

BEYOND THE CLOUDS FADING AWAY

Little faltering essays of metaphysical poetry

P R E F A C E

I would like to explain the inspiration of these poems as a whole to the careful and willing reader who is, I hope, also a little indulgent.

As lyrical poems they express moods. In particular they are meant to give expressive form to experiences of a metaphysical-religious nature.

There are conditions of grace whose symbol can be found in the vision of a clear blue sky whose clearness appears to be never-ending.

In these moments one has the profound sensation and even the visual sensation that the entire reality is lit up with a spiritual meaning and everything is a creation of the spirit: and that in the end matter itself is spirit.

Then there are more negative inner conditions, in which every reality appears to be made of opaque matter that has no soul, directed at one's own dissolution in an ephemeral life lacking in purpose and meaning.

These more limited conditions of consciousness find their symbol in the vision of a grey, clouded sky, which offers nothing more than a glimpse of narrow horizons, which, I would like to add, appear barren and bleak.

My religious faith is not an easy faith: I have achieved it by overcoming those narrower and negative conditions of consciousness.

I could say: it can be achieved by overcoming those empty sensations of God, of silence of God, that led to experiences such as lived atheism.

This conquest is a gift of divine grace, where each one of us should open ourselves up to it as it overwhelms us and make ourselves its channels, with a feeling of gratitude, willingness, complete and utter trust.

The two inner conditions I have mentioned can alternate throughout our spiritual itinerary.

Even the great mystics and saints go through phases of barrenness and inner bleakness far into their spiritual journey.

I have nevertheless wanted to put the series of poems in an order which gives the sensation of climbing up a slope from the bottom to the top, from the negative to the positive, from the emptiness of God to the dazzling and full experience of Him.

I have concluded the collection of poems with a more descriptive series which wander a little from the afore mentioned scheme but nevertheless express the sense of time and eternity of our daily lives.

The theme of the train and the railway station is often repeated: not only for the metaphysical meanings they suggest, but also due to the fact that I wrote those poems on the train.

I have always been rather fond of trains, ever since I was a little boy when I used to play with train sets, little wagons and carriages, locomotives, railway lines and little tin stations.

What remain to explain are the title and subtitle.

Beyond the clouds fading away that nevertheless leave an opening through which we can see, or at least catch a glimpse of that Absolute which gives absolute dimension to all things, of which every being in the world appears to be a creature.

The subtitle *Little faltering essays of metaphysical poetry* means the modesty of essays, or attempts, that are proposed.

It also means their uncertainty: their wavering from moments of opaqueness to opposing moments of revealing clearness.

Finally, it also means that in this earthly condition of us humans, the experience of the Absolute could be brought up for discussion again every day and is therefore a daily conquest.

May God enlighten us in this way, finding the full will in us to meet with the revelation and the gift that He makes to us of Himself.

I.

For a few short moments
we came across each other.

We are shadows
which pass
through wan lights of dawn
in station waiting-rooms
where trains come and go.

Our cases ready
naked is our soul in awaiting

of which card
is to come up

because anchors
are weighed

and all roots uprooted
from the ground.

In the kaleidoscope
which turns

horizons of lives
cross each other
like fliths of swallows

where a triumph of clouds
quickly fades away.

Oh dizzines
of temporariness.

Where does the flood
lead us?

Close your eyes
and abandon
your limbs

to the watery embrace
of oblivion

which dissolves
the aerial foam
of all things.

II.

Elation of life
you do not know
that we swing
suspended by a thread
in nothingness

and temporary life
turns all around us
like the crowd of a circus
in anguished suspense.

III.

A whole life was that instant
in which I met you
and your shining soul
smiled to me:
a life that could have been
and never was.

I still keep with me
forever
that instant
you have forgotten.

It is something
that sometimes happens:
like trains of lights
in the night
a single existence

shines
to another one
for a deep instant
of flights of years
in a flash of horizons
lost at once

then once again
everyone is alone
in the night.

IV.

You are here with me
alone
at noontide

and in your clear smiling eyes
like in a prism
I have read

our own hours
and the places
we have seen together
and the dear faces

and the anxieties
of a tomorrow
we will not have

since of this world
in the night of nothingness
suspended

the horizon
is already vanishing

since the yearning hour
has struck

and in this immensity
of countless rooms
through the darkness of the skies
wandering death row

bare and alone
we are
ready at the roll call.

