



ALESSANDRO  
CUSIMANO

*ARABESQUES*  
OF A NERVOUS  
WANDERING

Alessandro  
Cusimano

*Arabesques  
of a Nervous Wandering*



## Acknowledgements

Some of these poems have previously appeared in the following print and online magazines: *The Cynic*, *RED OCHRE Lit*, *Decanto*, *Weirdyear*, *streetcake*, *Anotherealm*, *Numinous Magazine*, *Parting Gifts*, *ep;phany literary journal*, *E•ratio*, *Deadman's Tome*, *Black Cat Poems*, *Orion's Child*, *Bewildering Stories*, *Folly*, *Exercise Bowler*, *Emerging Visions*, *Write This*, *Linguistic Erosion* and *The Recusant*.

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## *War Cry On The Stone Earth*

if the Judgment did not lay the blame on me  
the defeat  
if the Assassin asked for mercy

under a priesthood of disgrace

the Whitish Light of the Icy God  
is in love  
with the beloved  
first blood in the morning

in the pale carnage

short bodies fall  
reddish

half a shadow  
of the vermilion child  
glides along the blade-beast  
of a bluebottle-razor

in a rusty and purple garden

the amaranth sting whips the shot  
and the Martyrdom with the rope flame

if Endless Father shed his own blood  
if Heaven had no more blood

if Enemy of God I were a butterfly

if Demon of Devils I accepted  
on a whim  
the agony and invoked sweetly  
the madness

if upheld I swear  
the torment  
if implored mercy

if Beautiful Prince I tore my teeth  
and my eyes

if small arms rich in blood waved flags  
painted like butterfly wings

## *Magnificent Madman*

I have an iron will  
the proof

the gimmick can work

in my notebooks I sketched the abyss  
the dung heap of inequality

trial and acquittal

nevertheless my personality  
is fading away  
rubbing the impalpable  
overcoming my resistance  
insistently

policy and carelessness  
carved temperaments

reason and unconsciousness  
my devotion  
to these two grim sisters

if only I could find a way  
to deal with them

without turning away  
from myself  
from the unreasonable friend

from the excellent madman  
towering above  
locked up

the taste of a ripe melon  
is the meaning of a moral dilemma

everything at once

## *Queen Of All Flowers*

the gaze bends  
the night  
damp colours  
new anatomies

bold shapes wink and move

under the roses

tasting strokes  
things you can touch  
perfect lipstick  
clear in the stretch

creamy

rose leaves sweeten the thorns  
in summer  
night puts on its coloured plumes

the great silence wakes up  
and takes away  
the agony of boredom

the wail of a rose is the cry  
at night  
of a carnivorous spider  
with sweet mouths  
showing off brand new throats

with its multiple body  
innumerable and victorious

## *Walpurgis Night*

hellish exile of the east peacocks  
worship of the great flame  
ray of the vain vampire

in the pagan temple

a creole beauty crosses the pavilion  
with the half-mask  
and the rule of the despot queen  
winning the pedestal

in the underworld  
of the ragged little girls  
her serpentine allures  
each sharp talisman  
every drunk javelin

in her room

bricks with a transparent bark  
tapestries  
mats  
torn canvases

decorated shutters climb up  
from time to time  
a cobalt coloured carpet  
draws Chinese ideograms

oriental lamps  
similar to distant galaxies  
with a bright opacity  
commend the pale meeting  
of demons and witches  
the pandemonium

the stubborn emptiness  
of chatters  
attracts the discontent  
and an intermittent fever  
in the meaningless space  
of a vacant abyss

myriads  
gaps  
secrets

the profane grants the Sabbath  
the small of the abuse  
the crackable demonic

the officiants pass the sentence  
the holocaust of pythonic

her hair detains the instant century  
with the favourite balsam  
fruity

the loss is made elixir  
essence and flower

the guillotine runs  
through the hazel thinness  
with the rush of maltreatment

dishevelled  
wrapped in a tipsy cloth  
the lifeless body  
on the infamous slope  
cold  
in the shade of slaughter

Alessandro Cusimano was born in Palermo, Italy, in 1967. Son of a painter and a teacher, he moved to Rome, where he is currently studying Classics. Since the age of 21, his life has been marked by recurrent and painful bouts of depression, and by the use of alcohol and drugs. None of this, however, distracts him from the research and the study of his ideals and drive to self-expression, his narrative technique, his poetic style. He must, nevertheless, pay for, over the years, periods of forced inactivity, associated with complex rehabilitation programs. An 'Expressivist' poet, Cusimano freely refers to the peripheral and irregular in language, drawing on the dialects, the slangs, the various sectorial and technical forms of expression, recreated with personal inventions and varying intensity, in every moment of his literary production. Along with a special focus on visual arts, from painting to cinema, from photography to theatre. Today, thanks to a regular lifestyle and the progress made in terms of his overall state of health, Cusimano leads a normal life, just a few hundred yards from the sea and the beach to which Pier Paolo Pasolini gave, in 1975, an unexpected spiritual dignity, spending the last day of his life there.

Cusimano on his own poetics, in the third person:

Anarchist and visionary, the general sense of the work lies in its unity and structural order. But even in its drama. Narration by strong contradictions, alchemical syntheses, oxymorons, antitheses, intermittent flashes; sinks into the destruction, the perversion, but also knows how to linger in the moments of ecstasy, harmony, nostalgia, crossing the paths of so many evocative, shadowy characters. An unconventional path, funny and desperate, populated by staring puppets and strange creatures whose lives unfold between sarcasm and resentful emotion. Painful and surreal, his poems reflect on anxiety, crush conventions and illusions; they are irreverent, proclaiming, with a barrage of words, life is, by its nature, a scandal. A collection of poems as full of irony as of despair. A world in which the author appears several times, wanderer among the wanderers.



# ARABESQUES OF A NERVOUS WANDERING

Alessandro Cusimano is a talented writer and word-artist whose vision is crisp and fresh. With no wasted words, he paints pictures and breathes a refreshing life into his characters that is not often seen in today's science fiction shorts. In addition to his talent as a storyteller, he is also a deft poet and gifted playwright; I am always privileged to offer his fine work in my humble publication.

*Gabriel M. Cole, editor, Orion's Child*

"Alessandro's writing is an intoxicating blend of imagery and surrealism mixed with reality. His words immediately grab attention, drawing the reader into the depths of his colourful artistry. A very fine writer who captivates the senses with his unique talent, leaving the audience gripped to his every word!

*Lisa Marianne Stewart, editor, Decanto*

Lovers of poetry may expect both a surprise and a treat in Alessandro Cusimano's *Arabesque of a Nervous Wandering*. A surprise, because the English title hardly does justice to *Vagabondaggi Nervosi*: the poems have the nerve to evoke deep and sometimes dark emotions, and the "wanderings" are far from aimless; they are sensual explorations reminiscent of those of Rimbaud. The treat is that of a collection of fine wines, each evoking an intricate interplay of sound and sense in potent bouquets of imagery. Alessandro Cusimano is well on his way to defining Expressivism as a worthy successor to its Symbolist ancestors.

*Donald Webb, editor, Bewildering Stories*

ISBN 978-0-9567544-9-3

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