

Curve Sternum- English translation

Curve Sternum is about a man shot through by an insistent, obsessive thought.

He reflects on the incontrovertible fact that the force of gravity requires bodies to fall. So he begins to imagine a leaf, some fine atmospheric dust, an object, a body, a stone as it falls, in the world, on the Earth, in every corner. A planet regulated by perfect and unfathomable laws, but in reality striving toward a point of stasis, of unsettling cessation. And so, at the same moment everywhere, the things that fall create an enormous crash – a constant, unstoppable crash reverberating across the kilometers. Thousands of mute, random, inevitable crashes:

It's the falling of heavy bodies.

Clumsy and useless heavy bodies.

It's the falling of heavy bodies.

The ridiculous march of heavy bodies.

There is no place in the world where this law may be suspended. Not even the stars above, ancient overseers, can bring him to comprehend this principle that obsesses him, that drives him to such unsettling thoughts.

And so ideally he would like to lift up all things to make it so that they no longer fall, he would like to fold reality, to control it with the Great Art. The high and the low, relative positions, can generate cosmic changes; through practice, through waiting, through the contemplation of time, this man believes he can come to terms with the elemental forces that penetrate reality with perpetually frenetic movement:

And the worlds touch, unbelieving

far from eyes, far from time.

And the worlds touch, unbelieving

time rests and grows moss in the night.

But each thing is required to move ahead toward consumption, toward an inevitable point of arrival; its fall, its extinction, the place where everything lies in stillness.

Stretched out lying on his back, in contemplation of the stars, the man creates an arc with his limbs and does not realize how much those forces (which obsess him so) are already acting within him, not just in the abstract.

A thought that annihilates him fills his heart:

We walk unaware in the rut,

in the gap between us and the illusion,

devouring the surroundings, gnawing at knowledge,

clawing, in the dread of the fall.

Ideally he imagines all living things as entrapped within the lie of nature and he himself an integral part of this unacceptable fate. Not even the symbols he has mastered, not even the Great Name of Power seem able to convey the change he so desired. Flawed in practice, ridiculous in his attempt to create a working, credible microcosm, the man learns his lesson and contracts within the suffering and darkness of failure:

Like a blade that divides the living from the dead, without remedy, required to observe.

Like a blade that cuts tongues out of mouths, with no more breath or words to pronounce.

Yod-He-Vau-He...
Oh Tetragrammaton!

Anger chokes the words in his throat, no use yelling, getting upset, protesting.... It's all useless. One must only give into the awareness that what seemed to swarm with life was nothing other than an unstoppable march toward the end. An end that the forces of the Cosmos had already established long before we came to the light. It's a terrible moment of awareness that nails man to a night of introspection and gloomy resignation:

You wanted to lie ... and you lied.
You wanted to try ... and you tried.
You wanted to succeed ... and you succeeded.
You wanted to attempt ... but you were wrong.

The feeling of solitude makes him like an empty wineskin, while the lights of morning, in the sublime act of giving, highlight something that catches his attention. A fox lies lifeless on the riverbank. Probably fallen, hunted or killed, it evokes pity in whoever looks at it, but also a renewed anger in the man, an anguish mixed with fear: fear that what's been hounding him aren't hallucinations, fear of having to admit that the anguish coming from his obsessions might have a foundation. Behold the symbol of the fall, behold the symbol of the non-return: the animal that lies lifeless! The substantial difference between that which lives and that which does not live fills man with sadness, and he looks for a reaction, his body shakes, he would like to warm it, but there's no cure. The only thing to do is to reflect on the event, to record what has happened, to acknowledge it one more time, if only coldly. Man, overcome by his own delusions, begs not to be lifeless on the earth, begs not to come near to his double, to his Self ... begs (but in his heart he know this is true) not to have witnessed his own fall: the billionth distant crash, an actor undone by this great stage play that is Nature:

Emptiness and warning, the vocal formless.
Kneel and genuflect, the vocal formless.

