

"The Skies and Lights of Barcelona"

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I.

Making music

thick flocks

of air wings

of feather waves

carrying the sun

cutting the horizon

plaiting garland necks

behind humped hills

the glances perch

and float away again

row foam

draw clouds

II.

**While visiting the planet Earth and realizing why his flower is unique
The Little Prince met a salesman.**

- Good afternoon! - said The Little Prince.

- Good afternoon! - said the salesman.

He was a salesman of special pills, slaking-thirst-pills. If one takes one pill a week then he wouldn't need to drink.

- Why are you selling that?

- It saves time. The experts calculated. One can win fifty-three minutes per week.

- And why do one need these fifty-three minutes?

- For whatever you want...

"If I had fifty three useless minutes - said The Little Prince to himself, - I would very slowly start walking towards a spring..."

III.

So he started looking for a well in the desert.

I said:

- The desert is beautiful.

- The desert is beautiful because somewhere in it is hidden a well. - he answered.

I said:

- The stars are beautiful.

- The stars are beautiful because on one of them there is one flower which we can not see, with only four thorns...- his answer was determined and somehow absentminded. The image of the flower was shining like a late evening lamp in his eyes.

IV.

Then he got exhausted and fell asleep. Under the pale light of the moon I realized that the beauty of this loving and sleeping face is not what I could see but something inside, something invisible. And now in the empty space of the desert I felt how vulnerable he was. The flame of the lamps must be diligently kept: a wave of wind may blow it out.

V.

Not far from there, a little girl was strolling around the streets of Barcelona and met a cazzegione near the harbor:

- Hi!

- Hi! - he was polite but somehow absent.

- What makes you feel free?

- Sailboats and understanding - he answered after a short moment of silence. - The physical freedom of sailing is impressive. You can cast loose, you need not arrive anywhere, there are no roads, you can choose to go to a port or drop anchor instead in any bay. You are with nature: you go if there is wind, get wet if it rains, bake in the sun, drift in the calm. Regulations govern your safe passage and relations with other sailors. The social contacts between boats are clear and the state is only present in the shape of light and buoys.

Understanding gives me my most precious moments of mental freedom. That I can speak, move, touch, allude, hint, suggest, philosophize and clown at will, uncluttered by a need to explain myself and leaving me unfettered in my choice of expression. If my quirkiness is accepted and accompanied and applauded, I can let my mind go and follow it as it roams.

But the girl was not satisfied. She was throwing small stones from one hand to another, careful not to drop any.

- I have a doll - she said looking down on the side - who needs me and I need her. I feel free only if I know that she is well. I am devoted to her, I am something like her slave but I want to be her slave. - She looked

straight into the eyes of the man and forced him to come back from his blue trip on the waves.

I was listening to the conversation and got afraid that they are not going to understand each other. But suddenly the man turned to the girl and said:

- Hmm, I haven't experienced that kind of freedom. May be you could help me to understand it and I will show you how my boat floats on the crests.

The little coquette couldn't resist such goodness. A bush of roses bloomed on her cheeks and she said:

- I'll fetch my doll. I'll be back.

VI.

While running through the round corners, she entered a small Roman street and saw a ceramic picture of an old cart with a horse and a boy and a girl in it. Next to it there was a text written with a pale chalk:

I like to think of you

at night when lace of shadows

covers the entire ceiling.

Look, there is one edgy mountain

I touch it with my warm

and pink desire

and feel no pain, no sharpness, only fire

We play - the light and I

we hide and we caress each other

and when the morn arrives
I send my tenderness to you
on shiny wings
Close eyes!
The bright gaze of the sun
is kissing you good morning
and you are warm
of longing

And then you rush around
the everydayness
I follow you
I am the yellow leaf
falling on your shoulder
And when you laugh
I dance for you
the windy dance of autumn
When you are cold and silent-
I turn to sparrow on a frozen branch
and then the south is calling me
away

VII.

During their trip in The Ocean of Freedom, somewhere between The Cape of Slaves and The Understanding Beach the man and the girl found on the waves a letter from a lonely shark sent 30 years ago.

"My sweetest Little Prince, tell me, how did you overcome the power of the Mighty God of Distance? The last pages of your story disappeared in a storm and all these years I was drifting along from one side of the Ocean to another to find them. You should see my happiness when I found one page near the harbor of Barcelona. But there were too many people around, I got scared and the page floated away again. I tried to save it and I even lost one of my teeth in my struggle to keep it. My mouth looks better now but my heart is bleeding. The God of Distance is the worst of all, he gives me all the freedom one may desire, except one, The Touch."

VIII.

The Touch

Hello, my dear Prince,

here I am coming with a smile of flowers

with a song of whistles

Let me sit down beside you

sit before departure:

A man read my palm and saw

a sail and a sparkling wave on it

Remember our Sail, our Wave

Please don't go away yet

let's look around together

before eternity is reached

on our palms

Postpone

postpone eternity!

A man read my palm and saw

how I caress you

how I hold you

how strong you hold ...my palm

Wait, don't say good bye

Postpone eternity

Keep looking

IX.

They were floating along a deep river and reached a crossroad. There were three open bridges leading to three different direction: a red one called The Simple Good Byes Bridge, the pink one called The Silent Absence, and a third one called L'Infinitem. The man shouted out to another boat:

- Which one leads to Fortuna?

