

Alembic

Mattia Mascarello

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Poems by Mattia Mascarello

Anywhere the wind blows

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Mellowly

I see sparks of music and loud light
pierces the night
Familiar tunes of sugar-summers
sync the beat to the drumhead of my skin
To mix and flow in the sea
of various souls
that dance and flutter in the hot
summer cold.
But sitting on a chair, pondering the
square, enstranged I stay
and peer at the neon sky
to bear the weight of air
glazing around the ink
that scrapes the blood
on half-white page of the summer time.
Ethereal figures, meanwhile, float and dance
with mind-suspending gaze
zoom-in and standing up
to interrupt the crystal crowd
what is within enclosed blasts
and backwards I fly
in happy-desperate mellow silence.

Thanks to all of my friends.

Preface

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

Boys?

The blushing heat of the soul
when the hugs touch the sky
and the night dwindles by
and burns the eyes of death
and kisses the fresh grass
that grows inside
my, my.

Sliding Doors

Sliding doors
slide slaying
time laying down
the evil soul they
lie but retain
when they slide
in your face.
Nevermind.

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Freedom standings

The sparkling taste
of the
august air
conditioning
in a sweet-sour mall.
Raves the human fire in ice
freest touches humanity whenstone and fire itself.
What freedom is the one to
void itself?
Ethics class in a fancy hotel
while the metal clangs
crushing the human flesh
under a green sky. The mirrors hurt it
Glass breaks apart in the fashionable
ideological parade.
Where do you stand?

Stormy light, Permanently night

It's day.
And I won't do anything.
The metal cuts the sky.
And I shan't do anything.
It's permanently night.
Would I do anything?
Souls rain by an upper bridge, on a stormy city train.
Would I still do anything?
They're blending or they might.
And I should do anything?
A boat is sailing by
all the symbols that inspire.
Here is not all alike.
I shall do anything.
Tonight.
No time.

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Cointainerland

An industrious shipyard
in a lonely field
behind a modest platform
suddbues the sight
as the hot metal travels in the windows
and scrapes away the thoughts
of a moist summer day
spent on a plastic seat.

The backrooms

Here are the backrooms
again.
The palpable shadow
just melts in thin air.
The vortex of people that
fly here and there.
The flicker of the neon lights
gets
in
the
soul
and all is rare
in the empty void
I hare
but never move.

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.

Night

I am alone under a night sky with empty eyes,
a deafening silence,
and a cold face
bleeding in the pond of my life
knives contend
the supper chimes.

Flow

Bitter and toxic
may well be
the sweet relief
to occam's seam.
You hug on your sofa
the insanity of a morning coffee
which just left you alone
in a puddle of mud
after much tribulation and desperate objectives
you're happy, sad, relieved, deceived
it is enough to let the flow
spill on the ground
at sunset's noon.

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.

and whatever path you choose
you swing your arms and you speed your pace
to outrun and trick the rain,
but through the intricacies of life
in spite of reason and disdain
the painful drops fall through the ground
to be collected in your veins
And all the parties you chill at
all the calls you pick up or dial in
each keystroke
each click
consumes the sky
in which you walk
in this sunny night.
Again and Again.

Again

Calmly and slowly
methodically inquiring
perfecting, note-taking
the plain of life is the battle field
on which the players move their
little
plastic
figures
Again and again
On the brink of war
You never truly wash them away
For they come in waves, back and forth
The stasis long, but the tempest strong
Irrupts in your home
and shatters it in tiny cardboard pieces
Again and again
So you walk alone in a calm windy night
chill for your hands but not enough for your soul

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.

Explode

Time washes streaming through
mind and soul to cleanse the bowl
to which it fails, it does again,
the rage subdues, the sight restrains
in the vast field of which we are made.

Light

Good little sky
the bruising of the night is silent and shy
you flucutate over the land of the tired
which all contend.
Oh, apprehend
the solitary smoke
which comes from the fire
which burns in the pond
of tomorrow's light.
And when the vastness open their eyes
do not deny
the burns of light.

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.

Alley

Shelf
void and book and shelf
and laughter and cry and joy and pain
throughs books and shelves
to read the mess
away, far away
it tangles in itself.

Stereo

The downhill pipe
all leaks and all flows
jets and steamy puffs
shielded and shivering
break and set fire
collide and deny
barricade
Don't fade, don't regret
admire
desire
but rageous be
against the passage of the time.
Flames shall be your soul
and your touch shall be fire.
Intertia and hiding
only stack yourself
up your back.

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.

Tin

Laying on a bed in a late early after noon
The pitch black and the tense muscles
The will to grip to the comfy cushion yet the urge to act
The incessant
time
awaits
one's
alarm.
Laying inert like tin battles with the soul
Until one wins on his own terms

Sweat

Brick and bells
On which an old man leans
Not tired by age,
but by life's appeal
For who lives in a dream is sleeping
and thus he's keeping
his life of sweat.

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.

Gates

Bad, unjust
war and lust
we shall decide
what you be must
Dancing as a dancer
Sleeping as a sleeper
Heat,
speeding cars,
metal and wooden planks
Your nature shall not stand
where we not demand.

Buyeth

To everybody's contempt
today is the event
The day when you must pay
for the uncherished bliss
we all have been denying
before it was taken by
fire.

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.

Dust

Writings on a wall
a tree and its
snow
What achievement do you keep
in your mind and in your soul?
Many speakers of all minds fly and dance will
tonight
While the dust settles
inside.

Void

Beyond black
beyond white
beyond cubes
beyond lights
beyond love
beyond lies
it's not just what
hearth and mind deny
it's what thy were
and thy shall be.

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?

Tear

Tear, torn, cut apart
select your product from
the list
a little scalpel
may fix that
but what lays on the floor
is hard to reattach

Smile

A symile of smiles, emerged
from what seemed
like crying.
Despair may be
a pretty fun affair.

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.

Reflection

Eyes stare at
eyes
The same soul inside
yet shall we say
we feel afraid, insane.

Violet

Violet, light blue
you know the
address, too
the corners of
the world are
shining there
for you.
Even when your soul denies
you're bound
by what's outside.

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.

Trees

Hands in air
fog is there
dark and light
all perspires
when you're there.