V.

All we human beings
with our hates and struggles and hopes
are packed here all together
on an infinite abyss of silence.

In the instant we are
like sparks
which at once
fall down again
fading away
into the dark of nothingness.

From roots of a long sufferance
in the long labour of day after day
our human tower rises

that darkness already assails
of a never-ending night
where everything is
as if it had never been.

VI.

Obscure heroes
of relentless struggles
and nameless anxieties and pangs
we persist in performing the parts
we had assigned ourselves
on slender scenes of shadow
suspended in an abyss of night.

VII.

One dies
in a grey stunning dawn.

Anxious shadows
in the moment.

Oh life of earth and blood
you seize us
in the last start
of phantasms
that fade away.

The hour has struck
the anchor is weighed

the shore is already
moving away
in the mist

that carries away
everything we suffered

and neither love
nor hate
are any more

and greed and struggle
are lost echoes.

Somebody else
will live the day.

We are alone
in the silent horizon.

VIII.

Like flies along a shut pane
we long for an opening
toward boundless horizons
which call us in vain

because the window is a wall
to the infinite sky

and nothing remains
of the other side
but a vain mirage.

IX.

O sky
that from the mountains
appears
benevolent giant
unapproachable

through clouds which go away
inscrutable is your smile

which passes through us
in flashes of horizons

in the impetuous joy
of an instant
which is suddenly lost.

X.

From obscure mists
of remote roots

through a foolish
network of branches
life runs

that forgetting and disowning
with itself goes to war

but afterwards
through long suffering and crying
transformed and purified

springs up
into new achievements

further and further up
towards the elusive mute sky..

XI.

O bold life which ferments in us
in the coils of your growing
we wrap ourselves with solitude
that through a long haze of days
makes us sink into a cold death of stone.

XII.

As a crazy cancer
you overflow
O Life
who drove us
like in a dream.

As blind people
we flow through
your current
we know neither where
nor why.

Sometimes a lost echo
passes through us
that he perceives
who does not say.

On the infinite lap
of your sea
we throw ourselves
O Mother.

XIII.

Oh life that madly overflows
you clutch yourself
into a cold struggle of insects
in the heavy cowl.

Maybe the heart weeps
under the steel
and a mute song breaks.

XIV.

From the ghostly paneless window
peering into the dark room

I see you
silver spider web
which crossed by a ray of sun
in the breeze reflects
the flickering reverberation
on your silky weft of lace.

And surely
each stitch of yours
could narrate
those close moments of terror
that desperately shouts out
all its breath

where the blind instinct

of threshing food
from time to time
becomes the joy
of tormenting the spasm
of quivering beings
in your viscous net
daunted

strange communion
that fleetingly
permeates through each other's
embraced solitudes

almost a play of love
between victim and persecutor

through the aerial prison
in empty space
hanging
by a thread
which loses
itself up there
in the darkness

in the blind darkness
which has no voice
which indifferently envelops
life's vain tragedy.

XV.

The train lightly glides
through flashes of fields and woods.

It passes through astonished crowds
of tormented olives.

It takes away the moments
of faces we will see nevermore.

Steel-grey villages look askance
perched on hills.

Stones which have been
worries and tears.

Sods of conflicts
split peoples in hate
that no longer have any name..

Human bones
with their dreams
by mute earth are covered
which unbridles new struggles.

The train glides lightly
and skims over everything
which for long centuries
was desperate trench.

It skims
like a quick thought
which spies
almost on tiptoe

so that it nevermore
awakes us
from foolishness
that was rooted in us forever.

XVI.

All the evil
we have done
can ne'er more
be given back to us.

since time has robbed it
and it is done
forever.

And all the evil
we are destined to do
will be done
and we will do it
there is nothing to stop us

since from time immemorial
we have been robbed
from ourselves.

XVII.

Naked we are, dug
by invisible glances
in this universe of thought

with its infinite mirrors
always seeing and spying.

Once impressed,
each act
is fixed forever
and all will see it forever.

