

**Meri Nigro**

# **MERI-LOQUIZING**

[I sufferf from an interiority whole]

## **IN AN**

# **ILLUSIONTEQUE**

[collection of entertaining illusions]



Meri Nigro

**Meri-Loquizing In An Illusionteque**

«Tektime S.r.l.s.»

## **Nigro M.**

Meri-Loquizing In An Illusionteque / M. Nigro — «Tektime S.r.l.s.»,

A series of seemingly unrelated sensations, connected by a thread fluctuating between prose and poetry. "Meri-loquizing in a toyteque" is a collection of pictures taken with the pen: a little trip into the complexity of the simplest feelings. In this work, the author wants to emphasize a series of sensations seemingly unrelated, connected by a thread oscillating between prose and poetry. "Meri-loquizing in a toyteque" is a collection of pictures taken with the pen. Right from the title it is clear the presence of a number of puns attempting to explain the complexity of the simplest feelings. The Toyteque is an imaginary place where you entertain illusions with thought games. "Poems" and "Meriloquies" alternate in this place to breathe life into a little trip ending with a story in which is revealed (who knows? To the reader the freedom to decide) perhaps the main character of each of those pictures.

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Title | Meri-loquizing in an illusionteque

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*To Emma*

## **Frase Fatte**

Le frasi fatte hanno tutte una caratteristica in comune: i disfarsi con facilità.

## **Set phrases**

*All set phrases have one common thread: the easilyunsettling.*

## 1.Repairs

*It broke.*

*Fix it, then!*

*What should I fix? How? By what means?*

*You need two main tools: time and patience.*

*Then, the glue is called Patience and the order of pieces is called Time?*

*Let's say yes.*

*No, it can't be done this time.*

*Where there is a will, there is a way.*

*Still with this stupid story?*

*If you want to fix something broken, take time and patience and put the pieces back together, right?*

*No: If you are missing parts you can no longer do it.*

*I didn't think about it.*

*You don't think enough.*

*You think too much, however.*

*And there are also those who do not think at all! You know?*

*Oh, yes! - Those living certainly a thousand times better, I tell you.*

*They live, yes, but they never are.*

*Why? Or isn't living being, is it?*

*No, it isn't. You never know how many people live without being.*

*But if "they are there" how do they not "be"?*

*Being there is not always being. The difference is exactly in that "there".*

*And will they die like that, without having ever been?*

*Yes, probably they will die as well. But if it's true that they've never been, actually it's more like they would not die at all, now that I think about it.*

*I told you: You think too much.*

[If you could know the extent of the destruction before the construction, everything would be fairer]

## 2.Carnevale

Briciole di arcobaleni di carta  
come fiocchi precipitano lievi  
a coprir come neve asfalti nudi  
Sorrisi dipinti offrono scudi  
ad anime che angustiano grevi  
sotto tessuti caldi di sarta  
Lascia che la musica cancelli  
la monotonia di un passo normale  
Che le voci siano coltelli  
e squarcino ogni pensiero reale  
Non pensarci finché pensarci non farà piùmale

## 2.Mardi Gras

*Crumbs of rainbows paper  
like flakes fall slightly  
to cover bare asphalts like snow  
Painted smiles offer shields  
to souls who feel the pain  
under warm fabrics of seamstress  
Let the music clear  
the monotony of a normal pace  
Let voices be knives  
and tear any real thought  
Don't think about it until thinking about it will hurt no more.*

## 4.Pietra

Come una pietra  
presa dal fango  
rimpiango  
lo sporco abbraccio  
nella mano pulita  
senza amore  
Quanta consapevolezza  
nei gesti di incoscienza  
macina sottili scuse  
impasta una ragione  
L'ultimo fiore nel vento  
non prova a far forza  
guarda la speranza che muore  
sotto un cielo spento

## 4.Stone

*Like a stone  
taken from the mud  
I regret  
the dirty embrace  
in the clean hand  
with no love  
How much awareness  
in the unconscious gestures  
grinding out weak regrets  
kneading a reason  
The last flower in the wind  
doesn't try to force  
it looks forward the dying hope  
under a dull sky*

## 5. Risveglio

Il mattino è una donna con la spada  
il cielo e i sogni sanguinano insieme  
lacrime rosse inondano gli spazi  
l'orizzonte sporco come il soffitto  
trafitto dal sole ingordo di impronte  
La concretezza ruba una carezza  
la memoria si racconta una storia  
occhi taglienti sfondano altri occhi  
l'essenza travolta da dolce impotenza  
Il risveglio non soffoca la fiamma

## 5.Awakening

*The morning is a woman with a sword  
the sky and dreams bleed together  
red tears flood spaces  
the horizon dirty as the ceiling  
pierced by the sun greedy for imprints  
Concreteness steals a caress  
memory tells a story  
sharp eyes break through other eyes  
the essence overwhelmed by sweet helplessness  
The awakening does not suffocate the flame*

## 7. Il primo incontro

Il silenzio che sorreggia  
gli istanti che si cullano  
tra una parola e un'altra  
è una giostra in mare aperto  
senza cinte e protezioni  
libera verità ebbre  
nude bruciano nel sole  
fresche bucano le onde  
chiare penetrano gli occhi  
non si servono di rumore  
decorano l'aria di scritte blu  
sperano di raggiungere  
quella vetta senza fretta

## 7.The first meeting

*The silence sipping  
Instants cradling themselves  
between one word and another  
it's a carousel to open sea  
without belts and protections  
freeing inebriated truths  
burning in the sun nakedly  
piercing waves freshly  
penetrating eyes clearly  
not needing noise  
decorating air with blue writings  
hoping to reach  
that peak unhurriedly*

## 8.Cupido ed i suoi giochi

L'idiozia dell'amore  
è malattia banale  
è dolce di sapore  
nonostante sia mortale  
Cupido sei uno stronzo  
con le tue ali bianche  
con la faccia da angelo  
uccidi la dignità  
E si diventa ebeti  
per colpa di un sorriso  
A causa di due occhi  
non si sa come parlare  
Il tuo veleno al miele  
che spari nelle vene  
annulla in un baleno  
tutta la solidità  
E fragili si perde  
il senso del reale  
masticati da sogni  
condannati a non restare  
Si regalano cuori  
si scrivono parole  
annegheranno presto  
in un bicchiere di liquore  
Aghi sotto le frecce  
ecco quello che avevi  
Armi senza legge  
mentre sorridevi

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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