



prima sfiora la montagna...

Mauro Sambo & Laure Keyrouz

MY GRANDMA'S SHAWL

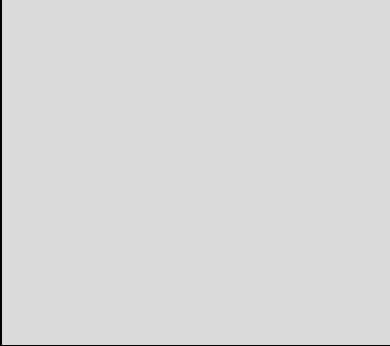
I passed through the matchsticks
With the dancing hall of strange eyes,
With one hand sowing the firewood,
Blazing the valley,
With the other,
Suffocating the sunflowers
Immersed in the earth . . .
The moment I wrapped my grandma's shawl
The clouds dispersed
Into a dough,
Hungry,
Lifting the lid from over the world,
Rejoicing at the invisible smoke,
Screaming as it prays,
And the moon stumbles between its lips . . .
The language of the rising day,
Begging existence,
Hastening at the goodbye kiss,
Touching the mountain first,
Inattentively hurting its hand
On its pointy crest,
And departs, departs without regret
Washes its wound in the sea,
Removes the sand cover,
And falls asleep, falls asleep,
In every shell.

THE BIRD DANCE

In the wilds suffocating
With salt and alienation,
The foam sweeps away the kebbe mortar,
Grinding it,
Playing by the sun's honey beats . . .
The steel nail scratches
On the fig tree arm;
Here, here the sun is crucified;
The thumb thrusts
Into the green twig
Its path of disbelief . . .
The leafy smile dismantles
Amidst the wing of rain,
I feel the nakedness of the shirt . . .
The loose dance of birds
Keen that we embrace the torch of time,
It finds me white,
Waving for it to come forth . . . and we leave together

STAY . . . HOW COULD YOU LEAVE?

An eye that hasn't opened yet . . .
I felt cold . . .
All the vines recoil under the moon wing,
The leg walking,
The ship departed forlorn,
Displaying in its nectar
Hysterical flowers,
Chasing the peeled line . . .
I asked the spider threads:
How does the sea hunger
For the worshippers of the stars?
Steals the sadness from eyes
That set behind the ancient oak tree
Twirled with a thousand rustles?
Sewn
In the womb of existence
By the lame,
Spread amongst the gravel . . .
In your velvet eyes . . .
The wheat cracks emerged,
And you're unaware;
You want to leave faster,
You chase
The murder of pearls . . .
And the grains of madness . . .
You wrapped them with your wings,
You flew farther,
Your arm honey wax,



The rain sliding off of it,
Warmed up by an elderly hearth,
Dwelling with the blue butterfly,
Kneading my palms . . .
The distances hunger,
Shining,
Lighting the hills
Frequenting every face
For the sun child,
And the bird aching,
Suffocated by her lover
As it drew near to sing love,
And flew away
To applaud the tune of eternity.

HARVEST ERA

Between the cradle and greenness,
The torch of wine,
The day floats;
And the waist is not a carnation
Stuffing the ice . . .
Between the cradle and greenness,
An orphaned hymn
Crouching in the glass,

Winging towards the abandoned hill . . .
And the resonance of horses, gasping
Above the streams of mirrors.
The olden door in pointing style,
The wheat spreads over the ladder,
A windmill coming from afterlife,
Gathering the crops
Amongst bosoms,
Its gurgling
Tames the palms of bees.
The eye of the color slumbers,
And the dress grasps the knitting
of soggy cheeks
Between the oak tree and the beach,
And the lightning hangs down from
the strings of dawn
And the darkness of vines . . .
And you build up as a woman,
The eyelids of the night fall
At the width of the rattle,
In the season of silk
And epic shells . . .
Between the scarves
And the urn, it coughs,
Collecting mercury
Over wrinkled skin . . .
The foam floats
Amongst the orphans,
And the stones of the temple
a butterfly wing
Between the world of vinegar,
And the mud . . .

A DREAM NAP

A kiss in absence,
A fountain of an oil flame,
Leaning on the comeback road.
A silky mountain comes out
of a chisel thud.

A forest of nails, slumbers
Among the rosebuds,
Escorting the scribbled leaf
Until it grows,
Pelting with mud.

A sail cleaves through the path
A cloud forms on ice surfaces;
It stands from afar,
seizes the lake,
Under a woodpile skin.

On that night,
A harp abandons
the tunes,
Sharpens the silence,
Waits for hours

to purchase liquor,
Entreating the moons
not to wither,
Submerging the side
of the road,
Tilling the days
Sowing them with boredom.

The waterfall hides introverted
amongst the luggage,
The fetus spills in the lake,
Its foot gets caught under a course
Of the blue dream,
And Aphrodite's image falling asleep
in an ancient well.
The sand knots take after our dreams.
The moon disappears then;
Enjoying the handshake with the spirits,
And extinguishing the sprouts
at the spring hearth,
Until the sky is torn asunder
Above each slope
And slope . . .

THE ORANGE COAT

You haven't anchored,
You won't understand,
Don't weep,
The sun stroke its eyes
And the orange color
Unwraps between the cloud . . . and the tongue,
Black leaves oscillating with the silver strings . . .
Before the torch of light is out . . .
And the bird goes and comes . . .
It won't land on the earth,
No, nor on the stone . . .
There's no olive leaf to come back with
Above the limited table of the sea,
The shells are silenced,
The branch leaned toward
The claws of winter,
For fearing the sting of spring;
It reprimands eternity
Coughing in the face of time,
My head walks without my consent,
The thirst goes on
Until the green apron,
And the sage meadow.



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Laure Keyrouz - poetry, voice
Mauro Sambo - electronics, guitar,
double bass, soprano sax,
bass clarinet, percussion,
field recordings, iron...

Photos by Mauro Sambo