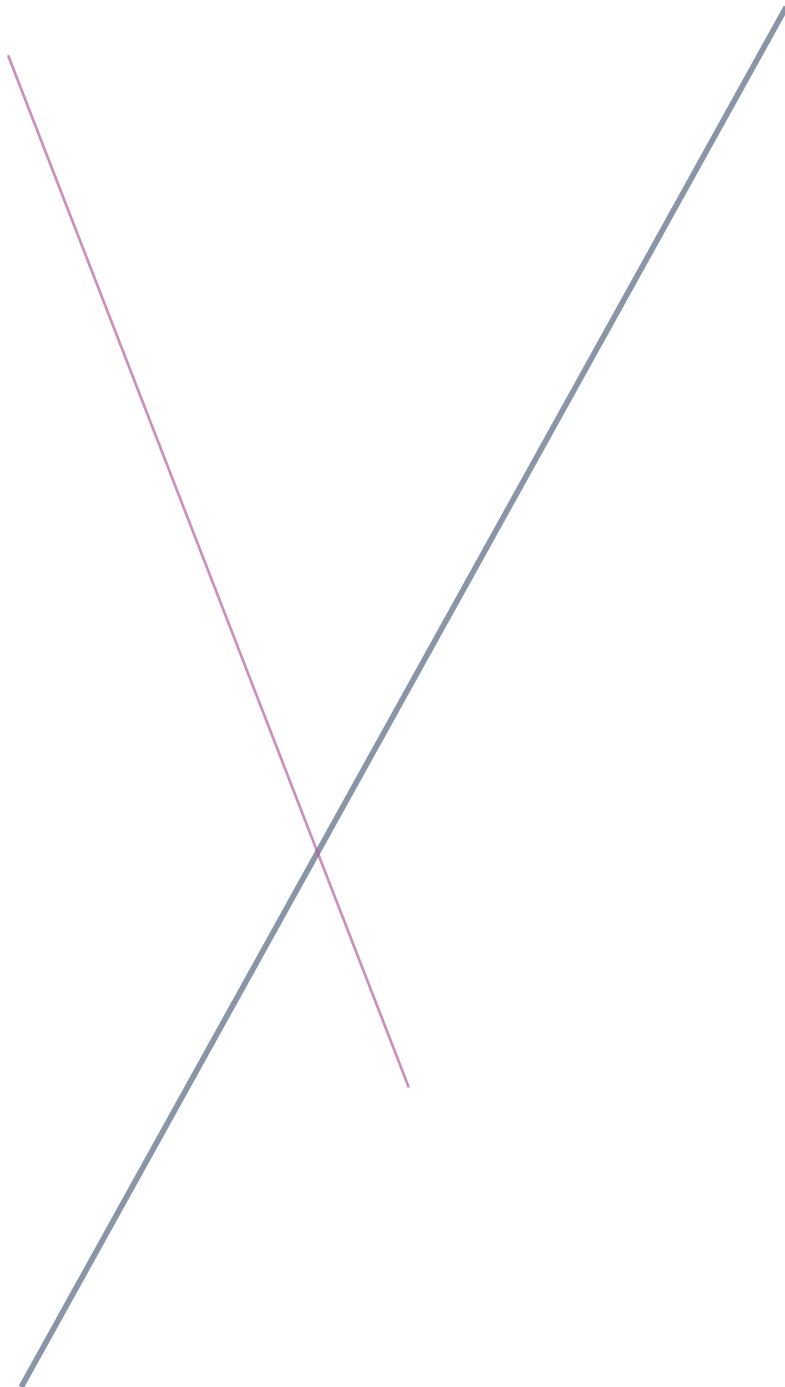


INES TOPI
INSTANT POETRY



LOVE

and why, in both the presence and absence of events, precisely when my head should be shockingly busy or perfectly empty, am i thinking of one single moment, in which we danced under artificial disco lights? why? i dimly remember the contours of your face, or the simple shirt that could have wrapped any other body that night, yes, you were one in hundred bouncing shadows and yet i have to constantly think of that single moment when i closed my eyes and felt. how sweet sweat expanded my pores to inhale those undercurrent vibes that would have otherwise gone unnoticed. i felt the desire and now i can't cage her back, nor channel you into the superficial bubbles of my fantasy world, for your barely brushing touch went under my skin.

