

Mattia Badalucco Cavasino

Wishing Infinity

Carta e Penna Editore

**Lo Scrigno dei Versi
di
Carta e Penna**



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Prima edizione giugno 2006

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di

Mattia Badalucco Cavasino

Introduction by Dino D'Erice

Conclusions by Tommaso Romano

Thanks

Passing my poems to the print I have to thank sincerely:

- Dino d'Erice, his birth name Dino Grammatico, a poet who the critics consider "one of the most modern and significant voice of the poetic season of 19th century".

Dino d'Erice addressed me advices and suggestions;

- Tommaso Romano, publisher and no conventional writer, both refined and elegant poet, who supported me for the arrangement of this collection.

NOTE OF THE AUTHOR

In this age of ephemeral void, as Giorgio Manganelli says, and however of existential troubles and of human cosmic loneliness, my poetry is willing to draw attention to the needs and peculiarities (at present age) of the third millennium reality, an ethical-expressive research of style that is not autonomous and absolute but heteronymous.

Introduction
By Dino d'Erice

This new volume of poetry by Mattia Badaluco Cavasino carries on a poetic theme already appeared in the previous books: *Diary of the Soul* (2000, Torino), *Tumults and Shudders* (2001, Torino), *To the ends of reality* (2002, Torino), published by A.L.I. in the poems collection "The author's pen". The mainly image is still love, but now it becomes more struggling and increasing, characterized by higher flights and by more tearing falls and relapses.

Falls and relapses are much more than flights, but this does not weaken the feeling, indeed it is strengthened by the light of memories. Lines like "the time-magician or tyrant?-" are documented examples:

*The time-magician or tyrant?- that makes us live
Stealing the minutes from eternity,
It did not erase the glowing memory
Of when, with open arms and with closed eyes, you
and I*

*happily used to run together
-grains of a sand desert burnt by sun-
Towards love wishing to fetch
Wishing to give and to live*

Besides the threshold of good besides the threshold of evil...

Another image is the disappointment that can be noted in the lyric "Need to forget" but that is traceable even to many others poems: *...I am alone/nothing is left to me/now that life/*

assailing me/ tore me to rags... And the line "assailing me" gets a specific quite aggressive value.

In spite of many deceptions Mattia Badalucco Cavasino does not throw up the sponge, but she still feels love in her soul; and she goes on to feel it more alive than ever, although it sometimes changes to pain beyond all description, a pain tearing the body and the soul. It is well said not only that she is in love to feel pangs, but that she is in love with love. All the lyrics overflow with such deep feeling. Love is everything and nothing can exist without love. In the poem "The diaphragms of life" you can read:

*Walking on the crocks
Of broken loves.
Feeling the stings of woe
That tear
The dresses of dreams
And cross
Like the cool of shooting stars
The flesh of soul
Free, by now,
Of the dress of illusions.
But no leave
Neither end
Exists for love.
Then...*

Love has been referred to a feeling with new images. And there are some lyrics as: "Only for you, brother", "Without hope", that, yet treating other subjects, have love as their inspiring strength. They deal with social, moral and human troubles. "Only for you, brother" is quite dedicated to the Association AVULLS of Trapani and it is a poem that concentrates on love to raise the hope in those who the life

lay on their shoulders the heavy rucksack of sorrow. Others refer to the prisoners of jail.

“On the death of Benito, my brother” indeed is a very poor lyric, but in which love has human aims and melts in plastic figurations: *you still/ a crucifix in your fingers/the beloved wan face/ in the stillness of death.*

As conclusion: a poetry overwhelming with feeling, a suffered poetry, but a poetry that does not forget to look at the future:

*...I will wrap me
In a dress of water and wind
And going beyond the diaphragms of life
I will reach
In search of certainty
A foreign shore where
A time without time
Will stop
The mark of sorrow
In the quivering flash
Of a shell of sounds*

(from “Beyond the diaphragms of life”)

Certainly the intensity she lives the feeling of love leads Badalucco to an effluvium of lines and, therefore, to some poetic repetitive periods, but besides this, in all the lyrics there are lines of high creation and images of crystal light.

*Erice, from the house of Rock,
August 2004.*

*To my beloved children
Isabella and Gaspare*

THE TIME – MAGICIAN OR TYRANT?-...

The time-magician or tyrant?- that makes us live
Stealing the minutes from eternity,
It did not erase the glowing memory
Of when, with open arms and with closed eyes, you
and I

happily used to run together
-grains of a sand desert burnt by sun-
Towards love wishing to fetch
Wishing to give and to live
Besides the threshold of good besides the threshold of
evil
Joined and slaves of a dream.

And yet now
That life, assailing us,
Tore us to pieces,
I feel
That I shall carry on
To hold it.

A CRY IN THE NIGHT

The night still young,
by its soft noise
wrapping everything,
calms down the pangs of the heart
spread with light melancholy.