Now, unearthing passages from the folds of thought, focused on contemplating of the gift of morning, he can understand the great lesson: he must be proud of his journey, he has met with the forces of the Earth and with them he has a close dialogue that will completely make up for all the terror, all the confusion. The only thing to do is to let himself go, to let himself be pulled along by the innate spirit of things and of the invisible breath of life and death, both protagonists of the passage of time, both elements in the dance of the Cosmos, where these entities cancel each other out, each losing their reason for existing:

And now you can run, without breathing or resting,
Since Death cannot catch you among the leaves.
Thoughtful and confused, in the branches like an insect,
Listen, that cry in the humming wind.
It rocks you like the hold of a ship far from the darkest thoughts,
There is no time, you can only move forward.
You have power! You reunite the symbols that you nearly abandoned as a coward.
With the tree bark in your hands, the putrid water covered in sun,

*You awaited the nights that were still day and night,
In a corner like a lunatic in shattered thoughts, you were prison and prisoner.
Like a dream dragging you dumb under the flesh of your pain,
Indelible memories in the evening between damp and silent walls.
Now you are in Glory: Shake, oh life!*

The man gathers his ideas, goes back over the stages of his failure, of his fall and of his unhopd for ascent. As if stunned by a sudden awakening, as if blinded by the dazzling light among the leaves, he observes and he is observed.

The litany of the trees, the prayer of Nature keeps him company, it pushes him from behind, helps him to walk. He is unaware, he gathers the symbols that he had too quickly dismissed, like a child he observes the chain of events in the vortex of time:

*A knotted throat, he pushed away hands
Trembling and reborn, I pushed away hands.
A knot in his throat, he pushed away hands.
The morning torn, I pushed away hands.*

Since what had been on high, can be down below.

1. Heavy Bodies

Like a breath that smells of earth and evening,
in a thousand crevices and in unison,
the gravitational event rotates, the event rotates.

It's the falling of heavy bodies.
The heavy bodies fall inert.
It's the falling of heavy bodies.
Everywhere the heavy bodies fall.

The split eardrum quivers,
the ear vibrates with shattered flesh,
The internal noise reflects in the emptiness,
the Moon is high in the plummeting Chaos.

It's the falling of heavy bodies.
Clumsy and useless heavy bodies.
It's the falling of heavy bodies.
The ridiculous march of heavy bodies.

*Who can know the earth more than he who probes its strata and breathes its breath and recognizes its every whisper. Roots, worms, cold, the new fern in the corner, in the chalice the woman rests.
Repeating horizons, paths of oxygen weaving through, a heart throbbing in the depths.*

It's the falling of heavy bodies.
Clumsy and useless heavy bodies.
It's the falling of heavy bodies.
The absurd march of heavy bodies.

2. The Hand Gathers

The hand gathers,
from the mute belly that sustains and contains us.
The hand gathers,
from the mute belly that sustains and contains us.

Maternal patience,
injured by a killing love.
Maternal patience,
injured by a killing love.

And the body gives off heat
gives off heat like exhaled fog,
gives off heat like swallowed fog,
gives off heat like digested fog.

And the worlds touch, unbelieving
far from eyes, far from time.
And the world touch, unbelieving
time rests and grows moss in the night.

The body crushed, bends like a bow. The body crushed, bends like a bow.
The body crushed, bends like a bow. The body crushed, bends like a bow.

3. Like a Sternum Curve

Arms open toward the sky, throat tight.
It's no use tightening the chest, we wander deaf.
Dullness dims the black sky, gloomy is the night.
The symbols gathered all around, a question in vain.

Green bark in the hands and the dreams of the child,
Crumbled, you trace lines across my raped palms.
Like the tense bow I stretch out, to find you again.
But the string won't vibrate, I am other, bewildered and fatherless.
... I am other, bewildered and fatherless.

Try ... ridiculous shouts,
Try ... in the lost cry,
Try ... the unclear choirs,
Try ... the words in its throat.

Try and try again.

*We walk unaware in the rut,
in the crack between us and the illusion, devouring surroundings, gnawing at knowledge,
pawing in the dread of the fall.*

4. Yod-He-Vau-He

Yod-He-Vau-He, Yod-He-Vau-He
Yod-He-Vau-He, Yod-He-Vau-He
Yod-He-Vau-He, Yod-He-Vau-He
Yod-He-Vau-He, Yod-He-Vau-He

One by one, earth and nail, one by one in the hands of the Universe.
One by one, earth and nail, "farmer, earth, seed and harvest".
One by one, earth and nail, one by one between divine and unreal.
One by one, earth and nail, in the simalcrum of Solve et Coagula.
In the simalcrum of Solve et Coagula.

