


■  
EMPTINESS  
IS THE  
RESTING  
PLACE

Matilde  
Cerruti  
Quara

■



NO CARS NO CLOUDS NO SMOKE NO  
CRASH NO MESS

dancing in between worlds—

one seems empty, one is full

but this latter is a fool  
fooling us around

as I searched for inspiration  
my good friend said to me

‘nothing is the resting place’

if you master it  
if you learn to wait and listen  
you’ll have paid your toll  
to the highway of pure energy  
no cars no clouds no smoke no crash  
no mess

emptiness is the resting place

humankind is scared of cemeteries  
with their peaceful silent truths


but humankind is scared of emotions too


so we dance with our disgrace  
on the verge of it all

and fill the silence  
with words,  
sounds and brutal noise

though sometimes  
there is also exquisite music  
and some great party

if emptiness was yet to be  
born  
it could be a world  
inside a vase  
since every womb holds some spirit  
committed  
to perpetuate  
infinity





but humankind tip-toes  
on the edgy border of the brink  
of this vase  
we fear the leap of faith  
into this resting place

tip-toe  
tip-tap  
ballet  
shoes  
looking for their longed-for laces  
to fill the void

but that void  
is already something  
full  
of primordial love  
ancestral like the Earth  
we so abuse

emptiness is the resting place

and in emptiness

we can go back

naked, stripped and full of flaws  
just as we were before  
but also full of Love  
as we finally meet  
with the space within ourselves

and outside

only ever-flowing stillness remains  
the light

nothing is perfection

emptiness is the resting place

emptiness is the resting place

emptiness is the resting place



LATE FOR THE PARTY, LATE FOR THE SHOW,  
LATE FOR LIFE AND LOVE, LATE, LATE  
FOR OTHER DREAMS TOO ...

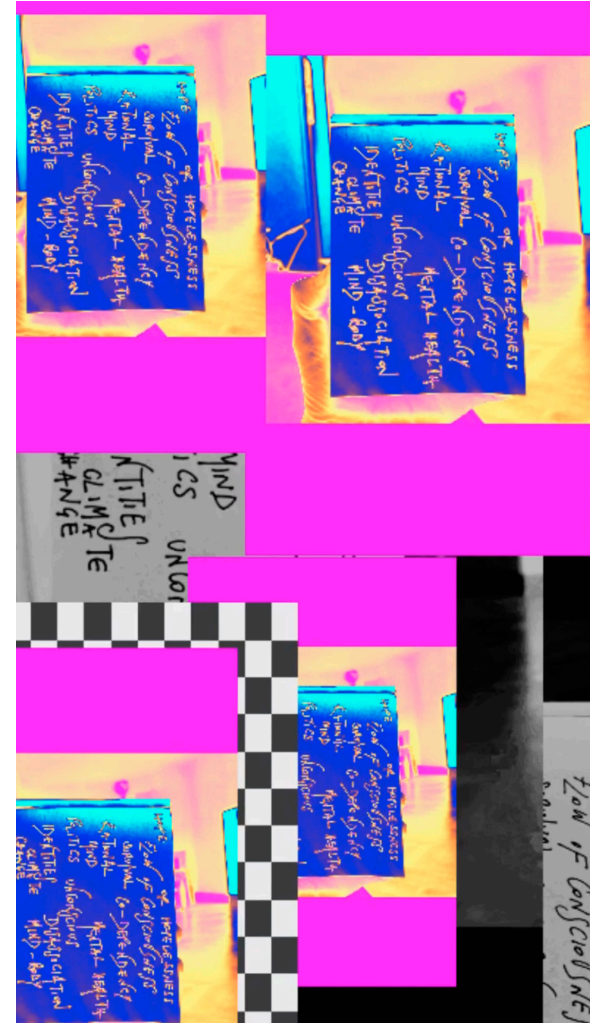
I

What kind of dreams do you have?

Mine are mostly lucidly blurred visions.

I recently realised I rarely dream of beautiful things happening to me, though in my awake time I daydream a lot of great stuff and I seek light and lightness.

My nicest dreams are maybe sex dreams. Preferably when they leave me with a happy ending. I also dream of wonderful places, nature, incredible plants and fantastic creatures. But I'm never relaxed and punctually find myself entangled amidst ghosts, or late, terribly late: late for the party, late for the show, late for life and love, late, late for other dreams too. . . Suffocated by the threads of my own imagination. Betrayed. My screams unheard. A kind of Last Night in Soho night realm!