Suddenly a cry winds
along the sweet smell of the earth
dispelling the deep silence
that fills in the black night fog.
I hold towards the cry...
It is just elapsed, swallowed
by the silent gorges,
in the dark night.

FLYING METEOR

Smoothed by the running
of time dust,
hooked to its sand-glass,
she passes
as flying meteor,
cancels the distances,
life.

and like a scale of star
that breaks up
and disappears
in the huge cosmos
even the future fades away.

TOLLING BELLS

Sounds rising from the silence
deafening noise
of concentric shining vibrations
coming from afar
winding along the knot of the streets
still asleep
these are the tolling bells on Sunday.

Voices of silent wishes
Awakening dreams never quiet
quivering caresses
of cold hands
that touch you lightly in the dark
these are the tolling bells on Sunday.

Tomorrow, the fire will cease
the rising dawn
feeling no pity will fade them away and
will smuggle the deceiving mirages
of the waste utopia
and of the silent wind rushes of ephemeral joy
with the warm breath
of a flying memory.

NEW UNKNOWNNS

As snakes
to the trunk of the mind
the new unknownns
twist.

They are then stolen by the wind
and left
to the soft embracing of the shore,
where the sea surrenders them
to the trembling slivers of light.

At last...they disappear,
melting to the melodious low sound
of the everlasting splashing
of the tides.

I SHALL EMBRACE MY TEARS

On the stalk of life
circling around lost skies
among waving oxymora swings,
in the cold shiver of silence
- where the memories wander-
of a dawn, wiped out by the eclipse of life
that hides
the day that sleepy rises,
I shall embrace my tears frozen by sorrow
I shall make them rare and precious
as the water in a vein in a dry desert
and I shall embrace in the extinct star of the spheres
as in the secret casket of the soul
the dreamlike hopes.

IN THE MAGMA OF THE TIME

The cold air is growing dark:
a shiver seizes
the lonely wanderer
in the nirvana
of moon, stars
silence and nature.

In the flower-beds of life
luminous clusters
blooming from meteors
run the vineyard of the sky.

The desire for oblivion
permeates
the windings of life
destined to fade away
- tomorrow-
in the magma of the time.

ON THE WIRE OF WIND

Short and running
the night
weakens and disappears
between the hands,
while the dawn
dissolves the darkness
that stills in the silence.

Ensnared by Love.
In the arcane Empyrean
is the Ego.

But it is only a fable
a *Transfert*
shortly lasting.
Springing fast
Between stars and nebulas,
the sorrow,
on the wire of wind
returns.

THE LONG SILENCES

No sound comes out
of your lips dried
of a long silence.
No sound out of mines.
Between us, by now, just.....
long silences
telling all
...telling nothing.

I WANT TO ESCAPE

I want to escape from you
from the grey smoke colours – of these dreadful days
all alike
from the evil mistral wind
stroking my soul
that cries its anger.
I bring with me just
the dreamlike utopia
of white-pearl dreams
written on the sky's edges
of the diary of the soul.

TO THE ENDS OF DREAMS

Overthere, where the weak clapper of the ancient bell
tower

-still guardian of the morning-
lightly tolls,

There the towers stand out

-like bold sentries

who need fog and height-,

in the heart of the pine wood

-where the pale dawns

write their legend

and the continuous rain

writes the secret

in a heart of water-,

an ethereal maiden dressed in wind appears

-sun mirage that the morning invents-

to catch a glance

to entrance a heart.

Then ... to the still towers, without clocks,

the wind brings the echo of the voices

broken by emotions

and the crackling of the trembling and light steps.

An endless joy waves

in the damp breath of the breeze

that, before the thoughtful lagoons

of the deep eyes, sings

while like a warm beat of breath

lightly in the air

the tenacious and touched words weave,

like little flames of love,
nearly to stop
the fast flowing of time.

LOVE NEVER BORN

To see the light.
To sleep.
To be silent.
To hold the heart in chain
fellow-traveler of the time.
To feel the eyes
smarting from tears.
To see
a grain of sand flying.
Without beach
without destiny
to run
on air, on the ground, in the skies,
in search of you,
love never born.
Like everlasting stone,
to lie.
To listen.
To dream of you,
love never born.

MUCH SILENCE AROUND

Silence.
Much silence around
making shudder,
with its caress.

Silence.
Much silence around
that nothing
that nobody
can break:
neither
us who too
can light the stars up
with our love;
neither
us who too
can put away
the memories (that do not go away)
inside
big boxes;
neither
us
who live
caressed
by the same wind
that caresses
the silence.

Silence.
Much silence around.

COCKTAIL

(memento Favignana)

The grey sea
the grey sky
in the middle....
the pale ray
of a strong sun;
the incessant buzzing
of a fast hydrofoil
the muffled talking
of the occasional passengers
and we both.....
the look entranced
by the changing grey
of a living sea.

