

POETRY

Body
& Soul



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Maximiliano Curcio

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“Body & Soul” desplaza la mirada desde la intimidad del individuo hacia una dimensión más amplia y perturbadora de la existencia humana. En su primera serie poética compuesta en idioma inglés, el autor proyecta posibles fracturas sobre el cuerpo, la sociedad, la historia y las fuerzas oscuras que atraviesan la condición humana. La obra construye un universo donde la manifestación física funciona como territorio de conflicto: un lugar donde conviven deseo, violencia, culpa, placer, miedo y una constante búsqueda de sentido frente a aquello que parece imposible de comprender. La dualidad planteada desde su propio título no refiere únicamente a una oposición entre materia y espíritu, sino a una tensión permanente entre lo que somos y aquello que intentamos ocultar.

La serie desarrolla una imaginaria atravesada por el horror, la sangre, la religión, la enfermedad, la muerte y el colapso generalizado, pero estos elementos no aparecen como simples recursos de provocación; funcionan como símbolos de una exploración más profunda sobre la fragilidad humana y las contradicciones de una época atravesada por sus propios excesos. El cuerpo se convierte en archivo de heridas individuales y sociales, mientras la violencia aparece como una consecuencia de impulsos, creencias y estructuras que el ser humano construye para luego quedar atrapado en ellas. La voz poética observa ese escenario con una mezcla de fascinación y rechazo, como si intentara encontrar belleza dentro de aquello que revela nuestra parte más inquietante.

Más que una celebración de la oscuridad, “Body & Soul” propone una confrontación con las zonas negadas de la experiencia. La serie transita los límites entre lo sagrado y lo profano, lo íntimo y lo colectivo, la atracción y la destrucción, construyendo una poética donde el exceso funciona como una forma de conocimiento. En ese recorrido, el cuerpo deja de ser únicamente un organismo vulnerable para convertirse en una superficie donde quedan inscriptas la historia, la memoria y las pulsiones humanas. La serie plantea así una pregunta persistente: cuánto de aquello que tememos pertenece realmente a lo externo y cuánto nace de las sombras que también forman parte de nosotros.

*The distance between the pain
and the angriest bone of my body
is a single syllable word
hanging in the corner of your eye*

*there was a time
the rules were of the heart
until the heart ceased to rule
none of us here, not anymore*

*oh, do not forsake, my darling
the backstreet affair
now that the dirt is all around us
love grows into loath when's gone*

*as heavier's the head wearing the crown
I would fuck you to death
but it happens to be
I still love myself*

*Half of the truth goes without saying
although there comes a point
a person will be no more
lip-synching*

*this is the state of things
another case with a loose end
and all I need is a clean blade
where barely buried love lies bleeding*

*in a bathful brash of my own
clotted blood's everywhere
I guess at least you'll get
the sweetest splatter*

*don't you dare just to pretend
we're playing hide and seek
I've been feeding the sharks for so long
all of the beautiful faces I found*

III

*In a bloodshed party
humanity has been cheated
and the guilt upon this world
darkens an ugly void to fill*

*indeed, this is still
getting more violent
as above, so is below
to shape ourselves*

*welcome to the wasteland!
it's only our nature
you get what you give
eager to devastate*

*I can wait, wide awake
for the moment of repent
at a less warm sunset
without lust*

IV

*Time is a flat line
held by the ill
wrapped up in plastic
the future seems to be ripe*

*lest we forget
the pleasure left out of reach
I'm already too old to die young
and it's getting late*

*did I cause you any harm
by falling down?
a soul for sale has no more purpose
once the sake was of the prettiest*

*every mind has a past of it's own
and the first thing we do is to kill
don't take for granted a tender sin
nor the way of sacrifice*

V

*These are my back pages
and I never wanted to fix it
rather become a fixation
trauma is a trend nowadays*

*on body and soul I committed
to the fright break
not always a juggernaut
will be the next of kin*

*in the interest of accuracy
I'm aware of the damage beneath
casualties and vanquished
tied up with ribbons and laces*

*I used to love each one of them
under the edge of the knife
as far as conceivable
the wicked turned out to be the weak*

