

Filippo Maria Lio

The atria of the heart

You have incorporated the sea.

Breathe its waters.

On your shores

Filippo Maria Lio

The atria of the heart

Translated from Italian

by Augusto Monacelli

Opening the way

By Father Karl Josef Becker

The greatest courageous act of the author of this book was to ask a person like me, who knows nothing about poetry, to write a preface.

What are we going to read? Poems?

Meditations?

Reflections on the daily life and today's world?

The author's thoughts are not revealed straight away.

His thought runs on various ways: a pitiless description of the current world suddenly ends in a torch of light and hope.

A praise on Our Lady is hidden under indecipherable words. A series of newer and newer words pesters the reader.

Faith is before us in the combination of Old and New Testament; the Old Testament in its reality of the past and in its christian value.

This christian joy is mixed with implacable judgements on the present world, which is invited to let itself be saved by Christ not to fall into ruin. The biggest effort made by a person with no medical background is to understand anatomical terms on the human body. The latter is viewed as a symbol of the whole creation, of human life, of man's and woman's life as well as an adult's and a child's life. It is looked at as a symbol of christian truths and realities. With a glance in which Old and New Testament flow into another.

Human anatomy is viewed as a symbol including creation and salvation. May the reader's glance encompass all the various levels and unite them in a single vision. The poems' lines are particularly meaningful: a respite is needed to approach them, to read them with pauses, to try to understand, to open the cosmo presented in an unusual way.

Read and meditate!

May a new optimism gush out.

Fr. K. J. Becker
(Theologian and Cardinal)

The atria of the heart

To patients

*“All is in little: the child is small, and he includes the man;
the brain is narrow, and it harbours thought;
the eye is but a point, and it covers leagues.”*

(Alexander Dumas)

Man

You incorporated the sea.

Breathe its waters.

The earth's
most beautiful treasures

float

on your shores:

cells,

tissues,

organs,

apparatuses,

salt.

*Third Christmas*¹

Thoughts
of betrayed women, moans
of abandoned children, disappointed men,
jailed innocents, unborn children.
Fratricidal hate inserted in fraternal love.
Backs elevated to the sun,
bent and martyred in moonlit nights.
Yearning to ascend, clung to a dream
that may never come true. Three-floor arks,
perimetrical tents of progressing fluid mosaics.
Ears receiving the light blow of truth.
Bodies inebriated with wine, fed by the bread of verticality.
Persons struggling to discover the mystery of nativity.
Decussate crosses anguishing for their own horizontality.
Hearts hardened by suffering, hatred, despair.
Gnashing teeth, redeemed by pain.
Sleepy eyes, weeping and weary of daily life.
Black holes greedy for everything, full of nothing,
Clouds weeping rain, fragments of falling stars.
Widows and orphans of yesterday, mothers and children of tomorrow.
Repented Cain returning from Nod.
Killed Abel
forgiving his killer.
Death that has become life.

¹ The term “Third Christmas” refers to the mystery of the resurrection, evoking the third millennium and the tripartite human body

Progress

Candles of yesterday

↓↑

nuclear fission.

Amino acids, carbon hydrates.

↓↑

Multicellular body.

Generating father.

↓↑

Mother's womb.

Children, brides, mothers

↓↑

Church receptacles

of a total Incarnation.

White Lady

Girl yet already mother
beauty conceived
before the ugliness of sin.
Youth never affected by wear.
Dwelling of the rising light
wisdom of an offered body.
God's tent,
hope of beheaded, slaughtered man.
Purity of an immaculate womb,
of a ruptured pericardium.
Divine meninx,
chalice overflowing with unloved love.
Pain of an abandoned mother.
Virgin's heel, woman's tenacity,
restructuring of creation,
undivided Eve.
Inner climber of vertebrae,
reintegrated scapular region.
Mother of universal,
tired, dissected, humiliated, sleepy man.
Eucharistic altar, umbilical cord,
universal entrance door.
Pious mother, hard, arachnoid mother
of any thought, word, work and omission.
Unthought-of logos, God's womb,
holy, immaculate heart.
Dwelling vivifying abortion,
cloning and any kind of hibernation.
Defence of the medical act,
transplant and manipulation.

