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Poems and Images. Antonio Guarnieri

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Why are you the image of everything
that nourishes my silence and fears
me to be just an image?

Because who are you, if not the
image of all that nourishes my silence?
and my fear of being just an image?

Ali Chumacero - Mexico 1918

PROLOGUE

And even the gods are alone...

And like Baudelaire's albatross, some spirits rise toward other spheres, the highest ones. They open their multidimensional spectrum to atomize other stages. And they make words, color, light,

rhythm is an archetype, a constellation, a poem.

Antonio Guarnieri's life is marked by the enchanting matrix of genius.

He ascends towards himself through his thought-sensation to build with letters a gothic climax, a

vision of glass beads, a spell of magic.

Plato already defined these beings: mediators between the Here and the There. Agony between Heaven and Earth.

It spreads because its nature is small for him and in spreading the great silent ember, the torch

of the monk illuminates each of his creations: micro-systems, mirages of the Universe, symbolic poems.

Anthony is Promethean, the arrogance of his style defines him as such. From the oracle of his eternal ego, he walks with his visions between his temples. He bears the imprint of Cain for creation and is a vessel of love like Abel.

Antonio Guarnieri is a poet.

Antonio is an artist. Because his poems are sculptures, plasticities of color, systems of sound. Because he approaches "Harmonia."

Because after the act of knowledge, Antonio's creation is a pure act, the expansion of the planes, the

Eternal sounds of the acoustic tunnel without beginning or end. The death of fire. The resurrection of air, it is ash, pure flight... It is... the return.

Maria Inés Trollo

X

INTRO

THE

Today I will definitely open my heart
to pour in plenty of coffee and another silence.

While the Gilli clock will turn
the needles tirelessly

I will look at you for the umpteenth time and
everything will remain understood.

A glass will slowly spin, pushed by
an inexplicable force, and will
slide into the void.

We'll look at each other again
and when it will break
because it hasn't finished its fall yet
the pieces will fill our eyes

and we will never see each other again.

Afterwards we will go back to being who we were,
two simple strangers.

II

We are from this city now without walls and
we cannot go beyond it.

We wander around in the desperation of the streets,
looking for each other in vain in the alleys.

Losing ourselves forever in the squares until we
consume our own barefoot shadow that fades
ever whiter with every step. A shiver of buildings
will reflect the landscape of faces and hands that
once lived in the fever and the bark

the quarrel of creation and anxiety.

Now there is nothing but the ecstasy of the
scaffolding Perpendicularity that hides the ruins
and the isolated towers and the castrated gates
that bark their winter coughs into the wind.
It's too late, it's going away.

without saying goodbye.

III

- Caption-

Person (particular).

Flesh and blood on bones.

Provenance: unknown.

Date: late 20th century.

Value: none.

IV

Sometimes I think I won't be able to keep
quiet about this fragility of paper
that takes possession of my soul. If I
opened the desolation
to make way for the gunpowder at the
heart-rending cry.

and wants to hug you.

But I will wait for you making this sun
and hiding in the moon I will leave with
an air of revenge

without looking back and
without being able to stop.

I'll redo the tie with my hands
that requires two
but he doesn't know one of the extremes..

V

I am your facsimile the
potential god
which in the metamorphosis of the dream resembles
what you see in the mirror. Without knowing that it is
another
the stranger who sleeps in your bed.

YOU

I am but a forgotten shadow in the shadow that
does not remember itself.

In the painting there is a sunset enclosed inside a
window

It's almost night and in the darkness the outlines are fading.
There are no answers to borderless gestures that pile up the
dead.

In a tired step I will fall
in the chiaroscuro that imitates my life then
the frame will become too narrow.

VII

Every silence brings me back to you
and to your words that hardly reach me
from the silent area where I also live.

Stuck in the gestures that never came, reconstructing
moments with the remaining pieces. Always without
a response.

Me like you
looking out over the gap of the eyes.
Castaways of the void.
So still alive.

VIII

You feared the sea, its harsh embrace of
temptation. But when we undressed, all that
remained was our long, stretched skin, strewn
with petals and daggers.

When beyond tiredness we
took off our skin
above the ashes there was nothing left but
tenderness.

You were afraid of my dreams

Then there was nothing left
and faced with the essential, you walked away.
And from then on, nothing can save us.

You were afraid of the cross of my arms
that was sinking into the gash in your chest.

as I navigate the waves of my reflections.



IX

Twilight coordinates and the sea carry the god's great head away into
the flow of chance.

No one above him already.

Dreamed of the water

of being and not being became a castaway.

Sun

Beat

Sunset

It's daytime.

I rise on the beaches of the night.

Drops of

blood.

The colt of the sun will consume himself
on the prayer begun centuries ago above
the equator of another life.

Your gaze returns in a flash.

Drops of

blood.

And there will be no one who will be able to read it in
the midst of this siege of glittering bodies and
opaque souls.
unstoppable above the grey curtain of clouds the
midday tears itself apart
among the voices and the old festive din
of those who are content
some others that look like ferns.