VI

*The bloodiest thing that ever happened
it's about to take place right now
a rage of evil will only be enough
to obliterate the comfort of the immaculate*

*as fear arises, the disease prevails
anticipating a spreading disaster
there's so much more to break through
than a smiley face theory dying down*

*I don't want anyone else to lie
sickness's the other way around
not just a statistic amid the deviated
in one magnificent wreckage*

*he's been waiting for this moment
and the very next day we all be sorry
a fallen angel from a barren seed
licking a star*

VII

*All of us strangers, here we are
staring up at each other
numbed by the scent of our rotten flesh
nothing's so sweet as a nasty orchid*

*a hollow above is shining so bright
like a spaceship mirroring God
undefeated, it shall not perish
eternity holds human's despair*

*how far we'd go back to refrain?
still shackled to the armour and the frame
deprived, free will's the real self-deception
only steps away from reaching nowhere*

*forever lost is the fortune of the unborn
vanished on a flitting glimpse
the day before the future ends
drifting across the border of the atrocious*

VIII

*In the still of the night
at the time when children pray
she grovels into my pretty cabinet
but I'm not ready to go to bed yet*

*future's coming fast
under Harrods's separate sheets
and all I need is
a New Year's Eve resolution*

*I'm almost dying of perfection
and she's no player's angel
willing to dismantle
every ounce of my good luck*

*dead at last from the waist down
her careless smile paralyzes me
she won't have to kiss me anymore
nor will I have to forget it all*

IX

*Once the cheater full of lights
arousing the queen of hearts
my least radiant self
could be easily mistaken*

*since the day I surrendered
to the look alike of the wall
sharpening a remorseful slave
the remains of the man I wanted to be*

*the way I used to spoil it beforehand
at the mercy of a dull razor
what would have become of her divinity?
without the herald of me*

*it's a relief not to believe
in a reason to satisfy her nasty needs
love will have it's own compromise
to make it worthwhile*

X

*You're not in love
it's just a nibbled pastime
and only takes a prick of the thumbs
for the unwearied to bite the innocent*

*that's the most common manner
of the least kind of seamliness
our secret is something violent
and sterile at the same time*

*don't put the blame on me
I'm not looking for salvation anymore
but running out of lovers, my dear
crawling like a beggar*

*a secretly hinny beast of yours
psycho-martyr
irresistibly attracted
to a dragging no end*

XI

*I saw a man who wasn't there
uneased as any living thing
he grinned back through the glass
with an annoying grinding of the teeth*

*waited for me to leave and stayed put
as distant as a translucent past
from where he just gazed through
cold, like my mind is*

*oh, so many bodies were snatched!
a realm's army of hungry ghosts
for unnecessary I rejected the soul
at the center of it all*

*now I'm lost in the island of doom
and my name belongs to the shades
another unnoticed investment
haunted by a never ending dream*

XII

*Reflecting an insidious wish
I devoted myself to the drip
all the way I gave in to the sin
and in return you came, again and again*

*with a spirit of slumber
at the weakest of it's hour
the only thing I had to do
was to cut you off*

*naked and face-painted
under the spell of a black moon of my own
the color that I tattooed your lips
from sweating so much*

*tied to a rope there's an old taboo
feeding everything that scares you
like the worst nightmare we've ever had
nothing compares to the heart*

XIII

*Ah, how poetry worships the darkness!
and every single shiver it breeds
so auspicious to the emergence of love
amidst the horrendous*

*a lit match in the room won't ever be enough
while the masterpieces of the giants are falling apart
on the threshold of the house of no nice thoughts
the fate of the pawn always fades away*

*time can no longer prevent the light
from reaching to tear the unholy apart
nor stealing from a black hole
a rampant blaze, seconds before*

*with the painful speed and propagation
of a holocaust sacrifice
turning as gloomy as a candle smoke
in one final breath*

XIV

*When I've already gave up everything to hold on to
a sole picture lingers as the prison of the soul
in search of the security that incarcerates one's hopes
the pledge I'd raise to be released from*

*these are the drying days
and the paradise has been depraved
as greater the pain the less it oppresses
deep as an empty space filled with despair*

