

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: September 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
22 Trees	22
23 Violet	23
24 Reflection	24
25 Smile	25
26 Tear	26
27 Void	27
28 Dust	28
29 Buyeth	29
30 Gates	30
31 Sweat	31
32 Tin	32

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!

Trees

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

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.

Reflection

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

Smile

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

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

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.

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.

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.

Gates

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

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.

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