

Maria Chiara Fagioli

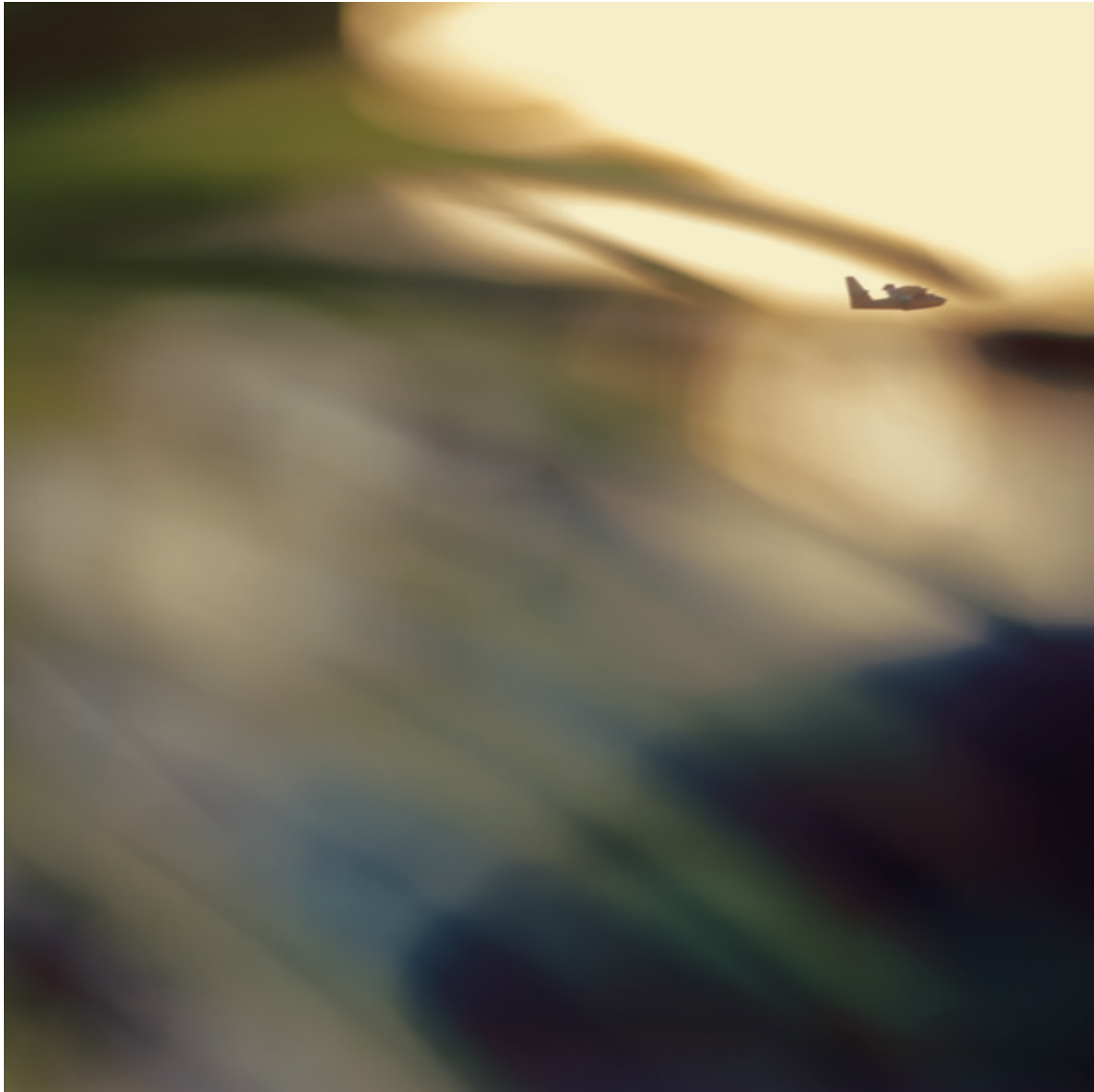


EDEA

Brush of Wings - Dialogues with the Self

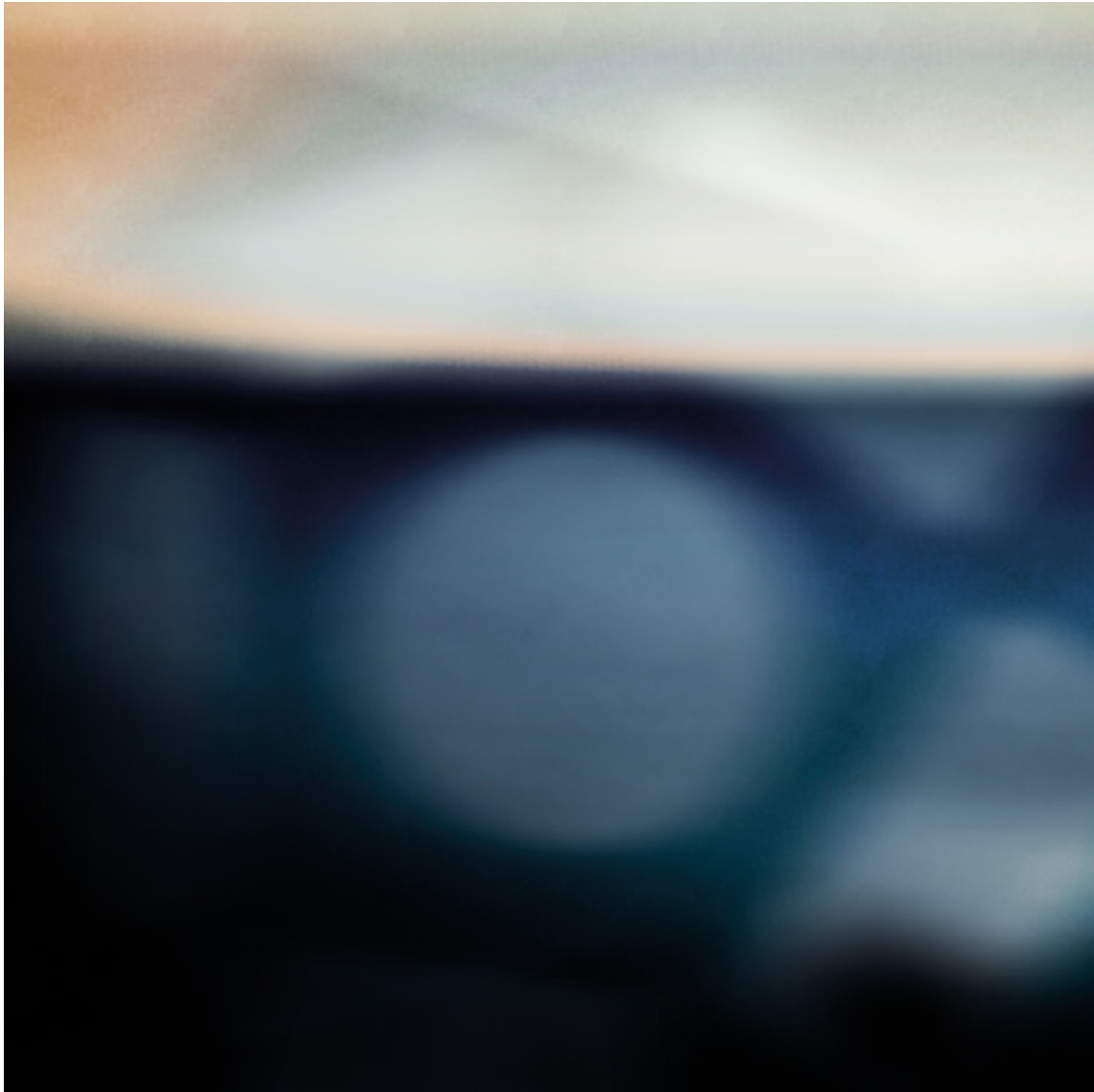
To mom and dad.
You do not live intensely
Without diving
into the human abyss,
Suffering the dizziness of
insensitivity,
To worship
the bitter freedom
On sweet scaffold.
Your.
Rebel.





