

**ROBERTO PIVA**

**OPEN YOUR EYES AND SAY AH!**

**TRANSLATED BY CHRIS DANIELS**

*“Moi, j’ai toujours éprouvé une caprice  
infâme pour la pâle jeunesse des collègues,  
et les enfants étiolés des manufactures”*  
Lautréamont

ANTHROPOLOGICAL VISION OF THE CORNER OF THE WINDOW IN HEARTJELLY  
PRISM'D IN THE WINE OF MARCH (the most terrible month)

new predatory animals

MY BOYFRIEND'S EYES MY BOYFRIEND'S EYES

internal galaxies EYES FREEDOM

internal galaxies

in chocolate's pink depths I breathe you in

in the guts only with the dead and their pillows made of  
flowers

in extravagant guts my love through

shop windows

only with the dead the universe is a sneeze

in an apple's womb

everything begins to

nighten

full of energy

I am the jet set of love maudit  
INSIDE THE NIGHT AND ITS ILLUMINATED COLICS  
death's parrots with Aristotle on thunder's prow  
DISPOSITION TO TUMBLE ADRIFT WITH THE DICE OF LOVE  
spinach for the morning & macaroni with sauce mornay  
sportive souls flowers in their teeth  
my orange opening like a door  
YOUR VOICE IS ETERNAL I see the gray hand rip up  
the wall of the world  
WE ARE IN LIFE DEFINITELY

(POLITICS OF THE BODY ON FIRE OF THE BODY IN FLAMES OF THE BODY ON FIRE)  
PUTTING OUT THE LIGHT darkness

visible devours

your body in flames your open mouth your suicide  
for pleasure on the grass your hands plucking my face  
of bruised leaves in darkness your moan in the  
shadow of drawers in flower  
your hair solidly black

THE PISSOIRE ANGEL LOVING THE PARIS COMMUNE  
ALLOWS A PHOTOGRAPH OF HIM EATING A CHERMOYA

I'm getting ready for unfettered cities

the desert & its trembling tongues

marches of vigilant samurais across the wetlands

gone far without leaving the place

(I LOVE YOUR MOUTH DEVASTATED BY DIABOLICAL SMOKE)

a rose right in front of your eye

a rose in your vagrant mouth

my eyes fixed on heaven's font

on the savannah love-mad elephants trumpet

AN EAGLE FALLS IN MY EYES & SIGHS

SLEEP & DREAM SWOLLEN PALM OF THE HAND

i want your heart right now for to cast off

petals choke your dreams

announce a storm and tumble into night

THE HALFMOON'S SEX EMITS HER METALLIC NOTE & HER  
WILD CATS) where we dance with tantric gorillas  
electronic brains wetting the scarlet bed  
MARVELOUS CRIES IN THE WINDOW politics of systematic  
forgetting WE'RE IN THE GENTEEL SHIT  
beetface & sexes in ruins  
bilingual mirror my spurs my smiling eyes  
SIMULTANEOUSLY ALL WEEP IN TYRANNY'S BRONZE  
& SCREW THEIR GIRLS the wind of life dangling  
arms maxillaries exploded at sunrise  
CAPITALIST TOTEM CAPITALIST TOTEM CAPITALIST TOTEM

CAPITALIST



(THE WORLD CHANGES THE COLOR OF THE JABUTICABA CHANGES YOUR  
ASSHOLE CHANGES THE NEIGHBOR'S HAT CHANGES YOUR SEX CHANGES THE INDI-  
AN CHANGES HÖLDERLIN CHANGED HEGEL CHANGED TECHNOLIS CHANGES &  
WE CHANGE EVERY DAY WE MOVE CLOSER TO THE CELLAR OF LIFE LIKE RIMBAUD  
ARTAUD MACUNAÍMA DINO CAMPANA)

the dragon

speeds by on the caraíba corvette feverish thighs I'm neither plant nor  
phantom the true poison MODEST CREATURE CITIZEN

IN FLAMES I make this admonishment: THE PERFECT MUSIC

leafy flowerbeds full of silence

cosmic space the samba song of nothingness

OF A WORLD

IS IN STEEL

MAURÍCIO MAU-MAU LITTLE BIRD CHEWING PIRÃO  
& ITS JELLY OGIVES where's your sandal-poetry slapping  
against the evening's cheeks? tupiniquim angel running  
along the bend of the square wet with the blood of comets  
PELICANS EXPLODING IN YOUR EYES & THE MORNING WHEN YOU  
WILL READ ISAAC DEUTSCHER & SCRATCH YOUR THUMB  
your miniscule gestures  
your tamale devoured in the middle of the woods  
your amianthus eyes are shouts to the pirate ship  
(with a kerchief on its head and a dagger in its teeth your soul  
WAXES  
DELERIOUS)

