





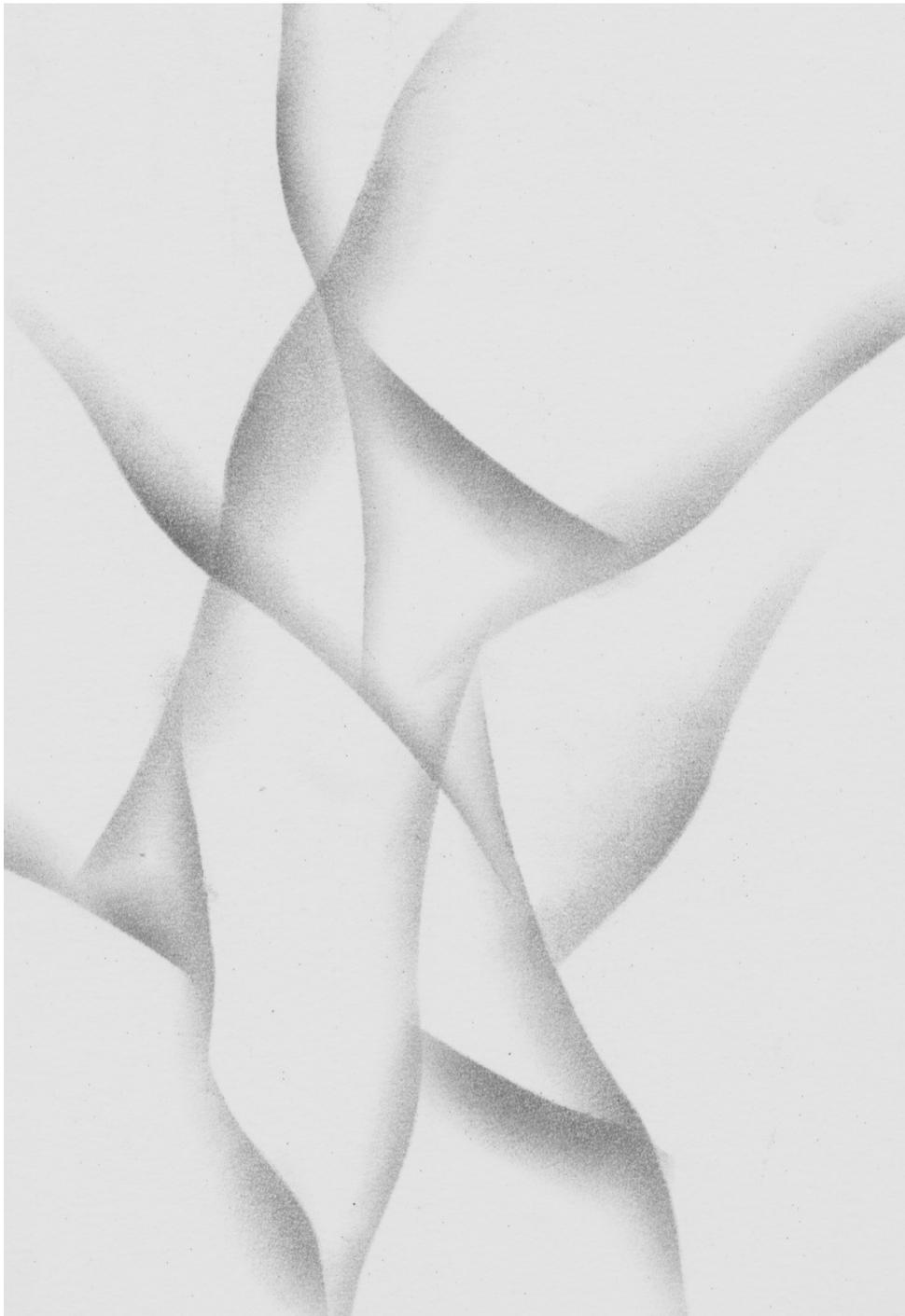




she played the flute in tight garments
procession creatures, together lungs oscillated,
expanding rhythm when futures were fearless
pomegranate releasing cells, contagiously dyeing worlds
ability conquered to describe plastic contours
she gave her neck to her lover proving her love
string sheltering mutual sacrifice

she lost her flute and shuttered herself in cloths
neglected by seasons
dried mouth doubted, arid and breakable,
muscles gathered marble, repeatedly stiffen illusions
abstained from playing all becomings
she searched for her lover never to find
blindly disguised to giants vigilants

she was the flute naked and ornamented
infringed by wind, whole skin opened,
vibrant and resistant
soft bones foam, capturing and nurturing intensities
effortless landscape of singular contours out of new associations never done
before beliefs
she had her love back fully present within out
endless benefiting
blessed battle



Like a container, the poem reassembles a collection of spiritual references gathered around a central topos: the being as a work in itself, a work that demands love, and love as the condition for being. The poem is developed in three moments – progressive steps, forever repeated, towards the construction of a poetic machine that is not only a description of itself, but also the result of it. The poetic machine is the flute – a metaphor for the being connected with everything and to all things. In the first step, the flute is an outside object that circulates as material capital. The work as love is external to the being. Their union is dependent on the outside and for that reason it's not reliable enough. It's activated only by human will and frail desires. In the second step, the flute is lost. That brings about sadness and enclosure, the lack of possibility of exposure and the ability of expression – of being in the world and transforming it. In the third step, the flute is made from the body. It's the achievement of being in the world, transforming and multiplying it, effortless. More than on mere individual will, it depends on the intensities that the being captures and exchanges from its own condition of being alive. As a cylinder, the flute is an infinite circular machine, where sound circulates blurring inside and outside space. At the same time it reiterates the body (a resonating and musical body), it also releases it from its constraints and celebrates its full potency. The spiritual (in the sense of the invisible) is here summoned as the fundamental content for the production of this machine which works as capital's counter-machine. In other words: flux against flux.

