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Mercurial sounds

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A sudden dazzling
of lights
show in form
the sound created
by the genius
of the water.
The sense of time
dissolves into mist
which surrounds
the earth.
We are horizons
around chaos.

Mercury
melts metals
as water melts
salts.
What was separated
flows
and is now reunited
in steam.
Solid stone
outlines figures.
Before
natures scene
we are
spontaneous grass
wild rose.

The figure of god
is mercury
turned into fire.

River
coming from the sky
gushing from the ground.
Showing images
that are thoughts.
New born ideas
spread into the air
before becoming sea.
In a flight which touches
the earth
changing the awareness
of water
into metal.
Then disappearing
into the wide surface
of the eye of a fish.

The leaf moves.
It talks to the wind.
Things are measured
laid out in
light order.

Vibrations of metals
coming from planets.
Ernes led them
to the polar fires
of the cart.

Eyes bring the day
refracting in water
the prodigy of fire.

Among the field flowers
the hare awaits for you.
Symbol of a
never happening
time.

Man wearing
fauns mask.
His hand holding
planet forms.

The animal is clay
with dragon's face.
Sounds graze
his limbs.

Natural scenes
changing every note.
God hidden
among olive branches.

Walking along paths.
Voices of those
working in the fields
reach me.
Ermes rises in flight
first king
of the iron age.

If the imponderable
accompanies air
the earth
foretells the future
with stones.

Fire
rises above high
animal shaped
hills.

Salamanders dance
in the plough's furrows.
They reveal images of nature.

Light immersed in shade
affirms that which it denies.

At first twilight
nature is silenced.
Hills prepare
to sleep.

You nymph of autumn
born with the tree
tied to its destiny.
Elm-tree and water.

Dark tones of the earth
unite us to the leaves.
Woodland springs
magic red nets
fall into
indissoluble space.

In the eroded stone
time has stopped
still.

Even water
has suspended
its drop
in the air.

The planet curves
towards the image
of the young god.
Showing infinity
between reality
and non-reality.

The flight
in light
is in the metal eye
of the planet.

Thought's
step forward
from fire
moved
to fire.

Sounds create shapes.
Generating leaves
to feel the air.

In the absence of quiet
desires are born.
The winged foot
hints of movement.

In nature
gods are images,
thoughts.
They deposit salt crystals
in the conscience.
The instance
and the obstacle,
challengers of sound.

Thought enters into
the spring.
For the first time
it has the dark
character
of the universe.

Alchemy of faces
disunites the space.

The wind traces
primordial
solitary
transcendent
segments.

The helmet imitates
the sounds of water.
A together of
waking and sleeping
days
vibrate in the tones
of the instrument;
but thought alone
silences the chords.

The image remains
the disharmonious
sound
of dying light.

Water flows down
and continuously
freezes.
It produces
its own image.

In the absence of sun
an unreal silence.
Thunder without the rumble.

The torch turns
to each side.
Revealing
the hidden part
of the face.

The dragon-guardian
obstructs uniform time.

The man of salt
is a desert
crystal geometrics.
Prism of light
he changes
into form of
non-being.

When the figure
comes out into the light
proportions are shattered.

The cart passes by
pulled
by clouds of fire.
The god turns
to look at you.
Water begins
to fall
again.

Silently
the torpor of the mind
advances.
You fall
to the ground
with a liquid armour
of metal.

Word engraves
in the air
in the water's depth.
The masked actor
comes from the cave.
Lead essence
gold
in the figure of young-girl.
An open basalt
valley invaded by water
a creek of air.
melted iron
in the earth's
bowels.

The still stone
is a mythical serpent.

In the place of action
a faun's head
decorates the mirror.
It carries out
destiny between men.
In front of the city's walls
we see traces of fire.

The earth opens.

From the ground
animal forms
emerge.
Solitude walks
with dragon's eyes.
Unlimited, invisible
it generates the world
in a rapture of reason.

