



# Forgotten Land.

forgotten land

Plants  
Roots  
Fruits and suits

Pool and purple, bittersweet velvet.

Tables and marbles, royal.

Seven tubes and growing fonds.

thirsty blood in

the hole.

**Both poems by Vincenzo Pantó**

Empty yourself.

There once was a man out there in motley islands of wilderness.  
He found himself in a heavy conspiracy in the eye of the storm of slow time.  
He jumped into the ocean, a red, velvet ocean.  
A red ocean to swim and to save,

him.

His ship went down.

Forgotten land.

In the hour of the ritual, we shave, we behave,  
we speak our last prayer to a mute divinity,

we sink into blood and choke from joy.  
We sink into blood,  
We sink into blood,  
We sink into blood.

The needles of the red ocean are ready to sting.  
We made a hymn to let the bees fly out of our throat:

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Empty  
yourself.