

SILENT ARE THE CRIES OF GRAPHITE

CARLOS MATAALLANA MANRIQUE,
ELEGANT AND SLIM,
TENDING TOWARDS GENTLENESS,
YOU SMILINGLY, PROUD AND TIRELESSLY TELL
STORIES OF YOUR ARTIST UNCLE,
A WELL-KNOWN LANZAROTE ARTIST
AND ENVIRONMENTALIST.

SEVEN SOULS,
AT LEAST,
WILL HOUSE ALL YOUR WORK
ACCORDING TO THE PROFANE SACRAMENTS OF ANCIENT EGYPT
AND IF "KA" IS LIFE
AND HE IS REPRESENTED WITH OFFERINGS OF FOOD
YOUR STILL LIVES ARE ALSO "KA"
OF DIAPHANOUS CITRIC FRUIT AND PEACHES
THAT CUT THE INTERSECTION OF TWO MATRICES
BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.
AND THE SILENT GEOPHONES WILL BE "KA"
AS PAINTED SCREAMS ARE SILENT

NOW KNOTS OF GUTS AND OPEN FLESH;
MATERIAL CONFUSES WITH THE SHAPE OF A SATELLITE.
WORK AND PLAY,
CONSTRUCTION AND THEATRE.
CONTRASTING CONCEPTS FROM ONE END TO THE OTHER
FOR THE PURIFICATION OF A LANGUAGE
THAT ALWAYS LOOKS WISELY TO THE PAST.

EVERYBODY REPEAT WITH ME:
"SILENT ARE THE PAINTED SCREAMS"

WHERE DO YOU LEAVE MUSIC THAT IS INTOLERABLE TO THE EARS?
YOU FEEL HARMONY AND YOU PAY ATTENTION TO DETAIL.
YOU STARTED WITH THE EXPRESSIVE RAGE OF THE YOUNG
ALMOST THE ESSENCE OF THINGS
AND BACK AGAIN TO THE NEMESIS
AS IF YOU WERE YOUR TWIN

LIVING HIS LIFE
WRITTEN IN THE LINES OF HIS HAND
BY THAT FATAL DESTINY THAT CREATED IT.
YOU SUPLANT HIS IDENTITY, CRYING OUT AND THE
HEAVY CHAINS ARE YOUR CONSCIENCE
THAT IS NOT GUILTY OF ANYTHING
BUT I HAVE SEEN THE TRICK
AND I KNOW THAT YOU CAN ESCAPE THOSE CHAINS.

LET'S SHOUT SOMETHING ELSE:
"SILENT ARE THE SCREAMS OF GRAPHITE!"

NOW THAT IT IS YOU THAT MEDITATES
AND SEARCHES IN ITS LABYRINTH
FOR ANOTHER REASON NOT TO KILL YOURSELF
APART FROM THE INTUITIVE FEAR OF THE NON-LIFE,
BORING AND ETERNAL AS TEDIUM,
GIVE ME BACK CARLOS
YOUR SERIES OF LIGHTS SET IN COLOURS
AND WRITE AGAIN
THE NAME OF A CHILD
ON THE WHITE NIGHT OF THE CANVASSES.

SILENT ARE YOUR SCREAMS, THE GRAPHITE AND THE PAINT.

"TODAY" IS THE LATEST POEM AFTER "NOW".
METAPHYSICAL INTERSTELLAR
OF MARBLE AND OF IRON
IN A UNIVERSE THAT LOOKS AS BLACK AS A PRIEST'S SOUL.
IN IT, WITHOUT ACCELARATING, A COUPLE MOVES AT A CONSTANT VELOCITY
TURNED TO STONE FOR LOOKING BACK WHILE THEY FLED
FROM WHAT WE ALL FLEE FROM.
A PENCIL EXCUSES YOU FROM THINKING ABOUT EVERYTHING PROPERLY,
WITH TIME AND LITHANY
AND THE ABSURD RESULT OF ANY LABOROSITY IS ITS ANTITHESIS,
A GAME.
THE BATTERY PENETRATES AND YOU SEE YOURSELF AS A PUPPET
CHANGING YOUR ATTITUDE,

THE SAME CLOTHES;
CONFLICT WITH THE BASIC IDEA OF ORDER AND MEMORY.
NOW A TOUGH RHYTHM STARTS
AND THE PATH LEADS TO THOSE WINDOWS
WHERE THE WIND NEVER BLOWS
AND THE LEAVES DO NOT BLOW AS SOLID LEAVES.
A TITLE ASSOCIATES AN IDEAL MUSIC WITH A LANDSCAPE;
ONCE AGAIN, SOME WORK AND SOME PLAY.
BURY THE ONLY POSSIBLE OFFERING
UNDER THAT DEAD, GREY TREE
AND LOOK UP TO SEE HOW THE SUN SWALLOWS ITS CATCH.
DOUBLE OR NOTHING AND RISK EVERYTHING
TO EXORCISE TWO PARALLEL DIMENSIONS
THAT NEVER MEET
EXCEPT IN THAT POINT
AT WHICH YOU ARE
THE UNIVERSAL SOUL.

IN CONCLUSION:

HEIR OF A NORTHERN EUROPE
THAT SOMETIMES COMES DOWN TO THE SOUTH TO STAY,
MATALLANA WORKS BY SERIES THAT CONFRONT
AND NOW HE POSES IT AS A GAME.
HE TELLS SHORT STORIES ABOUT HIS UNCLE
AND HE IDEALISES THE MORNINGS AND THE AFTERNOONS
AND HE OPENS THE BEAUTIFUL WINDOWS
TO THE TWO HALVES OF THE DAY.
HE CUTS THE FLORA WITHOUT FAUNA,
HE SOLIDIFIES THE CLOUDS,
HE LOVES WOMEN AND HE LOVES CHILDREN
AND EMULATING MUNCH
HE SCREAMS AT THE REFLECTION,
AT THE RECEIVER OF THE MESSAGE,
AT HIS BROTHER
HE SCREAMS SILENT PHRASES
SATIATED WITH CONTENT AND REASONS.

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