The charioteer
leads us
on his bronze cart.
Leaving furrows
in the wet earth
reminders
of primordial days
lone thoughts.

Dionisos sees
in the mirror
his winged figure,
he leads the cart
towards
the many memories
kept within
the shelter of the home.

Clouds line up.
They await the sunset,
lights almost high.
Then all is still
except for the sound
of the sun.

Mercury reflects
like a flame
in the eye of god.

Uncertain outlines
of clouds
crossed by
thunderbolt-thoughts.

A god dwells in a cave
near the lake.
Fog submerges
the mind
confusing reason.

If the drum's beat
breaks the balance
the earth
metamorphoses
thoughts
into trees.

Water emerges
from the cave
shattering
the self
against stones.

Spring water
captures and stills
the sun
on its surface.

Ernes steps
into the river
accompanied
by prophetic words.
Air and sleep
envelope us.

We are inner being
time without metal.

Devoid of horses
I am the note
of the self.
I follow
the thunderbolt.

Hades dwelled in
since primordial times,
fortified by the first king.

The young-girl
has solved the enigma.
A new sun is risen.

The dragon precipitates
down the high cliff.
We are sculptured
ravines of matter
dissonant strokes
on the anvil.

The outcome
of the battle
of the dragon
against the stars
is a figure
which looks at itself
in the mirror.
The dazzle of fire
and its variants,
the image of the hand
or the knee.

The mastery of the air
reproduces man
in the intimacy
of sound.

Stolen from
light images
sleep gives back animals
(deer hares owls...).

Sleeping in the
lost dimension
of the footsteps
of things.

You can see
in the caduceus
entwined dragons
generating
vines plants.
In the chaos
of amorphous matter
all is sustained
by salamanders.
Among tree branches
thoughts swing.
In the land
of the elm-tree
we hear the drum
beat.

Water droplets
between rock fissures.
A spontaneous sleep
spreads.

Forms and
wind changing.

You are a transparent line.

Meteors light up.
We are fluctuating
mythical animals.

Chimera wings
let drops of
liquid metal
fall.

Followed by sounds
in the mercurial air
the young-girl passes
close by.
She is hidden nature.

We have come back
to walk through spaces
of thunderbolt and fire.
Whose figures
nor fear
nor pull back.

The gulf arch
extends to the
the mouth
of the river.

Even stones
become water.

You can hear
time passing
in each breath
in each rhythm
in each vibrating chord.
Man gives reality to things
immersed
in the echo of sounds.

Visible nature
escapes into the light.
Near the river
water springs gush
from the ground.

The night
genesis of ideas.
Born among trees
then to disappear,
winged chimeras.

Feet make sound.
The red metamorphosis
of cinnabar.

Crystalline
chaotic metal.
Man made
by solid earth
and fluid matter.

A sphere of fire
where concave
wings open.

You immerge yourself
in foot awareness
in limbs
with plant form.

The instance
of the stone
is solar dazzle
mercury expanded
in space.

You observe the scene:
steam has human form.
You are he
who speaks
with the voice
of the gods.

Nature has changed.
Leaf waits
to be born,
the actor walks
at the edge of the wood.
His every step
freeing the self
from the mirror.
Converting metal
into invisible thought.

When I sleep
I am the sound that answers
the earth's movement,
the light which
does not forget
the sun.

When I sleep
I am nocturnal will,
the young god
arm in arm
with Hermes.

The young girl's
figure drawn by
movement.
She is heat.
Her dress
of dazzling reds,
silvery on the water.
In her hand
she holds an instrument,
a shield of
weaved and
stretched chords.
It is not lyre or cithern
or tetrachord
but the sun
which is rising.

The snake sleeps
in the fluctuating light.
Fog flows
while all is in
waiting.
The wind wipes out
the fog,
answering the sound.
Moving the leaf
as if it were a wing.