

Aldo Roda

I played dice with time

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The hendecasyllabic metric has not been followed
in the English translation
Translated by
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I think of you fantasy (in traces and tracks)
when I try to dialogue with the idea.
When immersed in loving atmosphere
I turn to look at you and I am child again.

I think of you fantasy as far away
summer figure and face of nature
conscious psyche (the quest of a sign)
in other places pushed along by time.

When ways of extroversion cease
hanging from branches like meridians
your smiling acinus of grapes.

With trembling face
you now leave the branch
and remember only the fluctuations
of water
when you were Moon, a young goddess.

With the need to delineate a model
I shape statues and obelisks of clay.
They lead me to rooms, corridors
where I find only thoughts.

The elementary oxide particles
have deposited and circumscribed lights
limiting that which we see and we hear
stone barriers being built.

Within the space of a half closed door
(theatre mask of nature)
drum beat re-echoing.

I am the steps which go down
towards subterranean hours in which
the sound of water becomes intense.

I was surprised by my face-effigy
which without any privation or loss
showed remote details.
Likeness among variations.

Hermes led me to the river of shadow
abandoned in wine chalices.
He illuminated paths, memories
with face-effect covered by masks.

He left because of the tides
rain of sand, heat, shells
with ephemeral-face but transparent.

He melted desert of alkaline salts
in themes and nature of the senses
with the effuse-face oscillating light.

Chance drawn from the elements
which carved each mist of the plain
whatever we wish to be, wing or stone
is it a dream? Dusk of the owl?

We will wait leaves along roads
we will go back to feel their rhythms.
We will see expanses of the I-horizon
and the mind will feel time in flight.

Events-talents will belong to us
for diversity, superimpositions
because of external differences
of consciousness.

They will outline the evaded subject
our private self of shadow and light
the stone thrown over the shoulders.

In the binding movement of smoke
where I thought we'd find the Gods
we waited to break the moments
left suspended like hyperborean.

I would have wanted them
alone at my side
whispering words from time to time
projected on solar quadrants
but without time, not divided yet.

In other moments against the light
we would have seen the Sun
ethereal face of profuse substances
fire and ice.

We would have been signs
immersed in water.
In the emptiness
(which we believed real)
we would have seen images
of the sky.

Before being born leaf on a branch
I imagined new figures at light of day.
Perhaps I was near to God
when I listened in silent sleep?

I imagined myself wing of robin
born into pure space as if from nothing.
While the earth watched curious
I wanted to surprise myself
by still being in flight.

I was the yellow of autumn wisteria
I was space-heat diffused in nature
I was word that had made me exist.

I walked on paper walls
on pine resin in prospective
I was photographed
in the beginning of truth.

In the faces
we hid the silence of caves.
Similar to empty pitchers, we oscillated
in the wind.

Everyone discovered subterranean
physiognomies of events
incandescent and obscure mines
ideas expressed in figures.

We wore metal-masks
things diffused in hours
unique equilibrium of obscurity.

We among illusions, horse races
mysteries of water, noises-crushes
beats of intimacy.

I often prefer to dream the real
as if it were necessary
to clothe me of shade and salt
to be able to feel sure of myself
in a dancing step.

I always reproduce images, things
I trace on walls figures-sound
the dionysian depths
layers of melted iron, space-time.

For wingedstones
of wandering clouds
paths with definite thoughts
I often prefer to dream the real.

With sandals on feet
among blades of grass
I see statues with boned heads
forms eroded by the sand and self.

Summer evening, rhythmic change
settling shadow. Photo and sign.
Appearance of reflected reason
among correlations sensible and certain.

Nature had made us possible.

Similarities, traces born-inside
figures of taurine heads.
Our transparent imaginary.

Thoughts settled on thresholds
(places with different meanings)
effused like transient lights.

We were hours not born yet
without space, described only in mind
still in the mirror of attention.

Scarcely awake I imagined elements
carelessness liquids uncertainties
unstable lights indefinite inebriations
impossible vortex of events.

Accompanying ritual gestures
after medicinal ablutions
shadows settled on tablets and things
I perceived sounds, astral flowers.

Immersed in effluvious
I was winged bull
I lost myself among action-clouds
made of instances and my images.

With the mask of frozen bull
I was light reflection, invention
between nature thought
and my searching.

By day we make geometry.
We are occasions
onlookers of a regular Sun
object always identical to itself.

When leaves yellow the air
the interval of emptiness
(the past, symbol of awareness)
finally shows our thoughts.

Subterranean spaces
pine resins and essential oil
do not exist
if we wait the silence of youth.

Otherwise....
the beat of drum
carves bull heads in the fog.

Where ethereal nymphs appeared
sonorous structures of chlorophyll
bass-relief (metopes of clay)
were erected among dipteral temples.

