

Vanni Santoni

ALCUNE STANZE / SOME ROOMS

HGH 2016



ALCUNE STANZE / SOME ROOMS

from: *999 Rooms, Dream of the Blue Room*



ROOM 138



...and they were...  
where were they?  
oh, they were:  
in the axis  
of the beam  
of the nerve  
of the gland  
of the core  
of the thousand petal flower  
in the glade  
in the depth of the cave  
in a mountain  
(!)  
of the ridge  
in between  
the two plates  
(sole two plates  
that were left)  
in the shadow  
of the memory  
of the echo  
of the aura  
of the glare

of a world  
(of a worlde!)  
long forgotten  
with its star(re) & constellation  
(itself matter of perspective)  
in the galaxy  
of the cluster  
of a universe  
knot or line  
in a gridlock  
neural system  
of the brain  
of a god  
dreamt by gods  
making pattern  
in the wall  
of the shell  
of a cell  
of a root  
of a bush  
set aflame  
by the will  
(by the wish!)  
of a syllable  
long let loose  
by a kid  
in a vale...



ROOM 139



- Hey Vis’
- Wha?
- Shall we get to that shack?
- What shack?
- Down there, ’t the end of the vale!
- Uh, mighty be one ’a those, y’know, deptsoevers...
- Old Fran’s stuff? Let us check!

AND DOWN WE WENT

...

*In the mountains, there you feel free – ’less you discover (you rea-lize) the one room room.*



ROOM 140



Here in our neighborhood – I know, you’d call this countryside, but just take your time, look! or walk, find me a patch from where you cannot see a house, a chimney, a building: you cannot, because they build, they build those bloody roosts everywhere, everywhere pirate henshacks, every old man a henshack, then they add a couple CGI’s for the tools, and, hey, why not a barbecue? WHY NOT upgrade it to oven? *Pizza per tutti!* Che ci vuole, due traforati di ghisa... E siamo fortunati! Fossimo giù, due stagioni e diventano case. E sono fortunati: fossero in India, non metterebbero il tetto mai: never, ever a roof, every storey, live beams loose and the lattice of RC rebars, ’cos, you know, anytime you might need another level, a couple new rooms... Until in a room, in that one room, in that brand new, still chalky and unwindowed room, there gemmates, splits, spins, bursts & raises a Thunderous Goddess of Destruction...

(– Hey Rāmachata!

– Howdy, Povinda!

– Got any tonite?

– Thunderous Goddesses of D.? Let me check, season’s coming...)





ROOM 141



then, a transition.  
tracers, confetti, a couple black frames.  
dim lights on, enter  
a honest living room  
blue wallpaper, moiré  
mom cries on a chair  
That's *all*, says dad,  
his beard, then, still dark.



ROOM 142



'twas there, briefly,  
that your existence expanded  
(by then liquid, gaseous, solely energetic)  
over and under the cranium unique and manifold  
of deities in myriad,  
its dome pulsating slowly  
its transparency being pure golden love  
its nature being Word, in a system of systems of systems...





ROOM 143



a furious bellow of universes



ROOM 144



(then)  
the disturbing presence of objects  
(the sense of things coagulating  
in murk)  
a clean perception of space  
(not position:  
compass points all mashed up,  
yet here's a room,  
that usual room,  
that's 3×2)  
the certainty of a door  
(of the door)  
more menace (an arrival)  
than relief (a possibility)  
not a will more than a need  
to leave;  
a resolution for the wait, the wake





ROOM 145



and another noesis  
νόησις νόησις  
GEE A NOETIC LIGHTNING  
light everywhere, a mess  
of bodhisattvas, spiraloid  
trailblazings of impossibilities,  
dimensions an' shit;  
patterns taking shape in molten topaz & garnet  
(Treasure type: B?)  
*I, the fiery life of divine essence,  
am aflame beyond the beauty of the meadows,  
I gleam in the waters,  
and I burn in the sun, moon and stars.  
I awaken everything to life...*



ROOM 146



Finally, a room.

A room I recognize.

(A room, I reckon...)

Una cameretta.

*La mia cameretta.*

Father sudden entrance: implausible. Globe in hand: impossibile.

The dream, again. Azure curtains, resisting a morning light of pure memory.

“To gold, straw,”

says dad,

“asses would favour.”

I look at the bees,

straw Chicco bees,

circling about;

to them fat

I raise a hand.

“Goldseeker

much digs

lil’ finds,”

dad sez.

FIRE EXCHANGE

a neon light in the front wall

“What lights’d you love for your room,”

mother, at relocation.

“Rotating, red, yellow, kaleidoscopic...”  
“Where did you *even* get such an idea?” In the end  
a chandelier the shape of a handkerchief;  
dad trying to convince me it was still cool enough.  
Dad, now, echoing the neon, a duet: “THINGSALL!”  
THINGSALL EXCHANGE (neon reads)  
“FIRE! “  
LIKE GOODS  
“OF GOLD!”  
GOLD...  
“OF GOODS!”

*He who lays in slumber operates & collaborates to what  
in the cosmos  
unfolds*



ROOM 147



Mountain garden, enclosed garden:  
got thirst? Grand mother.  
Water with rye  
and a mint twig:  
even this mixture,  
non-stirred,  
unties;  
noxious boil,  
allwar-head'  
people call you:  
saw myself smiling  
reaching for the cup  
frame of minutes ago



ROOM 148



in this room  
(in every room)  
a glimpse of the last room  
in every last room  
a glimpse  
of the outside  
one;  
that room,  
same for all,  
not a god  
not a man  
made it

(a seventh cortical layer  
to make us angels in a blink;  
a ninth to make us laugh of God:  
the God, that pastryhands gaffer)

that room,  
says this,  
always was  
is  
& will be

everlive fyah  
in measure bursts  
in measure douses

at the helm of everything,  
lightning



ROOM 149



you cannot,  
said the voice,  
cat again  
father again,  
you cannot  
twice enter  
twice descend  
the same room,  
twice obtain  
the same state

and there was in the deep  
of that one, not  
cat nor dad but  
the wisest man alive,  
the blind.

...

three fleasquishing kids  
fooled him with seen / taken,  
with “did you hear the one about...”  
with the pea trick, with *tell-me-boob*.

not before not after

at the same time  
binds unbinds  
looms & fades  
fire again



*Vanni Santoni* / Alcune stanze / Some Rooms.

© HGH 2016

::: <http://gamm.org>