

Meri Nigro

MERI-LOQUIZING

[I sufferf from an interiority whole]

IN AN

ILLUSIONTEQUE

[collection of entertaining illusions]



Meri Nigro

Meri-Loquizing In An Illusionteque

Аннотация

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

Fraasi Fatte

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

Set phrases

All set phrases have one common thread: the easilyunsetting.

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 gravi
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 ebei
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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