- What?

- Which one leads to Fortuna?

- You are wrong, you have to go back and start again. - shouted back an older sailor who's accent reminded of Columbus'.

At that moment the bridges closed. While waiting they sailed to a shore nearby. The girl saw an enormously big peerless shell on a shining rock and she immediately climbed in it full of enthusiasm and curiosity. But

suddenly the empty shell closed itself, leaving a small fissure; the girl looked at the thin and silent stream of light and listened:

...parte

Dell'ultimo orizzonte il guardo esclude.

Ma sedendo e mirando, interminati

Spazi di là da quella, e sovrumani

Silenzi, e profondissima quiete

Io nel pensier mi fingo; ove per poco

Il cor non si spaura. E come il vento

Odo stormir tra queste piante, io quello

Infinito silenzio a questa voce

Vo comparando: e mi sovvien l'eterno,

E le morte stagioni, e la presente

E viva, e il suon di lei.

She cried out to the man:

- It is difficult to breathe here!

- I understand but I am not with you. Take care of yourself. I will be here. - he said that while checking if the bridge to Fortuna has opened.

He couldn't hear more of the girl because the shell closed and glided down into polyphony of vivid voices:

(Leopardi) (Hamlet II)

...Così tra questa O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell

Immensità s'annega il pensier mio: and count myself a King of infinite space.

E il naufragar m'è dolce in questo mare...

X.

Dear God of Distance,

The father of Time

The father of Space

Who created the languages, the telephones, the postcards,

the boats, the airplanes, the world wide web

You who separated the Little Prince from his flower

You who is not even mentioned on Olympus

but who kept Psyche's butterfly

You who brought the raven to Po's window

You who deprived me of the Touch

You who cut my palm in continents and oceans

You who wrote "Eternity" in my calendar

You who strangles every night and day my patience

You who digs mistrust between us

You, the wet-nurse of my waifness

I close my eyes to overcome you

PS. And don't forget:

In order to return you must sail away

In order to stay you must return DS.

Yours

Odysseus

XI.

Two other forms of insomnia, Borges!

What is insomnia?

The question is rhetoric; I know too well the answer.

To have no fear and to forget the countless fatal strokes of the clock in the deep night, to try in magical rhythm to breathe together, the weight of two bodies, which endlessly drown in each other, to shut the eyelids, a state similar to fever, which definitely is not a watch, to forget all scraps of books read many years ago, to feel in terms with the dead, to triumph over the sleeping, the desire to drown in sleep and the impossibility to drown in sleep, the weightless consciousness of being and of continuing to be, the timid dawn.

What is longevity?

The shameless pleasure of being in a human body, which strength is disappearing but always thirsty, insomnia, which is measured by years and not by the arrows of steel, the weight of seas and pyramids, of dynasties and of ancient libraries, of the dawns seen by Adam and Eve, the sweet consciousness that I am doomed to my flesh, to my odious voice, to my name, to my uniform memories, but not to the Language, which I can not and don't want to learn to use, to the nostalgia for the lost Touches in the past and in the future, the desire to drown in life and the impossibility to drown in life, to be and to continue to be.¹

1. c.f. Borges': "Two forms of insomnia":

What is insomnia?

The question is rhetoric; I know too well the answer.

To be afraid and to count in the deep night the heavy and fatal strokes of the clock, to try with fruitless magic to breathe constantly, the weight of a body, which suddenly turns to the side, to shut the eyelids, a state similar to fever, which definitely is not a watch, to pronounce scraps of books read many years ago, to feel guilty that I keep awake, when the others are sleeping, the desire to drawn in sleep and the impossibility to drawn in sleep, the horror of being and of continuing to be, the timid dawn.

What is longevity?

The horror to be in a human body, which strength is disappearing, insomnia, which is measured by years and not by the arrows of steel, the weight of seas and

pyramids, of dynasties and of ancient libraries, of the
dawns seen by Adam, the consciousness that I am
doomed to my flesh, to my odious voice, to my name, to
my uniform memories, to the Spanish, which I can not
learn to use, to the nostalgia for Latin, which I do not
know, the desire to drawn in death and the impossibility
to drawn in death, to be and to continue to be."

XII.

The unbearable lightness of the bubbles! The idea of the dark silence under water appeared to be yet another myth. Kaleidoscope of corals were hiding the roe of the goldfish from bow-legged intruders, the green snakes were floating so peacefully while strangling the orange shells. A calm endlessly going on massacre! Some call it "instinct for survival".

The man was tired of waiting, laying on the deck and trying to sleep. His eyelids were moving with the rhythm of the million softly scraping kisses of the fish chords biting the bottom of the boat. "Do I really need to wait for the bridge to Fortuna to open?"- he wondered.

The girl had curled inside into an embryo of memories. A seagrass touch into her navel. The hair was fluttering.

Doldrums.

She heard (hurt) herself:

He heard (hurt) himself:

"My heart is restless

it's stretching to my hands

to my feet

to my temples

Kiss my blind eyes

Kiss them with a dream

Put your palm in my heart

Let it beat for you, in you"

Give!

Take!

Give!

Take!

XIII.

The shell opened!

In other words:

"If I had to describe width

I would choose the embrace."