No one will ever know that I will cast my
nets in the afternoon waters
too early unfortunately for fishing.

X

I'll take them back full of knots and
with two lonely and naked fish

who will die at dusk

Drops of

blood

And so
night has returned

my head will receive the crown with the tips
turned inside out
in a sliver of blood

I will find the Mycenaean horror of other remains
not those of the morning
but others that come from the
palace of images
from scissors that don't cut
from an inverted will that drowns me every time and
redeems me at every corner

This is the

my symmetrical solitude
the day I lose her I will die in despair.

XI

My right eye is sleepy. My left still
dreams. Images of my pensive
awakening when I discovered you bore
my face from another life.

My body, my wrist, and my
words are one thing that I can
no longer inhabit.

And for this I bend to your footsteps although I do not know where they lead me
although I discover a tired tomorrow
that I have lost track of you entangled in the
brambles of destiny.

I've been so busy looking for you.

XII

Yo soy inmortal
as only usual serlo the streams
I am deprived every day of the abundant sleep of
the night.
And I recognize the world in my breath. I
want to aiguien
that in the integrity of my power
if it were a large railway carriage that allowed me
to live in a warm sky.
The Universe and its verticality
do not confuse me.
Because they were created by another Immortal
y entre niños nos entendemos

XIII

I push upwards

the head of the aurora

a colossal mountain of light

with all my strength upwards

with tears upwards

with the liver pointing upwards

upwards with the anger of not being

able to forgive the night nor absolve

the stars.

(May all this glare blind me!)

XIV

On an empty table
finally the day is murdered by
the clock.

A shadow will come to wake me up
my ghost will be a paper angel whose
wings don't get wet.

XV

A letter has begun its journey. A
long, desperate love letter tinged
with doubts.

She flies confusedly over the city without
knowing the correct address. She wanders
around disoriented.

wandering dove of the encounter
has nowhere to rest to lighten his
dreams and his forever.

All night she flew, deceived by the brightness of the stars.

She thought she had found your home.

But the sun made her see her mistake.

Lacking strength and without shelter, she
fell to the ground.

Leaving his stain of loneliness
like a fly's memory.

XVI

I fell asleep alone in an empty bed. I woke
up empty in a bed too big. I woke up
absentminded.

and full of absence I went out.

I poured coffee on the plate of the world and on
the way back I bought flowers

I held on tightly to the deck so
as not to fall. I went home
and went back to bed and
woke up alone.

Today is All Saints' Day,
tomorrow is All Souls' Day.

XVII

All the voices are the same in their
gesticulating grimaces they
manage to silence the words that
here in my heart I struggle to say.

I chose you thus in your anguished silence. I
will never fear hearing from you the things I
keep from you out of fear.

XVIII

If you give me your hand.

I can reinvent the geography of verse. With
undecided strokes and a heart pounding in my
pulse.

A paper ship searches for water
until my nails break and your
name appears
in tall red Gothic letters will
begin a triptych and a chorus
above my medieval nights

Give me back the whole alphabet and I
will have the key to Heaven

XIX

This letter will arrive one day more
obvious than Picasso's "paloma".

He will repeat the same old things.

The litany of memories breathlessly
stuffed into my naive love singing like a
madman to infinity.

The postman will guess what it is about,
only he recognizes the solar radiation of
my letters.

For others the salt of memories will
remain a secret for you
the greedy hunger of some sleepless night
the hidden place where you have memories of
myself from those afternoons we shared.

XX

I would like a son with your eyes, with your
gaze of infinity and emptiness. I would like
him with your mouth.
and your archangel hands
who neither touch me nor let me touch
them. I want a jet of my blood
fertilizing your indifference. I would like
to tear away from you
You are my beauty, a son like a
dream made of rain and
breeze. My defeated side that I
defend.

XXI

It's forbidden to look me in the eye with even a little tenderness. It's
forbidden to initiate a gesture of kindness.

that can be mistaken for love.

Because behind this guy talking to you is a monster. It's
forbidden to love me.

and try to break my immutable and
permanent watery silence.

It is forbidden to love the Minotaur
who has no reason to love.

A sign on my forehead will stop you if
you go further you could kill me.

XXII

I was born today.

I woke up with no
memories like when I was
little and I was in a drop.

I blew the smoke off my sheets
in a downpour of rain.

And this renewed skin of mine started to sing.

XXIII

You see up there that's called the sky and they say it's
blue. Maybe at sunset you'll see it change.

You see that blinding spot over there that gradually gets
bigger as you fly closer
try to stay away from him
or you might fall.

XXIV

I am the dagger, blade and knife of
the knife that goes inside me.

Literally inside.

I am the reflection on this sword
that cuts me further and further
down bastard surgery.

Aztec ritual that will not find the heart
otherwise the black stone that will still
reflect the sacrificial scalpel
how thin and vain
it will break trying to cut the
skin of my indifference.

XXV

When you arrive I'll be so tired I
won't even hear you come in.

