

ALBERTO MORI

HUMAN FOOTPRINT

"Staying in my room,
I thought of the new spring leaves.
That day was happy"

(Amy Lowell from "What's on clock", 1925)

This is a full winter work , to find out frame after frame , a living path of memories.

During these crossing times my lines have been looking for signs interacted with sensorial perceptions.

We leave everywhere we go a soul substance that words try to express in a light appearance and the human footprint , step by step, in heart and mind , continued to create.

February 2002

To Susy and Susan

Fading footsteps.

Than

a walkman come over.

Sounding music breath.

Outside the way.

Too long.

Too cold to stay.

A little sketch of thirst.

Sky clear.

Nothingless.

Profile of wandering

for a lightcloud.

Simple thought.

You were.

Brunch hour

in god's affair.

Star in his pocket.

Love unlocked.

Starting arrow
from real thing.
He drinks
and loneliness
far out
call for a centre.

Lack of source

but

wind vibration

could be

an open square

Built beatitude breathe

Until line shape comes

and go

simmetric dialougue

alight echo

rounding earth silenced

Draws for naked windows

Air collected

Over passages and bodies

It flies.

Being veil flesh.

Uncovered.

Theatre of evidence.

Room to read.

Letteral eye of circumstance.

Alternative bodies.

Flash sparkling in between.

White pieces
in essential elsewhere.
You remember
an inward absence
for winter warms.

To *Ezio*

Station departs.

A sound prints in waiting

call you elsewhere

and nobody

for a slow train coming.

The water vein

for overflow

spread smile

at river lips

Voice of essence.

The beat smells.

There's an highway hairing
in a brush sequence.

Splits and passes

substanceless blue.

Than stasis in darkness.

Mouthful shadow.

The furrow.

The seed.

Furrow and seed

unearth ?

Frequent vessel

Breezy night

Material dark colour

Flag named

Sweet young mother

Vienna's café P.M.

Briefs touches light/soft

So long

At same impression

enduring smile

darkshine

So near

Starring at loss

Little flame for abyss

Wipe out words for warms

River stream

liquid lines for birds

I heard

a new beam

Flight of fancy

an earthbound

turned into

printed

back

by lighter glances

Squared balanced

thin hope sharp

cut paper

White written

Radiant arrow shines

a live measure sign

Empty chair and living

fragment

now you call

the Horizon to sit

Rum's drinker

in dark glasses

and a black biker out

in reflex pedalling drops

Scene of suburb

Ice cream neon

videopoker

handly hits

Discovered by a flavour

violet teeshirt

Gucci's style

and art texture

and virtual soundwords

>Shopping boat people<

Evidence buyed for disappear.

Please, pray for them.

They don't hear.

Along the strip sequence.

Above yellow fruits

and the question.....

juice reanswered

in a smiling market.

In a pink new
an awaken wave shakes.
Loving skin.
Lake surface in motion.

Just like a slide code.

Get free.

Fresh input.

Into a netscape.

Page of your home.

Click angel.....

No work

No shoes for winter

Three children
in the streets

"Where are you going?
I don't know "

No Human footprint

True image developed

a cosmic map.

All traces

in your softly volume.

A stone dream in the soul.

The tatoo belonged
to a snaked line
spiral vision bordered
in a perception touch

The purple tag
in a spray passage
moves
a wall flash
from an hidden body

Gold bank iscription

a nightingale logo

sing mibtel `s song

Grace's flame

you leave

an ardent halo

in a briquets box

Door word

Key world

Depth transparance

Water nuance

Endless colour

crossing tale on high

Traffic on radio

Talk endless frequency

Talk emptiness

23.11.01

Where have you been ?

To the other side of morning.

Children `s attitude

for never ending day.

Frontal mirrors.

A silver empty darkness.

A golden chance idea

writing hand border

among the midst.

Get this information

on a rainy day

a trickling drop

breaking anew

on a bus wet window

Feeling foggy.

Brain vapourated.

No city comes in image

into this neuronc trip.

Flew on ground zero.

Breakfast for a dress.

No body ?

You ask, in a fashion café

fading in a naked lunch

Mysterious Wheel

sundark

rainbow melted above

and a glass prism

on the sky edge

