

Naufragi (shipwrecks)

Text by Dario Voltolini

1

(DARKNESS)

Above and below, near and far, figure and background. I float and I sink. You know that there is no one without the other and that the square is not round. What it would be of the entire world if the figures were equal to their background? Being identical to that which stands around means to be without boundary. A figure without outline ... can you imagine? It blends the interior with the exterior, the hell with the summer, the winter and the heaven. So I decided that things will have a sharp boundary. So I learned that even the darkness cannot exist without the shadow of a light. (LIGHT)

And I separate, I cut, I divide. I create order and doing so I also create disorder. I separate the memories from the omens, I place the land away from the sea and along the coasts I build safe harbours for sailors. Precisely for this reason shipwrecks exist.

2

You, faces that I saw alive yesterday, things touched, images once vivid and present, embracing fragrances, perhaps you rest at the end of time, far away from me long endless moments. The pain, dropping nets into the deep, turns me towards you. My desire of opening a passage to a possible return engulfs me.

3

Separate. Divide. Move. Distinguish ... Opposing this force that powerfully attracts distant things, this force that all contracts, this magnetic pushing of things to a point and towards that point things moving and against this point to distinguish, to separate, to split and instead things converging slowly, from opposite banks searching, calling, attracting each other. And things fall down, things yield and resist is not longer possible, resist, and if you fascinates me I can no longer distinguish, I can not separate, I can not divide anymore, I can not get away, I can not let you to walk away, and plunging I fall.