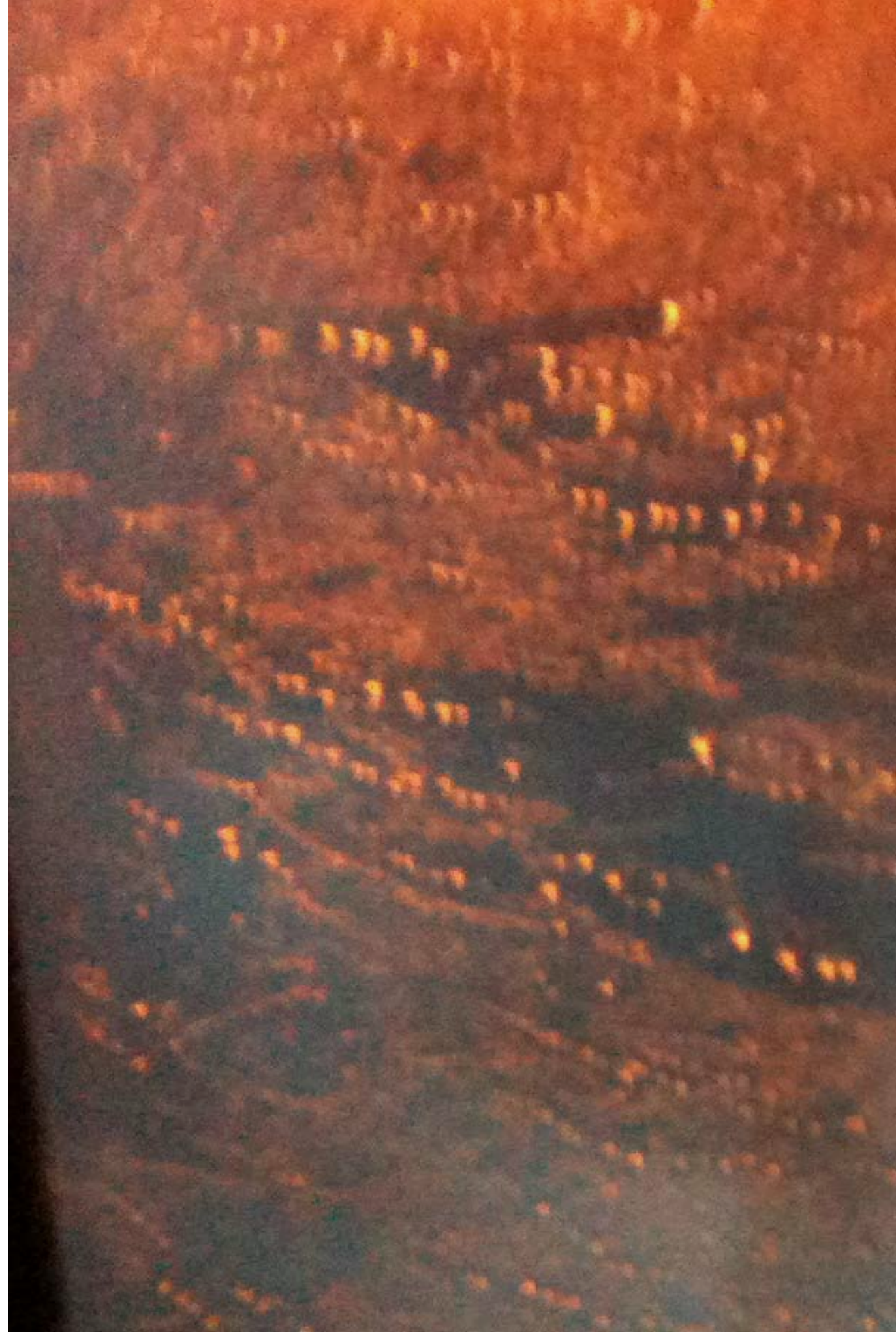
A STADIUM HOOLIGAN, DEFEATED, VOICELESS, AND WITHOUT A
RETURN TICKET, CHEROKEE INDIAN WANDERING SPEECHLESS
ABOUT HIS PILLAGED FIELD, WRETCHED MAN OF THE FAVELA WHOSE
ONLY PICTURE OF HIS WIFE WHO DISAPPEARED INTO THE BLUE A
LONG TIME AGO HAS BEEN WRENCHED AWAY FROM HIM AND TORN
TO SHREDS. PARTISAN STRUCK AT THE BACK BY HIS BELOVED SON,
BABY ABANDONED IN THE CRADLE BY HIS DESPISED MOTHER. I,
MAGICIAN WORMED OUT OF EVERY MAGIC IN HIS SLEEP, I, CLIMBER
SWEEP AWAY ON THE WAY BACK FROM HIS ELECTED MOUNTAIN.

FEMALE AT DAWN IN AN UNKNOWN BED DESPOILED OF HER SECRET
PERFUME, PAINTER WHOSE FACE IS LIT BY THE FLAMES THAT ARE
DEVOURING HIS STUDIO AND PAINTINGS. FAVORITE DISCIPLE
DECEIVED BY HIS JESUS, OLD MAN KNEELING BEFORE HIS HUNDREDS
OF YEARS OLD OLIVE TREES THAT HAVE BEEN KILLED BY THE FROST.
LOOK AT ME, IT IS THEY, LOOK AT THEM, IT IS I

YOU

WHO KNOWS WHAT YOU ARE DOING RIGHT NOW. PERHAPS THE HEAT HAS FORCED YOU OUTDOORS, ONTO A TERRACE WITH A FAVELA VIEW.