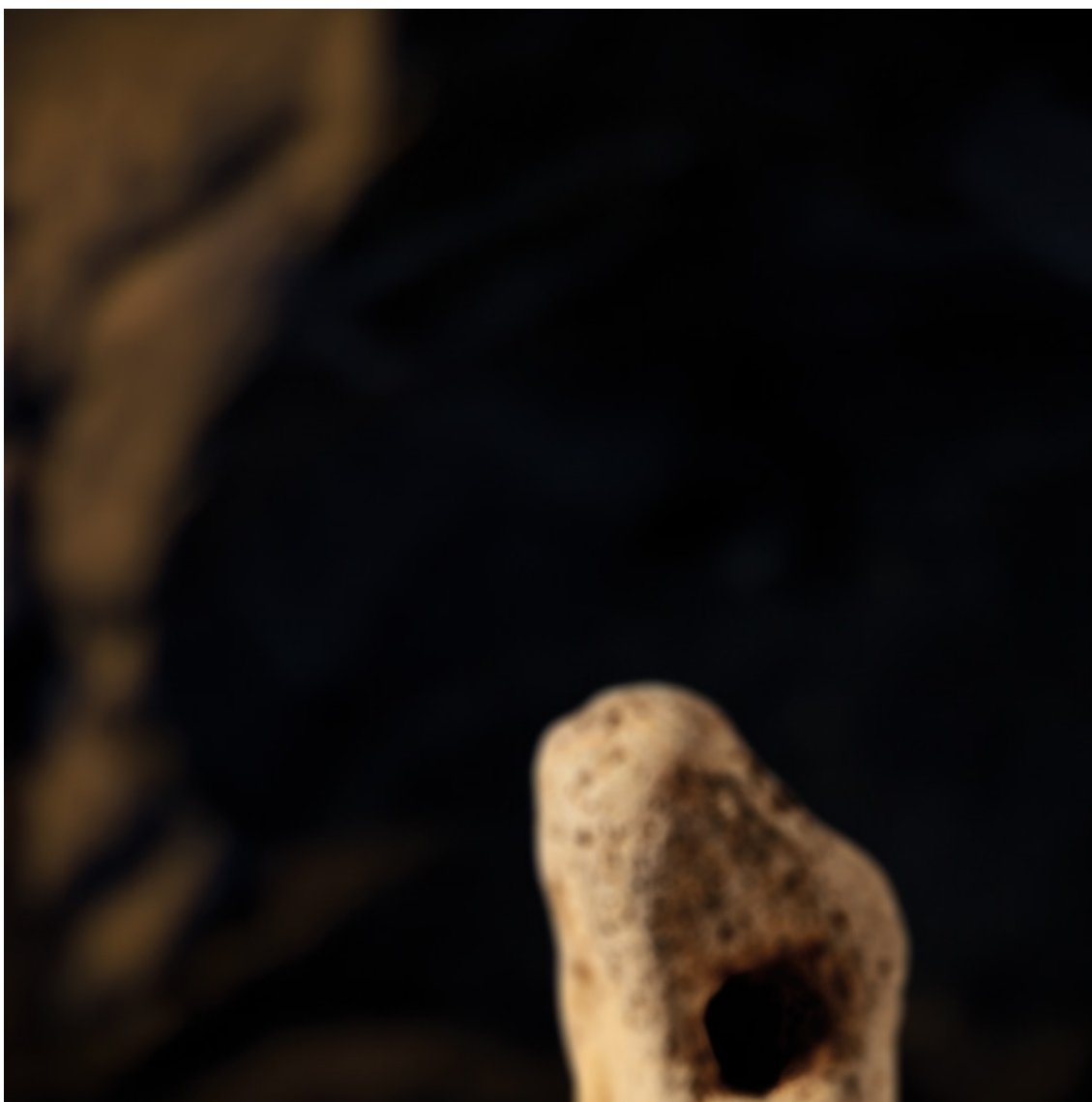
Suddenly, it was daylight.

