

PERCEPTION CAUTERISED



WILLIAM ALVA



William Alva

Perception Cauterised

«АВТОР»

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Alva W.

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What happens when perception no longer follows the world, but leaves its own marks upon it? Perception Cauterised explores the delicate and often painful boundary between what we see, what we believe and what endures when certainty fades. Across landscapes of memory, identity and modern life, William Alva invites the reader into a profound reflection on how experience shapes — and sometimes wounds — the way we understand reality. Introspective, lyrical and deeply human, this book is a journey through the invisible architecture of the mind, where perception, once altered, can never return intact.

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Глава

PERCEPTION
CAUTERISED

2da Edition

WILLIAM ALVA

Глава

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Глава

Dedicated to all men who, like me, ask themselves:

What is the meaning of life? To those anonymous souls who are always waiting for light and truth. To the invisible ones who seek ideals of true love.

To my father.

Глава

The Syndrome of Paradigm Perception

Acolytes of the unchanging day
were shattering the human,
overbearing in their assumptions and attitudes,
always seeking to oppress him
for his indigenous race,
for his scant wealth,
and his uprooted culture.

These soliloquies of the power elites
sketch out colorful mockeries,
theorizing responses
in convulsive logic
that leads astray
from the path
and from nobility.

Makeshift ghettos
for those who merely gaze at shop windows,
believing in decrees,
turning away from the morning
and from the faith
of hope
of the native day.

Preconceptions of the ordinary
judge and destroy;
and if it is moral,
they all proclaim you,
with one voice,
boring...
loser,
fanatical.

Why do we believe in gold?
In being more than those people
when we never shall be;
perhaps distinct, yes,
when we do not think solely
of our own life
but of theirs as well.

The customary old-fashioned colleges,
distant universities,
academics far removed from the self,

countries from A to Z;
whoever hoards riches
is the one who does not live
off their neighbor's treasure.

Глава

Systematosis

Insensitive climates greet the dawn,
tempting us with habitual failings,
common enigmas, common crossroads,
and fools who claim to know life
through an astrological sign,
as though we were inert clay.

Processes fall like dead science
amidst disasters,
in the wrath of giants
who feel themselves to be gods —
giants who dominate the pulse of the day,
giants obstinate in brutal power,
giants who talk to themselves,
giants arguing with those imaginaries,
but the human blood they drink harms them.

Глава

It rains mercilessly on the traveler,
and tomorrow there will be a savage sun;
dying and thirsty he goes,
his mind wanders wearily
thus begins the contagion of bitterness
within us,
when no one listens, when no one answers.

The giant, excited by the blood he drinks,
curses the land of the living;
he hurls his enormous sword at another man and slays him without mercy;
ten thousand more fall,
yet he scoffs and rides upon his dragon.

Afternoons of thought and sustenance
course through the blood, unsettling life,
making us believe in chimerical things;
yet many beings are dust, earth—
sage and awkward, together lifeless—
long endure the afternoons.

Глава

Human enigmas are almost solved,
plus the suffering broken across the earth, wearing down the frail
into the human sea;
innovation grows in insensibility;
the soul's garment, at times, becomes
a monster.

Tragic nights
plunge the day into vanished phrases;
monologues of libido unfold,
filled with confused serpents;
yesterday you spoke of idealism,
O human guide!
And today, you deride with cruelty;
tomorrow, you shall trifle with the soul.

Sensitive atmospheres shroud the night,
and a voracious sun dies in the distance;
on the streets, weary walkers return
to their familiar homes
with the same routine
as the day before yesterday.

Глава

The crickets chirp ceaselessly;
the birds huddle together,
and humans set out to soar naked
through skies laden with the height of vice,
laden with images, with narcotic hues,
lakes of alcohol.

When shall you say no, young apprentice?
Thoughts rise towards those clouds—
clouds that harbour vertiginous thoughts,
murky thoughts, thoughts like viruses.

Schemed fury surrounds the wayfarers;
once they were brothers, now adversaries;
once they played sweetly in the garden,
and now they annihilate one another;
son of the potentate,
what are you doing to your brother;
you asked yourself, too,
whether it was just to kill,
and yet you slew,
through the notion of a necessary evil,
you were transformed into a vile monstrosity.

Глава

Endless dawns, full of magic,
full of that voodoo sorcerer's
delusions of grandeur,
it begins to grow cold;
it's summer, and it's very cold,
the sickness is palpable;
the air reeks.

Excited and drunk on destruction,
the giants sit barking;
war rages in their hearts;
they slander the people
drooling with power,
oblivious to the growth of the self.

