



## Five Poems by Dr. Ivan Pozzoni

### THE FATE OF SIPHACES

Titus Livius, against Polybius, takes pleasure  
in explaining the fate of Syphax.

The chronicle: we recount the bare facts  
as Govoni would do with his satisfied flowers.

The background: Scipio activates Massinissa and Laelius  
against a Syphax forced to give his best.

For Syphax, in Magnos Campos, the bitter pill is hard to swallow:  
being defeated at the Bagrada along with Hasdrubal Gisco:  
*Postero die Scipio cum omni Romano et Numidico equitatu Masinissamque Laelium  
expeditisque ad persequendos Syphacem atque Hasdrubalem mittit militum.*

With Syphax captured, the surrender of Cirta is certain  
Laelius's knights win overwhelmingly in the away match  
the defeat is Syphax's fault: nisba!  
Sofonisba ends up in the middle of it  
forced to swallow a cup of poison  
as Socrates did in the Crito without being inferior.

*Scipio C. Laelio cum Syphace aliisque captivis Romam misso, cum quibus et Masinissae  
legati profecti sunt, ad Tyneta rursus castra refert ipse.*  
Siface embarked towards Rome, *caput mundi*  
incarcerated by a chain of gerunds,  
Mazetullus and Tycheus were in Zama and Siface was in Tivoli  
Hannibal had diabetic birds, that is, bitter cocks, and in Carthage they were really cabbages.  
Morte spectaculo magis hominum quam triumphantis gloriae Syphax est subtractus,  
Tiburi haud ita multo ante mortuus, quo ab Alba fuerat traductus.

Where do flowers look good? In a vase:  
twenty-six verses weren't needed to destroy Parnassus.

### THE ALIEN

Headlights flash at the exit of the Milan ring road  
a screeching noise of impact on the ground burns the ground  
it's not the usual flooding of the Seveso river that creates the sound of a hurricane  
an alien has landed.

Ambulances and Carabinieri, drawn by the confusion, arrive on site,  
the docking of an Unidentified Flying Object is not a usual upside;  
the television infantry quickly arrive from the Cologno Monzese tower



the exclusive interview on Mediaset Premium would cut off any ratings.

"Doctor Alien," the freelance journalist elbows, "do you have belligerent intentions?",  
in the hope of getting the alien to sign a waiver for free;

"My donkey" the alien replies, "do you think i would have landed in Brianza  
if i had intended to achieve even a half-victory?".

"I am an alien, and i would like to send a message to your nation,  
which, along with Greece, Portugal, and Spain, is a southerner in the European Union,  
the BCA (alien central bank) is willing to promote stock options  
— as you say—so that every bank in Italy, after recapitalizing,  
lowers interest rates on current accounts, irritating the colon  
of millions of italian savers to the point of creating them a recessionary diarrhea".

The thirty-year-old journalist, in a miniskirt and revealing low-cut neckline,  
tries to interrupt the alien with a routine question:  
the man, pointing with his middle finger, sends a thunderbolt at her, disappeared, gone,  
as she was accustomed, from time to time, to disappear under some desk.

"Point two of the BCA" the alien continues "you will have to increase every form of flexibility,  
that is, use a flex or a Bosch grinder on the smiles of those peddling unemployment  
under the false rhetoric of opportunity: since the Craxi's era, they have exhausted all credibility.  
If you wanted to fuck it up Italy, you might as well have kept Ilona Staller in the Chamber  
and stopped voting, like donkeys, for Merkel's microcephalic left-center-right followers  
tackling the tip of the recession iceberg on the Transatlantic, Monte Titanic".

"Point three of the BCA" the alien concludes "if Berlusca arrives from Arcore, i won't even begin  
i wouldn't want, among Mubarak's various granddaughters, to stumble into an hospice's odyssey  
(in Cesano Boscone), or if Fonzie arrives from Firenze with the face of an undertaker  
i wouldn't want to spend millions of alien-dollars on detergent trying to remove stains from a jaguar  
you'll have to sell Alps to Switzerland, Tyrrhenian Sea to Corsica, and Adriatic to Albania  
and empty the ocean of public debt with the spoon of gerontocracy".

Suddenly, with sirens blaring, a Croce Verde Pavese ambulance arrives,  
two vigorous paramedic, careful to avoid middle and media, dress the Genoese alien in a straitjacket  
he, immediately alienated, interrupts his conversation and calmly walks away.  
How the fuck did they confuse alien messages with a Beppe Grillo rally?

## **FROM THE EURO TO THE NEURO**

I am still typing, looking for a phoned rhyme,  
a rhyme that sometimes comes, sometimes stays in bed, never entices,  
in some cases suckles, victim of the bitter bravado,  
of keeping me humble scribbler on the bill.