Such intensity and glow surprised those desolate
landfills of immobile memory, nearly paralysing.



No wind caressed her grey hair, arid and crumbled appeared the land, almost hidden in a corner, laid to be forgotten, sacredly untouched. If there was life, the appearance would deceive every ray of light that homes in. Icy was travelling with her glider across worlds and the Oceans, by now missing the first adventures.

Perpetually swirling
between vivid strides
and discoveries,



in fact she left the intimate domicile without ever returning, or questioning the way to embracing again dear and family faces. Aircraft interiors were sober and comfortable, designed to last and inspire a

toe-like life
between distilled water and fluid images.

The central control and manoeuvring room had large transparent resistant panels, pentagonal, a dazzling effect that gives breathtaking views. From here, Icy could admire slim Earth patches of moonlight, the Milky Way, up to impressive dolomite mountains, deserts, and skyscrapers.

Each place smelled the mirage and the taste of utopia.

This time she was attracted by this little nook with two suns, a slight haze permeated confusing the horizon, in a scenery of intense browns and black earths.

The mermaid's lure overwhelmed her previous intentions to move to the city of the dolphins, an open-air aquatic garden that had risen since a few decades on large floating rafts. Arts and sciences flourished, therefore she was thinking of finding a place where to settle for a little. She lost that moment of solemn civil consciousness,

sinking into the mystery of an overseas blue lit by her lanterns.



The glider gently floated down to land.

Suddenly it was quiet.



The confident constellations were mirrored in a boundless sea expanse, almost dispersing every rational landmark.

She cautiously opened the emergency hatch overhead and gave a quick reconnaissance, thus she sat on the top of the vehicle. In front of her, there were darkness and light flashes,

where sky and sea blend until perceiving veiled, finely universal emotions.



She stood in position for long, endless minutes, finally she narrowed her eyes and put a soft woolly shawl behind the head.

Icy slowly sniffled, lulled by whispered expectations and a placid night. She took off all the malevolent premonitions of winds and shaky waves, because only that special moment contained the miracle of the breath.

The morning arrived, overwhelmingly with its two suns, the one is the triple of the other. The reverberation of the water shook her still fogged sight.

“Land ho!”

She thought, striving to focus on the foaming and smouldering shadows in the distance. Never would have expected a desert land, devoid of any chlorophylline presence. “Sickly land close to the primordial element. Denial of water.”

LEONARDO (wandering in the inner idyll): Before you run into a desert and leave behind an oasis, you should look carefully inside yourself.

ICY (incredulously looking at such lively and real being): I'm Icy.

LEONARDO (as if he had not heard): In front you will find an elephants' graveyard. Abandoned carcasses cry during the sandstorms in a place once florid and populous. I am Leonardo.

ICY: Have you ever lived here?

LEONARDO: Born and raised in Feudwall. I can't see me elsewhere.

ICY: Is there regret or repentance?

LEONARDO: Youth has passed away, I did not have time to have reason or courage for myself.

ICY: Are you alone?

LEONARDO: The nearest form of life is about ten miles west.

ICY: I'm not here for your land ..

LEONARDO (interrupting): I challenge you!

ICY: Um, torn away from the maternal home, never returned.

LEONARDO (with a faint tone of voice): If you want ..

ICY: I can not say more than a little, about the threshold I did not walk again. There followed choices, clearings, and hard sleeps over stones, woods, and a deafening darkness. I fed with roots when the land was most unfair, rested on grassy beds when the fields became less welcoming. I started exploring, wandering and lightened by dead weights. All at once the houses seemed cages, waters springs refreshing, the ears of wheat rejoiced in abundance.

LEONARDO: No lament?

ICY: We are born miserable.

We bark when the leash tapers, and choke in safe enclosures.

Is your world immutable?

LEONARDO (surprised, embarrassed, struck): For nothing. What I could do with a handful of dust. I'm waiting for disappearing. Along with me the ultimate hope of life in the range of miles.

ICY: Pruriginous Responsibility.

LEONARDO (without comprehending at all): Look (showing his wrinkled and maltreated hands). What else would it be for two hands that never dared?

