

Claudio Parodi *A tree, at night*

English translation

1 – A tree, at night

A tree at night...

Feather of an eagle...

Night. A fake night. Sure, the street-lamp is necessary, but how can I sleep with all this light? I can't help, even at this time in the night, to see as it were daytime what happens in front of me. This continuous light, I can never have a little rest...

By now, after all these years, always in the same place, what happens now, what happened in the past seasons, everything is mixing, everything becomes less and less comprehensible. Hey, what moved between my branches? It's winter now, I have no fruits. Again, something moved. I have no fruits. How can Donna Bicipite [Biceps-Woman] survive only with the smoke of her cigarettes? I have only seven dried leaves on my branches. [1] But even when I can't count by myself how many leaves I have, there are always cats around. [2] Now, for instance, a white cat spotted of black is walking by... No, they are two different cats, they are similar. The only one I can tell at once is the red one which belongs to Sediosauro [Chair-saurus]. Who can ever be this girl who is jogging every morning at four? Sure, now it's too cold, she is just walking, but every morning at four she passes anyway. Dawn is coming, here it comes the first lark. And here it comes the guy who takes the things people leave by the dumpsters. A popular district which trashes computers, besides trash. And how can Guscio di Lumaca [Shell of the Snail] lay on a branch of mine?

[1] [Foglia rinsecchita, Dried leaf]

Sorry... Sorry... When someone else parks at your place, you should park at his back. You park at their back so they get it. It's a private parking. So they get it.

[2] [Gatti, Cats]

Okay cats, ready? One, two, three, four...

2 – Il Sediosauro [Chair-saurus]

[Sediosauro, Chair-saurus]

I really really really don't care! I have a position, now. When I had my chair, I looked at the parking all day long, and it was fun. It's a private parking. Someone has to watch it, all day. So I looked at it, and it was fun. But the rest wasn't that easy. Every morning at five I had to open the door to the red cat, saying: "Please come, please come..." And Donna Bicipite [Biceps-Woman] is telling me that I should take two tortoises. More, I was alone all the time... Anyway, the chair got broken, and they gave me an armchair. Yes, it was nice, but how can I look at the parking under the roof? Finally, the bench. Ah! My buddies, the bench is the real McCoy.

God bless the benches...

In a flash, Donna Bicipite [Biceps-Woman] and myself, we start making favours each other. She gets cigarettes for me, and I get them for her. How could she do without cigarettes?

Then, Madre del Sorriso [Mother of the Smile] comes on the bench. Now she really like it, she always comes on the bench, and she keeps on talking on talking on talking. Anyway, I

have to be kind toward the ladies. Indeed, Madre del Sorriso [Mother of the Smile] and I, we wait for Donna Bicipite [Biceps-Woman], she's got a car, and we go to the bar, and it is fun. And now they opened another one.

Then, in the evening, I go at Donna Bicipite [Biceps-Woman]'s home even when all the family is in, meanwhile Madre del Sorriso [Mother of the Smile] doesn't come, she has a daughter. Me, instead, I watch TV, and it's fun even though I am not on the bench.

Then, with the red cat, everything is OK. [1] I put on him a nice green collar, and I give him food outside. I still have to get how he put off his collar. Anyway, I got another cat, the grey one with the huge belly. [2] At least, he still has his brown collar on.

Anyway my buddies, the bench, the bench, the bench...

[1]

Every time I see him, I think: - Ehy Boss.

[2]

I'm sorry, I can't...

Note on translation:

Sediosauro speaks with expressions – and formal grammar errors – which are the richness of Italian language from South Italy. English translation is trying to give the meaning.

3 – corridoio, la Donna Bicipite [corridor, Biceps-Woman]

1

I can't remember how many times they rang at my building bell, how many at my home bell, how many times I just imagined it, or I dreamt of it...

[Brillantina, Grease]

By sure I won't waste my time to say hello. Everytime I go out, before, I put grease on my hair. One single hair at time. Indeed, my hair is perfect. Impeccable. Carved. Eternal. So, can you see ME wasting my time to say hello?...