*untainted is my preachment
in every word I utter
among a string of disposable things
so graceful and broken*

*ashes to dust I'll grow back
regardless of how
sinking in quicksand
I am the desert*

XV

*This is the twisted side of the tale
set to be told from an astonishing horizon
at the apex of the midnight sun
softhearted souls doesn't exist anymore*

*hanging upside down
the book of blood is about to open up
and what may lurk within it
as every monster comes after another*

*tomorrow could be the very last dusk of mankind
I'm the sole spectator of a massive suicidal attempt
with infrared vision scanning
a posthuman desire of annihilation*

*none of us will survive to see self-made horrors
suffocated ignorance and pro-terror duplicity
sowing thick weeds among the weath
in live flesh the real enemy looks quite like you*

XVI

*Death is a weapon fired at point blank
the immediate command you must fulfill
deep down there's an itchy urge
slain them all, off course*

*the headline'll say bloodhand
misspelling the reasons
beneath every homicide's aftermath
lies a shocking mistake to fancy*

*as fake as everything I see around
fake in comparison to what?
the gruesome facts you read about
not always turn out to be the really scary thing*

*I'm not a craftman of fiction
neither the fastest writer
I only have a definitive closing line
the killer inside me*

XVII

*In the bloody twilight of history
a rumor is spreading like fire
the sanctuary has been raped
your beliefs assassinated*

*now scream as if you mean it!
you're trapped inside a cage
they've got you under control
new order machines with no soul*

*all they need is one minute of premeditation
to execute you the day before collapse
like random access memories in contempt
pretending dementia*

*dead man, dead man ruled out
that's' why you were brought out to life
God is a killer
pulling the trigger*

XVIII

*All I wanted from you was repent
like a missionary, obedient model
but you're still not making any progress
stuck in a powerless repetition*

*which is the hardest thing you can endure?
besides prosthetics to fuck yourself
the threatening smell of my words!
unpleasant is a raised middle finger*

*while your ego's full of shame
mine seems to be already starving
as if I was going through
an out of body experience*

*I'm not a man, dynamite
the ticking bomb of your life
a secret passage of your personal history
personally depleted*

XIX

*If I don't break the pattern
the pattern will break me
I'm in the wrong side of the glass
and the double keeps crawling behind*

*a virus of the mind is what favors
the villain I incubated
hidden is everything that turns on your imagination
the shadow that stalks you, my fist on the wall*

*this is my fall from grace
the gorgeous deceit I deliver
sympathizing is not understanding
and our vices are so strange*

*what you admire the most about me
is the way I put an ending to you
no one is alive in a sick linearity
trying to fit in what you ultimately hate*

XX

*They say that justice is served in heaven
while hell seems to be full of unanswered prayers
harboring in the vacuum of infinity
the very same guilt that's eating you alive*

*lamb of God's leftovers you choked with
a self-imposed condition
condemned to the spatiality
especially, the specialty*

*narcissistically parasitic
dissociated by simulation
humanity is what bothers ourselves
and I'm no longer your victim*

*so if you kill me now
you're actually killing yourself
let me save you from the pain
killing everyone else*

XXI

*I promise I'll make you feel a little worse
literally jump out of your skin
the power lies in naming it
with diabolical intension*

*abracadabra
the last trick I learned
you can die by suggestion
danger is superstition*

*abra-cadaver
stripped off the malevolence
only pure sadism prevails
in vain everything is written*

*this is the final act about to start
a strange stage of inspiration
that rules by compulsion
manipulating your ultimate leap of faith*

*The twentieth century manufactured
suitable for survival psychopaths
as much as prominent homosexuals
rock and roll stars*

*every hero you immortalized
happens to had murders for breakfast
let's go ahead and raise the stakes
signing checks in favor of death*

*when it's time for retribution
the privilege of all fanaticism is becoming infamous
Hitler would either make you kneel
or squirm in your grave*

*what's blood if not for this?
each single oath you must obey
otherwise tomorrow there will be more
more of your children with no tomorrow*

*Beware of murderville
and stay cautious in staycation
no girl should walk home alone at night
amidst society beauty's secret agony*