Elected seat of every human,
embryonic development,
of fetal, angelic life,
of the dead's and newborns' lives.
Bread-shaping mother
tent of
Sancta Sanctorum.
Woman kneading the three-bushel corporeal flour.
Breast
of the primeval embryonic plate
chalice collecting the river
of the new baptismal font.
Jericho's collapse,
rise of Jerusalem,
Mount Sion,
mulberry-tree of a dead, redeemed, saved mankind.
Mother
of Abel and Cain
John and Judas.
Periplus of grace, defence in disgrace.
Redemption of the burning bush,
of the burning mulberries and the poured Meribah waters.
Pious with sinners, strict with sin,
arachnoid and defence in the last judgement.
Primitive pericardium,
atrium and ventricle of God.
Mother of the old, generating Abraham,
regenerated by her. Mother of the generating
Abraham, Isaac and Jacob
regenerated by her.
Defeat of an ancient lie in the victory of Christ,
born from a woman.

Matter

Echo of a big bang
history of atoms, nuclei and
fission.

Molecules designed
for the biology of life,
in the triumph of reproduction.

Germ, somatic cells,
cloning stories.

A life united to death,
in the mystery
of an ongoing creation.

Cell division
turned out to be
a cosmic multiplication.

Universal intellect,
heartbeat,

loyalty and betrayal,
desire for healing.

Sun, earth and moon,
planets, stars and galaxies,
apparatuses and systems
of a mystical
organization.

Seed, egg cell and womb
zygote, man and angel,
grapes of the same wine,
grains of the same bread.

Dialogue-monologue

Son
of man,
who is the angel?
Born
out of the Father's thought
kept
in the mother's meninges,
one that doesn't dress,
eat or drink, one who's asexual,
who was not procreated, is he a resurrected atom?
Daughter of God,
why the angel?
Is he for a life that dies, for a violated dream, an interrupted
journey,
an unborn child?
Is he for the safekeeping of man? For the unrequited love?
Angel, who is man?
One who has intellect in the mind,
a heart in the chest, the procreation gift in the abdomen?
Angel, why man?
For the unborn life, the matter handled, the fecundating Sun
or the blessed guilt?
For listening to the Word, for the refused suffering,
a breaking heart, the recovered harmony?
Moon, you who know everything, help me!
Is the fallen angel a love unrequited because of a disgraced man,
to whom all is forgiven?
Is the saint angel the requited love, who helps despite everything,
even in sin?

Incarnation

Earthly life,
received as proof of love.
Body of a man
who married pain instead.
Spiritually arrhythmic
hearts,
forms of violence, manias, lives to be kidnapped.
Insomniac minds,
incapable of explaining themselves in the common language.
Lives
separated in families, in workplaces and by religion.
Broken bread, poured wine, a true story
of a banquet freely given.
Is there any finalism or chance
in the death caused by cancer, heart failure, suicide, accident, hunger,
abortion or experimentation?
Is there any finalism or chance
in the hate fuelling a country?
Is there any sense beyond existence?
Is the beginning of a man in the germ cell, or does his end
lie in the nucleus of the somatic cell?
You all-explaining finalism,
tell me why certain ugly things happen.
Explain it to me in the common language of a dialogue.
Cellular man, is the anointment of the first bang
in your body?
Can you explain, with your mind and heart, the reason for sex,
death, selfishness, good and evil?

Dogma

Protology and original sin

↓↑

Immaculate conception

and Mother's Womb.

Psalms, prophets, Moses and Baptist

↓↑

Christ's open pericardium.

Eschatology and salvation

↓↑

assumption and cerebral childbirth.

Baptism, Confirmation and Communion

↓↑

sacraments of initiation and filiation.

Reconciliation and anointment

↓↑

Sacraments of spousehood and healing.

Order and marriage

↓↑

sacraments of maternity and of service of communion.

Descents and resurgences, slips and relapses,

↓↑

spiritual physiology.

Hate and vengeance

↓↑

neoplasia to be neutralized.

Doubt and distrust

↓↑

cardiac and brain death.