While we consolidated thoughts
we were limb-columns, space divided
man-animal, the feared centaur
we were senses turned into wishes.

Dawn dissolves the mercurial sound
without illusion modifies the skies
thought was surrounded
by the unknown.

Without limit or material sign
molten silver in parallel rays
describing beauty
running into the emptiness.

On the path where in concave ellipsis
they lay the fires of the Spartans
we discover ourselves
the destiny of the Sun
white horses, divided material.

Introspection invades
the consciousness
it does not want to wipe out
my memories.
The garden of Arrigo seems
full of my childhood
laurel voices and sound.

Nature weaves together stones
and legends,
close by Eurotos
with eyes of Bacchus and salt feet.

Among canes and woods
in the afternoon
you see life duelling again:
Pan calls you
only he is the dazzling God.

We cross plains of images
not like a well banked torrent
but like pure underground water
which freely flows everywhere.

We want to transform things
and facts
meetingenquires
intentioninfusions
plant roots, limits-events
endlessly filtering lights.

Nymphs without wings
we will roll in air
we will move leaves of brown oaks.
In silence we will know “things”
we will see our tree without weight
scattering helix seeds
over the mountains.

Our garden will be snow covered.

Nature-measure never without object
obscurity in prospective of limits
signs-descriptions
which have to do with me
if I take away empty ideas.

Even within insignificant happenings
an emotion can shine through
oscillating among the fumes of resins.
We can glimpse a metaphor within.

With greater and lesser intensity
I then observe my reflection in air
while I walk on stones on mirrors.

I taste the wine in the chalice of Bacchus
I fasten my sandals like Mercury
I seem made of the stuff of dreams.

When night became day
I felt secret explorations.
Abandoned consciousness
came back as flights
of transparent thoughtful wing.

Surprising analogies of faces
I watched in things (passed days).
Figures of deer owls sparrows
they were unique presences, distant.

As if I were visionary path
a different language (but definable)
I listened to sounds, murmurs.

I crossed the rocks of a torrent.
Other disciplines led me
to the opposite side
of the river bank
to dark grottos.

I felt the summer fire carry me
(subject) into allegories of loss.
A cloth covered my feet
vertex-will of the sense of I.

Even if linked to geometries
I from direct well developed life
I was not a Medusa turned to stone
face of angel, finite demon.

I freely forgot about time.
I wanted to express ideas
which animated forms-object
of vertical effect.

Sense imperfections
called sciences
at which I turned abducted.
I was drum broken by the Sun.

Sensitive substances open to the river
we saw fireworks, sashes of light
but we knew not how
to discover the name.

Physical places of broken pauses
each ritual path (reason)
on uncultivated lands of imagination.

Images of the thought of summer
even in the faces-bushes of brambles
of being, to be, in becoming.

The lights of dusk aligned
parts of the Sun
which sometimes you find
in trees (in the silence of feeling).

According to
inner laws unknown to us
water has generated men and fish.
Explorer of unfinished time
water has hollowed-smoothed you.

Spells lead the wind.
In the evening bushes loose leaves
hours dispersed-submersed
disappear.

Transitory version of centaur
forged on the dimensions of time.
A sense of what is to come
to feel-to hear.

Used as a ritual gesture
autumn keeps its heat
and still effuses
the perfume of tree.

A different figure-reason
fictitious image, hesitation.
The garden of thought that dances
subtle film, remoteness.

If I appear as form of inclined spectrum
(images distracted by the perfume)
drawn in the air, as if absent
am I expansion-transitory volition?

Subterranean ritual, still
animated by effigies, by mysteries
a flame in events which change.

The I cord of horizontal cloth.
The equivalent of long awaited figure
hidden in labyrinthbushes.

The deepness of clay figures
reflections, elisions, glows of oxide
simulacrum of taurine head
traces painted in metal coffins.

We thunderbolts-arrows born from rock
light instances, apparent distances
(real in the form of the past)
charms and finite substances.

Soul states, presences-absences
thoughts pressed on natural sounds
come from the face without reason.

Before our birth-the beginning
we heard events, volitions
featherlight sounds of change.

Form of sound, thoughtfeeling
this day of God-I of air is fluent.
I become achene, a face of the wood
where the past never seems
to have existed.

Aphorism of time, dropglass
taste-heat moved by the wind
a name renewed in the silence
that brief, deep, beat of sound.

Similar to shelldragon, a face
tense with conscience (presentfuture)
clay leaf metamorphosed.

Transitory thought: autonomy?

I bind myself, resin, to bark of pine
while from the sea salt comes.

The dialogue-event come back to mind
(only a model of harmony), the name.
Young man listened in the garden
a sound-silence of spring water.

That arrhythmic phenomenon, fleeting
it was my only unique fragment.
Common sense hid the wind
diffused in nature (enigmatic time)?