ICY: The sea.

LEONARDO (with dreamy air, dazzle by the gentle strength, and that strange creature, so similar, so distant):
It seems I never lived.

Leonardo was a fascinating man, apparently very confident of his convictions of his shaped self-sculpture, decadent and stunned. He stood rigidly, with his impenetrable defences, strongholds over time in an adversarial place. Contrite gestures, physically tied.

Despite the immediate dialogue sprang up with easy spontaneity, he seemed to be distracted by the lights coming out of the control room, turquoise to the yellow chrome.

ICY (she noticed): Try to imagine a different view every day.

LEONARDO (almost astonished): Take me with you. Enthusiastic creature.

ICY (blushing and resolute): It's a sacrifice. Your world instead. I would see and hear it. To understand.

LEONARDO (the voice choked up): Follow me on the path to my shelter. The tower of the golden death. In the morning, I refresh my temples with fresh water, smile at the consumed reflection and wrap the old promises in pain. I have virtue for myself, the last step for dignity, trying to tear beauty for reward in the next life.

SILENCE



LEONARDO (disgusted breaking into): Not even beyond misery I will admire the warm lips of a woman, but I will be redeemed by countless sorrows and troubled evenings.

ICY (always at a distance, caressing): Brave desires. Is this the house?

LEONARDO: Geometry to divide and multiply.

They climbed a solid geometric figure. Distances began to diminish and ice was flowing. He felt a warm reawakened pleasure. She was magnetic,

the great unknown seducer who waved bridges and perpetuated beliefs over the years.

He was shaken.

Icy smiled, he clumsily hardened.

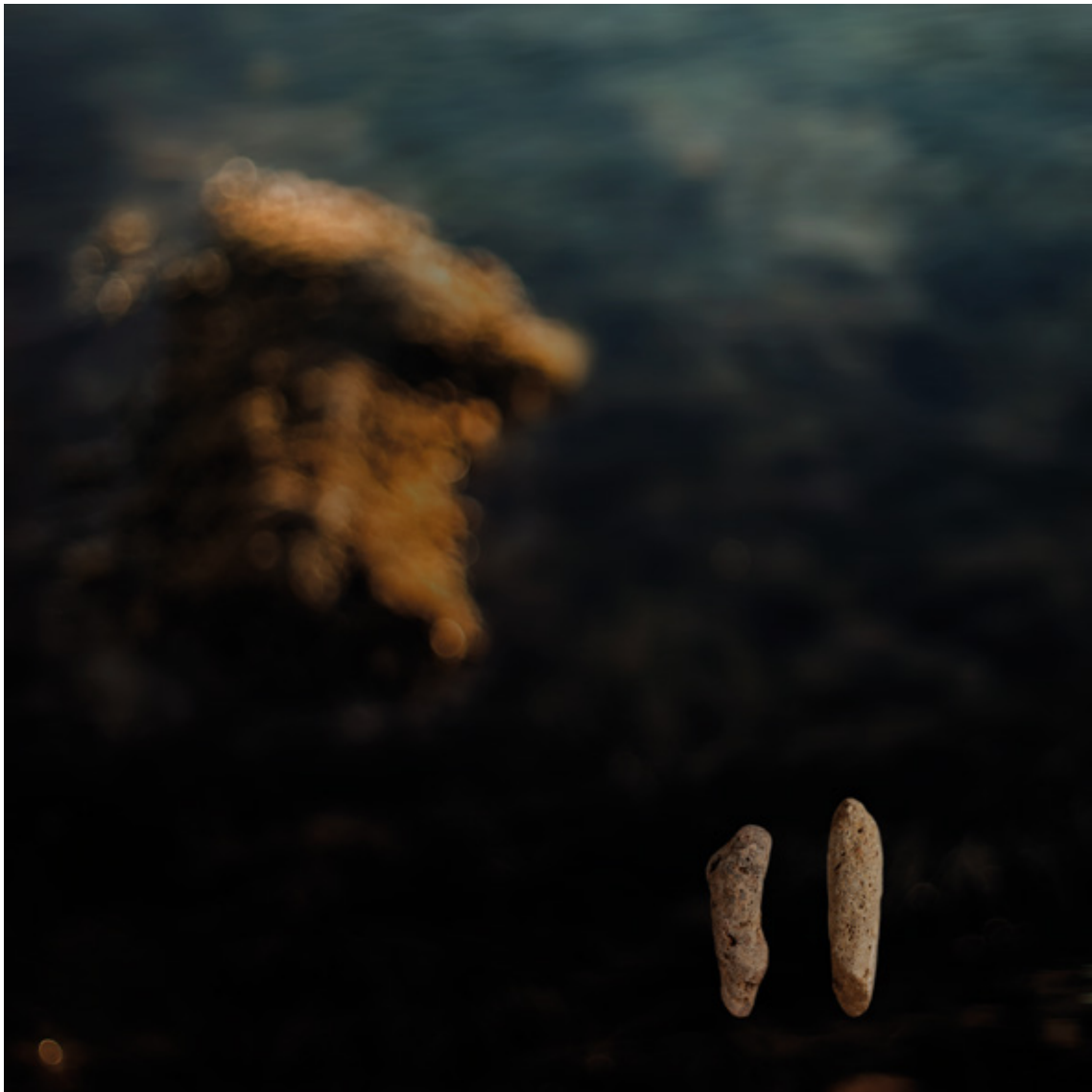
ICY: Renouncing the happiness of possession, you'll get away from the appetite and the nightmares of your ego.