*I've always had a peculiar sensitivity to the energy of a place. This since I was a child. It can act as a warning, upset me, invite me in. Every time I stay in a bit of a haunted house my dreams get weirder and darker to the same extent to which the place is alternatively inhabited. I vibrate the lingering energies from the past as well as the present ones and those of the living affect me as much, if not more.*

*I know there are solutions. Books about it all, manuals. Psychics. But I resist them. I cannot be bothered doing all the dreaming exercises to master the storytelling of one's sleeping narrative. I never knew another way of dreaming so it feels much scarier to set sails to the potential of a new order than to remain where I am. In my balanced place of imbalance, I thrive on ignorant intuition.*

*Or I'm too lazy to learn how to tame them. How to tame time.*

*Or I'm just too exhausted. Our mind never sleeps even when the body is well rested. I can't take up yet another battle. So I let go. I try to meditate. At least. That soothes me.*

Eventually I've found a kind of balance with my strange inner world. We have a tacit agreement. My daytime stays generally untainted by my shadows. And I try my best to draw inspiration from my night visions.

*I wonder how you feel about this?*

*Does it happen to you too?*

*I'm a bit conscious of the fact my inner world makes me occasionally spaced out, a bit solitary, dreamy. A shaman I know says everyone feels they are unique and alien in their own way. So maybe I'm just very banal, like all of you out there.*

*Perhaps this is why I like the sex dreams so much. They bring me back into my body. The whole sphere of sexuality to me is a form of chanting. It forces me into the now.*

*Sex is a way of meditating and realigning my energies to the Mother Earth. Because my mind races faster than my grip on the wheel. Always.*





IV

*I often wish for EMPTINESS. A blissful state, a cocoon of restful creation. In my quest for emptiness I write. I write to release all the words, worlds, sounds and thoughts cluttering my head. I love them but they are wild. So they need to be unleashed.*

*Keeping EMPTINESS as a frame, the following is a FULL flow of consciousness tackling onto the subtle co-dependency between the rational mind and the unconscious; the expression of a perceived dissociation between mind and body-ies and brain and spirit and all the diverse intelligences we possess. It is also a reflection, a subjective mirror for the über detailed lucid dream we all live in while we strive to survive at the time of both inner and inter-generational, planetary and spiritual collapse. It winks at politics, climate change, the waves of hope & hopelessness one might experience. It all begins by describing the memorial of John Giorno in New York City in January 2020. It then speaks of the 2019 flood in the sinking city of Venice. It continues inwards. Profoundly superficial, as in a dream, one image is quickly followed by another.*





*This is not a linear narrative. It's a synaesthetic experience. A psychedelic trip. Truths and fantasies jamming. Until morning breaks and EMPTINESS is found again.*

## THE FULL FLOW OF FLUID & FLEETING CONSCIOUSNESS

The Church of St. Mark-in-the-Bowery looked glorious, in its glowing semi-obscurity.


The simple arches had been replenished, sumptuously, by the inner light of terrestrial harmony unexpected. Luminosity. The space was filled with people that mostly knew each other. Graced by hundreds of Tibetan prayer flags, highly hung, tenderly winking; rustling fabrics evoking all the colours of the Earth. Silently intent in whispering words of wisdom and compassion to the sentient winds of Manhattan.

Outside, an evil power ruling over these territories, once advertised as the lands of freedom. But for a moment, we could all forget it. Finally we could only remember the essential. A gust of otherness. A glimpse of beauty, beaming beyond the unconsolable matter the times had to offer.

The Universe operates in unpredictable ways. It felt like we had been fetched by the spirits, collected







in togetherness—a twist on the original flock—to forget ugliness for a handful of hours. Ignited by a bright light. Maybe. Or certainly so. Praying to and for an unconventional Saint. The Holy Patron of Life’s manifold, unconventional, perfectly imperfect hues: John The Poet.

Thousands of miles away and some months earlier, a basilica floating on the mystical dreams of the ocean had suddenly lost its unique foundation by the implacable intercession of a flood. A divine evergreen. One of the city’s most distinctive treasures was thus forever damaged.

Its golden tiles of Byzantine mosaics had been stroked and strolled upon by The Traveller of The Invisible Cities. They had been caressing history and invested as the humble beholders of secrets unspeakable of. And then, throughout the course of one week—a linear period that is no more than a subtle, flickering grain in the cosmic timeline—they were uprooted by the wet slap of the element. They became sparkling food for the fish.

Wait. How. Does Nature retaliate?

Think of someone destroying your happiness. Tearing your wings away from your back, leaving the open purulent wound wide ajar.