2

I' smoke...

[Donna Bicipite, Biceps-Woman]

I don't give up. I've got my cigarettes.

I agree, the beginning was difficult. I had a huge terrace, and I kept trees in my pots. Here, on the contrary, we have only one single tree... Anyway – wait, I light a cigarette – anyway I was saying, as nobody is running after me, I put everything at its place. My plants on my terrace, my home is in order. One TV-set in my living-room, another one in my bedroom. They are always on, they support me. In the afternoon – wait, I take the ashtray – in the afternoon I was saying, I go to play card. What is important is to never ever be without cigarettes, and to keep the TV-sets always on. When I'm in. When I go out in the afternoon I switch them off. But I never close completely my windows, so it seems someone is in. And I park my car in front of my windows – then, as I am there, a little chat with the lady living in front, and I take a fruit from the tree. Please excuse me, I take another packet of cigarettes. May I offer you one?

Now I'm crazy busy. My sons come to see me, with their women, and with my grandkids. From time to time – where did I put the ashtray? – from time to time I was saying, I go to see them, I can find cigarettes there as well, right? Here, with Madre del Sorriso [Mother of the

Smile], we act like we were friends. When she starts talking, I light a cigarette, and we sit on the bench of Sediosauro [Chair-saurus]. Sediosauro [Chair-saurus] comes too, and I let them talk, I have my cigarettes anyway. Then we go to the bar, but we sit outside, I have to smoke.

Yes I' smoke...

When everybody comes to see me, it's a continuous comings and goings, I have to keep my home door and the building door always open. But I like it, and I've always got my TV-sets. About animals – wait, I light another cigarette – about animals I was saying, no problem at all. My cat has never been short of anything [1] – she poor thing, when we came here she was loosing her hair, but now she's alright. Should I mind to take care of a little dog? From time to time I take care of a Great Dane. I didn't ask you if you would like to have a cigarette...

[1] [Gatti, Cats]

One, two, wait – I've the hunch we have a new singer...

4 – scale, Foglia rinsecchita [stairs, Dried leaf]

1

[Madre del Sorriso, Mother of the Smile]

mayImaylareyousleeping?ihnoyouareawakethoughtyouweresleepingihsoyouboughtit [1]
pleasewaitIhavetogoandseemydaughteryoushowittomelaterbyesoyouareengaged?
ihsonybestwisheshelloareyouOK?

IthoughtyouwerestillsickpleasecomeandhelpmehelloihsonerangthebellbutIdon'tknowwhoi
twasihmaybeitwasthepostmanhallosopleascomeandhelpmehallowearebackhisomeoneisringi
ngthebellagainwhoareyou?whoareyou?

[1] [Donna Bicipite, Biceps-Woman]

Hey, did I tell you my niece lives with me now?

2

The moon outside of me the moon inside of me...

And the leaves are falling...

And I' cut and I' cut and I' cut...

[Foglia rinsecchita, Dried leaf]

Ooh, I didn't chop the parsley with my two-handled knife yet. What will happen if I'm late?
People living on the upper floor are screaming. It's not fine. But he is his son. They are
screaming 'cause of an argument. What Maniaco della Pulizia [Cleaning Addicted] should
do? It's not fine, but he is his son. Ooh, I have to chop the parsley with my two-handled knife,
otherwise I will be late.

I SAID NO AND NO AND NO!

People next door they scream too. It's not fine, but it's a baby, so it's normal. When it's a
baby it's not fine but it's normal. Ooh, if I don't chop the parsley with my two-handled knife
now I will be late. Eeh, it's a baby, so it's normal, even though it's not fine. It's not like
Maniaco della Pulizia [Cleaning Addicted]. They scream 'cause of an argument, and it's not
fine, but he is his son anyway. What Maniaco della Pulizia [Cleaning Addicted] should do?
They scream 'cause of an argument, but he is his son, what should he do?

AS I SAID NO, IT'S NO AND NO AND NO!