LEONARDO: It's just a desperate vertigo.

ICY (reducing distances still a bit): Nothing irreparable and misleading, I invite you to my world.

LEONARDO (amused): Since it is a dwelling?

ICY: You will see, you will see.



Icy grabbed Leonardo's hand, as if he was an old remembrance to which you are clinging. She could have kept a couple of eyes burning only for her, perhaps a family need, almost a backward journey from the drift. Convulsive whistles believed in the new lie, the ardour was draining out of the Sunday meal or of the void overwhelmed.

From painted eyes of immensity, to tyrannical obstinacy.



ICY (Released by Every Temptation):

In the darkness of
every night there
are shimmering
shades, nearly as
showing our in-
dolence.

She widened her arms, divine sparkles appeared along twisted paths towards the sky.
Leonardo opened his mouth and his large hazel eyes, tearing off a vibrant emotion.
"Ooh".



ICY (calm and patient as who is about to reveal the theories of the relativised universe): In the arcane lies the cosmos. We are tools, means of a complex design that seeks sinusoids and straight lines at unthinkable speeds. Detecting the depths of the great mysteries of visible nature is laborious and difficult task for those who do not want to see or perceive the journey. From the hands, words of poetry can smooth and turn on moments of vertical tension.

SILENCE

ICY:

We were given the grace of acknowledging love and letting it free to stroll. Not to be devoured by our own oblivious prison.

She raised her arms to the infinite and beyond, and at FeudWall there were the first signs of life: spherical and bicoloured corolla flowers, discreet in the complex.



ICY: Understand for making progress.

LEONARDO (speechless).

SILENCE

ICY: Let it be. Yay. How long will we tolerate a sea that we can not embrace anymore, touch, suffering from dirt, polluted by an egoist present? Contrary to being there is not properly nature but the same being.

LEONARDO (wrapping his head in his hands): I .. I ..

SILENCE

ICY (taking his hands back, heavy hands, and shaking the head): You want to shield your view with reasoning. There may be valid and opposites variants. Beyond the ubiquitous blindness, after every dogma to infuse, you will find me in the most painful torn pages, at the borders, between splinters of salt crystals and evaporating water, like the seagull swirls and turns in the air.

LEONARDO (exhausted):

Who are you?