O Mind that scans the atom
which in You has consistence
of every thing You know
why it has happened
thus only You can forgive us
and only You transhumanize all shame.

XVIII.

Dig within us
in our deepest veins

so that from Your spring
Your flame floods us

and all misery
which has taken root in us
may fall to ashes

so that we are alabaster
through which the Presence shines.

XIX.

Of so many things
for which I trembled
only a tired disgust
has remained
that old people call wisdom.

It is through a deep glass
that by now I see you
aquarium of sad struggles
among hallucinated solitudes.

From boundless distances
I contemplate you
tragic grain wandering
through the dust of galaxies.

Oh I would even like
to for'get that I exist
to immerse myself into the roots
and weep into your every fibre
the agony of betrayed divine love.

XX.

Of a small gentle cat
crushed on the motorway

it was crossing
at the mirage
of obstinate blades of grass
sprouting between a poster
and a neon sign

what only remains
is a rag of skin
with clots of gristles

that ten thousand running tyres
regardless have pressed

of this immense nameless monster
of steel and cement

that all of us
bred in exact square bird-cages
on assembly lanes transports
from each stage to another one

as far as there, in turn
it squeezes and picks us
and shunts
to mass-digest us
in cemeteries of many floors
where also memento is number.

XXI.

O sacred night
living night
peopled by fair legends
august sphinx of mistery
night

where have you fled?

A livid false night
is what they have installed
in your holy space
a neon sad night
prefabricated
for mass-produced livestock
fattened among atrocious lamps.

A gelid modern hell
of robotic voices
an uproar of dull metallic lights
have put all dead people
and witches to flight
and even the bewildered devil
the gentle fairies
and all poetry of fables
narrated in a dim light.

The moon is spiked with pylons
and advertising.

The stars have vanished
not to be seen evermore.

The beautiful night
has fled
from the new men's
grey heart of figures.

XXII.

At the bottom of my soul
a small secret door
leads to a closed garden.

Here time flies never more
where harps of fairies resound
but the leaves lie still.

Only I possess the key to it.

How sweet it is returning to it
through woods of oblivion.

XXIII.

Everybody is shut in his own armour
in the sallet of his mask
in the contemplation of his respectability
in the figures of what he owns and wants to earn
in the pangs of hallucinated greeds
in the tasting of lone sensations
in the auscultation of his pains
in the encrusting of his habits
in the labyrinths of his timidity
in his private game of intellectualisms
in his shrivelling all living beings into mere things
in his desperate need of others, who flee
in his forgetting himself in rhythms of mechanical existence
in his only relief, of losing himself in a sea of oblivion.

XXIV.

A thick wall of pain is this
where we dig our lives
day by day.

We go bowed and serried
toward blasts of cold
that cut deeply into us.

And each day that passes
is a new wave
that a fearless stern fronts.

Do you hear a voice at the bottom?
Or the roaring wind is blind
and what tosses is the empty shell we are?

XXV.

In the howl of the storms
a blanket of frost and fog
wraps the earth:
it is the long sad winter.

Alone
in the endless night
we are
faint far gleams.

And yet in the blind meanders
a springing up of lives
dreams of the sun
that beyond the clouds
remote
in the crystal
of an infinite look
is keeping watch.

XXVI.

Even though in the storms
our raft goes adrift

in the clear abyss
of Your look
we are
anchored to eternity.

And even though in the forests
of hallucinated shadows of foolishness
compelled by traps
of wicked struggles
we get lost

beyond the network of branches
among the clouds which fade away
Your look appears to us
like a twinkling star
that sleeplessly keeps watch
in the long patience of waiting.

XXVII.

In the dying winter
there is an evening

where spring bursts
and a new clear air shines through

as of rare moments
when the whole world
is like a crystal

and evil and pain
opening walls

immense cocoon
which ladders

and the new Being
that comes out
and frees itself
is sprouting into flower.

XXVIII.

Fresh of rain
beyond rags of clouds
which fade away
far on the hill
the village appears

like brush strokes of houses
soaring into the air

bud of a flower which opens
in that full clear instant
when in the breathing of the worlds
life is divine.

XXIX.

Each of us
is a blind earthworm
that obstinately
digs his earth.

Perhaps we are tentacles of a god
who from the innermost recess of souls
yearns to free skies
and moans.