#1 apparition

i saw you at a bar/
or you saw me/
i read your lips, i read your eyes,
i felt the vibe when i passed by
and every time i turned my head
your gaze crossed mine/
apollo's smile/
my drink untouched
i longed for something else
to slake my thirst/
but then/
a woman hugged you from behind

#2

don't you think
that if life is but a burst of dust
(and love and lack and loneliness)
we could extend the fall of our star
split/seconds pre/explosion
with soft lips and slow guilt
damned we'll be
and deep we'll fall
but right now
don't you think
that if life is but a burst of dust
we could taste the particles
with wet tongues and hasty hearts
damned we'll be
but
this split/second
i want you

#3 if love

if love
were not the word of thousand masters,
maybe i'd love you,
if eyes
were not the speculum
of thousand wretched souls,
maybe i'd seek the lovely depths of yours,

oh, how?
how can i say to you
why i can't sleep at night?

or that

birds bump their lonely heads in my rib cage
a hairy hare's foot sits on my tongue
bee hives hang loosely from my swollen breasts
and i'm floating
on dark shadows of sharks in waters black

if truth
were not the mask that hides the deepest thoughts,
what would you say?
what would you do?

#4 you sleep deep

you sleep deep
like a child
thousand tiny wrinkles
stamped by pillows
on your sweet face
if this is how you'll be
when you're old
you
with a mask of wrinkles
I'll be there to watch you



#5 Parallel

Are we together?
We look so good together,
We'd look better together,
Together in love.
You're pretty, I'm pretty,
You're artfully witty
And you're not my friend,
So let's be together,
Yeah, let's rob a bank,
Let's get outta here
And live our own movie,
Where we'd die together,
There'd be no forever,
But fuckin' hot madness
And love at first sight,
Let's leave tonight.

#6 salt on caramel

your name melts
on the tip of the tongue
like the core of caramel drops
you're not mine
but
it's in the salty smelling air

you wire
your corsage around my troubled mind
like the siren's sonorous clang
you're not mine
but
it's in the salty smelling air
that from my sinking boat
i taste dry sand



AND THE REST

without love
we are

s t a r i n g
e m p t y
f u l l
p a i n p a i n p a i n
l o s s a n g e r h a t e
n o t h i n g
e m p t y
f u l l
s t a r i n g
s t a r i n g
p a i n p a i n p a i n
l o s s
a n g e r
h a t e
p a i n p a i n p a i n
n o t h i n g
g o o n g o o n

SOMETIMES IT TAKES A FEATHER

Sometimes it takes a feather
To crush the mightiest castle

Mirrors cracking, expectations
Running naked through the tunnels,
Snapped my fingers, I am falling
Into skies of stones and gargoyles,
Bone-breaking tears are swallowing
Mother pride and her ancestors,
Down the gorge's throat are gyring
Doors to hope and aspirations

Only the feather,
Softly,
Slowly,
Gaily,
Sways over cinder and ashes

I WANT TO LIE DOWN IN A BED FULL OF FLOWERS

I want to lie down in a bed full of flowers,
Petals in hair, green juice on my face and all,
Don't care about thorns, don't care about spiders,
I want to lie down in a bed full of flowers.

I want to lie down in a bed full of flowers,
Squeeze leaf after leaf, green juice on my face, and all,
Don't care about wind, don't care about light,
just sinking my hands in perfumed desires.

I bet they are cool, I bet they are soft,
Thick water in shapes and colours in bold,
And nothing between
Their skin and my skin.

SUMMER WEEKEND

day

everybody's left
the streets are empty (and hot)
like in the wild west
feel the treacherous wind
nothing moves but
the leaves in the deserted park
we wait in concrete caves
flapping our eyelids
like butterfly wings
nothing moves but
the (hot) bus of tourists
easy
the weekend is ours

night

like lizards
we come out
slowly
slumbering creatures
city lights bounce
around us
till we run
run and collect
run and connect
with the lights
dancing
singing
skimming bodies like beach books
bright smiles on dark faces
don't sleep now
the weekend is (hot) ours

EVERY DAY

every day
i need to find my place
what will i renounce
what will i embrace

every day
i need a destination
will it end in pain
will it end in passion

every day
life comes in new shapes
whom will it renounce
whom will it embrace

SNEAKING SADNESS

sneaking sadness,
into my throat,
dropped its tail like lizards
to cover my eyes,
drums in my ears,
are they announcing
her majesty, sadness,
her brothers gripping my arms,
her sisters groping my feet,
i, the wounded warrior,
lie on dirty rugs,
will you get there this time?
will you savour my heart?



I DON'T

i'm poor,
i know
everybody is but
i can't stop thinking of it.
i drink,
everybody does
but i can't stop drinking
when,
did life push me aside
like an unwanted baby
i don't,
want to think i am
but suddenly i'm lying
on the steps of a church.
what's love,
did i lose it on the way
did i ever receive
where was god
when i waited for him,
i know.
i know, i don't remember
but i can't forget
i know,
now it's cold and wet
cold and wet.

AMERICA

i loved swallows
and i mean the birds
they came every spring
and i mean the birds
they made my summer
those lovely birds
now all i've got is chicken wings

AMAZED

There is a castle,
where There is a maze,
where There is an eye,
looking through a lens.

I see what you see

There is a petal,
where There is a wing,
where There is an eye,
looking through the ring.