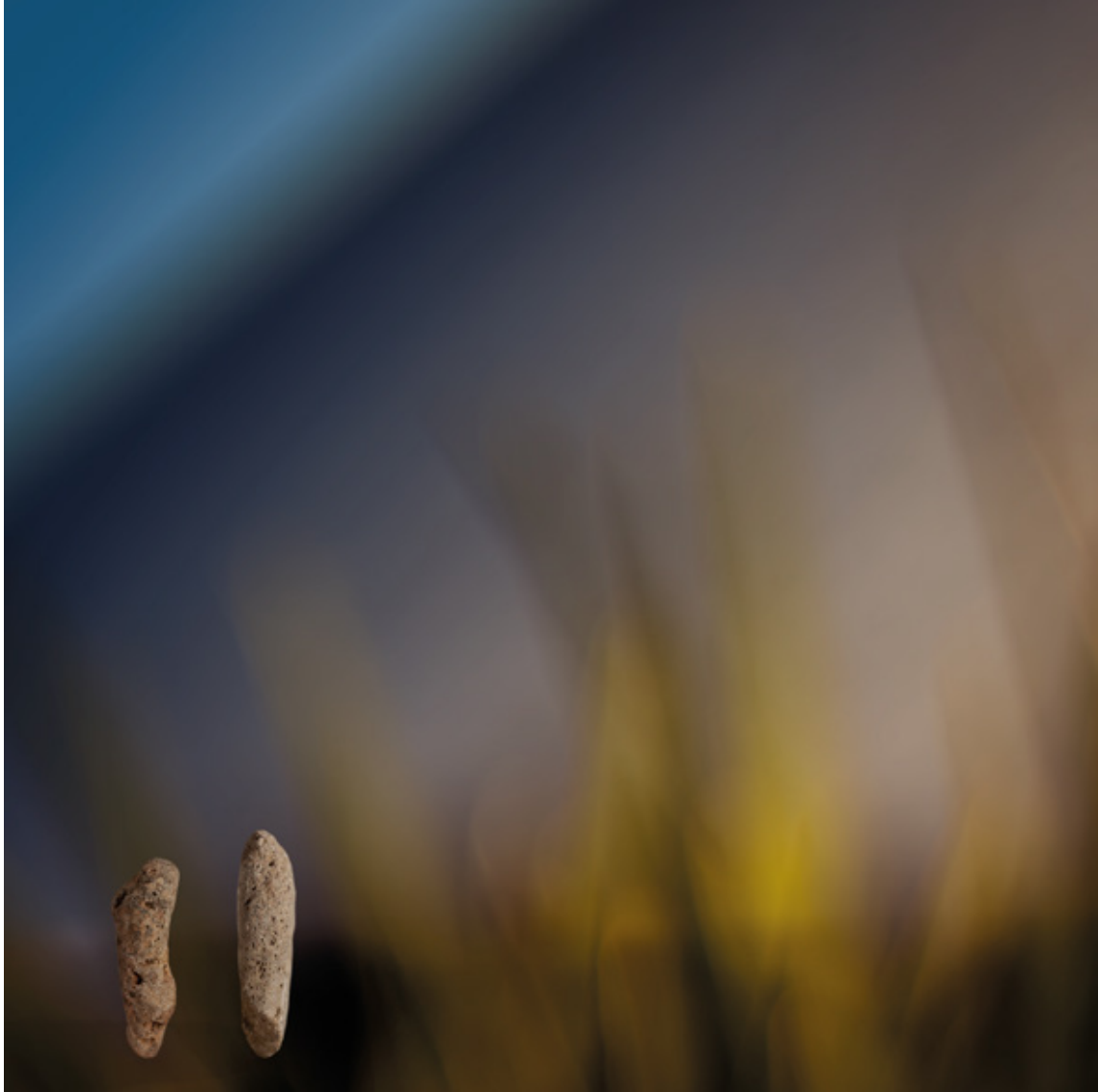


Maria Chiara Fagioli



There were doubts

between echoes of
purity and flames.



It's around the

bonfire

that you recognize pungent reflections and you feel the forbidden. Shadows wrapped identities and intrigues, fireflies at the tops lighted their hair. The ancestral voices walked up, confuse, and multiply, nearly faces running and mingling with each other, in a vortex ranging from orange and red yellow to the twilight. Leonardo and Icy looked with their chin up at the edges of the big brazier, captured to keep crackling and moments for the next day, unaware of where and if they had ever again shared the same illuminating heat.

