

## Last screening

                  this evening  
                  at Cinema ASD  
the cashier on the verge of tears issues the last ticket  
                  and gives it to me  
                  with icy fingers

:::

I will no longer descend into this crater  
                  this sand  
                  this I between the seats

:::

                  retro music  
adjusting the viewfinder  
                  jets: on

:::

on the film  
a particle of dawn  
emerges from the troubled waters  
of before the world

:::

a giant silver fuselage  
propelled towards a thousand and one  
moons  
with origin and vanishing  
points

:::

on the other side of the porthole  
the flash of a lightning bolt

two golden boned bodies

:::

dizzy pulsars decelerate and  
whistle the arrival of  
comets covered with past emissions

:::

freeze frame  
encapsulated eternity  
the joy of saying that we were there  
while the airlock  
is emptying

:::

cosmonauts  
not knowing how to bend  
noetic lenses  
trace quasi quasars  
on dirty mirrors

:::

pointed at  
by my finger  
pregnant with a brown  
blue and green plasma  
Earthosterone

:::

below this thin air  
hollow organs scream  
hyperboles in crises  
and whisper clinically  
their squared faith

:::

resuming breath's orbit  
unfolding the ellipse  
cutting and pasting  
the eclipse  
and inserting them gently  
between the comfort of  
layered  
imagined  
clouds

:::

space cryogenics  
where the projector melts  
into a black hole  
  
taking with him  
  
the secret and the silence  
  
of the last scene

:::

The End