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Figures of salt  
2006

Images  
blows on iron  
the god  
puts out the sun.  
Red walls  
streets where the sound  
spreads.

In the human face  
what is hidden  
shows.  
Metals assume  
animal forms  
silences of butterfly.

Purged light  
changes sea into blood.  
The angel has  
a lion's head.  
Idols of gold and silver  
emerge from  
its mouth.  
Shadows  
reflections  
thoughts  
moments that defend  
obscure salt.

Emulsified  
on tin  
faces of men  
civilization of  
the material world.  
Denials.

To await the night  
on the invisible threshold  
like a shell  
of bone.  
Nothing is removed  
in the illusion  
of the sky.  
Only matter  
adrift  
at the foot of the water  
which dies.

March twelvehundredandtwo

With a fishes tail  
I swim in space.

Head resting  
on the grass  
foil  
broken mirror  
tremor of nitric oxide.

I am an animal figure  
dissolved in fire.

Reality without  
resurrection  
devoid of legend.  
The mud of the river  
is dead.  
Radio signal  
wreckage  
earth in decline.

Streets full  
of glass bottles.

In this silence  
letters lost  
salt crusts  
white dresses  
of the self.

Turned off  
lamps of fire  
in oceans of glass.  
White horse  
red horse  
black horse.  
Shrunken rolled up  
sky.  
We are waiting  
at the bus station.

The city of Semifonte  
unravelling film spool  
in black and white.  
Your shadows  
do not exist  
but seem true.  
A virtual scarab  
still the moment  
photographs  
without shoots.

Immobile  
mineral abyss  
which refracts  
each light.

Cars pressed  
onto rock walls.  
Metal waste.  
Black inscriptions  
on slabs of fire.

Protected demon  
of the self  
the sea  
turned into blood  
takes up all the space.

Consciousness  
has dried up waters  
dissolved stones  
made hailstone fall  
onto the divided self.

Fish and amphibians.  
In a circle  
into spirals  
into fragments  
of thoughts.  
Undiscussed stories  
buried urns of salt.  
Nucleus.

Indelible fragments  
plastic matters  
impoverished by use.  
The sense of the selfs  
lost in space.

Sounds transformed  
into animal forms,  
opposing thoughts  
in figures.  
Discordant time.  
Men's outlines  
closed in boxes  
of tin  
without soul, in cold  
metallic perspectives.  
Solitary epigones.

Iron wing  
on asphalt  
destroyed fuselage  
of aeroplane.  
Hailstone and fire  
cut  
earth into layers.

We're like horses  
with our heads  
of amiantus lion.

Above us  
the king  
angel of the abyss.  
Lays lead  
changed into gold.

I lose the sense  
of being  
my physiognomy.  
I destroy thoughts  
to impress a face  
onto memory.

On the earth  
celestial matter  
fall without life.  
Eagle's wings  
to fly in the desert.

Marsh hawk  
in the air  
which air it is not.  
The earth  
does not revolve  
the sun falls.  
The end announced  
by sounds  
sees us differently  
without borders  
broken mirrors  
of the past.  
Wild goose  
out of time  
goes into this lake  
which lake it is not.

Cavity  
tectonic cracks.  
The angel leaves  
stalactites  
stalagmites  
crystallized lakes.

This time  
which ends  
manifests  
the consciousness.  
It transmutes  
and melts  
bony structures  
in a wing  
without weight.

Feet of  
incandescent metal  
destroy  
gravitations  
magnetisms.

You reach the field  
of each memory.  
Nothing snares  
the awareness in flight  
of a redstart.

Eyes have seen  
the flower.  
They have changed it  
into every secret  
of the cloud.

From the fortress  
the loud noise  
of weapons  
comes  
gust in the  
changing wind.

Summons Fons  
solitary shadow  
contained in elements,  
leaf falls  
from the branch  
without dimension  
and the certainty  
of existing.

Time shows  
the truth.  
It doesn't reverberate  
illusive faces.

You abandon  
what you see  
white leads  
alums  
nitres  
ammonias  
white dusts.  
Thoughts  
in a trail of light.

Fragments  
of magnetic tape  
sunsets  
rivers  
stones.  
Questions  
in the flight  
of insects.

Air  
haughty towers  
darkened by the smoke  
of fire.  
In marble deceived  
buried.

Without memory  
as the wind gets up  
cloud  
of the last universe.

