



Blue Frights

Gabriella Garofalo¹

To Y.

Snap it now, a dewy-eyed display of innocence,
Her dazzling talent for lying-
Elsewhere, sudden, mad hopes, a desire you'd like to burn
On days when blue shadows fall across the floor,
And how do you write them? Hidden words,
Or in the spotlight? Either way, they drive you mad,
And don't get me started on the cheap treasures
Of spring, grass, flowers, scents-
A garden of love, or betrayed trust?
No, just a dead blue hidden in your time,
Blue thoughts nowhere to be found,
So, cut it out, let's buy all tales and myths,
Let's get our minds blasted by dreams, no harm at all
In the breaking of days and blue rooms,
Let's get high skies, and a lavender scent everywhere,
Home, cider, sofa, no smashed horizons,
Only a twilight to shield you, such warm, cosy room,
Your nights, such warm, boundless quilts,
And shades of spring look so caring, you know,
Like the wolf in Red Riding Hood-
O moon, by the by, what colour is your soul tonight?
Just hunger, or swathes of loss and distress?
Don't play dirty, c'mon, we are among friends,
No secrets here, and shame a way of life,
Your soul's pour-out days among dark knots,
Or tangled branches where light waits,
Out of reach like words never dreamt of,
And who cares if the heat makes souls a still life,
If love or loss are sitting on a park bench at night,
If stumbles come quickly, or demise gives you words,

¹ Independent Writer, Former Teacher and Librarian, Ferrara, Italy

Yes, who cares? A safe distance, or fading obsessions
Will see to that, no need for stars' dirty stares,
So, waste no time, ask angels round cribs,
Don't look at blue mayhems ready to sweep away your mind,
Count blessings, or your lucky stars, and may your desire
Be bare as a winter branch, be hard, bright, and distant
As night sky, so much for Hyperborean stars
Always mistaking hungry hopes for truths so keen
On dashing into a tangled loss of summer flings,
Half-witted plans, so heedless of life and her greed
For abstract blue skies, well, short of them,
Your supernatural mind.

To M.

'Pick up a brush, paint the light,
Skip archives and museums,
Just drink in the hassle of the streets'-
What bloody nonsense they spout
When you're up to your neck in a journey
Through secrets and darkness,
How these words keep coming back,
Scarred by the spring graffiti and all that blue,
Haunting, unreliable, the dust of dead workers,
A sky that tricks, then dumps you,
Ah, some dreary tales of lovers wooed and ditched-
But then again, what's desire but a site
Where you pay so high for back rooms,
Or a nook under the stairs?
Not hands here, nor eyes looking northwards,
So, who cares if Persephone's back
Like a sudden spring when things go bust,
Who cares if her light is faint or a bit dim?
Time, don't get worked up, don't get topsy-turvy,
Just keep in mind the sea's delight
In the brine holding to the limbs, and you, sky,
Forget cryptic texts, save hidden codes
For the clouds, those chatty, daft teens-



Oh soul, if only God had you handy
When nights only give heathen prayers
Blessing the limbs, and the mind's shenanigans,
Or a jumble of dreams go out of their way
To break your pledge to the stars-
An eerie scene, I know, like out of a film,
As no kind touch lingers on dark rays dazzling
From fading stars, the years of research.

To P.

So, what have we got just now?
No scary stuff, easy, easy,
Bit of suburban adulteries, unimportant trysts,
Those ill-starred lovers of yore,
Or daydreaming tourists of the mind, words dancing away
From cheap resorts as if nothing is on,
Just cheap snacks, and ordinary wine-
And just when you think you've got it straight
Along she comes in a dire need of diversions,
Spring roaming souls to stave off sparks
Of doubts, a slew of slave thirsts-
Well, that's family again for you,
But please spare me old shenanigans or daft wordplays,
I know, the sky is doing fine, but his boho shenanigans
Cut no ice with conservative trees or a shy grass,
The retired old lady who keeps coming up with new games-
And don't act up a storm, mind, you frolicker
With no sense of decency,
No matter how early you wake up,
Fear'll wake up before you do, some early riser,
As implacable waves feed words, maybe frighten them,
When shouting 'Come into my life', of course
They stay put and never give in-
So, just out of curiosity, do words hit the mark?
Yes, sure, particularly if spring reminds you
Reminds you of a young wife in love, turned a shrew

Within a few months, if sky and clouds look like
Hyper teens on a first date, so psyched-
Beware then, seeds of discord, the fields are parched-
Nothing for sale as yet?
A bunch of cheap junk you'd gladly do without,
Shards of hope, maybe, maybe dark waves.