



## I

The rain  
I still remember the way I watched, completely absorbed, every drop, every trickle  
of water  
As if I wanted to find an answer at all costs

Then everything started to crumble

For a long time I was troubled by a sense of distance from things  
I could find no peace

Everything was flat, as if unreal

I lived a long time in this state  
Obsessively searching for some proof of my existence as well as of the tangibility  
of my surroundings

I felt envy for those who seemed to be in harmony with the richness of that world  
where everything seemed to be always right and perfect

How was it possible that I could not enjoy the vividness of each moment  
And the continuous becoming of ideal moments that that absolute present was  
able to offer us?

And yet I could not

I looked around and felt as if I were locked in a glass cage separating me from  
what I believed was rightfully mine

Objects, people and landscapes still seemed familiar in form, but a strange, pale  
luminescence made everything inexplicably alien and sinister

It was my gaze that had changed  
It was there, in the territory of the visible that something had happened

Without me realising it, my eyes were no longer mine  
As if they were possessed, as if I were looking through someone else's eyes

It was precisely from the moment of this discovery that I began to withdraw from  
the surface  
Out of the need to escape from my gaze, from the annoyance and intense loneli-  
ness it was causing me

And so, step by step, I descended into myself

## II

I still remember the encounter with that absolute and perfect darkness

I found myself in a dark ravine and at the same time in what could have been a  
formless labyrinth of immense scale

A new experience of space and time opened up before me  
For which my senses, as well as everything that defined me in the outside world,  
were perfectly useless  
The time had come for me to become something else

I wandered for a long time in this abyss, in this deep geology, until I discovered  
that I was not alone

There were no eyes to stare at me nor were arms to grasp me in the darkness  
None of that

It was an ethereal presence to reveal itself

At first I could only feel it, but then it came closer and slowly, as if expanding, I  
felt it invading my being until it became my own voice:

“So you finally found me  
You don't recognise me, do you?  
You, who have long thought of finding me out there”

I listened; inert and in total dismay  
with no chance of escaping

And as soon as I tried to say something, my words disobeyed me again, giving  
shape to new waves of unfamiliar thoughts:

“Lost in the perfection of your time and in the deception of your gaze  
you had simply forgotten me  
But don't be afraid, now we are together again  
Follow me, listen to me”

## III

The presence seemed to withdraw for a moment, leaving room for an enormous  
silence  
But shortly afterwards it resumed, inhabiting my thoughts and my voice

From that moment on, I did not resist it any more

On the contrary, I trusted it and learned to listen

And with my eyes now sightless  
It was by listening that an unprecedented landscape  
Revealed itself from within the folds of that darkness

A tumultuous sea of voices, echoes, vibrations and resonances

It was like a huge connective tissue: life, in its most chaotic and purest form

For the first time in a long time I felt at home

It is from this place that my voice now comes to you  
And it is towards here that it guides you

So follow me  
away from the deception of what you still insist on calling reality and into the infinite expansion of this darkness

Listen to me  
For it is only here, in the chaos of the unknown, that new possibilities can take shape

Only here dwells our future

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