XXX.

The eyes of madness
are flakes of spotless white snow
fallen among brambles.

They are gems
in the mud.

They are stars of cosmos
taken prisoners.

XXXI.

Through hard forests of traps
we open ourselves
an unravelled path
towards a far mirage
of free skies.

XXXII.

Through the meanders
of the thousand rooms
of a ship thrown in time
we are
in the long waiting.

XXXIII.

The abyss attracts each of us
who clutches at You on the brow.
Destiny is swinging.
Day after day
living is conquest.

XXXIV.

Day after day
one holds out
here in the trenches
we dug in this parched land

just like in the rough faces
of wind and saltiness
wrinkles of long obstinate suffering.

Thrown we are here.

The sky is low
the ocean roars around.

And yet, at times
when the clear skies return
flashes of boundless spaces
are torn
in a red flight of clouds.

Ancient dreams
they seem to tell us
of a ship
which comes from afar
under full sail
at dawn.

XXXV.

That afternoon
there was a sudden instant
when everything shone of light
suspended in an endless
play of horizons

and all of us
were one
hovering in time
awaiting.

XXXVI.

Outstretched trees
that the wind blows through
bare trembling antennas
from the roots of earth
we are
sentries of the absolute.

XXXVII.

All things announce You:
of the radiance of Your hall
they are a remote echo
and yet near and ardent

so that embracing them
we touch You

by penetrating
into the forest of Your thoughts
towards a far light
which shines through
of Your watching comforting eye.

XXXVIII.

From the abyss
of Your look
we are a whirl
that joy unbridles
through the ladder of beings

through the ladder of thousands of mazes
that lives suspended in Your thought

and a gushing forest we are
which through its network
is searching lost paths for itself
and trembling moans to Your wind

and twisted flashes of clouds
we are in Your horizon
that a fire dawn goes through.

XXXIX.

Each little thing is a universe
worth contemplating
during a whole life
since also in the smallest atom
the Presence shines.

And each creature is a path
which through the astonished
forest of beings
leads us to the bottom
of that divine Look
where for a perennial instant
all things consist in.

And yet in the whirl of action
there is a Point of perfect stillness
where we eternally are.

XL.

In Your spring of flame
from nothingness we are
to walk in Your look
ravished in the instant
in which You create us.

XLI.

Of Your flame
we are
trembling tongues.

Passing through us
Your fire
goes through all things.

XLII.

Brought by Your wind
through Your ocean

from the day of storm
to our quiet meeting in the evening

from the valiant struggle
to the rapt wandering

we are always going
from You to You
through the thousand rooms of Yours

since the jealous heart
of your Presence
which enraptures us
is for us
eternally
sweet prison.

XLIII.

With You

I am
in the world's centre
where the heart of things
is beating.

With You
up there in the clear sky
beyond the clouds
the sun shines.

With You
at the dawn
of the millennia
the creation springs
untouched and clear.

With You
all together
at last
enraptured
in the glory of noontide
which has no end.

With You
for rapt vigils
I contemplate
the eternal eye of being
that the restless spiral of time
pursues turning around.

With You
through one hundred battles
behind the shut sallet
the hard wakeful obedience is peace.

With You
light and fast
the train of days slides.

With You
my small room
holds the heavens of heavens.

With You
beyond the door ajar
a great feast of lights
is awaiting me.

With You
with You forever
is sweet prison of love.

XLIV.

Do you remember that grey dawn
when in that dimly lit room
my father was dying

and you in the kitchen
were ironing
the last crease of his suit

like every morning of departure
so that he could be smartly dressed
as he always was
also in his final journey.

In the cross roads of life
the hour strikes augustly
suspended in an eternal instant.

Also today
I feel
it is like a morning
when my cases are ready

although the sun invades
the shadows of the home
today
when jubilantly
it shines through free skies
intertwined with swallows.

Nobody knows well
what the aim is
but suddenly
like in a bend
life opens up wide to us
showing boundless series of horizons

and the doors of the past open
into mirrored suites
of the thousand rooms
of a ship
in the suspended wave
of an instant
where everything that has been
lives in eternity.

XLV.