As usual with waiting face
I could feel again the theme
that did not mean abandonment.

Could I form, enclose, capture
resolve all within me not in a theorem
but in a ritual thought of gift?

When all seemed fused
(even if finitely varied)
the face was the vital expression
of flowers, of leaf of soft aspect.

Throwing myself into imaginary chaos
of variation and discontinuity
the order of the season seemed
the only way (possible) of stone.

“I will come back as root of fern or deer
rhythm without the continuity of events
unexpected musicality, never ending.

In the world of Proteus I will be fish
summer which generates autumn
till I see the flood cease to be.

In the woods I found physiognomies
of which I imagined the memories
noises-fights with vital step.

I would have wished to avail myself
to the Sun
to outline all the connections,
purely rhythmic ritual.

I felt the invisible detail
the action-air then become leaf
symbol of superimposed spiral.

Idea traced by a gest-Moon
I was profile of face-tale
a young effigy of an unreal God.

Sound of beating iron, friction
shattered din, just a pulsation
oxidized among reflected stones.

Face of young boy, my memory
that you had carved your name
on copper
where are you when you lose
consciousness?

When you are surrounded
by that silence
you don't only see
the outer appearance of things
your thought stilled in metal plate.

You are the I-sound.
You are the enchantment
rhythmic movement of instrument.

Lava rocks laying in gardens
(playful laughing wandering fauns)
they dictated images of thoughts.
Time had paused in stone.

Bass-relief bear us space.
Happeningsstoriesfragments
gave life
(between never-ending dances)
apparent will of nature.

We had dissolved vibrations
which we had awoken
in the villages of clay
our under earth, wet-unstable.

Made of layers of the Moon
of material modelled by sounds
we were meant for the heights.

The I struck the iron on the anvil
repeating an unusual sound.
Sensations, perceptions, distances
stones and glass, freedom was broken.

We were veins of the earth
substances of sour taste, paths
emerged among reflections of light.
The rhythmic individual face.

Half-closed curtains oscillating in rooms
the balance of objects in space-time
vibrations of essential nature.

We could have discerned the Sun
and in the distance
heard the murmuring sound of the wind,
of short shadows.

Maple leaves, helix of thoughts
winged nymphs rising into the air.

One of them falls in solid moments.

Time hides in seeds
in that which it see finds only emptiness.
Motives present different ages
the same things appear to her, the self still.

She lays lymph in tree, dispensing
geometry which thinks.
She draws on veins the thing doubt.

She gathers her own time.
Where sensory limbs are incisions
she stills herself, moments of reflection.

Expectations oscillating
in the park with a view
while I played dice with time.
Every so often thoughts led me
out of every object or residual mould?

That inner landscape disappeared
defined to exist. Someone seemed
to be walking adrift
she was both fire in balance
and no-one.

In a refrain or an absence of words
the muse escaped among mountains
romantic figure, faint dream.

Reflection. Elementary taste
invaded time? Muse-infusion
had given lunar space.

Symmetries of an imaginary wood
we-negations lost the meaning.
Impressions on the alabaster walls
we were bound to sleep
without an awakening.

Lights of extinction, spider webs
labyrinths, writings, static objects.
We were carried (thought on shadow)
in effigies of stone, in simulacrum.

Immersed in water (but without space)
our eclipse of the Sun was born.

We re-awoke by then hieroglyphics.

Differences of light, mirrors-frozen
gave consistence to appearances.

We spoke of geometries
of magic, of coherent effects.
Thought estranged by nature
but it placed us in exact proportions.

Similar to distant storms
(fragments caught in mutations)
we were pervaded by waves of light
episodes of a festive night.

During the wheat harvest the Sun
from its zenith
came down to the caves of Hades
much more tenebrous than immense.

We saw among the phenomena
of the waters, the rising
of the Moon. On the mirror-walls.
A flame held in balance.

I immersed clay amphorae in water.
Harmonies allusions variations
natural sounds of reflections.
Those evenings emanated perfumes.

I thought the planet joyous-mind
like an animal lost in distraction.
I was flight of swallow at dusk
absorbed in that surreal moment.

Then the happiness spread.

I saw myself water, the self reflected
to modify space and face into being.

I was sound of droplet in division
but the instances I sought escaped.
Nothing stopped the universe on earth.

I watched in the pathway-segment
each wish turn back to the exact same
place where I stood.
Time seemed like an unfinished model.

Thought revealed empty mirrors
residues, only fragments of objects
the sphinx-individual
the profile diffused in the self
in the I of the unknown place.

In the twilight something happened
I saw light dispositions
becoming essential phenomena.

The seed (helix) of the rural maple
flutters in the universe-garden
drifting along, discovering parts of itself.