

through the crack

by aldo quagliotti

Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes:

If ever a poet's writing ignited the reasons for Fleas being... this is ONE! Now we won it, and own it—for awhile... The only thing stopping it from having been read throughout the ages would be that it's recently written. You run a risk by being lesser for not having a look. We have all taken and taught Poetry Survey courses, with syllabuses recommending the masters. Here is one yet to be perused, that we can auspiciously and timely include. "as light filtered through the crack / our faces densely packed." Also "[un]tangles our majestic spires" And what makes me feel best about myself—is to know he is out there somewhere on my top shelf...HS (Spacing is poet's own.)

Senior Editor Charles writes:

Un poeta di qualità che siamo onorati di presentare. Scrive in inglese ma pensa in italiano - un linguaggio lirico nel cuore stesso della poesia.

as light filtered through the crack
our faces densely packed
with ragged-looking petals
were similar to a burgundy variety
of sunset
we were tangling our majestic spires
hands floating like flies
falling like spiders along our arms
a new day was starting, we were recovering
from the night
debating what season would come next
right inside our room
a sweaty summer of enveloped bodies
or a myriad of autumny impervious clouds
I decided your lips
would suit spring better
so I covered you with kisses
to replenish our rebirth

THE POET SPEAKS:

My poem was inspired by a plastered night, made of endless techno beats and cascades of hips-shaking moments, wrapped into a black hole of feelings running towards the ending of the club bang and the beginning of a brand new day. A circling cycle that left me with a throbbing headache and a vigorous image in my mind: my boyfriend and I, sweating after the dance floor bliss, were welcoming the sun beams by having a guess about what the weather would be like. I smiled at my partner whispering to him we could even decide ourselves what season would come next. And that outburst of energy and love triggered my poem, that was vomited incessantly.

My reading has always been proudly feline, quite bashful to tendencies and bestsellers. When it comes about Poetry, there's a full army of writers I adore since I was a young, rebellious teenager, starting with my countrymen Eugenio Montale, Antonia Pozzi, Alda Merini to William Blake, Emily Dickinson, Sylvia Plath. Having a contemporary look to authors I've crossed recently I can't help nominating and showing my wild gratitude to minds like Ana Guadalupe, Susy Freitas, Konstandinos Mahoney, Pedro Rocha, Davide Garritano.

Poetry is my third eye, the only possible way to evirate my constant fuming anger and to turn it into a spiritual guideline, driving me through the adverse currents of life. It's my shadow puppet theatre where I can be the master of processing my own feelings. It's a freeing, unmissable meeting with myself, where I always arrive late. It's always been my filter to keep my hope in this world and to instill some faith in these dark times. The genre I consume the most, the pleasure I never give up on.

AUTHOR'S BIO:

My name is Aldo Quagliotti, and I'm an Italian poet based in London.

In 2019 I published my first collection of poems, Japanese Tosa, published by London Poetry Books. The anthology debuted on October 2019 at the Tea House Theatre in Vauxhall and has then been promoted throughout the London open mic nights such as Flo vortex, Paper Tiger, Poetical Word.

My poems have also been published in Italian anthologies, such as Il suono del silenzio 2008 and 2008, English collections (such as Poetical word 2009 and Reach Poetry 253) and Brazilian magazine (Revista Torquato).

More recently, my work has been included in the Cannon Poet Quarterly , in the American anthology Poetry in the time of Coronavirus.and will also be published in The Voices Project by Denise Powell.

With a diploma at the London College of Media and Publishing, I also reviews music and writes live reports on Peek-a-boo magazine and Gigsoup. I also offer reviews and genuine feedback to emerging poets/musicians on <https://quaquaversalweb.wordpress.com/>.