From the water bill to the electricity bill  
as an unemployed person I experience the lack of celebrity,  
without hunger for fame, I continue to fatten  
no barrel (of the gun),



being a mere alternative, exempt from the urge to steal.

Coffees used to cost £1,000, and now 1€,  
things that, if you think about it, should send everyone to the neuro,  
neurodelirious in a neurovegetative state,  
grandchildren of a state that struggles to be profitable,  
we live, day after day, in complete habituation  
to the fact of being supported by the previous generation,  
accomplice of the bankruptcy, through decades of urns,  
which, we hope, will not soon turn into cinerary urns.

From the euro to the neuro, in Deutschland (über alles) it does not happen,  
we southerners of Europe have no right to emerge from the recession  
accompanied to the abyss by an indiligent class in bad faith,  
being lands rich in water, we deserve only stagnation.

### **A BLIND MAN DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO TURN OFF THE LIGHT**

We all know it clearly, a blind man does not know how to turn off the light,  
all the blind people in the world do not know how to turn off the light of art,  
and, even if every electricity company went bankrupt, art would continue to shine,  
darkening the accounts of nomadic supercapitalism.

We all know it clearly, a blind man does not know how to turn off the light,  
and, when we are pigeonholed in the archives of a cemetery,  
or, perhaps, in the solidarity community of a mass grave,  
the darkness will not stop shining, even with the simple force  
of a red light wet by the wind and shriveled by the rain.

We all understand it, a blind person does not know how to turn off the light,  
even when we are locked in the darkness of an urn or a coffin,  
killed by recession, cancer, a coup d'état, a stroke,  
the craftsman will never stop typing  
or communicating with microchips inserted into the brain,  
heir of the Sumerian, the Hittite, or Linear B,  
will never stop setting himself on fire, lighting himself up,  
against the blindness of a world of habit.

When Odin orders me to step aside,  
in a grumpy way, being a teutonic deity,  
i will have the satisfaction of not having contributed to the bankruptcy  
of the national electricity company.

### **MALA TEMPORELLA CURRUNT**

*Mala temporella currunt*, the times of the recommended artist,  
without a return receipt to a bloody style,  
the times of editorial buns, worthy epigones of Cucchismo,

- Cucchi debuted at Inter in the distant 1982- a master of antan-(competition),  
the times of sensual verse writers, prostituted to syntax  
also versed with editors, copywriters, managers, to test mattresses,  
the times of national magazines open to co-optations  
at least i sell myself to everyone for €20, without breaking balls.

*O temporella, o mores!* My post-modern Catilinarie  
would bore even *Cicero*, if not *Cato*,  
a new Utic user, victim of a latent publishing,  
divided into micro-publishing, a condition of scarcity of resources,  
and macro-publishing, the aggregate cause of scarcity of sonnets,  
and, lately, into necro-publishing, well *ipse dixit* Ceronetti.  
*Mafia tempora currunt, et temporella fugit*,  
Marchesi realized it in times of republic,  
the Cavaliere realized it in times of monarchy,  
mafias, camorras, ndranghetas also agglomerate in publishing,  
the atelier belongs to the fashionable artist, the clean-shaven artist,  
i, always dressed in a beard, will never be appreciated,  
the price tag does not wrinkle on my neck  
like Fantozzi, blue skier, in Courmayeur (did you think, in Cortina D'Ampezzo?).

*Mala temporella currunt*, the times of the hermetic artist  
who does not cellophane his books together with tubes of anti-emetic,  
the times of completely free, completely due, completely right  
all right, Rocco takes care of publishing the manuscript,  
forgetting, without comment, that even Dante Alighieri  
had to kiss many asses, in finding funding.



**Dr. Ivan Pozzoni** was born in Monza in 1976. He introduced *Law and Literature* in Italy and the publication of essays on Italian philosophers and on the ethics and juridical theory of the ancient world; He collaborated with several Italian and international magazines. Between 2007 and 2018, different versions of the books were published: *Underground* and *Riserva Indiana*, with A&B Editrice, *Versi*

*Introversi*, *Mostri*, *Galata morente*, *Carmina non dant damen*, *Scarti di magazzino*, *Here the Austrians are more severe than the Bourbons*, *Cherchez the troika. et The Invective Disease* with *Limina Mentis*, *Lame da rasoi*, with *Joker*, *Il Guastatore*, with *Cleup*, *Patroclo non deve morire*, with *deComporre Edizioni* and *Kolektivne NSEAE*, with *Divinafollia*.

He wrote 150 volumes, wrote 1000 essays, founded an avant-garde movement (NéoN-avant-gardisme, approved by Zygmunt Bauman). His verses are translated into 25 languages. In 2024, after six years of total retrait of academic studies, he return to the Italian artistic world and melts the *NSEAE Kolektivne* (New socio/ethno/aesthetic anthropology)

[<https://kolektivnenseae.wordpress.com/>].