**Aldo Quagliotti**

**Japanese Tosa**

 **Extract only**

Japanese tosa

Aldo Quagliotti

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W C H P

To my sisters Guinea & Emily to my mum and my grandma to Lucas, forever my querido

to my uncle Antonio and to his braveness to Vivienne, and to our priceless friendship

To the power of making mistakes.

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I love you but ciao

Your love vows were amphigories just out of our own timescale obscure citations of anathemas were insipid and bland attempts to drive me away

from my absolute love for poetry

apoplectic with rage arboreal passion

for my unabashed hedonism never taking place

I said 'I love you'

you keep stammering stuttering

shuffling words together

to light up

the shadow of our past

 I'm still sunbathing under the baleful look of seasons they report me your absence for every time that I elaborately shout my care

for you

and you rapidly become befuddled as the days wore on

coda

I bewail my 'love you' you keep yammering hammering

pondering what words

you'll need to shuffle together

Lashing out

If It wasn't for writing, believe me I would not be weighed done

by this asphalt

I would not visit the moon uninvited with shrewish amphibians

I would follow

the quarrelsome thread of the back roads while singing

nursery rhymes and pub songs

If It wasn't for writing should you know

that I’d have holes in place of a heart

all filled with the terror of a meaningless death I’d have wings traced

by the shadow of a sunset that obscures my body

at the traffic light and

throws my silhouette to the ground

And if I had never written

I wouldn’t have the energy

of a brontosaurus

and hands bound to the light

that as an astigmatic I see nothing but the joy

spat on every face

On every swing of the plasma

Paraglider

From the heights

of a paraglider

your substance appeared

 as milk

your color as live birch

that I remembered from childhood a flock of violins

scattered in the mind

I felt the abyss of sight and the fear of the crash

curled up in a lonely ecstasy

I understood

how the dream had been through humanity's millennia opaque, fierce, confused

a dreamlike catalepsies of light

Amo você

when you rise from the main door

the world shall be

switched off

to instantly reseal

 your beauty

in my quivering hands

like a firefly you'd explode in light

like darkness I'd wrap you up there should be no secret

that love is what remains hidden ,

isolated from words

here in silence

I thrust open my tears for you to go canoeing in the middle of our self

there we have a lighthouse immune to every exile

You'll be there for me when I Inhale life

I'll be there for you

when you swallow astonishment

Eh no

this thin-skinned boy embrace your withering tongue with such delight!

and my Ode to joy became

an Act of Contrition

and I’m giggling so foolishly

 because I never find

the place to mortify

 my umbratile sadness

and I keep on searching

beaches of lightness

 cosmos of peace

vamos criar

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