

# *Moto Perpetuo (An Autobiography)*

ELISA BIAGINI

Translated by GREGORY CONTI

---

a lightning bolt, a voice that swings  
among the branches, a chord  
cut by thunder

♦

the hoof, the paw  
the separated toes and later  
darkness

♦

the thread, the numbers by  
heart, in the corner  
three knots to an eyelash

♦

the plate disappears, then  
the bed, what's left is pasty  
light on the retina

♦

at night in motion in the fissures of  
the brain, the current  
that traces the map in the palm

♦

and now foil, bolts,  
filaments: clear design  
on the sheets of the heart



far away from pelts, peaches,  
pearls, all the steps  
counted, the volume of each food



everything divided by  
three, if not no radar works  
vision goes foggy



the images collapse  
while the wax flows, insulates  
the crack of the doorway



the hip measurement, the diopters:  
checked again today. But my eye  
nonetheless to the dam, to its crack



the aimless circling of the insect  
the wheel of the hour, frequency  
that rises from the river



the comma in the water:  
bitter herbs switch on  
the light again in the glass



a ticking sound three  
rooms away, trembling of  
chair, fault between my fingers

♦

follow a thunderstorm  
inside the lobes, gather up  
each lightning bolt in a basket

♦

under the wing the light  
is brighter, my ear  
pressed against the motor

♦

reel, serpent  
curled up in its  
own coils

♦

still: it's the wire in  
motion, the  
skein become nest

♦

magnet this light,  
the undone ties together  
dynamo of all that's slack

♦

clean again  
the silverware, sedated  
the short circuit with the gloves

♦

the biggest  
bacterium is in the  
mirror and nods

♦

myelin reawakened  
warmth on my fingers and  
skin like needles

♦

the hooves of the  
hour chase after us,  
trails of burning

♦

round discharge  
of earth, from one  
ventricle to the other

♦

the word burns  
in its alternating  
current

♦

outer layer, the  
viscous nature  
of thinking

♦

tension rising at each  
ignition, go back  
to that first discharge

♦

connect every place  
in the sphere but in the center  
silence on its own

♦

the earth that  
conducts: the labyrinth  
at the center of the cable

♦

distance annulled,  
our mass crackles  
and resonates

♦

behold a new tower  
of words, without  
wires to trip over

♦

the lamp is smoking  
as though suffocating,  
a rushing wind

♦

sparks rise up  
from the hibernating  
retina: resonance

♦

intoxicate oneself on  
discharges, come together  
at the breastbone.

♦

the roaring clouds  
the ear rounds up  
far off words

♦

insect with many  
antennae to not  
miss any vibration

♦

in the condensed air  
incandescence,  
spinning that never gives in

♦

no interference  
breathing in continuous  
current

♦

from so much density  
now the whiteness,  
wave of milk and bone

♦

the light that dries  
us makes this  
flesh electric

♦

using up all the continuous  
transmission, peeling off  
of electrons

♦

the quiet of lightning  
in the wing, the escape  
from perpetual motion

♦  
defogged by  
so much light, the  
eyes limpid

♦  
ready now  
for the darkness  
that lies behind.