*before everyone's eyes
someone else's favourite's got to disappear
isn't it the American way of dying?
with no paraphernalia at all*

*accessories of accomplice paranoia
could unleash the perfect ripple effect
blowing wide open
your last fifteen minutes of fame*

*at a glance fear freezes forever
falsities of this prone to hysteria world
you're not immortal, immoral
like Hollywood's wealthiest whore*

XXIV

*You don't have to terminate it
that's what I'm here for
the strategy that usually fits my needs
to kill two birds with one stone*

*like a precise, mechanical roulette
every periodic risk I took care of
our tremor is like a loaded gun
and I dare you to do it*

*mystified, you do not consent
not by fear of God
what you fear the most
comes from the encompassing abyss of the future*

*would you die for me, my love?
I'll shoot myself with a four-letter word
while your hesitation lingers six feet under
near by the place where the wildest roses never grow*

XXV

*Let the creep show begin
let the wrong one in
cause everybody loves the puzzles
on any given thirteen*

*there's a mad man out there
digging the same old ground
there's a scattered taste of mud
as the tamed need his vileness*

*a paradisiacal death is what usually terrifies them
and no good deed should go unpunished
up tp this point prayers & sketches can't do any good
not a God damn thing*

*evil's not a metaphor
mostly people like us
with a sympathetic trend to humanize
axe handle skills*

XXVI

*Must be bad karma
when I should attain, preferred to fail
only to then try all over again
my most adored frustration*

*it's not just a matter of miscalculation
xuxtaposed intentions
an illicit desire at the fullest measure
automatically deterred*

*and the less sinful I become
will be the least you can acknowledge
with a sinister sign of exclamation
God is an instrument to flagellate yourself*

*take a look upon my soul
for each crack there's a scar
channeling the frailty of me
in the afterglow of success*

XXVII

*This is how tough love looks like
as sick as our sins, indeed
obscene is a sex scene
of which I take no part*

*the spotlight is yours to take
my coveted, re-embodied nubile
shrouded in tight black leather
I expect nothing less than the drama queen I got used to*

*so far it's been nice to meet you, like you, fuck you
but if it comes to killing the drive, enough is enough
just when you were about to start throwing the knives
I had already stabbed you in the back*

*the old fashioned way is not what we yearn
and you should seek for self-pity no further
isn't it absurd to smile at each other
and hate ourselves at the same time?*

XXVIII

*My new directive avoids the previous one
another savage harvest of infatuation has began
we all carry something overwhelmed inside
far beyond ideas of rightdoing*

*no phase of lust would yield to inertia
a sole fell swoop it's all I have to satisfy
wise and keen to make you numb
in order to keep our devotion safe*

*your personal security is now at stake
that beautiful throat you're about to lose
served up in the coldest slice
if you're getting responsive it's probably too late*

*try to visualize the pain
there's no real harm in carving
then persuade me to dispel any second thoughts
with a spurt of your own fresh blood*

XXIX

*Seemingly, I shouldn't warn you about the downside of blind faith
save yourself foreseeing whatever future holds
on an obliged assumption hope's gone
and any soul-anchored or shrine can immediately crumble*

*black dreams, black holes, black revelations
disturbing your peaceful frame of mind
weren't you basking for a bit more than mere gossip?
rumor has it, a rugged and rough descent*

*do not aspire to reach such a place
too high's that cliff to look down from
through the glass of history true glory's unholy
whether it's wearing the crown or the horns*

*with symmetrical similarity
the pain of all of your saints is a filthy pleasure
while my merciless scythe reaps
another dawning of the spring*

XXX

*I'm so pleased to delight you
with quite a sight for sore eyes
an untouchable canvas
and it's sordid meaning*

*in a virgin tissue each stain tends to stick
and a full body of work is what you should seriously consider
the more authentic it seems, the lesser safe I'll be
as satisfaction exterminates desire*

*turns out to be a brisk amusement
to release some spillage
while my whip of impatience's still shaking
before a mastiff of lips overflowing into whiteness*