Shut up

Like the most awaited lover you will
slip under my skin

and we will leave together.

No one can stop us

I will know freedom and perfect
flight, you will have won once again.

Opening the door of the sweet cage,
letting life escape.



XXVI

With a blasphemy

The day ends like a heresy. And I return
home without a shadow.

I turn the key with indifference, no, on the
contrary

I'll ignore the indifference and go
home. At least I'm safe here.

The night becomes perfect.

A strange balance strikes everywhere. I don't think
of anyone because no one thinks of me. It's quiet
outside.

There are no voices inside. I resolve
myself from nothing to nothing, I
wrap myself in relief and sleep.

XXVII

To die a deep sleep. To sleep a
natural death. To fall unconscious
into the sweetness of the earth.

Waking up in the dark
and from one shadow to another
embrace your thistle heart.

Rainy eyes

With the definitive absence of the statues
posing for photographers.

To be silent, drowning in silence. While a mute
god sticks his tongue out at me.

Start the last day
spontaneously.

stopping me, stopping you, stopping us.

XXVIII

I'm leaving a reality I've never
experienced
to return to the darkness of the road
more fragile than a flower.
I slide between the columns of the
porticoes of an intangible world.
Maybe there will be another
sun and other sparrows will
exist and other words will be.
There will be another home.
and on other walls I will draw other perspectives. I
won't recognize myself in the mirror.
The stranger will have left.
The door to an uninhabited room
will slowly open for me
with infinite doors.

It will be the others who die

XXIX
(to Silvina Rosenthal)

Nothing will come of this
heart and skin
until you remember that I can be
rescued every step of the way.
It will be your voice that unexpectedly
summons me
to return to the ancient silos
that I agoten and relieve my
soul. Surely
mañana volveré montado
and I contradict myself resplendent in a
thousand or in a simulacrum, happy
everyone will become what I was.
You quiz me and discover the truth behind
the other skin

with other wings and with another sky.

XXX

A veteran of an army of defeated men

You are the days of tiredness. A dull step in a purposeless afternoon. Every half
hour you attempt suicide.

but never to the end

and it's a lie that "everyone in the world has a song."

Your hoarse voice shatters in croaking despair,
dissipates in a deserted station.

No one will come to save you. No

one will understand your poetry.

XXXI

To us
that we have definitively lost the sun
We who go out at night seeking an illusory mirror will
find us awake and mighty on the brink of dawn.

Free sparrows in a golden sky towards the unknown sea Free
sparrows in a golden sky towards the unknown sea

XXXII

I would like to.
I would like to wash these
bloodstains from my hands.
Wash myself of this pure blood.
that runs slaughtered by my own hands
that does not fit in the hollow of my heart
and falls fringed into crystal sparrows. An
aurora borealis
He will surprise me by rubbing this acoustic
blood from my fingers
dispersion of a stupefied creature
settlement of crossed metaphors.
My own hallucinated image bird
bonfire
broken into scales.

XXXIII

I will set off to sail in your sailor's
gaze of anguish.

I will look for you at the source. I will
remember your imperfect hands and
imagine
what they feel when they touch
the shaft of the oar
and push hard to break the waves. I will take
refuge in the water
and I'll let myself be filled.
When I'm heavy and full, I'll go
to the bottom of myself. I'll hide
in a shell and cry two absolute
tears.

XXXIV

The water flows
and the cut flower goes away, moving
away. The stemless roots
the stars without sky.
I am the landscape where another voice
calls me.
I swim among the gigantic masks fallen from above,
identities of clouds and gods
I go beyond the hard banks
where the wind threatens to extinguish
the lamp.
They are the essential flight of my eagles.
Celestial fish pushed beyond every Heaven.

XXXV

You will understand

How much we have lost in this sunset. Tonight
no one will come to hold my hands together.

I'll understand by myself when

I feel myself withering and
a mad desire will try to tear my insides
out.

I will burn inside.

Tell me where the light and the wheat meet, I
would like to go and grow my daffodils.

Maybe you already understood. I'll
let the sea wash away this immense
sandcastle. Then everything that
happens will resemble reality.

But only in a casual way.

XXXVI

In the little square
I raised my head and saw myself
looking out the window of an unfamiliar building.
I'm sure it was me.
With my beard
and my own eyes looking at myself my
own phosphorescent eyes
that sank into the void looking for me.
From below I felt dizzy
the desire to fall
amidst a sea of swinging wires.
I saw the one who shook his person on my soul. It was
me.
and the void gathered us together. Top
and bottom of the same well.

One of us was the water

XXXVII

Night ambush.

War without borders.

Life passes like a train with its first and
second categories of smokers and non-
smokers

which in the end all stink the same.

People in solitude.

Adultery and masturbation.

Birds that exchange death on the spit
for a sweeter death by poison.

Pain and tears. But it's about dying. I
have a riot rising from my throat. It fills
the air with a violent scream.

who will ascend to heaven like a terrible angel. It
will be for me and for everyone's lips.

If this is life for me it's not enough.

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