Yod-He-Vau-He, Yod-He-Vau-He, Yod-He-Vau-He,
Oh Tetragrammaton!
Yod-He-Vau-He, Yod-He-Vau-He, Yod-He-Vau-He,
Oh Tetragrammaton!
Yod-He-Vau-He, Yod-He-Vau-He, Yod-He-Vau-He,
Oh Tetragrammaton!
Yod-He-Vau-He, Yod-He-Vau-He, Yod-He-Vau-He,
Oh Tetragrammaton!

Like a blade that divides the living from the dead, without a cure, required to observe.
Like a blade that cuts tongues out of mouths, with no more breath or words to pronounce.

Yod-He-Vau-He...
Oh Tetragrammaton!

5. To Stay within Time

(Consciousness raising):

To stay within time ... to stay within time.

You wanted to try, you wanted to succeed.
You wanted to attempt, you wanted to lie.
You wanted to try, you wanted to succeed.
You wanted to attempt, you wanted to lie.

You wanted to look, you wanted to rejoice.
You wanted to stay, you wanted to serve.

You wanted to lie ... and you lied.
You wanted to try ... and you tried.
You wanted to succeed ... and you succeeded.
You wanted to attempt ... but you were wrong.

6. The Horror

(The lights of morning: hallucination)

The bony beast stands, sextant,
between the folds the violated mantle cries,
the gravel ... is rammed inside the jaws.

I, having no eyes to see,
with a buried tongue and obsequious lips,
desperate, I invoke the belly of the Earth.
Primordial, I evoke you from the Earth.

I evoke you from the Earth.

I have no reason to understand,
with my tongue torn and my obsequious lips,
desperate, I silently observe that beast.
Frozen, I waver and my soul is desperate ... desperate!

Emptiness and warning, the vocal formless.
Kneel and genuflect, the vocal formless.
Emptiness and warning, the vocal formless.
Kneel and genuflect, the vocal formless.

Emptiness and warning, the vocal formless.
Kneel and genuflect, the vocal formless.
Emptiness and warning, the vocal formless.
Kneel and genuflect, the vocal formless.

7. Shake, Oh Life!

It's the shout in reverse, tangled in lips,
That slowly vibrated, in its thrashing.
Chronic obscenity, definitive,
Chronic proceeding, repetitive.

Like a shout in reverse, in trembling lips,
That rose up slowly, in its struggle.
Chronic obscenity, definitive,
Chronic proceeding, repetitive.

The predator chases its meal,
the prey hides out in the brambles.
Snakes descend quickly from branches
and sudden silence.
But going is like getting lost, returning no more.
The places are hopeless, the words uprooted.

Words uprooted.

You too see the fox rotting.
Look to see the night transformed.
You too hear the cruel calling.
Balance in Chaos, what we have lost.

You too see the fox rotting.
Look to see the night transformed.
You too hear the cruel calling.
Balance in Chaos, what we have lost.

You see it too,
Look and see,
You hear it too,
Balance in Chaos, what you lost unaware.

(Apotheosis)

And now you can run, without breathing or resting,
Since Death cannot catch you among the leaves.
Thoughtful and confused, in the branches like an insect,
Listen, that cry in the humming wind.
It rocks you like the hold of a ship far from the darkest thoughts,
There is no time, you can only move forward.
You have power! You reunite the symbols that you nearly abandoned as a coward.
With the tree bark in your hands, the putrid water covered in sun,
You awaited the nights that were still day and night,
In a corner like a lunatic in shattered thoughts, you were prison and prisoner.
Like a dream dragging you dumb under the flesh of your pain,
Indelible memories in the evening between damp and silent walls.
Now you are in Glory: Shake, oh life!

8. On High as it is Down Below

A knotted throat, he pushed away hands
Trembling and reborn, I pushed away hands.
A knot in his throat, he pushed away hands.
The morning torn, I pushed away hands.

In the dark corners, he pushed away hands.
Distant noises, I pushed away hands.
The skin is shredding, he pushed away hands.
I fly up free, I pushed away hands.

At a snake's pace, so as not to breathe,
Its heart cut open, in blackness to crush
Its livid back, urged onward it sought,
In uncertain steps it hung on the edge.

And there is no epilogue, not even the end
If we are transported by the whistling wind.

Heights of joy, hellish sneers,
What had been on high, can be down below.

(Hymn of earthly highs and lows)

Since what had been on high, can be down below.

A knotted throat, he pushed away hands
Trembling and reborn, I pushed away hands.
A knot in his throat, he pushed away hands.
The morning torn, I pushed away hands.

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