Ooh, I still have to chop the parsley with my two-handled knife. But I have to go out, what will
happen if I'm late? As usual they left the postboxes wide open. But it's not fine, so it's me

who shut them. And they never close the door, and it's not fine, with all those cats around. [1]
Ooh, so I will be late, and I won't make to chop the parsley with my two-handed knife.

I ALREADY SAID NO, SO IT'S NO AND NO AND NO!

I have to go out for my business. Ooh, I already know I will be late, so I won't make to chop the parsley with my two-handed knife. I dress properly, otherwise it's not fine. I tell everybody that people living on the upper floor scream 'cause of an argument, and I tell everybody that it's not fine. But he is his son. What Maniaco della Pulizia [Cleaning Addicted] should do? He is his son. If it were a baby, like next door, it's not fine, but it's normal. But he is his son instead, what Maniaco della Pulizia [Cleaning Addicted] should do? Ooh, I can't make to chop the parsley with my two-handed knife, as I will be late. I also tell everybody that they always leave the postboxes wide open, so it's me who shut them, as it's not fine. And, that door, they never close it, and it's not fine. Ooh, I got it, I will be late, and I won't make to chop the parsley with my two-handed knife...

[1] [Gatti, Cats]

One, two, no – Jesus, who closed the door?

Note on translation:

The two-handed chopping knife is called in Italian "mezzaluna". "Mezzaluna" translates also half moon.

5 – Sutra di Guscio di Lumaca [Sutra of Shell of the Snail]

1

The bicycle is the vehicle for the knowledge of the universe...

[Guscio di Lumaca, Shell of the Snail]

I, Shell of the Snail, Ofselfperfectobliviondispenser, Ofselfperfectobliviondispenser,
Ofselfperfectobliviondispenser, avulsed,
Dresser of spectacles which my look in contemplation of myself keep,
Never my words with any human being I blend and corrupt.

Only with dog, and only with him, with avulsed joy I join up;
Perfect dog, avulsed, Tootherbeingfearcausenotneeder, Tootherbeingfearcausenotneeder,
Tootherbeingfearcausenotneeder,
With him my path I lay, delight with each other sharing.

Two wheeled vehicle not any more working, corrupted, abandoned, repudiated,
Trash of human being, obstacle to my path, of spirit lacking,
From oblivion I take and lift, welcome, cure, freshen up.

To being other than me, not pure, not detached, not avulsed,
By human compassion kept, to the material world belonging,
As a present I give the repaired vehicle, in order to smooth his own path.

The look of mine I infuse in human being, earthy flesh, alive, mortal;
Human being by spirit of mine enlightened, serene, affable, courteous, not avulsed,
The look of mine he dresses, and in the universe he passes.

Human being, Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer, Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer,
Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer, not avulsed;
Smile on his face he dresses and other human being in his spirit he welcomes,
Words of his, not of mine, he pronounces and shares.

With two wheeled vehicle he too travels and the universe he explores, knows, feels sorry for;
The look of mine on himself he dresses; not I, but he to others speaks, and others in himself
welcomes;

I therefore can through the material world unnoticed pass.

On tree I lay, which I don't understand, wise tree, not avulsed;
Tree of ancient body, Of others destiny always sharing, Of others destiny always sharing,
Of others destiny always sharing, watching spirit,
On body of him alive, on body of him dead, avulsed I stand still.

2

[Guscio di Lumaca, Shell of the Snail]

Trash of human being, obstacle to my path, of spirit lacking,
From oblivion I take and lift, welcome, cure, freshen up;
To being other than me, not pure, not detached, not avulsed,

By human compassion kept, to the material world belonging,
As a present I give the repaired vehicle, in order to smooth his own path.
The look of mine I infuse in human being, earthy flesh, alive, mortal.

Human being by spirit of mine enlightened, serene, affable, courteous, not avulsed.
The look of mine he dresses, and in the universe he passes.
Human being, Of shell of the snail only look bringer, Of shell of the snail only look bringer,
Of shell of the snail only look bringer, not avulsed.

Smile on his face he dresses and other human being in his spirit he welcomes,
Words of his, not of mine, he pronounces and shares;
With two wheeled vehicle he too travels and the universe he explores, knows, feels sorry for.

