



collana ragnatele

124

Alessandro Giudice

The true ballad
of those left behind

New adventures in loneliness





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“Ho visto anche degli zingari felici”.
Ed io ero uno di loro.

Valid thru...

I

For a longtime I've unwillingly undertaken
to build myself a world in which
what I do is painfully wrong and
what I think makes my life obsessive and impossible.
I'm laboriously trying to solve all this.

II

I guess it is correct to say that, if any such thing as time really exists the way we human beings perceive it, then time flows.

In that case, I guess it is also correct to say that all which is time past can't flow any longer, simply because it's gone, despite the unconscious.

III

Under the sycamore tree
between you and me
a glimpse of light
a breath of night
set sail in the sunset.
Never been to Wichita
never supposed to meet ya
but there's music to let
always bright
always in sight
between you and me
under the sycamore tree.

IV

What's good in tap dancing
on the counter of a shabby gas station luncheonette
in the middle of the desert?

V

Life's waiting for me to show that I've had enough,
while I'm waiting for the wonderful end of this wretched
humankind.

Today, living alone makes sense to women
while to men it's more difficult but the reasons for this
are pointless;

what truly matters is: it's more difficult to men.

Naturally, I have no need of anyone else's instigation to
stay alone,

I've provided also for this by myself in a long time so far;
life in its many ways has forced me to do without company.

So, tonight, just like many other nights, by car I went to
the lighthouse.

Many men are alone but they don't go there,
it was only me, nobody else, which was fine.

I could have stopped and lain and slept on an old mattress
I saw by the roadside on my way back, as far as I was
concerned,

guffawing at life and death.

VI

If some music is deeply good for you when you live,
then it is also truly good for you when you die.

VII

Sometimes.

On a rainy evening you can see everything.

On a rainy evening you can see nothing.

And all which is in between.

Call it: soul.

VIII

The next time, if there's one next time,
hotcha, you better mind your heel
whether you pay lip service or not.
You should have known better.
So, rid anyone of your uncanny scam and sultry ball&chain.
Quit your lanky haberdasher-like perfunctory disarray,
slink out of your henpecked upholster-like desultoriness.
Trade places with a jester.
Hoist your own catharsis.
Exchange a turnpike for an open road and a far ley.

IX

Twilight is at dawn.
Twilight is at sunset.
Dream harder.
Swig all the colors.
Deploy your imagination.

X

Why: the best offer is the particular one you've lost.
Then you better poke fun at it by yourself.