SELAXON LUTBERG - SIMBOLI ACCIDENTALI

The following text is a short story from Andrea Penso's childhood. It is part of the CD and LP artwork.

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The first time I opened my eyes and I didn't see my house… a pool of piss and lots of things to steal. The masons shitted in a can, they didn't care to empty it at the end of their turn. The building sites would close at six in the afternoon; at seven we would go there and steal everything. We would wander like ghosts in the empty rooms, paying attention not to be seen from the windows still with no glasses and frames. In front of the houses under construction: the caravans.

The gypsies, the children of the gypsies, the flea-bitten dogs of the gypsies. Emerald-green skirts sucking the kids (or maybe just watches, cassette players, rings, cars and dogs waiting for a ransom to be paid).

The wood was heavy, the iron plates harsh and sharp. We carried them on our heads, mice and toads followed us like in a procession.

We were told about a place, beyond the fields. I left with a backpack, inside a half empty can of coca-cola and a knife.

The smell of the earth ground, its taste in my mouth substituted that of the dirty and hot Tar that stuck under our feet.

The marsh didn't scare us, the bloodsuckers did. We walked for long, I had blood and stones on my knees. I spitted a lot on that ground (as to honor and desecrate it at the same time). Fertile ground for the abandonment, for the departure.

It was there. Bright colors, light filtering through the trees. The smell of the mud and thousands of tadpoles like crazy all around. The memory of the stones and the backwaters. Everything else was far away, then the embrace of the field.

Lying down not far from the black house (ash-gray walls, black wardrobe, a black bed, too black to tell kids its stories …), I made something that I can't remember with branches, stones and twisted grass. We smoked sticks, like the young whore who took care of me taught me. They helped us to stare at the sun.

The marsh and the ditches made us adult, or at least so we believed.