

## AT A SLOW PACE...

(Translated by *Pino Lorusso*)

*At a slow pace metropolitan bare-footed  
I go down the steps in the dark night  
in a jerk I'm in the large intestine  
cause of thirty-five machine gun-shots  
that riddled the fabric jeans  
reactive to a sluggish digestion  
... blood stains like jam;  
I were still on the flight and the teeth of a skull  
were chattering to me  
syncopating the rhythm, with a siren  
that darts it was... the red cross;  
a blind old man is lying over there  
on a sham couch made of newspapers  
he clearly reads the uneasiness of my thoughts  
grumbling just a little at my near future.*

*At a slow pace metropolitan bare-footed  
I go to the square  
under a beheaded and mutilated statue  
that has dirty feet because of the pollution:  
the sky looks like a low ceiling  
the moon is concave  
in the middle owing... to a punch in the face!  
... in other times  
I would had thought to something else  
but now I do believe that my real nightmare  
is the reality that I'm living... day by day.*

*At a slow pace metropolitan bare-footed  
I walk slowly, closed tightly in my loose garment  
the cold is like a tongue pressed on the violet temples  
my love is set upon the points of scissors for fish... that is already dead!  
... I grazed the wall with my shoulders  
the alley like a cone  
at the end gets always more closed,  
there is a sound of an electric guitar  
that strikes an accord in E seventh...  
it's called BLUES.*

*At a slow pace metropolitan bare-footed  
along a horrifying cuniculos  
gnomes and elfs of the district take a peep  
and three hundred and nine sleepless bats  
slipped of my bald cranium to the ground  
only a black crow chatters in my ear  
like a disturbed signal*

*of a local and independent radio.*

*At a slow pace metropolitan bare-footed  
now I'm limping in a oneiric and terrific journey  
from a manhole four rats in a big hunting game  
run after a leech caught unaware  
that was sleeping away weakly on the red cheek!  
... a stream of anaemic blood trickles  
while I'm losing heart on the same pavement  
where I come from...  
at a slow pace metropolitan bare-footed.*

**from the book of poetry "Ecolallaliche" by Faraòn Meteosès  
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