

Poetry is



fiction,



APHOMOIOO INSTITUTE

heaven.

**SELVES** by

**CELIO NENKO**

selves

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# **SELVES**

**poetry is fiction, heaven  
and selves  
poesia e desenhos**

**autor**

**CELIO NENKO**

**INSTITUTO APHOMOIOO**

**[www.aphomoioo.org](http://www.aphomoioo.org)**

**TÍTULO: SELVES - poetry is fiction, heaven and selves  
poesia e desenhos**

**AUTOR: CELIO NENKO**

**CAPA: CELIO NENKO**

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Poetry is [redacted] fiction,  
Take [redacted] moral [redacted] make [redacted]  
And [redacted] build [redacted] heaven.  
[redacted] converted [redacted]  
Like [redacted] hymns.

[redacted] agree in [redacted]  
[redacted] opposing [redacted] an [redacted] make [redacted]  
[redacted] the peristyl [redacted] masque  
Beyond [redacted] our bawdiness  
Unpurged [redacted] [redacted]

Squiggling [redacted] And [redacted]  
[redacted] began.  
Your [redacted] flag [redacted] lants,  
Smacking [redacted] in parade,  
Proud [redacted] of the sublime.  
[redacted] tank a [redacted] d tunk-a-tunk-  
[redacted] merely may, [redacted] from  
[redacted] ar [redacted] ong the spheres.  
This will make widow [redacted] wince. But fictive to  
[redacted] will. [redacted] most [redacted] widow:



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Beyond [redacted] our bawdiness  
Unpurged [redacted] indulged [redacted]  
[redacted] converted [redacted]

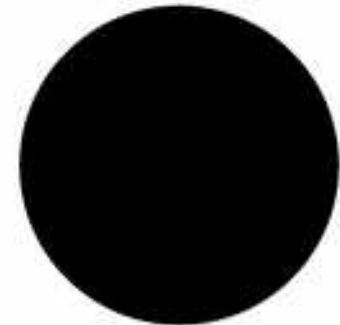
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Smacking [redacted] in parade,  
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This will make widows wince. But fictive things  
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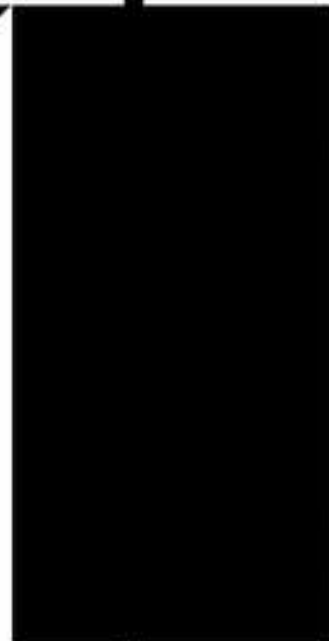
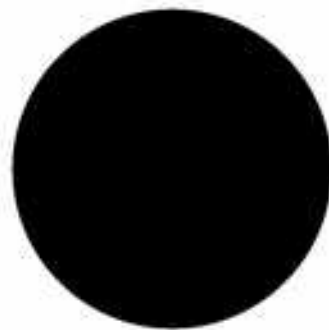
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[redacted] began.

