

MASSIMO FANTUZZI

## INVENTORY

### THING ONE

*(Porcelain made, held by talcum hands crystal fragile, non-playable, and age-restricted.)*

Stirred, laced in pirouettes the eras  
blushed,  
knowing next to nothing  
of their inevitable fall. Still,  
the chisel that mothered me, mother myself,  
hasted on Mercury's and not Apollo's bust.  
And spilt,  
*sans cochon*,  
the salty peck on the cheek. Hunt scene?  
Horns and dogs play in wings rehashed, postiches  
to keep the Allegro, silly trinket, Wunderkind  
gathering dust among drunk amulets.

### THING TWO

*(In wooden assemblage, ropey resembles and sandal odour. Allowed,  
would deceive the viewer into a bogus logic of familiarity, marine ample-  
ness, and paternal love.)*

First and last companion, quietude of  
papers stares from  
the summit of his learnt shelves.  
Velvet, blood and dust, lenses,  
his day that reads  
about our passing stride—*rather*  
*he passed us*. Thick skin  
paired up to cigarette smoke, go,  
speak of a gentle smile

wore as wolfskin  
 stains and clots included.

### THING THREE

*(Viola, as her appearance in Villa d'Este forwarded tears and stirred semi-quavers. Another barefoot chase about the garden's dew, its matted weeds uncombed and on higher grounds.)*

Sparrow Franz, your travelling shoes,  
 I won't tell Piotr how to stage his dance,  
 Duck, Cat, their fair array of chances,  
 or the clippety-clop of hunters patrolling the mantelpiece  
 upstage in Allegretto.  
 Runners and candles you blew,  
 drafts, to tempt the intellect and empty the room and  
 flood the barn where our incumbent quivering is again,  
 unchanged  
 soft thread of echoed piano.

### THING FOUR

*(Stewards unknown. The Moon, say between 21:00 and 21:46. To a white disc. Excellence. Limelight. Insolent.)*

Summer's clouds asserting edges, sisters  
 from white to pink, to light blue, grey  
 unmoved path: let the inheritance  
 the seven corners of my kind  
 portrait form on form, and from  
 a tale of crumbling stones on the hazel side of the Alps,  
 a candied youth  
 to an all too familiar stumbling  
 hedging walls as to keep them standing.

### THING ONE

*(Resets, legitimately, in the strenuous flow of automobiles.)*

Riches, sauntered southpaw,  
 let the Dig fester.