

Svuotatasche, 2021

At first there is the hill
bronze spines that must be climbed
stolen lighters from fairmont
drunken nights at nikki beach
few naked boys, always
awake, bff' s at the dawn
of a perfect day !
riding the subie and gone for real
flipping over the *svuotatasche*
any hills disappeared from sight
objects fall, smash
behind the dome, pictures unfolds
terraces that need to be cleaned
powdered by the two teenagers' work
in haste their shirts turned to dirt
undressed, waking up the stained epidermis
surrounding flowers are sprinkled with splashes
one of them is too hasty
and might get scratched
they cohabit, their sprays eject
scoop up the cursed molds
relish in them

spring awakens their cherries
so pleasant, inspiration come
they moisten themselves
becoming permeable to it
in the remainders stained
by the other' spraying
his germ abruptly turned irremediable
leaving no time to dress
it's Monaco dude
bodies and flowerbeds
practice to bloom again
shooting surrounding silence
fuckboys chewing abdomens
turning those broken places
pleasure resorts adorning us
displaying their wounds
and escaping liquids, end
back to the backside of the hill
Alfredo's ties snaking around
we get out of the car
at the edge of Dolceacqua
the border is crossed
a new stage emerges, as follows:
booming arsenal of pilots
collecting clay
under and between tires
mud of their curls
then down the fleeces
There are:
crushed natures
massed by their gear
saddles that caress
drawn out by very long ones
like carpets in time of races
which they hold on to
bursts densely
sowing danger
he, breaking down his Yamaha
moaning « je pisse donc je suis »
propelled in pieces
sludge of the shirts, again
other scented drosses
exploring their flirtships
fantasises their accidents
melodious wounds
smoking an unruly relationship
they are any years old, you guess
clay dried under their soles
the swamps heal
wherever they plant
their friendly seeds
the silence of the boys
very dry clay cracks

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the whisper of the bikes remains
his buddy throws on the spot
the rear-view mirror, the forearm
biceps dissolve
smell of the rubbers
gommini ! gommini !
gommini boom boom
then the day passed
to all the men and things
that are left at the bottom
of my svuotatasche, bye

– Thomas Liu Le Lann, *Svuotatasche*, 2021