The look of mine on himself he dresses; not I, but he to others speaks, and others in himself
welcomes;

I therefore can through the material world unnoticed pass;
On tree I lay, which I don't understand, wise tree, not avulsed.

Tree of ancient body, Of others destiny always sharing, Of others destiny always sharing,
Of others destiny always sharing, watching spirit,
On body of him alive, on body of him dead, avulsed I stand still;
I, Shell of the Snail, Of self perfect oblivion dispenser, Of self perfect oblivion dispenser,
Of self perfect oblivion dispenser, avulsed.

Dresser of spectacles which my look in contemplation of myself keep,
Never my words with any human being I blend and corrupt;
Only with dog, and only with him, with avulsed joy I join up.

Perfect dog, avulsed, To other being fear cause not needer, To other being fear cause not needer,
To other being fear cause not needer,
With him my path I lay, delight with each other sharing;
Two wheeled vehicle I any more don't see, corrupted, abandoned, repudiated.

3

[Guscio di Lumaca, Shell of the Snail]

The look of mine he dresses, and in the universe he passes,
Human being, Of shell of the snail only look bringer, Of shell of the snail only look bringer,
Of shell of the snail only look bringer, not avulsed;
Smile on his face he dresses and other human being in his spirit he welcomes.

Words of his, not of mine, he pronounces and shares;
With two wheeled vehicle he too travels and the universe he explores, knows, feels sorry for;
The look of mine on himself he dresses; not I, but he to others speaks, and others in himself
welcomes.

I therefore can through the material world unnoticed pass;
On tree I lay, which I don't understand, wise tree, not avulsed;

Tree of ancient body, Of others destiny always sharing, Of others destiny always sharing,
Of others destiny always sharing, watching spirit.

On body of him alive, on body of him dead, avulsed I stand still,
I, Shell of the Snail, Of self perfect oblivion dispenser, Of self perfect oblivion dispenser,
Of self perfect oblivion dispenser, avulsed,
Dresser of spectacles which my look in contemplation of myself keep.

Never my words with any human being I blend and corrupt;
Only with dog, and only with him, with avulsed joy I join up;
Perfect dog, avulsed, Too other being fear cause not needer, Too other being fear cause not needer,
Too other being fear cause not needer.

With him my path I lay, delight with each other sharing;
Two wheeled vehicle not any more working, corrupted, abandoned, repudiated,
Trash of human being, obstacle to my path, of spirit lacking,

From oblivion I take and lift, welcome, cure, freshen up;
To being other than me, not pure, not detached, not avulsed,
By human compassion kept, to the material world belonging,

As a present I give the repaired vehicle, in order to smooth his own path;
The look of mine I infuse in human being, earthy flesh, alive, mortal;
Human being by spirit of mine enlightened, serene, affable, courteous, not avulsed.

4

[Guscio di Lumaca, Shell of the Snail]

On tree I lay, which I don't understand, wise tree, not avulsed;
Tree of ancient body, Of others destiny always sharing, Of others destiny always sharing,
Of others destiny always sharing, watching spirit,
On body of him alive, on body of him dead, avulsed I stand still.

I, Shell of the Snail, Of self perfect oblivion dispenser, Of self perfect oblivion dispenser,
Of self perfect oblivion dispenser, avulsed,
Dresser of spectacles which my look in contemplation of myself keep,
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Perfect dog, avulsed, Too other being fear cause not needer, Too other being fear cause not needer,
Too other being fear cause not needer,
With him my path I lay, delight with each other sharing.

Two wheeled vehicle not any more working, corrupted, abandoned, repudiated,
Trash of human being, obstacle to my path, of spirit lacking,
From oblivion I take and lift, welcome, cure, freshen up.

To being other than me, not pure, not detached, not avulsed,
By human compassion kept, to the material world belonging,
As a present I give the repaired vehicle, in order to smooth his own path.

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Human being by spirit of mine enlightened, serene, affable, courteous, not avulsed,
The look of mine he dresses, and in the universe he passes.

