

Aldo Roda

## Poems

Homage to Joseph Beuys  
XX Anniversary of the Defence of Nature  
(1984-2004)

Edited by Lucrezia De Domizio Durini

Interlaced  
clematis branches  
with grapes  
and other fruits.  
The town in celebration.  
Houses protect  
events beyond form  
and use.  
Covered by ancient roofs  
the art of man  
begins its way.  
Transforming thought.

Free International University

The old farmer  
looks at the star.  
In earth's home  
and in the fields  
he finds his reason for  
being.  
When the thought  
of man  
returns to birth  
opposites unite.

The near reef  
of the sea  
opens the horizon  
to thought.  
Thought without its  
shape  
hides in  
coral  
and fish.

## Organic ploughing

The vertical cut  
upturns earth.  
The sharp blade  
breaks through ground.  
To ready it for seed.

Man  
closes empty spaces  
between sod and clump  
of calcareous crust.  
Removes weeds  
and infesting plants.

When the window  
onto the garden  
opens  
you follow the stream  
of light  
and wake.

A day full  
of white horses  
and turtles.

You remain in  
that indefinite  
silence  
longing  
to exist.

Oven cooked clay  
keeps oil.  
Two side handles  
a wooden lid.

Defence of nature.  
Just a hint  
of curved line.  
A feeling of time.

A man  
engraves words on sand.  
The horizon shows  
the last border.  
All is still.  
A stone thrown  
into a stretch of water  
breaks the balance.  
The word  
the gesture  
shatter immobility.



Inert matter  
Vital thought

An iron implement  
sharp  
divided in two horns.  
Hoing plants  
turning earth  
without cutting the roots.  
Stones moved  
hay gathered  
grass cut in the fields.  
Grain threshed.

Life energy  
Man-tree

Matterless honey  
sound of flute  
and drum.  
You will be  
a buzzing bee.

Within the iron  
dome  
you will be the  
awareness  
of nature asleep.

The river reflects  
the invisible  
the word  
thought.  
The reflected  
light of the sky  
is water.  
The invisible transformed.  
Light becomes matter.

If you listen  
to the thought  
of nature  
the path  
leads us  
to the tree.

When images become clear  
with strong light  
the animal face is a diamond.  
You are aware of things  
which you can't see  
on a beach of salt grains.  
Giant turtles  
walk up steps  
reflected on the sea bed.  
Details  
which dilate to infinite.  
It becomes a figure.  
A man once lived  
on the salt isle  
now dissolved into water.

The stool of  
old  
worn  
wood.

The seat of  
the farmer  
who puts  
wine  
into flasks.

The tin lantern  
has little glass windows  
and openings  
so as not to  
suffocate  
the fire.

A fisherman's jacket  
jeans and boots.  
A man's figure  
walks along  
still youthful paths.  
The sleeping  
will power  
sketches  
animal shapes  
on the horizon.

Thought changes  
the beginnings  
the ends.

It transforms people  
places and facts.

It imitates chalk signs.

Arranging itself in  
a circle or  
straight line.

Without thought

fish lose

colour both

hidden and shown.

Without thought

the palm-tree

does not

feel

the sea.

We can meet  
in drawings  
explored by others.  
Superimposed traces  
analogous thoughts.

Grassello Pescara/Dusseldorf

Caustic lime doused in water  
reconciles man and nature.

In the gardens of thought  
the sense of time  
reaches out to the horizon.  
It is the essence  
of everything.



Every thought  
comes back  
reflected in the eye.  
An oak wood.  
The strength of idea  
lay deep roots  
in the earth.  
No more stones.  
Centuries of space  
the seed grows;  
it foresees the future.

The grain of  
sand nestles  
inside the shell.  
The animal  
begins to  
form  
an inner light  
from the feel of the sea.  
In that moment  
the world of water  
dissipates.

Into the furrows  
water brings down  
fine parts of earth.  
We are in the dimension  
which changes places  
and inner being.  
We meet the tree.

The conscience amplified  
diffused in centuries  
beyond time.  
Sound not audible  
but real.  
When god dies  
man is iron.

The town is lived in  
people and  
animals  
drawings on the walls  
of a house.  
Forms hinted at  
with chalk  
or paint.  
Messages, presages,  
memories.  
I didn't see  
that town emerge  
from the water's waves.  
I imagine it built  
of parchment  
and cuttings of silence.

The olive-tree seems  
like the shadow  
of a winged figure.  
The oak  
an ancient goddess  
the moon  
that doesn't wane.  
The dignified laurel  
an earthly wheel.  
While  
the rosemary's scent  
inebriates  
every vibrating space.

A celtic god  
emerges from  
the dragon's mouth.  
The rail of the tram  
extends  
beyond the visible.  
The tram passes by.

The rusted  
iron head  
of a man.  
The intuition  
of the young  
is bright iron.

The dress flutters  
in the wind  
on the prow of the ship  
and Nike opens  
all the petals  
into the air.  
An infinite landscape  
like the self.  
The rose  
like you  
Nike  
conceals each secret  
the return goal  
every mystic  
to rise again.