Villas that moss
and climbing plants surround

in close gardens fountains
with satyrs and nymphs

long afternoons in quiet rooms
among pale curtains

through stained glasses
notes of piano.

O unsullied wonder
of those days

I recover you in gusts
of ancient voices

which perhaps
- who knows where -
still exist.

XLVI.

From the last coach on the platform
of both of us
hand in hand
the look loses itself
in the long tracks
which run away

and all around
meadows and fields
glide together
with rows of vines and poplars

and of hills and woods
and villages
the yearning greeting
leaves us

Through passed through stations
of instantly ravished souls.

And yet among thousands
every single one stands out

that at once is far

just as all past unfolds
in flashes of horizons
while future lies
unknown
behind in ambush.

XLVII.

The whirl of the worlds
clots
where the labour
of the millennia
is slow.

Over there
in the depths of the wood
a blade of grass.

An ant climbs
and in the end
lingers and
turns timorous antennas
to its new adventure.

In the flaming Look
in which everything consists
has life
that blade of grass
with its hesitating
little ant
soars into eternity.

XLVIII.

In the small green cloister
the uproar of the metropolis
arrives light
like a rustling of leaves
under an equable wind.

Here the anxious pressing of time
loses itself in mists of silence
of eternal shores.

XLIX.

Lightly
the train glides
through phantoms of mountains and villages
and astonished trees and faces

and fast
in a dizzy breath
pierces us with infinite skies
all together in the noontide.

XLIX.

Light
the train glides
through phantoms of mountains and villages
and astonished trees and faces

and fast
in a dizzy breath
pierces us with infinite skies
all together in the noontide.

L.

From the train
that lightly glides
through the sleeping countryside
I don't see you any longer
O moon

but suddenly
leapt from the mountains
you pursue us
O motionless sphere

always the same
that searched all epochs
and gave comfort to poets

and you watch over
phantoms of houses
in the lake reflected
by tired street lamps
pendulous
like falling asleep eyes.

LI.

O friendly sleep
come:
giving up
is sweet
to the advance
through secret meanders
of your tentacles
of tepid
and light mist
that step by step
all things
receives
loving
pervades
everywhere
encloses
just like
a jealous blanket
of eternal snow.

LII.

In the white couch
a long night
of engrossed fever
is tingling

since in the delirious whisper
of points which come and go
it seems we are so many
atoms of consciousness

and each fibre has words
which lightly vanish

just as from down in the street
at the first livid lights
a lorry which passes
and then another one

rocks us in the soft embrace
that everything encloses

and in remote meadows
welcomes us
whom a shadow of pendulous branches
watches over

in the bend of a slow river

where the worries of the day
through a thousand meanders
in the infinite bosom get lost.

LIII.

On the grey lake
a leaden sky.

Phantoms of fishermen
lie in wait
for phantoms of fish
in vain.

Grey and leaden
I feel myself becoming.

Through the dull looks
Sunday is dragging
its last tired hours
of disappointment.

LIV.

Long winters
on the deserted piers
that the sea-storm
furiously bites.

Here behind the panes
one is very well
with a mug and a book
among old salts'
long silences.

LV.

Up here
perched high on the mountain
a village welcomes us

which from the fountain to the church
climbs up

through stepped alleys

where a trudging donkey
puts to flight
fluttering hens

and small black faltering old women
hasten to mass

while from door to door
wives call each other.

Here three uneven rooms
are our shell

which from the opposite windows
down there jutting out

gazes at the still green plain
that on the far off horizon
fades away between sea and sky.

And the embrace of the wind
scans the days

just as a pendulum-clock
which strikes hours
each one like the other

and sometimes it seems
that gusts of ancient anguish

brings to memory again
struggles and worries
which are by now far away

like an always new wave
breaks in the sea

then sinks and rests
in the loose sand.

By now everything
appears to us
small and remote

like the trembling small lights
of the plain
now that it is night

since, more than always, we feel

that everything we are
is surrounded by a solemn mystery

and at the limits of life
we look serenely at the unknown.

LVI.

O familiar mystery
of invisible
dear presences

always around us
loving and anxious
your look stirs

made of an imperceptible fluttering
in dim sparks
of a thousands whispering voices.

Day after day
of this long laboured life
we are never alone.