WITHOUT HOPE

To the prisoners of the jails of Trapani and Favignana.

Broken lives
of men who the sorrow
made fragile.
Broken lives
like reeds bent
by the burden of their frustrations.
Broken lives
by the others' scorn
and by the others' indifference.
Broken lives
of men
with no more identity.
Broken lives of men
who lost
the right of dignity.
Broken lives
of resigned men.
Broken lives
of men
with no more hopes.

SILVER GIRL

While the morning floods the eyes
and the shining tide
flows every bay
of your beating body,
I am reflected in your brightness,
silver girl.

And I see myself ex paper man
ex man lost in the sea
and caught by you;
ex man of whom
reflected in the mirror
only the soul is left;
ex stray dog man
wandering in the night,
under the cold star light,
drunk all in one breath;
ex man with one arm only
beyond the space
aimed to catch
one moment of happiness.
But love is not a money prize
and if it is one way only or impossible
it falls like petals
of a flower already withered.
Therefore, I will see you go away,
I will not stop you
but sit in the middle of the night
I will wait your return,

Silver girl,
and held to the night
with hidden eyes
I will invoke the stars
so that once again
our lives will join.

LIKE WORDS IN THE WIND

Like words in the wind,
No leaving tracks
disappear
- at dawn -
the mews
of cats in love.
Only,
lost in the air
the silent symphony
of the wind's caress
is left.

FEAR

I have too much cried
for the love dream;
I have too much hoped;
I have too much waited
and waiting too often
at the night's doors
the day stopped.
Then.....I found you and, I swear,
never in my life
I had so much loved
never so much I had been afraid.
Fear of loosing you;
fear of loving you so much;
fear of awakening
from the marvelous dream
that charms us;
fear that in the unknown tomorrow
nothing will remain
of this unique love;
fear that tomorrow love
will sink
in oblivious
abysses of memories.

GOING

Going....

see

the sun

that kills itself

and stains

the sky with red.

Going....

feeling the angels

singing

in the wind's voice.

Going....

see

the moon

lighting

the magic circles

of the velvet sky.

Going

breathing

the summer's smell

of the yellow sun

sliding

warm on the skin.

Going....

On the high peaks

where the wind

stops

and the times

without time...

and feeling
smell of infinity.
Going.
Going...in the wind
amid the rustling of leaves
and the corollas just open
in the ecstasy
of a time without end.

LIVE!

To a friend "in pain"

You
You
passively
accept the fate
you
resigned
bow your head
and refuse to fight
you
sit
on a stone
crying
and carry on your shoulders
the burden of sorrow
without reaction
you,
are
you still a man?
Stir yourself!
Move!
Give a sense to your life!
Take it back.
Search for the certainties
and turn the sorrow to joy.
Catch the hope again!
Fill your heart
with it and...live.
Live!

TO BOTTLE THE TEARS

You and I
on the day
that fades away
without calling the dawn.

You and I
In the whirl of a wild wind
that gliding on the sea
shakes its breaths.

Between us...

A wall of silence
thick as "protruding rock".
The present has no future.

Lost is
the shrine of dreams.

Sharp is
the force of torment
for a love
not born,
for a dream
not become a reality.

But I must
bottle the tears.

MY SILENCE

Do not surrender
to the illusions
of the stony screams
of a black echo.
Do not surrender
to the frozen consolation
of a fire without flame
that burns inside.
Do not surrender
to the chains of a love
that ties
tears up
wings
sinks
in endless abyss
where...just a groan...
then the...silence.
Beyond the silence I.
I...in the shadow.
I wait.
I want to dry your tears.

BEYOND THE DIAPHRAGMS OF LIFE

Walking on the crocks
of broken loves.
Feeling the stings of woe
that tear
the dresses of dreams
and cross
like the cool of shooting stars
the flesh of soul
free, by now,
of the dress of illusions.
But no leave
neither end
exists for love.
Then...
I will wrap me
in a dress of water and wind
and going beyond the diaphragms of life
I will reach
in search of certainty
a foreign shore where
a time without time
will stop
the mark of sorrow
in the quivering flash
of a shell of sounds.

RUNNING TOGETHER

Running together
on the sand of time
across streets of sorrow or of joy
lost
in crossroads of light
where the world disappears
and renews
our eternity.

Running together
in an impalpable dimension
where the must of life
ferments
rafts of illusions
leading us
in the Dreadful
raising veils of uncertainties
and loosing knots
of increasing loneliness.

GRAFFITI OF LOVE

Graffiti of love
kaleidoscope of life,
dissonant fragments
of past moments
carved
-like flowers that get beyond
the threshold of dreams-
on the walls
of the wind tunnels.

