

**MARIA ATTANASIO**

**INTERIORS**

**TRANSLATED BY CARLA BILLITTERI**

*(with hands)*

the opaque margin of the morning  
disheveled  
in corrugated plays of sound.  
Drop by drop  
a compact wall of years.  
The hands fall muted  
at the sudden appearance of the wind

*(with hawthorn)*

inequations of a precocious spring:  
a solitary mumbling at the mirror  
young spurts of warmth burn  
the friable substance of the hawthorn

*(in the interstices)*

To hold this wall made of wobbly objects,  
making it a barrier of the definite  
to the mad and perfect gesture at the end of an afternoon  
the epilepsy of daylight that turns to its shadow  
to snatch away its inside the lividity hidden in the interstices  
the asymmetric life that arrives

*(without definition)*

several points of view

definitions

the typewriter the seething urine

(finally the starry white of the toilet)

and a minimal fraction of being:

the city stabbed in broad daylight

*(with divergent thoughts)*

In the fragile act of the dream the room  
translucid as Toulouse-Lautrec's Paris  
the body rising to the ceiling reflects  
a horizon of upturned mirrors  
as fireworks from summer  
balconies open a probable sky  
—as a measure of sense—  
to the progression of time  
to the regression

*(with players)*

spread out in a metaphysical moment  
the alternative life of things  
jaunts in the opacity of being  
enlightened insignificance  
as a lamp on four players,  
the ace of diamonds privileged  
upon the table  
radiates signs of injustice

*(accident)*

something

abandoning scales tools

a liquid of quartered fish

ambulance sirens at the corner

between the bathroom and the kitchen



*(with morning and citations)*

crouched with citations  
threatening fog word-bogs  
you stand immobile insect- mineral-like  
journeying through sophistry  
get going jerk pass on to me  
what is moving today the third of June  
flood out the morning in this long  
stockpiling of eyes  
of tangled assemblies, a crystal clear azure  
that rises as if anew

*(with maria)*

maria is disassociated  
one part dissolved in mirrors metaphors abstractions  
another over here  
in the life that flows underneath this language

*(center)*

from a periphery of skin and fingers  
of absent chairs in destiny of dust  
I travel toward the center that inhabits me  
a crack a probable clue  
a place build this catalogue for me  
a definite storyline  
free from the voluble matter of countenance  
here it is the other with a face of plaster

*(with glove)*

turned inside out like a glove  
finger to finger  
lungs bones bits of nails  
the intestines cautiously unraveled  
with water hands  
softly stroking oneself from the inside

*(in formaldehyde)*

the fear the legs the fear  
takes you from every side  
the eyelid upturned for kicks  
the pianolas destroyed  
in a drifting mental landscape  
this scene has repeated itself for millennia  
horror vacui exhibits a miniscule amount  
a body to be made anew  
its inhabitation