They break system after system;
they grow bored of them;
they discuss irrational logic,
they devise equations to suit their purposes;
they educate to be lauded,
they accustom man to medicine,
sapped by vanity
disgusted by the smug rebels,
they revel in the chaos.

Глава

Metaphorical, ravenous chaos,
you feed on the innocent remnants,
of lineages and of those without inheritance;
what mighty winds speak
as they rage round us.

This I know: that we are never alone
this I know: that a psalm is our sword
until the trials pass,
until the jaws of the destroyer are shattered,
my soul is crushed.

Shall it awaken?
Yes. It will awaken.

Глава

This I know: that we are never alone
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Глава

Limbic

Luminous huts, people in rapture
in the pronounced days of satire —
they yearn to imbibe truth
yet cannot,
for the skin constricts
upon their foreheads.

Memory often disguises itself
as rage; thoughts snarl
they recall the unspeakable,
they roam through squares,
of pleasure, with the hues,
and sheen of that time.

Alerts spin in the streets
in the neighborhoods of the head
in the mountains of the brain,
I see it from above —
from an uninspired sky
I can see it.

Глава

This cathedral, brimming with prose,
has new idols, fashioned as always
by the fear of the absolute,
ruled by the dread,
men go without love.

One wishes to flee and cannot
the wicked schizoid vaunts of me;
I strive to carve a way out
and the panes of glass that compose
the somber palace,
they glisten as if they were
halos of phosphorescence,
unsettling my fleeting naïveté.

In the squares of that park,
summer has withered the verdure
I see only a few trees,
I hope they remain forever,
Yet it shall not be so.
Where do my emotions perish?

Глава

Megara

I have heard nothing of it;
there is but a single copy of the same;
it's like speaking of diaphanous poetry
when the earth sways with iniquity,
and I do not think that verse
about the skin is what I yearn to read.

In the northern realm of literature,
I have sought to learn from the wise,
yet wisdom was not to be found
in the volumes, nor will in their wills,
nor joy in their desires,
and at times I disdain them.

I have not said 'yes' to everything,
nor have I said 'no' many times;
I seek not to impede the good,
the good that heals wounds
when raging fires besiege the dwellings.

Глава

Those children, gifts from heaven,
smile and play beyond Theognis,
beyond that heartless conspirator
of poetry;
instead of guiding minds,
he further corrupted the innocent light.
How can we disarm the wicked?

How much depravity snorts the air!
they furtively conceal evil with laws,
they overthrow governments
so they can swoop down like vultures to feast
upon the vulturine remains
of this century.

They devise formulas, ignoring variables;
unethical entities,
cities of vice;
they throw wide open the doors to stupidity,
to the deranged who converse with the wall
to judge humanity.

Глава

There are always forms of wickedness;
some hoard science and stars,
others erect castles upon the rocks
on slopes pointed towards the sun,
which they deem impregnable,
when all shall be melted;
there are always forms of evil—
look at the history of humankind
and say, ‘this one yes, this one no.’
What shall those born today eat?
There is money to spare in some homes,
homes to spare in some hands,
ill decisions to spare.

You, human, who conceive of philosophy;
you who seek truth,
you who speak of chaos,
you who feel like a new Acropolis,
you who deem yourself wise,
you who pray in a temple,
you who fashion colour
who possesses vineyards,
who tames oxen —
when shall you truly love?

Глава

The focus of a long tunnel

I saw you fly into a rage;
you seemed to be sleeping peacefully,
you were trembling in your dreams;
that perfectly ordinary day,
with a blue sky and flowers
by the wayside, you seized a knife
and I shuddered with fear.

You spoke of a bit of everything, nonstop –
the sea and the storm –
you glared with hatred,
with fury in your dilated pupils,
and like a child, you played alone;
the world made another being ill.

How to conquer the world
without being harmed, without harming
the world that flirts without naïveté,
its vain rotations greying,
deliberately always turning
here and there.

Глава

The vastness of the sea dazzles my soul;
sun gleams on an endless expanse of water;
human fishers probe into that ebb and flow, eclogues flow,
hoarding mystery in the clouds
like angels with swords
from the vast sea, and vengeful winds
whirl, filled with intense fury;
they brandish their weapons
to shatter the one who became
their foe; hurricanes sweep
in from the sea
and advance towards the land of dreams.

How can one beg in this world
if people are so unkind?
The damage affected the nerve tissue;
whilst others walk the streets,
parading like corpses.

How can one explain unusual reactions
when dreams become obsessive?
On that rainy day,
with a sky thick with clouds,
you could not go out —
yet you did.

Глава

Fear Hadrón

Tranquility almost lost its purpose;
it vanished like a distant isle.

Where is that king
who spins conspiracies?

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «Литрес».

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