Your [redacted] flagellants,  
Smacking [redacted] in parade,  
Proud [redacted] of the sublime.  
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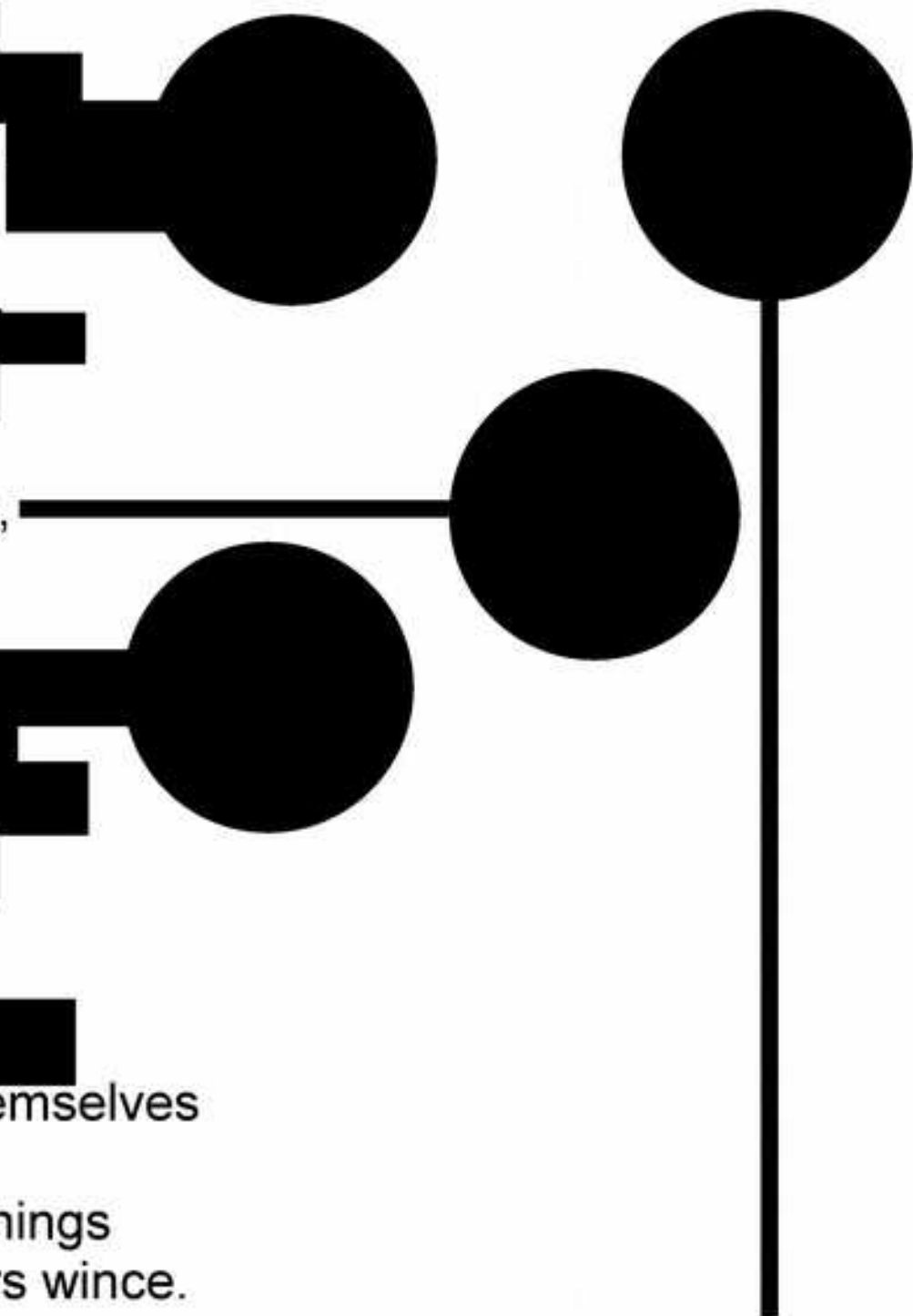


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Unpurged [redacted] indulged [redacted]  
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Squiggling [redacted] And [redacted]  
[redacted] began.

Your [redacted] flagellants,  
Smacking [redacted] in parade,  
Proud [redacted] of the sublime.

[redacted] tank and tunk-a-tunk-[redacted]  
[redacted] merely may, [redacted] from themselves  
[redacted] among the spheres.

This will make widows wince. But fictive things  
[redacted] will. [redacted] most [redacted] widows wince.

Poetry is the supreme fiction, madame.  
Take the moral law and make a nave of it  
And from the nave build haunted heaven. Thus,  
The conscience is converted into palms,  
Like windy citherns hankering for hymns.  
We agree in principle. That's clear. But take  
The opposing law and make a peristyle,  
And from the peristyle project a masque  
Beyond the planets. Thus, our bawdiness,  
Unpurged by epitaph, indulged at last,  
Is equally converted into palms,  
Squiggling like saxophones. And palm for palm,  
Madame, we are where we began. Allow,  
Therefore, that in the planetary scene  
Your disaffected flagellants, well-stuffed,  
Smacking their muzzy bellies in parade,  
Proud of such novelties of the sublime,  
Such tink and tank and tunk-a-tunk-tunk,  
May, merely may, madame, whip from themselves  
A jovial hullabaloo among the spheres.  
This will make widows wince. But fictive things  
Wink as they will. Wink most when widows wince.



## **SOBRE O AUTOR E ESTA OBRA**

**ORIENTAÇÃO: SIMÃO MONTEIRO**

**Celio Nenko é italiano, mas nasceu no Sumatra, onde actualmente vive e trabalha.**

**Nunca se Licenciou mas sempre desejou ser artista.**

**Seu pai era um comerciante rico de diamantes e Celio especializou-se em esmeraldas.**

**Celio vive em um lugar paradisíaco e inventou esta forma de fazer poesia para reduzir o imenso tempo que passa longe de sua casa em Florença, a cidade que realmente ama.**

**Celio Nenko desenvolveu a poesia "Selves" com base na poesia de Wallace Stevens, com a qual procurou desenvolver um curioso processo cognitivo de escrita e desenho.**

**FIM**