

The Man, the Woman, the Strawberry Preserves

The man walks down the street

He carries a plastic bag and in it two french breads, a quarter pound of
beef salami, and a jar of strawberry preserves

The woman sees the man from across the street, approaches him

They have nothing to talk about

So they stand still and look at each other

(They think about their coincidental mutual history)

The woman says he give her half of everything he has in his bag

He gives her one of the breads, half of the salami, and says she come to his
house for the preserves

They go to the man's house

The man opens the jar, finds another empty jar deep in the shelves, and
puts her share of the preserves into it

The woman takes it, waits for a moment of indecisiveness, and goes

The man smiles - he has given her just a little bit more than half

Blue, Brown, and Red

Blue is the sea (the first sight of the sea seen through the window of a train coming from the east)

Brown is the river (the water of childhood flowing from the top of the barren mountains to the empty valley cut across by the lonely existence of a railroad, twenty-seven sheep, and a peasant staring at the passing train with suspicion and attention)

Red is the waiting

Blue is the cold sky of the caucasian winter (felt by a boy writing down his first personal words in a small leather-bound notebook in the morning of the next day of the festival of sugar while waiting to see a movie featuring Terence Hill)

Brown is the horse (on a dream bridge joining two mountains; one houses the ruins of a lost great civilization - lost like all great civilizations; the other is the land of the men and women dancing very fast to a very sorrowful music; the rider is a young girl looking for her brother who she knows was killed either in one of the mountains or in the other)

Red is the waiting

Blue is the portable electric lamp (on the tobacco fields by the side of the road on which a van with seven passengers slows down as it comes near to a hill foot; the pregnant woman wakes up and sees three men and two women sleeping, one woman looking at one of the sleeping men, the driver and the front-seat passenger speaking quietly about something she doesn't pay attention to, and two guitars playing barely heard themes to the ups and downs of the moving car)

Brown is the rooftop of an ancient house (where three boys play games like crazy all day long and when the night comes cannot help but listen to the landlady's stories about how humans can resist Satan's temptations only by remaining faithful to their destinies)

Red is the waiting

Blue, Gray, and Red

And this was the end of everything
For waiting so long meant nothing else
The day was so beautiful, so colorful
And blue was so close to catch, so close to gray
And English was so romantic
I celebrated my waiting
With a certain dose of blue, gray, and red
Just a little bit of red (not too much)

Colors and Passion

How many colors are needed to paint a little passion on the walls of your heart, on the side banks of your river, on the rocks of your hill, on the flows of your time, on the word of your beginning, on the scent of your strawberries, on the rhymes of your poetry, just how many...

Writing in a Frame

What is waiting if not writing in a frame

What is waiting if not waiting for its own sake

What is waiting if not doing nothing (I mean nothing, absolutely nothing,
here, in this room, with my self, fingers, colors, frame, and snow)

Yellow on Gray

Waiting for what, for god's sake, for so long a time
Even gods can't wait that much let alone a created being like you
So stop waiting and come to me, come to life I mean
I would rather stay here and paint my waiting on the wall
Because there is nothing more true than the waiting
And yellow on gray is so beautiful, so soothing, so easy to see
And the heart is so fragile, my dear god, so close to the end

Blue and Red

Blue is lost

I return to the red of the waiting

To living the intolerable normality of things

To doing eastern movements with the upper part of my body

To staring at words as if they have something else to say (something else,
something that somebody else - who? - put in them)

To standing still like a dead fish on the water of time (after plugging two
pieces of waxed cotton into my ears for stopping the water right
before it enters me)

Return to the Word

Recently I have a made a great discovery
Every word I say is a treasure
(The only treasure of mine)
I can heal with words (and only with words)
I can kill with words (and only with words)
I can be killed with words (though not only with words)
And I don't know about others but in my beginning there certainly was
word

Slowly Losing the Sight of the Blue in the Garrison

I meet you my blue
In the most unlikely of places
By the grace of the god of coincidences
In the elevator, in the laundry, among the many faces

I talk of you my blue
Sitting on this newly painted wall among the soldiers
Consuming lots of tobacco, tea, and crossing mental borders
Playing the same songs like the old tape recorders

I see you my blue
Like a black cat jumping around on the training field
While three green-uniformed soldiers are passing it by
Talking about patience, fate, and time