(MY LOVE SLEEPS & SCRATCHES IN DREAMS BICKERS & MOANS BICKERS &  
MOANS BICKERS & MOANS)

before lunch we sat on a fender

and talked about EMPEDOCLES so do

birds bear their magnificent truths in the center of the world where

we listen to voices of HUMAN MOTORS

I HEARD THEIR WORDS THEY BROKE INTO THE

UNIVERSE before

carnivore rain

before cannibal transistor

(LOVE'S EPIC BEGINS IN THE BED WITH RUMPLED  
SHEETS BECOME A BATTLEGROUND)

it's there I begin to be born into madrugada & her  
vertigoes where you my love curl in my green  
velvet paranoiac heart & the delights  
of orange continents sleep in your face all  
muddled pearls oh drums of love  
never stopping on the way to PLANETARY storms & their  
sad cataracts heavy as tears  
I love loving and the soul's TV dawns drunk and tries  
to say something

## INTERMINABLE-EXTERMINABLE

*listening to Barney Kessel*

red-booted angels

(ten leopard apparitions in the  
apartment window)

Mickey Mouse must be a

CIA agent

cop-cancer of the world and its old

Totems

sleep sleep like bepissed rocamboles

Giorgio di Chirico & his

shadow landscapes

sad boy the orgy awaits you

with velvet cacti

before the night is squashed

I want to see your

thighs on the

burst television

lunar intestines under neon light

carress your curly

jabuticaba hair

## GANYMEDE 76

Your smile  
little eyes like black pearls  
my love cruises the evening  
peach daiquiris reflected in his little rusty eyes  
hair abristle like a little god in a roccoco salon  
strength of a body fragile as anchors  
I loved you too  
tomorrow at 7 then  
tomorrow at 7  
everything begins now in a slow ritual & fenced lotsful of cloth gardenias  
your mad gaze crosses through the clocks the fountains the São Paulo evening like a spectacular  
    desire so doped with courage  
ivory of your smile *nascosto fra orizzonte perduti*  
here's how I want you: fiery angel in the Landscape's embrace

## PROFOUNDLY AFFECTING THE EMOTIONAL

*Antinous, ragazzo di marbro*

pornographic kid

before Moon shows up

this feijoada will be a

battle

Atilla wins all over the world

ADRIANUS CAESAR imperator

strolls in the Roman morning with his twelve lovers

I'd like you to read Jacob Boehme

your thighs tighten

& you cry a little

come, lick my hand &

get ready for a million

mad mad comas

before Moon shows up

bite my heart on the corner

& don't forget me

## ANTINOUS

*movement of trees*

are questions

tuesday I'd rather you were you really

crazy

my word & nothing you believe in  
could happen: oysters bloodshot eyes Hegel  
sleeps with his violet from the outskirts  
the city coughs like  
an indian with a fever

São Paulo wakes in your thighs

sweetly

hot bath spiralling  
steam flakes of  
erotic samambaias

so while you hang out I will be

bleeding



**WHEN SEVERE ANXIETIES PREDOMINATE  
BUT DEPRESSION IS NOWHERE NEAR**

(Batman Baudelaire)

(our movements, or dreams analyzed etc.)

where seek

the blood

STRETCHED through

soil

sssssssplendisynergy

lacivious cannons

moan

of a

wounded

boy

wooden totems

avoiding angles

&

effects

LET US NOW LOVE

## EIGHTH FLOOR EQUINOX CARBONIZED

*for the poet Claudio Willer, my friend*

mad images their event

    raven in the clouds

        cowboys in plaza 14 Bis

    bus clogged with literati and Cornithians

        (before the basalt and perilous bends

            where went *Pithecanthropus*  
            *erectus?*)

this we dream this the

    world devolves to us a

*stravaganza* with unsoaped skin

here we go by ghost train in the

    park of love's bitterness

    our souls unelectrified

    on Lake Kropotkin

you petition for the right to asylum

you dive right into the front.

## OPEN YOUR EYES AND SAY AH!

und  
carnations  
several boring  
months  
&  
their images  
SE PAR AT ED  
carnaval  
where I AM  
the ultimate ALL  
eaten  
croaking mask  
in legends  
(my love on his BLIND march)  
days and night extinguished  
in  
silence  
&  
its  
arbitrary pieces

## TRANSFORMING THE HORIZON

the space  
    in  
        your arm  
opens the pace  
    cuts the trace  
in the corner of the mouth  
    I look and hear  
        your enchanted  
            sob  
wet-haired  
    i wait  
        for you  
            in the square  
                in the drizzle

*Je suis comme vous  
un enfant.*

Picabia

*Io vidi li occhi, dove Amor se mise  
quando mi fece de sè pauroso.*

Guido Cavalcanti