Human being, Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer, Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer,
Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer, not avulsed;
Smile on his face he dresses and other human being in his spirit he welcomes,
Words of his, not of mine, he pronounces and shares.

With two wheeled vehicle he too travels and the universe he explores, knows, feels sorry for;
The look of mine on himself he dresses; not I, but he to others speaks, and others in himself
welcomes;
I therefore can through the material world unnoticed pass.

5

[Guscio di Lumaca, Shell of the Snail]

Perfect dog, avulsed, Tootherbeingfearcausenotneedier, Tootherbeingfearcausenotneedier,
Tootherbeingfearcausenotneedier,

With him my path I lay, delight with each other sharing.

Two wheeled vehicle not any more working, corrupted, abandoned, repudiated,

Trash of human being, obstacle to my path, of spirit lacking,

From oblivion I take and lift, welcome, cure, freshen up.

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Human being, Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer, Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer,

Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer, not avulsed;

Smile on his face he dresses and other human being in his spirit he welcomes,

Words of his, not of mine, he pronounces and shares.

With two wheeled vehicle he too travels and the universe he explores, knows, feels sorry for;

The look of mine on himself he dresses; not I, but he to others speaks, and others in himself
welcomes;

I therefore can through the material world unnoticed pass.

On tree I lay, which I don't understand, wise tree, not avulsed;

Tree of ancient body, Ofothersdestinyalwayssharing, Ofothersdestinyalwayssharing,

Ofothersdestinyalwayssharing, watching spirit,

On body of him alive, on body of him dead, avulsed I stand still.

I, Shell of the Snail, Ofselfperfectobliviondispenser, Ofselfperfectobliviondispenser,

Ofselfperfectobliviondispenser, avulsed,

Dresser of spectacles which my look in contemplation of myself keep,

Never my words with any human being I blend and corrupt.

Only with dog, and only with him, with avulsed joy I join up.

6

[Guscio di Lumaca, Shell of the Snail]

As a present I give the repaired vehicle, in order to smooth his own path.

The look of mine I infuse in human being, earthy flesh, alive, mortal;
Human being by spirit of mine enlightened, serene, affable, courteous, not avulsed,
The look of mine he dresses, and in the universe he passes.
Human being, Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer, Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer,
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I therefore can through the material world unnoticed pass.
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Ofothersdestinyalwayssharing, watching spirit,
On body of him alive, on body of him dead, avulsed I stand still.
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Ofselfperfectobliviondispenser, avulsed,
Dresser of spectacles which my look in contemplation of myself keep,
Never my words with any human being I blend and corrupt.
Only with dog, and only with him, with avulsed joy I join up;
Perfect dog, avulsed, Tootherbeingfearcausenotneeder, Tootherbeingfearcausenotneeder,
Tootherbeingfearcausenotneeder,
With him my path I lay, delight with each other sharing.
Two wheeled vehicle I any more don't see, corrupted, abandoned, repudiated,
Trash of human being, obstacle to my path, of spirit lacking,
From oblivion I take and lift, welcome, cure, freshen up
A being other than me, not pure, not detached, not avulsed,
By human compassion kept, to the material world belonging.

7

[Guscio di Lumaca, Shell of the Snail]
With two wheeled vehicle he too travels and the universe he explores, knows, feels sorry for;
The look of mine on himself he dresses; not I, but he to others speaks, and others in himself
welcomes;
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Ofothersdestinyalwayssharing, watching spirit,
On body of him alive, on body of him dead, avulsed I stand still.
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Ofselfperfectobliviondispenser, avulsed,
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From oblivion I take and lift, welcome, cure, freshen up.

To being other than me, not pure, not detached, not avulsed,
By human compassion kept, to the material world belonging,
As a present I give the repaired vehicle, in order to smooth his own path.

The look of mine I infuse in human being, earthy flesh, alive, mortal;
Human being by spirit of mine enlightened, serene, affable, courteous, not avulsed,
The look of mine he dresses, and in the universe he passes.

