

the Interruptions

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the Feminist:

the Feminist has a lisp in her hair  
a wan, greyish curl that gave up on conformity  
'—it expresses the confusion—' the lack thereof;  
the burnt burning / smoke without a fire  
a professorial-patch, a mark of Nuevo-tweed  
who knew it would leave a scar?

She looks up: up, as if at or into a cloud of words  
with '—a loss of voice—' she limps, preambles  
dances 'round them, a mess of mangled ums & uhs  
as if some blinding, white-sphere figures  
'—that render her unable to be exposed—'  
leave her stumbling across philosophical Truth/s.

The lecture hall '—a hospital of nervous diseases—'  
withers and slumps into a coma of confusion  
'—the density of human bodies—' cloy, and fat  
reciprocates her gaze with an empty cup: more  
but all the plucked-cherries '—terminates the analysis—'  
and the Word/s resumes, rotten not from sunlight.

She stumbles into a shrug, a burden, unchanged  
broken-backed '—intellectual integrity in that—'  
'—that's something to be admired—' in deed  
unable to '—function—' properly, honey-potted  
like an ant; too much give, not enough take  
and the wrong mind/s get swollen unto nothing.

the Foxes:

Homeboy meanders, maligns, intermingles  
dark and as wise as the night itself;  
Homeboy leans in close, dangles, interjects  
'—'omeboy. Listen to me.'  
words break apart his lips, escape in shallow breaths  
'... not in some nightclub – bro – listen to *him*.'

Withdraws into the night in daddylonglegged brevity:

'omeboy / 'ombre / olla / ciao  
the slick residue has bent the air in two  
as frantic night has swept the light in lieu  
of ticket inspectors, travelling as a pool  
for the sake of Order: Vandalism / Money: "Peace".

HipHopMan cannot see that the words he breathe'  
will never seethe the same as "be", "do", "please"  
beg the same as '—Gees, whatever, Bs, Cs, Ds...'  
or worm with ease into the mindless breeze  
of chattered seize-ing, bree-ding or mis-lead-ing  
orthographic symbols of disgust and virtue-d leavings.

They are as Foxes, vermin, running, wild: free  
they stop for no-thing, no-one, no-where  
they are as no-where, no-one, no-thing;  
scarlet droplets of the night's blood  
rising from footpaths, like spilt gasoline  
they make no sound and they leave no stain.

the Seraph:

the Seraph cut his wings with a bulldog-clip;  
'—fucked and mad—' he fed them to his son  
poriferas vignettes, like shooting in Galaga  
Han Solo & Chewbacca, marijuana for incense  
and tangled, wiry hair in all the wise places.

It is always the same white suit, beige trousers:  
beige being '—the colour of the Universe—'  
he bleeds into the sunlight, an amalgamation  
and, like a blind man walking into a mural  
it is the only way he can feel for its colour.

We speak until the interruptions cease  
bite each other's tongues with precision  
bemoan Baraka's blues, Gerrard's gibberish:  
'Did it make it any less beautiful for you—?'  
'—It did, actually—' / '—Like being lied to.'

Beauty: every language other than one's own  
instead '—we should replace Illusions—'  
and take steps to maintain ignorance (as bliss)  
earn money ("future time") and lose change  
because for what it's worth '—It's not worth it.'

the Spirits:

Cedric has a scarab beetle crawling up the mic  
Omar invokes Hendrix, wearing an old man cap;  
the said Spirits kindred, extensions of the other  
weave between each other's riffs and words  
as sensuous looks are exchanged within a rap.

The mosh is a roiling pit of ganglionic catharsis  
of inebriated veins and disembodied stains  
that have been here since '—the beginning—'  
Bok-globules separate unevenly in a tense haze  
brothers, sisters, family: spirits drinking spirits.

Pressed into the shoulder blades of a disjunct teen  
our bones blanch together in each other's sweat;  
while felt-up elbows and makeshift hard-ons  
search for something other than themselves...  
but in the end, all blood did was take up space.

*Malocchio* metal pledges wave in synchronicity  
in the aftermath of bleeding eyes and Teflon tears  
between wages and beverages, 7/11 smoko-runs:  
puff-puff wanking wannabes with disco hairdos  
'—You don't know how lame you guys really are.'

the Marxist:

The pull of the Marxist is a shy aura  
beneath a crinkled aluminium smile;  
rustling papers for an outdated revolution  
that would only come full circle again.

Quickly, the conversation exhausts itself  
into (capitalistic) slogans of semantic satiation  
rephrasing all the '—chalk on the sidewalk—'  
into blisters, calluses and old writer's corns...

Memories, like spitting into the ends of pens  
trying to make them last longer; us  
as if we were kissing them  
and kisses brought back dead things to life.

That was back when we were innocent  
and the sea's colour didn't mean anything  
because '—Facts don't cease to exist—'  
'—just because they are wrong.'

the Twins:

... with his head rested (on the landscape)  
against the glass, sleep unravels tired;  
and the brain, given a little bit of light  
tries to make realities from a Black Sun.

the Twins share their hands like umbilical cords  
they trade each other's pacers like heartbeats  
their thoughts unravel on the page like *Kilkhora*:  
sand mandalas, until they attain enlightenment.

One is as a Solaris: she sits there and she glows  
though '—my infatuation for is not remarkable—'  
it is speaking eyes, pre-sumptuous, scopophilic,  
the only time when the double-vision is real.

Word/s are exchanged through a simple glance  
between the glass, before a bow: *Kalachakra*  
only through the reflection of a reflection of myself  
'—She exists.'

the Shaman:

The same storm has been raining for over a year  
while never a drop has e'er hit the ground;  
it is always '—I am cold—I am cold—I am cold.'

There was a time when we shared blood, you and I  
and we drew pictures of each other, maybe, or not;  
'—When will I die—?' / '—Not for a very long time.'

When it wasn't lullabies of smoke, it was B-I-N-G-O  
salami sandwiches and waggonwheels in front of the tele:  
but all the while you were pregnant with something else.

Now sleeping is like scratching: just sensation substitution  
dream of dreaming sleep and you will come back a Shaman  
inside, else has already been born '—and BINGO is his name-o!'



the Divo:

the Divo '—ñack-ñack—' died after sitting on his hands;  
left a Florentine self-portrait to '—always be remembered—'  
with a stolen pup to command his gaze and piss on his grave.

Shorter than the rest, he turned to his favourite fork  
wore-out the tape of his own voice singing gridlock-operas  
and made a cap that said: '—Mario is your friend.'

After drifting in circles, he wandered in search of wanderers  
drove for the sheer sake of pleasure, as Brando or McQueen  
and on ferrying Freddy Mercury, remarked simply '—strange.'

On becoming '—o-Nonno—' he was born, overnight-wise  
baptised his grandson in regrets with a broken slingshot  
and made him make the sign of the Holy Trinity '—Amen.'