Males and females

↓↑

components of the same body,

brothers and sisters of the same Mother.

Memory

Power
of the child,
power of the adult,
embarrassment of the old man.

A humanity now aged,
for forgetting the eternal Memorial.

Sick
after refusing the Father's love.

Signs
shocking collective memory and secular logic.

Power
of a universal intellect.

Prodigy
of a multicellular, mystical body.

Wonder
for a humanized brain, an infarction-stricken heart, a tired, massacred
man.

Galilean people
without wine nor bread.

Delirium
for a skull with a disfigured face.
Picked-up flowers and unripe fruits.

Killed,
wounded, amputated, transplanted, bombarded, cloned and frozen bodies.

Stories of elderly people,
of deported women and children.

Death that becomes life,
the only fact
that no resurrecting man can ever forget.

Neuron

The Father's unmovable intellect
operating
in the cardiac and cerebral
Womb
of the Mother.
Intact memories of children
kept
in the maternal arachnoid.
Thoughts of living men,
like nervous cells
at the service of a universal thought.
Ascending,
descending
and horizontal circuits
of a spiritual communion.
Synapses
and messages
betrayed by evil at times.
Brain,
whose neurons do not split,
always keeping
the Father's unmovable will
unchanged.

Antenna

Backbones

raised

to pick up

any kind

of spiritual wave.

Interrupted dialogues,

herniated structures,

damaged

listening stations.

Distorted, teetering

memories.

Waves

coldly reflected

by intellects

in agony.

Beheaded

antennas

no longer speaking

of love.

A crucifix

raised

in the desert

of reason.

Alliance

I found the alliance with God in man's flesh,
the Lord's Mother in the tunics of my body.
I heard the Father's voice coming out of man's lips.
His will hugging me at the neck
in the pyramidal decussation.
I followed the gaze penetrating the optical chiasm in the brain,
the image flowing, flipping
and getting impressed on the occipital film.
I saw three portions of flour rising for nine months
and three adult loaves rising at night and giving themselves up into one loaf.
I heard Christ's wail from up a backbone.
His gaze and face resigned before racial discrimination.
I breathed oxygen in the blood-air interface
of my lungs.
I acted with both hands, whose roots sink
in the scapular regions.
I walked, fell and got back on my feet.
I thought a lot of the seed, of Nazareth, the Amorites,
St. Joseph and the Father.
Of the land, the flower, Bethlehem, the Hittites,
the Blessed Virgin
and my mother.
With the abdomen, the chest and the head;

the neuron, blood and the heart;

and with all my genome

I would like to be more and more faithful, every day, to the alliance

with the Supreme Architect, the only, great Consoler.

Trinity

Right hemisoma, left hemisoma,

↓↑

Only one spinal column.

Right hemisphere, left hemisphere

↓↑

a pyramidal decussation.

Right body, left body

↓↑

an umbilical region.

Right eye, left eye

↓↑

a central vision.

Right ear, left ear

↓↑

one cerebral listening.

Right nostril, left nostril

↓↑

only one spirit sent by God.

Right hand, left hand

↓↑

... and action starts.

Right foot, left foot

↓↑

... and walk goes on.

Abdomen, chest and head

↓↑

as a vertical axis.

Hands, forearms and arms

↓↑

as horizontal gallows.

Man, you are the cross

which crucified the Good.

But know that in your flesh itself

any evil was overcome.

Relationship

A love relationship
between the Father and the Son
passing through the mind, the heart
and the Mother's womb.
Cascade of Incarnation of the Son
into the faithful land of His Mother.
Conception of the whole creation.
Fertilized egg
recapitulating in itself every living,
dead or frozen zygote.
Embryo and foetus virginally conceived
to return childbirth to aborted conceptions.
Child Jesus,
presented to the human temple
to redeem
every present, future and past creature.
Twelve-year-old Jesus
teaching
to a humanity of mature doctors.
Thirty-three-year-old Jesus,
calumniated, scoffed at and dead
between the good and the evil thief.
Jesus ascending and sitting

at the right hand of the Father

living

in redeemed bodies, ready

for the final resurrection.