Silent,
from the limbo of consciousness,
thoughts of *papier mâché*
come to the surface
enclosed in spaces of hope
like immortal shape
that the time
did not erase;
castles built
in the air
while we flew without wings
dreaming
of reaching further limits
and fetching the moon by hands.

THE NOISE OF NOTHING

The cold north wind
sweeps away
the lonely streets
from the noise of Nothing
that suddenly arrives.
It touches you slightly.
It deceives you.
It seize you
leading you by hands
beyond the threshold of
its shrine.
It pushes you
in the whirlwind of an endless dance
to the rhythm
of an arcane music.
And you dance...dance entranced
under a besieged sky
of star nests
among the tinkling of glasses
-with the stem full
of sparkling reminiscences-
lighted by a crescent
of waning moon
white in the sky.
The cold wind,
twirling
between the fallen leaves
playing with each other

awakes you from lethargy.

Do not wince!

Do not get angry:

it is life!

ONLY FOR YOU, BROTHER

*To the voluntary association AVULSS
(Unit of Trapani)*

There, where the hatred
Divides
There where negligence and indifference
Isolate
Love for the others
“weaves one relationship”
An interpersonal (tie)
Going over the limits
Of “ratio umana”

Like you, brother,
every day
I eat bread
mixed with tears.

For you, brother,
I feel the Infinity
getting close
yet in the arrogance
of those who hate you.

Only to you, brother,
I will open my heart
because I know that Love
only Love
will help us
to find the hope.

THE HAMMOCK OF MEMORIES

To the prisoners of the jail in Trapani

Every day I knot
the hammock of memories
to the branches of life,
since too long time flat,
from where I lean
to look the unclear future;
the actual void;
the weeping of the earth
barren by the wars
that dirty her of blood:
the corps of the useless dead
sacrificed on the altar
of the empty cosmos of the love among people.
I would like to cry.
I am in despair.
The sorrow changed
my face and my seeming.
A warm tear drops from the eyelash
to keep me company.

NEED TO FORGET

From the ocean of my loneliness
I attend the banquet
of despair.
I am alone.
nothing is left to me
now that life
assailing me,
tore me to rags.

And in the sunset
smoothing the contrasts
when the sun shuffles
on the water quite sleepy,
to forget becomes a need.

ON THE DEATH OF BENITO, MY BROTHER

Dumb silence
cold
essential
desolate darkness,
in the morgue,
and four corpses.
Between them,
yours.
You
escaped
to life.
You,
still
a crucifix
in your fingers.
You,
the beloved wan
face,
in the stillness
of death.

LIKE BREEZE

Sealing on the tears
to
sink to a weep.
Running through life
to
fall into death.
These are the events
of men living.

My fingers
write music
-that I cannot play-
on the staff of wind
to its rhythm
unknown dancers
improvise
phantasmagorical ballets
disappearing later
as breeze
in the lowered sails.

THE DANCE

A rush
a flash
and
in the dance
I touch lightly
your body
that a wave of sun
makes shine.
I do not feel the darkness anymore.
Free.
I hear a music.
It comes from far.
It goes on.
It goes on.
It ravishes me.
Thousands of feelings:
hard to catch
the infinity of a spark.
All is fast.
I close my eyes.
I slip.
I rise again.
Crystals of lively ice...
Touch me lightly.
Vapour of lights, like
whirlpool of rope, wraps me.
Vertigo of light... around.

A run.
A fly.
In the everlasting play
of dance.

BLOW OF LIFE

Never you cared the wind
or the gurgling rains.
Never you felt the dark winters
dazzled by the lightning
of an everlasting summer
of the young bundle years
on the net of roots buried
under the clod of the wet earth
dazzled by the development of wandering seasons
ripened in the seedbed of heart
and disappeared as the plucking off
of petals of hair in the wind,
you, ethereal bare feet maiden
-fairytale figure dressed in wind-
coming out from the impenetrable cliff
where the silences too have their words
and where the sea turtle,
attracted by the music
of your living blow,
is basking in the sunshine.

SYMPHONIES OF WIND

Symphonies of wind
amid the sweats of summer
in the countryside bush
where, in the night,
flashing luminous
zigzagging fireflies
swing in the dance of love
between the terraces of olives
and spores of thistles
evoking the Mysteries of the East.
Puzzled infinities
embrace,
in the falls of life,
stiff mornings.
On the dry lips
-since long time forbidden
to the spring bloom-
among chiasms of amazed pupils
and tuneless symphonies
of scratches of light
-quite to cover the secrets
buried in endless skies-
the shadow
of a pale smile sprouts.

JUST PIECES

Secret longing
just to see you again
just to hear you again
just to look you again
just to meet you again,
without speaking.
Words wouldn't need.
A crazy demon,
love is .
But the cold winter wind
has frozen
the yearning of heart.
It has burnt to ashes
the beating of heart.
Just pieces
have left.
Just pieces.
Impossible
to hold together.

