The Poetry Shed At NCLA 'Inside writing' Poetry Festival

Fiorella Angelini
MFA Fine Art Media at Slade School of Art (UCL)
London, July 2020

www.fiorellanagelini.com
www.instagram.com/fiorellalunaangelini
I.

Levitating soil
The fossil breaks.

Metallic sparkles floating onto the atmosphere
an angular shadow leaves the forest.

The warm and whitish red – that belongs to you -
looks like my skin.

Watery swinging in slope
protects you.

The river opens and fortifies your trip
mysterious journey: do not leave us without wounds.
Perfect mountain crack, dull after meditating too much.

Callous ashes and ancient burns collapse.
before us
but never reveal.

I read you in code
you are the expanded virus in the cave
pieces of material
moving slowly above
the still water - immobile.

Over the cold stone
I draw an invisible caress
relief to the blood.

A babbling of gentle winds
comes back this evening
it hides quickly in the presence of our sweat.

The temple returns to the stone,
the mineral to the quarry,
the cleave to the mountain.
II.

I tried to walk over my shadow again - race in -
the ethereal causing trouble.

The figure appeared floating with the smelly wind
a flurry of rotten food diverting the movement.

How much time left in here for our bodies to crush.
They heard the echo in the concrete and came to see.
The slow movement of their return from the ice-cold desert.

Now, defy their opinions:
dig in the ground, draw a shape above
bury an arrowhead and a fossil
- you are our anxious encounter -

Years ago they burned the corn in this very place.
When geography - our territory - broke down.
Now, only gaps where the eyes used to be.

We are forced to look for hidden meanings
find them again, every day
But ah! Your lack of history now belongs to us.

Show yourself in the offerings
in hidden unseen flashes.

The language is the code
you revealed it never deleted it.

Idols of the same figure, nothing physical can truly contain it.
The rocks fall down nearby, and yet they don't touch us.

Te veo descender de las montañas
Your mouth opens and says:
false approach to the natural
the thin figure fades away slowly.

I won't melt
unbury the bodies
and show me the wound.
III.

Years ago, there was a river that fell from the mountain to my house.

The groundwater hides the maps from the trees.

The cartographic lines - that I thought belonged to me - are intellectual property of the dead animal the one we picked up outside the clubhouse.

We leave its photo in the family album the pages of wrong photographs. Blurs and water spots.

The album will remain on the shelf for decades, until the deluge of ditches.

The wooden steps lead us to the clubhouse again we see the reflection in the puddle.

I am concerned about the expression lines indelible on my skin.

A rabbit – of any colour but white – comes to greet and lick the wrinkles on my face with its tiny tongue.

* Hidden sign of love *
IV.

Black earth, hold me
while we see the fallen larch.

A warm red opens in my mouth
comes out of the petal
and it surrenders softly to my tongue.

Your perfect touch on my back
it is rough leaf
moistened by dew.

If many hours pass, it withers.

The path opens before us
between glaciers and hollow stones.

Upon reaching the waterfall I will crown you with wet ash.

If you lose me, I'll wait for you
under the lowest beech tree on the road.

Touch each sheet with my head.
Outraged border.
Stills from the video and poem II by Fiorella Angelini.

Años atrás quemaron el maíz en este mismo lugar.

Years ago they burned the corn in this very place.

Cuando la geografía - nuestro territorio - se derrumbó.

When geography - our territory - broke down.

Siéntanos obligados a buscar significados ocultos.

We are forced to seek hidden meanings.