PERHAPS YOU ARE WALKING ALONE ON A PLATEAU AT THE FOOT OF THE CORDILLERA, ON A JOURNEY BETWEEN NOTHING AND NAUGHT. OR YOU ARE GATHERING DRY BRANCHES FOR A FIRE THAT WILL BE MOON AND SUN IN THE NIGHT OF THE SAHEL. I IMAGINE YOU ON A RED BICYCLE, UNDER THE FIRST SNOWFLAKES, ON WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE OR WHILE YOU ARE RESTING IN YOUR TENT A THREE-DAY HORSE RIDE AWAY FROM ULAMBATOR. I INVENT YOU IN THE SILENCE OF THE FOREST, CRADLED IN YOUR INDIO HAMMOCK. I DREAM OF YOU IN A JERUSALEM NIGHT, AS YOU CARESS THE FATHERLESS SON WHO IS SWIMMING IN YOUR WOMB. OR WHILE YOU DANCE AND DANCE ALL SWEAT AND GLEE IN A COBALT BLUE DIVE IN DAKAR. WHO KNOWS WHAT YOU ARE THINKING NOW! WHILE YOU AWAIT THE NEXT CLIENT IN A BROTHEL ON THE BANKS OF THE MEKONG. WHILE YOU CLIMB THE STAIRS OF YOUR MAFIA BUILDING WITH YOUR SHOPPING BAGS, OR PAINT AS A PRISONER IN THE SUITE OF A SKYSCRAPER IN HONG KONG. WHO KNOWS WHETHER I HAVE ALREADY SEEN YOU. PERHAPS IN THAT MARKET ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, AMID TWO-CENT CLOTHES, WITH BRAZEN BOOTS AND SHY EYES. MAYBE I CROSSED YOU IN BETWEEN ONE PLANE AND ANOTHER, IN AMSTERDAM, YOU HEADING TOWARDS ONE WORLD AND I IN EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. PERHAPS WE HAVE WALKED SIDE BY SIDE, IN LONDON OR BUENOS AIRES, I BLIND WITH LOVE AND YOU WITH PAIN. OR VICE VERSA. WHO KNOWS IF YOU ARE WAITING FOR ME AS I WAIT FOR YOU. I WONDER WHETHER YOU ARE ONE OR MANY. I WONDER WHETHER BY SOME MYSTERIOUS PATH THESE WORDS WILL EVER REACH YOU, AS YOU ARE TAKING OFF YOUR SWIMSUIT AFTER A SANDY IPANEMA DAY OR ARE PRAYING ON YOUR KNEES IN THE CHURCH OF SANTO TOMAS AT CICICASTENANGO. NEVER AS CLEARLY AS TODAY HAVE I KNOW THAT YOU EXIST AND NEVER AS TODAY HAVE I BEEN AT A LOSS AS WHERE TO LOOK FOR YOU. PERHAPS I SHALL STAY HERE MOTIONLESS, OR ELSE I'LL LEAVE EVERYTHING BEHIND ME AND WILL TRAVEL AND CONTINUE TO TRAVEL UNTIL YOU ARE RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY EYES.



SHE WILL BE A MULATTO

SHE WILL BE A MULATTO
MY NEXT AND FUTURE WOMAN.
A SINGLE KISS FROM ME WILL BE ENOUGH FOR HER

TO FORGET ALL OF YOU WHO HAVE HAD HER.
IF SHE HAS CHILDREN, THEY WILL BE MY OWN MOST BELOVED CHILDREN.
SHE WILL LEAD ME BY THE HAND, AMID THE PATHS AND MURDERERS OF HER BARRIO,
TO SAFETY ALL THE WAY TO A BED UNDER THE OPEN SKY.
AND I WILL SWEAR TO HER UPON THAT MOON OR ON A STAR
THAT I SHALL SHOW HER THE BLESSED FACE OF OUR DAMNED EARTH.
IF SHE ASKS FOR SILVER, SHE WILL HAVE GOLD,
IF SHE DREAMS OF HAVING A DRESS, I GIVE YOU MY WORD,
SHE WILL FIND ONE HUNDRED IN HER CLOSET.
AND A ROSE EVERY MORNING IN A DRINKING GLASS
TO TELL OF THE LOVE I HAVE YET TO TELL HER.
SHE WILL BE THE LIGHT OF MY EYES
AND I WILL BE FOR HER, FOR HER ALONE.
AT NIGHT, THEN, SHE WILL TELL ME INDIO STORIES,
THE SAME HER GRANDMOTHER TOLD HER.
AND I, IN MY LIFE, SHALL FOR THE FIRST TIME ALLOW
THAT SLEEP COME TO DRAG ME AWAY.

FROM EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE,
EVEN FROM THAT SHE
WHO THE WORDS OF ROSES NEVER UNDERSTOOD.

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