Human being, Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer, Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer,
Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer, not avulsed;
Smile on his face he dresses and other human being in his spirit he welcomes,
Words of his, not of mine, he pronounces and shares.

8

[Guscio di Lumaca, Shell of the Snail]

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I, Shell of the Snail, Ofselfperfectobliviondispenser, Ofselfperfectobliviondispenser,
Ofselfperfectobliviondispenser, avulsed.

6 – Il Maniaco della Pulizia [Cleaning Addicted]

1

I wanna clean the world...

Out of control out of control (life is)...

[Maniaco della Pulizia, Cleaning Addicted]

Are you going out? Please wait, I'm keeping the door open for you. Let's hope it won't rain!
Holy Mother of God, how much rain this year!

Five Zero Zero AM. To take the elevator. To take my bicycle. To go to the fruits and vegetables market to buy. To get back home.

In the morning. To clean my car. Bucket, water, detergent, sponge, swab. In winter, to cover my car with cloth. In summer, to cover the dashboard of my car with cloth. To get back home.

Sunday morning. To listen at home to the song of the swordfish.

My God, how much I love you!

If it's not raining, to pull out the grass in front of the building. My hands with gloves. Trowel if my hands with gloves are not enough. To get back home.

After lunch. To trash the trash. Plastic basket bound with bow. Dumpster. To get back home.

Afternoon. To clean my son's scooter. Alcohol. To get back home.

[L'Antipatico, The Unpleasant One]

I'm really hip! Everytime I go out, before, I puff myself a good amount of perfume. And to be sure to have my hair always in order, at home, in front of the mirror, I put my helmet on...

[Maniaco della Pulizia, Cleaning Addicted]

Seven Zero Zero PM. To put my son's scooter in my cave. To take out the boot of the scooter. To open the door. To lay on the floor the boot of the scooter which keeps the door open. To pass the scooter through the door and to bring it until the door of the caves. To take back the boot of the scooter so the door closes. To lay on the floor close to the scooter the boot of the scooter. To open the door of the caves. To enter the scooter in the corridor of the caves. To open the door of my cave. To put the scooter in my cave. To put back at its place the boot of the scooter. To lock the door of my cave. To get back home.

2

[Maniaco della Pulizia, Cleaning Addicted]

Holy Mother of God, how much rain this year! Let's hope it won't rain! It's us who got the door repaired, if we would have waited for the administrator... And why on earth I try to be polite with everybody, and nobody is that much polite with me?

Let me see, if my shoe doesn't dirty the floor, so it can't dirty neither the pedal of my bicycle, right?

Holy Mother of God, the bodywork of this other car is scraped and dented, the inside is stained and torn, the tires are horrible. This other car is a real rubbish. But, it's not my business, I'm telling nothing to the administrator...

At last all this noise from the other apartment is over! What dolphins have to do with that, then? But, it's not my business, I'm telling nothing to the administrator...

Holy Mother of God, what's this smell? And all this ivy? So it would be a proper terrace, this other one? But, it's not my business, I'm telling nothing to the administrator...

Why on earth every time I get back home after trashing the trash, something else to be trashed always pops up?

I'm polite with everybody, but my son instead...

After I put my son's scooter in my cave, I wash my hands with soap. And it comes in my mind. Holy Mother of God, if the soap is dirty? So I clean the soap with alcohol, and I wash my hands with the clean soap. And it comes in my mind. Holy Mother of God, if the water is dirty?

7 – Sentenza n. 2255 [Sentence n. 2255]

A tree at night...

In name of the Black Pearl

Here we are to judge the Tree about the crimes as per articles sixtwofour – freedom of life – and sixtwofive number two – chthonic aggravating – humiliation of happiness code.

We have the proof that the accused indeed flourished out of control for immemorial time, showing himself to be alive, inducing therefore to contemplation. Which is cause of distraction from the compulsory abuse of CRT as per article onethreethree induced common feeling code. The accused then, with the uncontrolled growing of his roots, could have damaged the covering of the territory with already damaged asphalt, as per article fivesix induced common feeling code.