Icy, satisfied, abandoned herself to the creation, as the mistress of her time.



LEONARDO (hesitant about what to do): It's time to greet the day that lingers outside.

ICY (eager): It's your time. Do not be afraid.

SILENCE

She leaned her nape on the bed of sand, while around the Aurora Borealis presented acid distorted images.

The moon blossomed, or its projection, until it was pale and muddy in the countryside and the wings fluttered frantically. At the foot of the impenetrable heights, Leonardo murmured melodies of chrysalis ghosts, wizened even before they get out of their way. He realized that he could not run the errant road of kaleidoscopic journeys. His lymph was awakened, elevating her spirit in a liberating breath.

Enchanting and silent dissociation.



ICY (a whisper of a voice): We can not be owners of the earth. There's no time. To understand, for life. By grace, we lost our appetite by accumulating privileges of all sorts and foods ruthlessly insipid but aesthetically tasty. Among these new wiry creatures and in the skies where flocks of clouds graze, nothing and everything met,

offering the luxurious freedom of the great giants' dream.

SILENCE OR MUSIC

ICY (continuing): Drop your weapons, your enemy, if exists, is in the mirror.

We want to laugh! Until madness,

to get back in a long tree lined avenue.



The suns turned to the beginning of things, dust and fog, a deceptive sleep emanated from dazzling bright globes.

The darkness in front of the night's sleep made way for the moon, who could never sigh, holding the hands of the lover,

feeling an untold
heart shaking.



So it is likely to continue to lie to themselves, giving imprudent restlessness to
the myth, which it becomes the king.

Nothing but turning our shoulders to the sea, our sea, with whom we speak on the path
of the senses, through a hypnotic movement of consciousness and discovery.
All began to define the contours, while trying to memorize the landscape.

ICY (as awakened by a deep sleep and reasonably shaken): Look at me a last time.

SILENCE

LEONARDO (visibly broken): Stay one last night ..

ICY: Darkness will not scare anymore. If, during the next moon, remorse of a missed kiss comes up, go back listening
for the sound of cruel beauty in your wrinkled hands. Hands will cry the future still in diapers, with lazy certainties.

LEONARDO: Look at me again, do not stop, so I can touch my soul, to passionately roar. At these points I will have no
other worlds for us together.

ICY: Put me in a crystal flowerpot to see us dry out and sink into the indifference of a sweet mistake. Every idea is born
wrong somewhere.

LEONARDO (naturally): Won't you stop?

ICY: I'll stay up to light your blindness. If you want.

LEONARDO: Slight restlessness between these renewed feathers, for leaving these shores together and approach the
depths of desperate solitude, if needed.

ICY: I'm your island. By climbing on board, I would mark your fall and betrayal. Do not ask me to annihilate us.

LEONARDO: My flower to be watched ..

ICY: Take care, there will be other seeds.

LEONARDO: You are killing us ..

ICY: Yesterday we were wandering.

LEONARDO: You would dare the temptation of tender candour ..

ICY: You're my first kiss.



SILENCE

She stepped back, turned her back and headed for the glider, loyal companion of life and journeys. She went aboard, but before disappearing completely from his sight, she turned and shouted "Missing. The first one."

Like the tail of a mermaid, she vanished in the turquoise horizon. Though in the upcoming dawn, new spaces will raise feelings to be licked, and will show windows in which to seek consolation.

"Give to life the bitterness and thirst that you feel most, because in the darkness after sunset lies the fate that we have deceived."

Paper skies unleashed swans, blue springs, and breezes.

One more shiver.



* LANDSCAPE .
PEACE*



Portfolio Sept. 2017
Printed version [Limited ed. of 10 albums]
Fine art project by Maria Chiara Fagioli



AR symbol »

The AR experience, Instructions for Use :

1. Download an augmented reality mobile application (Aurasma, ..)
2. Scan the Pages containing the AR symbol with a mobile device
3. Enjoy the AR experience !