A door to the end of the world as we know it.

Think of a monster devouring your children, and leaving them astray.


Now, think of the sacrifice of Motherhood.

Yes.

Nature retaliates.

As it should...





In the following days, while the lusciously-scaled submarine inhabitants of the Venetian lagoon mourned the end of each day by feasting on such precious crumbs, the pedestrian youngsters were drunk, high, dry and unconcerned. Their nights were spent selfishly wondering about what it was that their spirits were chasing to restore, or perhaps destroy. Wandering dangerously. Cuddled in their restless effort to succeed, something similar to a fucked up momentum whose formula had blatantly lost the divine intervention. These privileged kids, who thought of themselves as international intelligentsia, liked to think there was no room for redemption. Nor, exit from that room. So they thrived in the dance of disgrace.

And together, we liked to consume politics at the breakfast table, garnished with the slightest hint of cocaine, or bourbon, or weed.

Strange is to be with you here, confessing this story to you. Naked to the core and yet still dressed. Nude.


Sometimes the friction of our skins becomes real. The slippery sweat...


And it is then that, with the softest touch, I can spread your teardrops down your cheekbones, and playfully pretend they sprang from the streams of the rivers of the gods who ruled before us.

It feels as if we have been living in this dream for so long now, I forgot what it felt like not to do so. Expert fingers must have disarticulated the puritan resistance of the universal net, a primordial structure embodying the rules of time and space as we once knew them. Luxuriously gnawing their fingers way, to finger the unspoiled, and reveal the undone, quasi virginal pulsing core of the eternal loops of the ethereal, golden-drenched mornings.

Forever pointing, through the spiderwebs of my SE15 flat, to the courting ritual performed by those plumbeous clouds and silky sheets of confused light. Gazing at the world-known skyline of a reality only one of us two, here, really knows.

In this bubble we've existed in since our birth, cocooning away the fragile beauty that we are, we keep confronting ourselves, even when we don't mean to, really. But it became a habit by now.





Silently, we observe our every move: from the twitch of the pupil to the nervous and sensual veins of the hands tormenting each other. How many beats have your eyelids bat? How many likes?

We have been running towards the mirror of our dreams, in the ruthless hope of breaking the laws we so abhorred.

*But we ended up  
Hitting ourselves  
We ended up  
Hitting ourselves  
Ended up  
Hitting ourselves Up*

Oh, the exquisite delight of bleeding from invisible cuts no scar cream would ever want to repair.

I've learnt to avoid you, you that are me. I forgot the warmth of your breath and the tone of your voice.

When I suddenly remember them, then it is you who take perverse pleasure in completing the final cut, pressing the blade of the cold metal deeper into the flesh.

Eluding the both of us and especially eluding yourself, that is—me.

So much so that, in the end, we forgot to remember the times that had been before us.


Palmistry.


With a motionless gesture, I spread the palm of my right hand wide open, and suddenly clasp the life of a moth butterfly, crashing it in between my fingers. Spreading its dusty remains, in enthused disgust, with my index on my thumb. Unimpressed by my lines of life and fortune.

'You have a lot of eros', I was told. 'You have a lot of spirit'. 'You have a lot of fortune'. . .

'You have a lot of faith! '

You have a whole lotta lot of possibilities, darling, but for some reason they keep smacking themselves against the humid sea rocks anxiously crouched along the coastal shore of your self-sabotage.





In the silent gurgling of the underworld all my hidden creatures swim.

Morning has broken.

And now—the smell of jasmine fills the night.  
We sense an essence of inner Resolution.

Where do we go from here?

## IN ETERNITY I SHINE


dancing in between worlds—


one seems empty, one is full

but this latter is a fool  
fooling us around

the one which stands instead  
without an evident demeanour  
is the actual catch  
a monastic mystery  
so very rich  
in its seeming poverty

that space which is, for instance,  
reverberating particles  
beyond the lines of any body, object, subject matter  
and just before your chest;  
the impalpable intangible  
between our two mouths, lips, tongues, teeth;  
the road the mind must ride;  
desire;





the breath between my blood and my veins;  
the pink brown white noise;  
the universal pond;  
a pool of consciousness;  
the great symphony of silence;  
the refuge from restlessness;  
the silent crisp night appeasing the wild garden  
of flowers  
lost in translation;  
the floating atoms  
joining the water and the sky  
the light;  
the plane where the dead live  
and all good ghosts are reborn;  
or the thin air holding the full-frame of a beautiful painting

emptiness is the true essence of life

nothing is perfection

emptiness is the resting place