You see what I see

Thousand eyes glaze
Through the lens
Through the maze
Imprinted memory.

EE

twin girls
the one ice cold
the other burning fire
when one releases
the other freezes desire
they sit boredfaced
on opposite sides
the one destroys
what the other provides

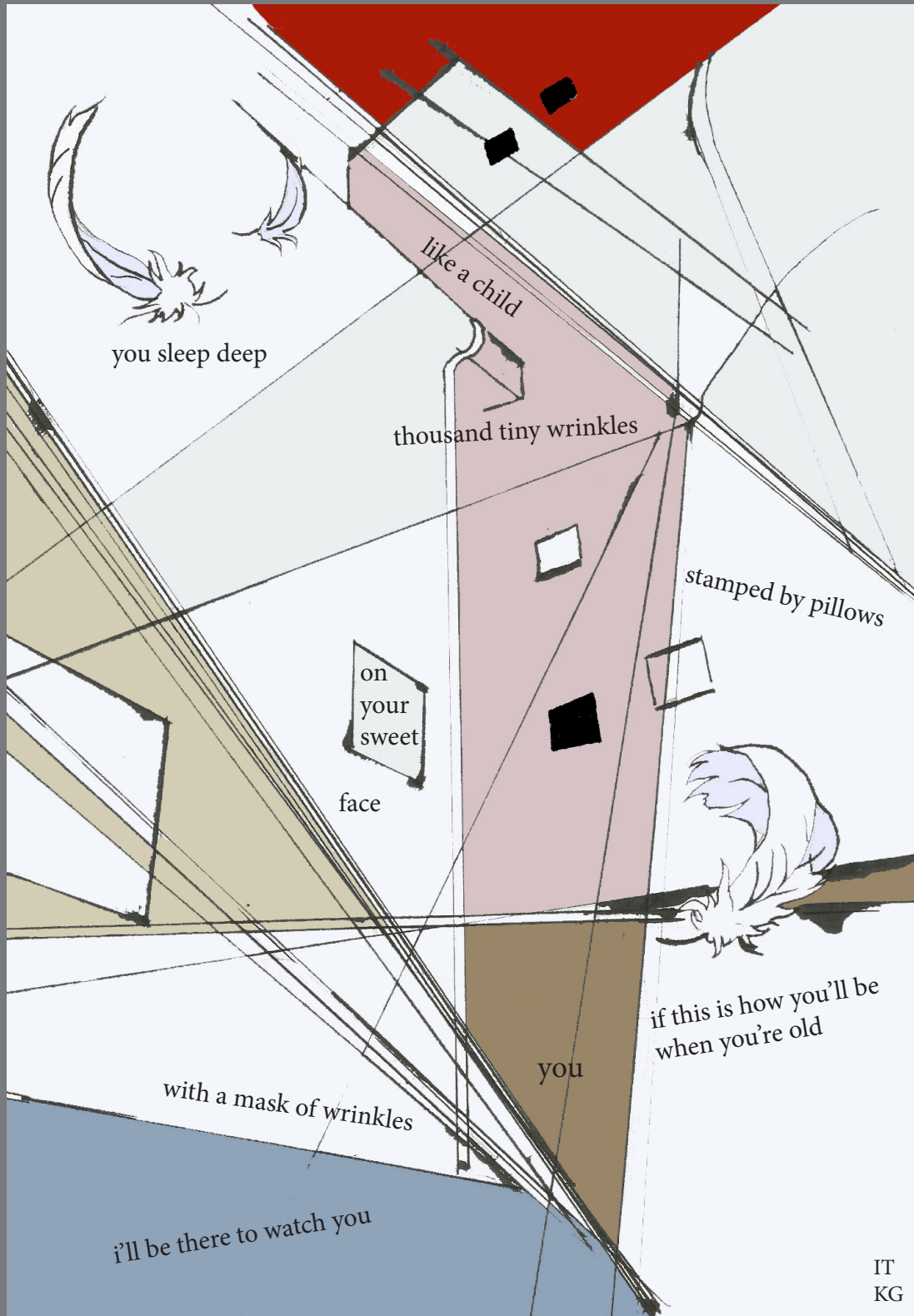
LEAVING, EYES BEHIND

The sun,
this omniscient creator,
has seen it all, oh mother,
and still he sends the rain
to wash off all the pain,
reflected in your eyes,
your deep dark darling eyes.
(they used to be my eyes
my deep dark loving eyes)

The sea,
this omniscient narrator,
has heard it all, oh father,
and still she lies there low
and sends the wind to blow,
the worries from your mind,
your wrinkled riddled mind.
(i hate it how the sea
is keeping you from me)

only the sun is free

Dedicated to all unaccompanied young migrants, who risk their lives and endure traumatic journeys for a safer future for them and their families.



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