MELODY OF SILENCES

Burning the eyes
in a lit silence.
Fighting against time
to stop a moment.
Looking to the void
for a blow of Eternal
To stop the time
in a barefoot night
sprouting
sublime dreams
in the enlarged quiet
of a melody of silences.

Much I would like.

A NORMAL LIFE

A normal life
-and special for that-
where
you live the joy
where
you breathe the future
where
in the night
I see you
without turning on
the light
and hold
your breath;
where
in the silence I confess you
that you are my freedom
that I would like
to love you now,
at this time,
when the stars too
are trembling with love.

BOY- BULLY OF SUBURBS

Training for life, the road.
Country of hopes,
born to be dead soon,
the road has been for you
boy-bully of suburbs.

Among flashes of certainties
in vain pursued
voices consternations
in vain forgotten
heavy letters of bitterness
written on the blackboard of the sky,
you live,
boy-bully of suburbs
holding to your breast
together
the cowardice and the heroism
of men.

BEYOND THE THRESHOLD OF REALITY

They orbit
in the labyrinth of memory,
sunk
in the secret hollows of the mind,
here are the thoughts:
feelings of the message
of a silent inner
fumbling in the ephemera
of a seeming no sense
standing
on scaffolds of sand
in the crucial of life.

IN THE WHIRLPOOL OF VOID

In the whirlpool of void
heavy of silence
I am fumbling
in the memories of past
sinking the sorrow
in tears of fire.

I CAN SAY

I can say the gladdest words,
this night.
Say that far in the blue vault
the stars tremble.
Say that the breeze
sings in the night
and the wind whistles in the sky.
Say that the flowers of desire
perfume
the altar of your body.
Say that I drink at your mouth
the petals of pleasure
and as far as the sea
the water of crystal mountains sings.
Whisper under my breath
that I alone own
your smile of diamond
and your secret spaces
so clear as crystals, for me,
like stars of colours.
Say that marionettes without strings
dance,
in the cosmic theatre,
for us.

OLD DESERTED STREETS

Old deserted streets
adorned of silence
to rediscover.
It is getting dark:
I see the day flying.
Wandering the dark on the seashore
I see
your image coming back
clear as the time
that is read on the skyline
so beautiful to feel angry
beautiful as the day
when the look
imprisoned the heart.

TO THE CROSSROADS FOR ETERNITY

The thought torn by the senses,
turn adrift, wanders
in decisions never reached
unspoken caresses
in the blue plaster
of an indifferent sky,
among illusory certainties
trying to climb
celestial routes
boundaries of infinity set
at the "Crossroads for Eternity"
where the wind shouts your name
in the midst of evanescent untouchable clouds.

THE TRIUMPH OF LIGHT

Darkness.
Darkness around.
Darkness everywhere.
Darkness
triumph of darkness
veil to hidden tyrannies.
Darkness.

Then... a light
-apotheosis of a gleam of light-
pushes the darkness
into a lifeless life
beyond the boundaries of the time
beyond the boundaries of the space.
And
the eternal triumph
of the light over the darkness
repeats.

MAGIC SPIRAL

Distilled between the tears and the smiles
of the drunken soul
the minutes run fast
weaved, in the silence, by the time.
And in the silence,
I want to stay
to tear the knots
that entice the mind;
to lay the rainbow on pieces of white sky;
to run towards the infinity
where the dreams dwell
hidden inside the walls of the cosmos;
to speak to the angels
between quivers of love,
coming out from the magic spiral
built as abode,
in the "site of love",
by the time that,
dazed by the
sibilant wind of memories,
collect the dreams
wrapped in cotton clouds.

THE ECHO OF THE SILENCE

Silent shining of a pale smile
on yellowed pages
burnt by the fire of love
where the wounded soul
still dies.

Marbles are the eyes
That, not aware of standstill,
are searching
answers to the desperate gasp of the hear.
But the echo of silence only answers.

DEEPEST DESPAIR

The wind once more,
blowing from the sea,
drives the clouds
and follows them in the sky
bends the trees
and rustles the leaves.
But it fails
to ruffle
the wire of the crucified thoughts;
to detoxify the senses;
to loosen the knots
of the grip of anguish
holding breath.
And deepest despair is.

THE SHAPE OF THE TIME

The oblivion of tomorrow
 already
drifts in the air
in the shape
of the running time.
And while the silence,
guardian of the eternity,
dries
the tears of sorrow,
upon feint couches
the deceptive dreams
of hope
return to sleep.

MOTHER

You will live in my heart.
You will live in my eyes.
You will live in my thoughts
still when
no more you will be, mother.

THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

Will the world of tomorrow
be without boundaries?

A world
where a white hand
will hold a black hand

or
a desert land
where, as an invisible rock,
the silence will weigh
on the cut stem
of our hopes?

