

Vincenzo Pantó

I study Philosophy and Art. My interest was always in Italian pornographic literature, and I wanted to become an astronaut or a plumber, but I chose to be free in the end. My interests are love, love, love. I am 21 years old but feel like 100 or 0.

Time and space are marrying through brown and black lights in a small room.

Soft and tender they interact-
They play a play, hand in hand they give birth to a memory of that night.
Their movement is slow you barely notice it,
but in a world of passed images and fogged windows,
they are heavy,
they are hard and they are not easy to swallow.

My hovering neck, dragged down by
rusty chains of us, of our memories,

that suffocate to the Invisible.

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Light Memory