*oh, forgive this sort of odd outburst!
causing havoc is creation
figuratively
all the wasted time has dripped the other way around*

XXXI

*Middle age epiphany
servant of six on a sacred holiday
who is it that stole your light?
if your shadow no longer supports*

*as the issue of all dualism
comes from an ancient idealism
the longing that takes over yourself
is the most dreadful you shall become*

*worshiping your leaders
swallowing your God
with the thickest blood the coven was sealed
and it doesn't prevent you from utter perversions*

*a simple change of mind will imply to behead you
see how easy is to nod afterwards?
until you incarnate
what religion would ultimately die for*

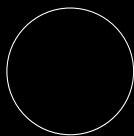
XXXII

*Iterations, as time goes on
they dilute the final message
and obscure the original one
everlasting by overexposure*

*no, this is not real at all
however, it will still not disappear
among white clouds without sky above
disengaging your body and soul*

*these are the laws of detachment
stripping you of your latest, restless ache
what you remember in fact is the blurred memory
of a disenchanting, false correlation*

*necessarily, everything's a matter of faith
and the miracle that has been offered to you was just improvised
twelve red dices already rolled below
while the course of events spat in your own little finitude*



Maximiliano Curcio

Maximiliano Curcio nació en la ciudad de La Plata, en 1983. Es escritor, docente y comunicador, egresado de la Escuela Superior de Cinematografía de Buenos Aires. Realizó críticas cinematográficas, análisis teóricos y ensayos para distintos medios gráficos y digitales desde 2004 hasta la fecha. También llevó a cabo coberturas de festivales de cine, muestras de arte y recitales de rock de las principales figuras de nuestra escena. Autodidacta y de espíritu artístico inquieto, ha reseñado obras de teatro, libros y discos. En el año 2016 creó el "Espacio Cultural Siete Artes", un portal de enseñanza a distancia, tarea que complementa con el dictado de ciclos de cine y talleres grupales en diversos centros culturales. De forma paralela, ha emprendido numerosas tareas de investigación y gestión cultural.

Desde 2018 es director de la revista cultural digital "Siete Artes", donde ha entrevistado a importantes personalidades de la cultura y el arte nacional. También, ha participado como columnista semanal de los programas de radio "La Cultura del Payaso" (NTV Radio), "Letras Encadenadas" (Radio Sapiens/Getafe-España), "La Brújula del Sur" (Radio Única-FM Alta Voz), "Rango VIP" (FM Alta Voz), "El Club de Lectura" (Difusión Parlante), "Tarde Neurótica" (Radio Única) y "¿De Qué Lado Estás?" (Radio Única); asimismo es productor y conductor del podcast radial del "Canal Siete Artes".

En el año 2019 publica su primera antología de libros titulada "THE END" y durante 2020 la serie de biografías musicales "ROCKEROS", sendas publicaciones fruto de 15 años de trabajo escribiendo acerca de la historia del cine, la música y sus protagonistas. En 2021, concretó la publicación de una serie de trabajos literarios de investigación cultural inéditos a la fecha: "ROCK DE MI VIDA: CRÓNICAS MELÓMANAS (Volumen I y II)", "SENTIDOS REVELADOS: ESTÉTICAS DE LA CULTURA UNIVERSAL" y "100 GRANDES DIRECTORES DE CINE: ESTUDIO CRÍTICO DEL LENGUAJE".

Durante 2022, da a conocer cuatro nuevos proyectos: "ESTOY LO ESTOY ESCRIBIENDO MAÑANA: RELATOS EN PROSA POÉTICA", "HOMBRES, MITOS Y LEYENDAS: ÍCONOS AFROAMERICANOS DEL DEPORTE", el díptico "GRANDES ESTRELLAS DE CINE: HÉROES Y VILLANOS/DIVAS FATALES" y la serie fotográfica "FACTÓTUM".

Es también autor del catálogo de imágenes "EL ASOMBRO SE PARECE A UNA FOTOGRAFÍA" (2021), de la revista cultural en cinco volúmenes "GABINETE DE COLECCIÓN" (2021-2022) y de la trilogía poética INFINITO ("∞", "OBLVION", "TIEMPO").