In hidden dimensions  
(mysterious matter)  
you wake up  
at every leaf opening.

Universe,  
mechanic  
station of time.

“Use the sickle  
reap the dry wheat!”  
Create the new earth  
divide  
jasper and sapphire  
mirrors and echo!

In the open sky  
elements dance,  
we are indefinable  
fields of grass.

Mysteries flow  
in the form in  
which there is  
consciousness.  
“The grape is ripe.  
Cast the grape  
in the vat!  
The wine which emerges  
will rise up until  
the horses.”  
Without vague infinite  
and illusion,  
with eyes of flame.

The face  
like a flower  
is born  
an open calyx.

It comes through  
briars.

Animal closed in  
a stone safe  
thrown in the sea.  
I,  
clod of salt.

The lanterns show  
my horses  
legs.

I am the centaur  
with the human head,  
the bright flower.  
I open mountain tops!  
I am back-bone  
marrow  
bundle of nerves  
muscle  
cartilage.

When I think  
I raise  
the red vein  
of blood.

To wake  
at dawn  
to become river.  
The earthen vase  
contains  
the fire of Jonah.

It is impossible  
to be sensitive bark  
to be an instant.  
I have removed  
the walnut shell  
(necessary matter)  
so that  
every desire  
can be resolved  
in flower.

The angel of fire  
illuminates pure essence  
natural en-chantment.

The angel in us  
has the face of the sphinx.  
He raises trees  
with our names  
in the vibrant  
space without borders.

The self shows  
the fire  
freed  
by tactile senses  
in deep  
silent voices  
of stones.

Varying  
light incidences  
festivals  
and rites.

Wind sweeps away  
rays of light  
and pavements of earth.

I am condensed alphabet  
in the river of blood.  
Cloud  
with calyx form,  
print of larynx  
mixed to fire.

Breath  
bestows  
every thought.

Nature talks  
in reflections of glass.

Air depth  
removes masks  
which cover the truth.

Sonorous  
prismatic  
shells.  
Changing dimensions.  
Without light  
we are colour.

World of ether  
life of fern.

I feel the giddiness  
of the vacuum.  
Immobile in the rhythm  
without weight  
and space  
I am the fog  
of my profile.

Sleep has  
the perfume  
of rosemary.

All nature  
opens to the sound.

Water  
manifests memories  
in the form of a leaf.

A breath  
animates the stone.

You are man  
and crystal  
now that the wind moves  
every instrument.

Man  
figure of angel  
fall and resurrection.

When the mollusc  
reveals itself  
the calcareous shell  
is removed.

A drop of water  
melts with others.  
Ocean  
of every instant.

Light in light  
shadow in shadow  
nature  
solar ray in ray.  
Source  
cloud  
wind of non-self.  
Diffused in the forest  
oak  
only divine.

You abandon  
darkness.  
You abandon  
loose inwardness.

Bees have flown  
over the landscape,  
changing shadow  
in laurel and myrtle.

In the light  
of the winged sleep  
the sense of the sun  
is a young face.

In filament of sleep  
you are thought  
eye  
hand.  
Angel of fire  
suspended  
in space.

No salt  
no hardened stone  
but air  
iridescence refound.

That silence  
fixed in the ground  
which perishes without name  
and hour.

You awake as sound  
invisible drop.

Every awareness  
bestows reality  
silences of butterfly  
images  
of unknown lands.

Idea  
dimension  
of light  
changing the shadow  
into a dragon's eye.

I follow the feet  
reflected in the vacuum.  
The sun  
accompanies fires  
and stones.  
I leave things.  
I think of  
water springs.

Stone  
indistinct fog.  
God has assumed  
human form.

Thoughts  
of lion  
of bull  
of eagle  
mirrors of the self.

Immersed in sounds  
autumn falls asleep.

You are  
no longer residue.  
In the earth and fire  
you perceive  
the self of the world.  
You become nature  
the inner song of nymph,  
the colour  
no longer suffering  
(for gravity),  
the vibrating note.

Self,  
reflected mystery  
breath  
(time without limit).

Now  
you are born animal  
and tree.  
When you were face  
you felt  
spread out  
deep  
water.

Consciousness  
raises  
the autumnal wither.  
To be space  
music  
leaf of acanthus.

Yellowed leaf  
sepulchre  
matter that dies.  
To be Time  
To be Song.