I touch you my blue
In this Pisidian town surrounded by Roman Senators
With no head and arms
Yet shining with my own ideal of female attraction

I think of you my blue
Through the mind of an old, very old soldier
Who came to the garrison right from the prison
Where he'd stayed a long time for some political reason

I lose you my blue
On this dusty plane in the middle of white mountains
Where each night sets with a different scenario
And you can see all the stars from Venus to Mars to the deep space of
remembrance, loneliness, and lost loves

Maury's Song

We both know that god does not work our way
Yet we don't do anything to make it hear what we say
That in no way means we do not try real hard
At the end god is always right

Maury, Maury, Maury, Maury
If you knew god's mind you would never be sorry for being Maury

Won't you some day wake up from your day sleeps
To tell us about your metaphysical long dreams
Won't you ride your wild horse to the guitarland
And let dear fate hold you by the hand

Maury, Maury, Maury, Maury
If you knew god's mind you would never be sorry for being Maury

Unknown Colors

Those moments are lost
When you really wanted to embrace her, to kill them, to fly, to spend
money
Those moments are lost
Remembrances remain
Remembrances walk in the brain like kindergarden children walking in the
streets hand in hand
Remembrance is no cure for the pain of the lost moments
Those moments are lost like you lose your pen on your desk
The act of searching magnifies the intensity of losing
Searching does not fill in the vacuum left behind by the lost moments
And at the end you have nothing but poetry which like a black dog looks
at your eyes to calm you down and to tell you things that will make
you feel natural
You are left behind the moments that are lost in red pain, in white pain, in
other possible colors of pain
Surrounded by a severe ignorance of what's just happened
Still trying to be compassionate and understanding towards others
Drawing a borderline between your dark space and the vacuum
Once the vacuum is created it will never be filled in
You know it, god knows it, god has taught you about it
Yet you keep looking at the vacuum and trying to come up with
something that you can put in it
You are entering into the forbidden zone of searching
You are searching while smoking cigarettes, writing down sentences
Consolation is not in poetry
Poetry is not for consolation, you know it, god knows it, god has taught
you about it, you are well educated in it
Yet you write to console yourself, the delivery boy passes you by, poetry
flies away
You feel an irresistible sleep that pulls you down, your eyes want to be
closed
You listen to your eyes' order, you sleep, you hope to dream a dream
about something that can fill in the vacuum with
You keep searching, you are acting against the ways of god
In your dream a poem comes up and covers the top of the vacuum with a
thin layer which it promises won't break down if you walk on it
You begin walking on the spider-poem's web to go to other places, harder
places
What other places, what harder places, what is harder than the spider-
poem's web
So you stand up on the web, you like yourself, you absolve yourself, you
get bigger and heavier, the web breaks down, you fall in the vacuum

The New York Time

Oh you don't know, I was so desperate, so young, so inexperienced
Ready to be swallowed by my miserable loves
By the devotion of my mother, by the teasings of my friends
By the politics of the day, by the endless search for who I am
So you understand, my dear nonexistent friend, I was ready for New York,
for the past of our present

Oh man, oh man, long live New York, amen

We were three people, Çi_dem, Mine, and myself
Walking somewhere in the Village
And we suddenly saw that wonderful, sorrowful, almost disturbing
painting of the 125th Street station
Painted on a black rainy day, with no one the platform and no train yet in
sight

Oh man, oh man, long live New York, amen

That painting... It reminded me of the afternoon I took my mother and
father to China Town on their first visit to the States
They did not like the area much but we bought cheap salmon and catfish
from a local store
On our return home to the apartment on the 125th street my mother
fried the fish with lots of corn oil
And we ate the fish with so much joy and appetite that it was as if we
would joyfully and happily live in that apartment for the rest of our
lives

Oh man, oh man, long live New York amen

It was raining again (my New York time is defined by the rain)
I was trying to sleep in a downtown YMCA in ruins
I was smelling the smell of antique modernity, broken hearts, and wet
bricks
Then I felt like I needed to pee, went to the men's room, opened the door
and saw big and hopeless black men sitting thoughtfully on the
closets like Ephesian philosophers
One of them raised his head and asked who I was
I wish I felt the power, the courage, the right (after so many years) to say
that I was that daring young man on the flying trapeze
But something blocked my speech and I turned around and left the room
in tears

Oh man, oh man, long live New York, amen