

Alembic

Mattia Mascarello

CC BY-SA 4.0 2021 Mattia Mascarello

Distributed under the "[Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International \(CC BY-SA 4.0\)](#)" license

Poems by Mattia Mascarello

Anywhere the wind blows

Current Edition: July 2021

Mattia Mascarello,
Alba (CN), Italy
mattia.mascarello@outlook.it
[Github](#)
[Telegram](#)

Thanks to Eva Gotta

Preface

My stream of thought is stored in this container as I progress to read it
Essentially, a collection

Table of Contents

1	Cogs	1
2	Parcel	2
3	Rolls	3
4	Friction	4
5	Machines	5
6	OK	6
7	Masters of Doubt	7
8	Second Line	8
9	Steam	9
10	Imaginary	10
11	Sweden	11
12	Contempt	12
13	Resonance	13
14	Beat	14
15	Walk	15
16	Act	16
17	Bell	17
18	Blue	18
19	Red	19
20	Casino	20
21	War	21

Cogs

Cogs of Ice

Tick and Slide

Subdivide the Time in Time

Slow or steady to demise

Who shall melt and who shall dance

On the thin floor of life?

Parcel

Wherever may I find my body wandering and
where I lay my hand
A lone and unknown land
Just follows me and never leaves
Oh when has this begun?

To them I say let there be
a land I know and love
and not the parcel nature gave
to spare with me alone.

Rolls

An old typewriter lies on the desk
Rolls of types and rolls of life
the impression of a hot coffee
on a cloudy morning
and the prints of a dead hand.
Oh young age, regret and retribution
The keys' noise covers my thought
and the noise that I bear inside.

Friction

Friction

Friction

Metal scraping

Glass beheading

Where we're heading?

Sleep and

tick and

turn and

twist and

walk and

sit, for what?

Desist?

Your calculations

fail.

Machines

Polygons of vision
A field of empty vectors
Directed to imperfection
Escape your judgment
Machines of flesh
Which make machines
For this you see
'tis what thee be.

OK

Ok

Why?

OK

What does it mean?

What do you mean?

This is ridiculous

Ok

The alarm is sounding

Ok

For well you see the waste this

all be

O

K.

Masters of Doubt

Do you feel good?
Do you feel fine?
What must be word
that you make so flag of yourself
When you proceed
To bury the dead.

Second Line

Buffer of thought
Distilled and saw
It keeps bouncing inside
Until you drown it in fire.

Steam

Steam, fire, electricity
Some machines feed on it
Some machines die on it
All walk on the ribbon
It goes extremely wide.

Imaginary

Flow

Fly

In the sky

Slowly tired

Not explored anything

Neither being admired

But still

You may try.

Sweden

What shall say thee?

2418

Walk to the beam

Shines so lightly

Moves so brightly

When you'll think then

Don't complain me

For what I see

Is the most wide sea.

Contempt

Acknowledge it!
Acknowledge it yourself
The forces that behind you
are pushing your contempt
You see someone up there
but no-one but yourself
You think the freest free is what
the heat has quickly fled
No intention to assimilate
let alone to adjudicate
The superstructure of your thought
is laid upon bones.

Resonance

Glaring eyes to the public
you notice something:
an entity which resonates
the same frequency as you
Be sure as well to keep in phase
that's what you're going to do
because if not you know that, too
you'll cancel whole in two.

Beat

Beat him! No, don't despair
There's always a second place for losers,
that's hell
Beat her!
Look at your foe in the eyes
You might both as well call it a tie
For in this fight the only winner is who doesn't cry.
Was that anytime?
Well, everyone stops fighting when they die.

Walk

Walk downtown,
looking around
The movement, the sound
The rubble on the ground
changing
slowly chaining
Men walking in the snow
Where do they go?
What do they know?
A solitary chimney
Is coughing up some smoke
You sit on the edge of the plane
Which separates from them all.

Act

A close call
It's ringing
You might as well pick up your phone
Oh, look, it's your friend
He's asking what you've done
Interact is all you do,
It flows inside everyone and all
What did you make of it?

Bell

Rain and Snow
Outside a shell of shells
So while outside it's cold as hell
You ring the bell, for dinner's served
However don't rejoice so much
because you it's not for you to know
what then you'll tell.

Blue

Looking in the eyes
the broadcast just begun
for there's some connection
which requires no waveform
oscillators dance, that's sure
but what might they do
when the only station I am tuning in
is you.

Red

What Irony of a substance,
powering such squalor
mess of cogs and sweat
But when the oil leaks
the pain deceives
that friction's gone.

Casino

Wait

This game is rigged!

What did you expect?

Someone's gonna have to finance
heaven and hell.

War

Go away and come
command
sustain
engage
and train
terrain
TERRAIN
TERRAIN!