We therefore find the Tree guilty about the crimes as per articles sixtwofour and sixtwofive number two humiliation of happiness code and we condemn him to death.

As per articles fivethreethree fivethreefive fivefivesix intricate procedure code we order as follows.

The body of the Tree must be cut into parts twenty centimetres long. The cutting into parts of the body of the Tree must happen in a time not to be shorter than seven days and with a proper timetable, in order to produce the due bother, as per article sixtwo bis intricate procedure code – exacerbation acoustic pollution. The parts of the body of the Tree must be shown to public ridicule for seven days, as per article sixtwo number four intricate procedure code – intimidation by administration. It is strictly forbidden any contact with the parts of the body of the Tree.

[Guscio di Lumaca, Shell of the Snail]

I, Shell of the Snail, Ofselfperfectobliviondispenser, Ofselfperfectobliviondispenser,
Ofselfperfectobliviondispenser, avulsed,
To earthly law not a thought I give.

The Avatar of mine, Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer, Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer,
Ofshellofthesnailonlylookbringer, not avulsed,
Breathlessness in himself he grows.

At the place of the body of the Tree we order to plant an absurdly stranger plant, as per article fivefourfive intricate procedure code. The planting must artfully happen in the wrong time, as per article fivefourfive bis intricate procedure code.

The land free from the roots of the Tree must be set as territory for vehicle stopping [*aka parking*] as per articles twosixseven – administration duty to distract from alternative vehicle – andourninezero – administration duty to atarassico daily traffic jam – induced common feeling code.

On the seventh day of the fourth month of the eleventh year from the foundation of the town.

Note on translation:

Sentenza n. 2255 is an on purpose exacerbation of legal Italian, a language which *makes* the richness of the happy few too many Italian lawyers – common people can only pay the bill, whatever happens. English translation is trying to give the meaning.

8 – The red bad cat gang

Pff, male number one is starting over...

[Gatti, Cats]

Okay cats, ready? One, two. Three

We are the red bad cat gang ruling around

Black and white

No one can tell

We are just cats

All over the place.

I'm standing out

I'm red like hell

Everyone sees that

I'm leading the band.

Early in the morning,

The man on the bench,

He calls me to feed me

And I take that chance.

He grabs me at my neck

As the cattle of the ranch

Puts on me a tie, and

I'm afraid I would die.

As no one can frame me

It's only some food

I rush as I can

Outside of that cage!

I lay down the law

And this is for good

I'm really the leader

Of this neighbourhood.

I laze all day long

Comes rain or comes shine

I'm not like the grey one, who

Keeps sneaking inside.

He looks too much childish

And this is not fine

A kitten, or a cat?

How can he be that fat?

Hard to count on the ladies

When you are keeping a band;

She's black and she's sexy,

But that's all she can.

She sings, and it's over
At all does not blend
She never does join us
Alone all the time.

They want the door closed
They want to control
'Cause of the common law
They are square all their life.
No breath in their thoughts
No air, not at all
Keep watching the ground!
Don't look at the sky...

[Donna Bicipite, Biceps-Woman]
Excuse me, are you sure there is no mice round here?

9 – Feather of an eagle

Feather of an eagle...

You can see me only once in your lifetime. I stand still in plain light. A feather of an eagle in my hand. I stare at you. My eyes are brighter than the sun.

Otherwise, I am the smoke coming out from the chimney of my house. My house is a whole with the tree. Plastic at the broken windows. If I really am to go outside of my home, I cover my head and my body. They don't look like clothes anymore.

I, and the tree. They decided to cut the tree. They decided I can't spend the winter in my home any more. They never say if they invented the disease first, or the cure first, and then, the disease.

They cut the tree. And they re-built my house. Solar panels on the roof. A nice railing at the balcony. Still with the scaffolding, they put an olive branch on top of the façade. This is good. Now that the new house is almost ready, when the builders aren't there, they let kids playing. This is good too.

I don't know who will live in my house. I don't know who will live in my house. I don't know who will live in my house. I don't know who will live in my house.

English translation by Claudio Parodi