Will the world of tomorrow
still have
red fields of poppies
rivers and streams
of silver colours
-where you can breath
the smell of life
between the beating of the heart
and the flight of thoughts

or
will this be spread
with dark craters
of grey mountains
and of plains where only
the silence of death lives?
The dismay I feel
paralyses me.

I WILL INVENT LOVE

I will invent love when you,
dressed with sea, you will run to me
-in the sun wet air of the empty shore-
running barefooted and to irregular rhythms
on the sunny silence of the foreshore.

I will invent love when
the emotional balance
will be swept away
and certainties of life
will have disappeared.

Holding your hand, I will lead
beyond the ends of time

I COULD NOT RECOGNIZE YOU, HAPPINESS

Many times, lead by the wind breath
smelling of salt
-like a brief fragment of music
evoked by the desire-
you have run by my side and often
you have stopped, Happiness.

You were in the daily ordinary gesture
of a vague caress:
you were in that fleeting eyes that
just for a while,
paused to look at me;
you were in the smile of my children
and in their farewells of adolescence;
you were in that simple act of giving yourself to me
and in the mystery of this running life.
Only now the soul finds you
but it is too late!
You, like a cloud chased by the wind,
fast you have passed away.
And inside me only the regret is left.

THIS LOVE

I am afraid of this
immense and uncontrollable love
that dazes me, gets me drunk, gets me lost,
it comes across me as a shiver
leading me to an endless whirl.
It has seized
my soul besides my heart
leading me
where echoes of shells spread
rarefied silences like music
that springs from thin chords of violin.
I am living out of time
in far unknown galaxies.

BROTHER

Brother, whatever colour
your skin is, give me your hand
and run with me, defenseless,
towards the peace
so that nevermore
the horrors of the war will come again.

NINETY MINUTES OF EMOTIONS

In the stadium the stream of people
crowded on the steps
-by the same joined rapture-
seem to overflow on the playground where
the two lean maniples of the elevens
run after the ball, kicking fast
in the clear rainbow of the sunny afternoon.
The wind, meanwhile, deviates the ball
and the Fortune covers the eyes with a band.
The strain goes into spasm:
the passion is blooming coloured handkerchiefs
on the fans' breasts and on their mouths
myriads of curses, insults, abuses,
screams of joy, invectives, exhortations succeed
in a swing.
Suddenly... a rumble.
Goal!
The stadium is like a burst!
The fans-the winner side-like frenzy:
They jump, they cry, they sing, they hold together;
To the wind they wave banners and flags
and, praising the *goleador*,
they throw fireworks and crackers.
Dumb, humble, crushed, benumbed, the opposite fans
curse against the "shortbread hands" goalkeeper
who, on the ground of the violated net, on his back
he hides the tears flowing on his face.
The stream of people wave then... disappear and
the silence invades the stadium.

RUN TO AN UNKNOWN SKY

Perhaps vain is the run
since the dreams are already gone.
But I will escape to an unknown sky
and bare,
as an autumn tree,
of torments,
finally free
I will leave in the vineyard
distances of miseries
and
I will reach that sky.

IN THE NIGHT

Night.
Whispers
of woods
carried by the wind.
Blow
of saltiness
across the fog
of the nightly breeze.
To defeat
and petrify ashes
of ignored promises.
To lit up
the eyes
opening a way
among the crevasses of memory.
To recall
old memories,
never erased by the time,
awakened
by the light blow
of a breathless wind.
Awakening
of the circling heart
in the blue
of a space without time
among nightly solos
laid
in the silence's arms.

IT WILL HAPPEN

It does not suffice the vibration
of the wind's wings
or
the green blooming
of nature, in spring,
to waken or to erase
the fire of passion.
It does not suffice.
It does not suffice!
Only when the echo of memories
will substitute the dreams,
it will happen.
Only then, it will happen!
Only when
the must of life
will ferment the astonished silences,
still vibrating, but already free
of the dress of illusions,
it will happen.
Only then it will happen.
Only when
the dark sea wrapping me
with its magic circle
will have achieved
the magic rites
on the altar of the heart,
it will happen.

Only then it will happen.
Only when
the sacred altars of the Eros
and, violated any profane gods,
the torment will hoist the flag
on the finished meteor of passion
and it will like to rest.
It will happen.
Only then it will happen.
Only then!

WHO ARE YOU?

Stranger, you have lived by me
for thirty years
troubling by barren woe
my days and my nights,
who are you?

Your name only is familiar with me
perhaps because I have been calling it since ever.
I watch you

-my eyes are dazzled by the darkness-
and I do not recognize you.

I do not recognize you as
the supporter fellow
of the echo of a dream.

I see only a ghost
fellow of long nights
buried in the silence
of the empty embrace
of my loneliness.

