

## 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.

## Alembic

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Poems by Mattia Mascarello

Anywhere the wind blows

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## 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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Thanks to all of my friends.

## 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?

### Preface

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

## 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.

## 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.

# 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

# 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.

# 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.

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
33 Stereo	33
34 Alley	34
35 Light	35
36 Explode	36
37 Again	37
38 Flow	39
39 Night	40
40 The backrooms	41
41 Cointainerland	42
42 Stormy light, Permanently night	43
43 Feedom standings	44
44 Sliding Doors	45
45 Boys?	46

## 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.



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.

## 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.

## 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

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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

## 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.

## 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.



## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## 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

## 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.

## Smile

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

## Reflection

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

## 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?

## 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.



## Trees

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

## 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.

## War

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

## Casino

Wait  
This game is rigged!  
What did you expect?  
Someone's gonna have to finance  
heaven and hell.

## 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.