Images of time  
build stories.  
The real and unreal  
assume the colours  
of movement.  
Solar nights  
always wet  
the stepped cliffs  
of the isles of salt.

Time  
is superimposed  
on invisible crystal.



When you see a man  
with a felt hat  
you remember time.  
Everything you see  
is a symbol.  
Everything you see  
is born  
dies  
then is born again.  
Everything you see  
is light breaking  
between mountains.

On the oily surface  
you study the  
image of nature's face.  
From chaos to form  
all is silence.

Fastened to a subtle  
stream of oil  
abandoned to the air  
we are word, sound,  
smell, idea.

Metals  
include and exclude  
evolve and dissolve  
events far in time.  
Their matter  
without order or form  
hurled into space.  
The world of fire  
intensely cold  
contained in a fragment.

The path branches out  
between fields and trees  
but leads to nowhere.  
The earth is rocky.  
Every thing sleeps  
in the heat.

No one can see  
the animal to tame.  
Only imagination  
develops  
the stream of grass  
into tree.

The god twice born  
generates inspired forces.  
Wind feels the self  
the face of the vine  
stained  
eroded by time.

F.I.U. vintage  
Rebirth of agriculture.

The cart adorned with ivy  
passes through the country.  
The name resounds invisible.  
Wind is the vastness  
of the earth  
that transforms the vine.

You observe two faces  
sculptured  
between shells and fish.  
Loidocea sechellarum.  
Thoughts expressed  
in growing basalt columns.  
Thoughts live  
stretched in lines  
or collected  
into circles.  
Angles of time  
similar to each other.  
Sinusoid and metamorphosis.  
The moon draws the path  
whose end is a beginning.

The star comes  
from the east  
it brings the awakening.  
It transfers what it sees  
into your thoughts.  
The village of fire  
survives only  
in the imagination.  
The last thought  
is a return.

Other men pass  
on the coral beach.  
Their hoes on their shoulders.  
A secret writing  
the message of signs.  
Time reads history  
in a mirror.  
The end and the beginning  
look at each other.

In the garden  
on the border of history  
was planted a palm-tree.



Solid Water Air  
Solar radiation  
Heat lost in stones.  
Plants life  
in chalk signs.

When human thought  
sees in the earth  
only matter  
it kills life.  
Mineralizes itself.  
It annihilates in schemes  
growth processes.  
Black-boards, a swan  
on the border  
between earth and aries.

Basalt columns  
maintain an unchanged  
form.  
Only time subtracts  
shape  
from prismatic crystals.

The forest thought  
is future growth  
and development.  
The rhythm  
of earth and sun.  
7000 oaks.

For a man  
who is not  
only stone.  
For a man-tree.

In the eyes  
of a fish-god  
a world of crystals  
wants to melt  
or come to life.  
The big submarine tree  
defines it's image.  
A sound  
gives back the tree  
to movement.  
It brings  
the feeling of self.

Thoughts are mirrors  
that render  
the images small.  
The actors immobile  
don't come near.  
They repeat  
testimonies, allusions  
in which a face is reflected.  
The young celtic god  
observes  
the end of the day  
the longed for significance.  
At the first shadow  
the air isolates  
the sun's image  
of burnt earth.

Olivestone.

Sculptured  
in the alchemy of oil  
the angel gives life  
to the stone.  
Mirror and unique goal  
of thought  
you will be man and future  
hot and cold  
isolation and filtering.

Thought  
causes rain  
orders the thunderbolt  
drives the cart.  
The bull's head  
foretells the future  
in Pleiades'sky.

If the journey of man  
arrives to the isle  
through the coral sea  
the man of conscience  
is foot or fish.

Images of water  
the awakening  
from sleep.  
The passing of time  
transforms the memory  
engraved in the tree.  
In the oak  
roots are ideas, branches  
feet.  
A man  
a pillar of granite  
a shield of bronze  
captured by the sun.

The matter is organized  
in the corner of the floor  
up to the ceiling.  
Deers, sleighs, hares,  
batteries, rocks, lamps,  
stamps, peat, honey.  
The cosmos generating  
organic and inorganic.  
In the tendency  
to give geometries  
to thought  
the cosmos is a diamond.



In the felt  
the will's energies  
open the squaring  
of the senses.  
Motives of discovery  
desires of amazement.  
The eye of the deer  
overcomes opposition.  
Infinite and transitory  
nature is the place  
of the eye that feels.

Villages of ochre colour  
scattered houses of earth.  
A man of wind  
watches the valley  
narrating legends.  
He tells of schist,  
calcareous, sandstones,  
sediments of clay,  
beneficent genii  
and animals.

Nature expresses  
herself  
in the colours  
of her images  
fields of neat green  
where  
thought  
shatters.

A man  
with a felt hat  
watches the town.  
Bolognanao  
of hidden stones.

Interruptions of music  
mark the rhythm.  
The stream of images  
repeat,  
the continuous return  
of beings and things.  
The self passes again  
in front of the screen  
it is honey and heat.

The water's source  
comes from the mask.  
Sounds vibrate.  
We are the unforeseen note  
extended into  
iron  
and earth.

We are matter  
fire and water.  
Geometry and chaos.