IN THE SILENCE

In the silence, fellow of the night
in the flood of memories
-vain memories-
the images of a time
never worn of oblivion
go back to my mind.
In the feeble moonlight glare
-petals and leaves lying prone-
the heart vibrates
and, as a spasm, the desire of you,
spreads like a mother needs
the child left alone
in the dark night.
And at night I drink the silence
and
waiting for you
I feel your breath;
I see again your eyes
- as lighthouses in the dark-;
I feel again the light caress of your hands;
fragments of life joining us,
emotions melting together
in our running to each other.

MAY BE....TOMORROW

Not today, may be tomorrow you will take my hand
and will lead me, through a wonderful labyrinth,
in a place where the new hopes
have replaced the faded stories;
where holding your childish heart
I can lull my past to sleep,
and follow the fly of the kites
that streaked the skies of my childhood.

Not today, may be tomorrow, when the earth
will not be stained by innocent blood
or caressed by the icy blow of death.
May be tomorrow, when
the dawn erasing the dark night
will be brighter and a light eye
will disclose as an enchantment on the sky.

DREAMS AT DAWN

In the cold dawn,
the charm of a dream
that burns the steps
and destroys
the time and the space.
Warm embrace
of a feeling
melting with the wind
almost wishing to catch
the evanescent breaths
the secrets never disclosed
the reasons of the heart
never appeared on the surface.

AND AFTER...THE SILENCE

To my father

Gasping in a bustle
fast operations
convulsive movements
and after...the silence.

Now,
beyond the limits of heaven
you have your home
taken,
father.

On the tops of eternity
-shining of crystal light-
beyond the hills of the soul,
you walk
on marked paths
to the ends of dream
where the sunset
no more burns
the honest look
and
in the twilight,
you lay your hand no more
to touch
the frailty of life.

I NEED

I need
a sky
of my own.

I need
a sky
where
white falls of thoughts
 sail
between crêpes
of hopes
and
raptures of eternity.

HOPES

Hopes:
illusions
born already tired
not
warming the heart.

Hopes:
dreams of unique moments
already faded away
and erased
by the wind of madness.

Hopes:
deceived breaths
that
rise
from the still
of broken expectations.

Hopes:
Visions of light
cancelled
by the fear of truth
that gives
blades of ice.

Hopes:

mysterious *site*
with no rain
and
without wind,
turf of wishes
not yet picked
set
in the blue transparency
of a sea without voice.

NIGHT: WEST ROAD

To Ugo

Here is the happiness:
a dive in the fog
at two hundred by hour
with you,
in the midst of the flying shapes
of the trucks and the cars
to the light of motels' signs
and of the petrol stations.

IN YOU

To Michele

I have followed
all over the world
between
hatred and grudge
between
wars and peace
all my

I would like.

I have followed
all over the world
between
values and vileness
all my

why.

I have found them
only

in You.

MEMORIES

To my husband

Familiar memories
join us
in the seeming indifference.

as light dance steps
as light reeds in the wind
our memories are.

They tell of us,
our memories:
of how we were,
of a unique past
soaked in waste sweets,
of light smiles,
of trembling wait
in the waving of the longing soul.

They tell of us,
our memories:
of silent renunciations
of quivering whispers,
of pride conquests,
of languishing abandons.

They tell of us,
Our memories.

ANGUISH

The time that never stays
and runs fast
like the flying daylight
that disappears
it has darkened
the joy of life.

A deep anguish inside us
hanging on the wind.
And all
become unlikely.

SHAPES ON THE SHORE-LINE

Shapes on the shore-line
left
by hard words
and erased
by the flowing
of blue-green waves
in the harmony
of an amaranth sunset.

AT THE WINDOW OF LIGHT

To be silent.

To listen.

Inside

a fire without flame

burns,

invades the mind.

It is a dumb vibration.

Fluid of life

that beats

overflowing from the veins.

It is a new life

knocking

on the window of light.

ASHES OF A DREAM

Among gasping sighs
clouding thoughts
and resigned silences
we wait
an “event”.

A dream so dies
and the look wanders
dwelling
in the regretful dim lights
of its ashes.

YOUR IMAGE

At night while I am struggling with my thoughts
that overlap wildly and –
jumping on me –
cover with wishes,
your image appears so bright.
I see again the blue of your eyes
I feel again the warmth of your hands
and the caress of your voice
that, like a burning sun,
burns the blind mind.

COLD

To the mistral wind
the tree branches
roar
stroked by spasm.
They are like skeletons
with empty eyes
engaged
in a macabre dance.
Winter around:
cold streets
cold stones
cold silence.
Cold
even inside
the heart.

ECHOES OF VOICES

Echoes of voices
coming from far
run
on the icy street
of the mind
and appear in the silence
from the dark
windings of the unconscious:
variegated thoughts;
stony streets;
confusing clouds;
pieces of sun;
breaths
weakened by the time;
light faces;
shadows.

