





# 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: August 2021

Mattia Mascarello,  
Alba (CN), Italy  
[mattia.mascarello@outlook.it](mailto: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

Table of Contents	v
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

<b>21 War</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>22 Trees</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>23 Violet</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>24 Reflection</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>25 Smile</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>26 Tear</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>27 Void</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>28 Dust</b>	<b>28</b>
<b>29 Buyeth</b>	<b>29</b>
<b>30 Gates</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>31 Sweat</b>	<b>31</b>



# 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.