Outside the dawn
rises white
and indifferent.

Conclusions

By Tommaso Romano

Seemingly subjects, wishes and hopes included in the lyrics of Mattia Badalucco Cavasino can be shown as simple echoes of a time that has irremediably gone. We shall say that memory, love, affection towards places, feelings are only small inheritances, almost impossible to analyze and propose for a “modern” poetry. Our poet, who has already got a worthy *cursus honorum*, has been keeping these values, not caring of fashion, achieving gentle and sweet aesthetical results.

She achieved in a *natural* way, without the cunning of language research and of abstract plots, showing determination and a free mind, a kind of revival of poetic tradition.

But we were talking of *seeming*: actually the “code of the soul” particularly by James Hillman work, has been definitely again to the side of the archetypal psychology, even drawing the attention of a wide range of attentive and curious readers.

Hillman’s philosophy and psychoanalysis, have handed back us the deepest aspect of the Greek mind, of the Mediterranean, not only as a geographical place, but also as the core of man civilization, of his spiritual deepness, of his rational and ethic mind. The

transparency and the brightness of Badalucco Cavasino's poetry, increase this new season of a poetry – and of a thought – able to characterize and appreciate light and shadow, without confusion, and at the same time to emphasize the deep *hetos* of infinity.

The result is a work that involves and gives comfort, that stir up feelings in the reader, that gets us involved in a higher and more sublime cosmic sphere.

Further the mystifications, however, the feed back is ineluctable for a poetry aware of the world's reasons, interested in society and in the future, but at the same time pure – as the one of the poet from Trapani – and addressed to the reasons and needs of her heart, worthy, for her own, of praises and agreements not addressed to manners.

There is a Mediterranean and sacred *feature* in Pietro Mignosi work that the recent 20th century gave us and that in the land of Sicily – just to refer to the second half of 20th century -, can be found in Salvatore Quasimodo, Giuseppe Petralia, Pietro Mirabile, Giulio Palumbo, Giuseppe Rovella, Carmelo Maria Cortese, Erminio Cavallero, Andrea Tosto De Caro, Nino Muccioli, Angelo Fiore, and that now it goes on with Giuseppe Bonaviri, Lucio Zinna, Dino D'Erice, Alfio Inserra, Salvatore Di Marco, Pino Giacobelli, Melo Freni, Elio Giunta, Franca Alaimo, Giovanni Dino, Nicola Romano, Roberto Trapani, della Petina and others, witnesses, in this way, of different questions and choices, of deep inspirations, against the nihilism and the practice of indifference, for a true bright renaissance of the creature-man, not of abstract man of the rationalists.

Poetry, even the deepest one, sings the life, the soul and the destiny, it is aware of the value of beauty and of the limits of human life, opened to the Eternal: we are sure that we can, in this way, mark positively the elegant work and the suffered research of truth of Mattia, including her in this real *renovatio*, completely.

CURRICULUM

Mattia Badalucco Cavasino, born and resident in Trapani; teacher and literary critic. She writes reviews of international contemporary novels. For many years she has devoted herself to the voluntary service in Trapani and Favignana prisons as teacher of classic literature and philosophy.

As philologist, she is interested in the study research of Sicilian dialect.

She was awarded the prize “silver butterfly” at the 15th and 16th competition “Città di Levico” in 1997 for prose and in 1998 for poetry with the publication of her works. She attended to many other literary competitions where she got prizes award for critic, poetry and prose:

International competition “Tribute to Dante Alighieri 1998” - Prize for the literary critic, honors diploma and the prize “Protagonists of 1998”.

National competition “B.Joppolo 1998” for vernacular poetry;

International competition “Saint Valentine 1999” at Bagheria for vernacular poetry;

Big prize “New millennium” January 2000 - plate;

International prize “Trophy of the Nations 1999” - plate for poetry.

Big prize “Tribute to Italo Svevo 1999” for literary critic; International European prize Trophy 1999 Cup:

International literary prize Tribute to Gabriele D’Annunzio, April 2000, plate for literary critic;

Prize of the culture Gold cup in Europe and plate,
October 2000;

She has already published three collections of poetry,
“Diary of the Soul” in 2000, “Tumults and Shudders”
in 2001 and “To the ends of reality” in 2002.

Appointed “Academic” in 2002, she got, in the same
year, the “plate to the career” at the international
competition of poetry and literature Alapaf.

... A poetry overwhelming with feeling, a suffered poetry, but a poetry that does not forget to look at the future:

*I will wrap me
In a dress of water and wind
And going beyond the diaphragms of life
I will reach
In search of certainty
A foreign shore where
A time without time
Will stop
The mark of sorrow
In the quivering flash
Of a shell of sounds*

From the Introduction of Dino D' Erice

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Prezzo: € 10