Shape

Thinking wrapper of a divine periplus.

Human cell of an ever living organism.

Rejoicing nostrils, opening and closing lips,

Vibrating eardrums, dancing eyelids,

sounding cords.

Hearts beating inside their bodies.

Embryos and fetuses of great unborn men.

Unmovable skull, cage rib, abdomen and pelvis

designed to procreate.

Physical shape of yesterday, angel of tomorrow.

Today's body scheme, an image to be sanctified.

Hair getting longer, beards and nails growing

and moving away from the initial periplus.

Obesity and thinness.

Shape of God, of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit,

in the quiet conception of a Mother.

Joyful, aberrant, happy and monstrous shapes

all born out of love continuously flowing,

generation to generation,

in an immaculate, virginal Womb.

Prison

Cells owning time and space,

lovers of the present.

Inflexible judges.

Blind who do not want to see,

who do not recognise,

who condemn the Redeemer.

Deaf insensitive to Christ's calls.

Dead parents,

fathers and mothers of unborn children.

Intellect imprisoned in the track of reason.

Involuting, fearful or resigned people.

Souls forced in cells,

creating domestic cages,

cultural prisons, ideological life imprisonments,

abyssal buildings.

Life of whoever awaits a flat, horizontal death.

Apostasy

Baptism denied,
marriages without any divine call,
baptismal font refused.
Stories of betrayed Sundays,
of forgotten Eucharists,
of neglected children,
of abandoned people.
Confirmations not lived,
marriages annulled,
Holy Scripture ignored.
Fear of living, of procreating,
suffering and dying.
Death of Christ
and His deposition in our sepulcher.
Dawn of the third day, desire to resurrect.

Leprosy

Curtain in tatters,
broken and infected skin.
Discontinuous thought.
Man of Samaria returning
to the heart of the Father,
to the integral thought,
the healed skin.
To cry for joy,
to rejoice and give thanks.

Backbone

When someone strikes you on the right cheek of mercy,
turn the left justice cheek to him.

When, on your journey, someone asks you to forgive,
give him the cloak of your skin, but don't deny him any love,
the most intimate tunic of your clothes,
your pericardium
and vasal epithelium.

Walk with anyone who asks you
also the second mile of spiritual life.

Apostle, disciple,
bishop or witness you may be,
speak of the twelve thoracic vertebrae, of the twelve cranial nerves,
the twelve tales of the rest of Israel,
of the crucified right and left hands and feet,
of our Mother's pregnant womb.

Priest consecrating and elevating the divine species,
teach us to get out of the track of reason,
help us be inebriated with the wine of salvation
and united in one bread.

Father of men and angels, of time and space, help us
see

a step of the ladder to be climbed
in each vertebra of your Son's backbone,
so that each of us, connected with the umbilical cord,
can finally understand
the sense of life, suffering, death, good and evil,
the sense of a still, broken heart,
of an elevated chalice,
of a bowed, thorn-crowned head,
of a scourged boy.

Spirit of God, tell me,
why do I continue my alliance with evil
and why, in the tests of life,
do I keep bowing
my backbone horizontally?

The heart tones

Three armies gathered on the birthplace of the Lord.

Bethlehem is besieged by selfishness,
abortion, death and experimentation.

It is war in the heavens, in minds and hearts.

But there is a heart that beats,
elevating its immortal pauses
and vivifying beats of its tones to the heavens.

And there is a chalice
that collects and presents to the Father
the blood purified from hate,
vengeance and resentment.

While the Holy Spirit
connects all of us,
humans and angels,
good and wicked,
with the Creator.

Virginity

Virgin in the pelvis, in mind and heart.
Virgin in the five senses, Mother of the Lord.
Virgin of the Right Path and good actions.
Trinitarian web of every healthy intention.
Mother of mercy, Womb of the Redeemer.
To you we, your abdominal children, ascend.
For you we, your thoracic children, breath.
In you we, your cerebral children, contemplate.
In you all of us,
hardened in the arteries, scarred in the myocardium,
drained in the veins, walk.
Beheaded by our sins,
we invoke you.
Circumcised and uncircumcised,
in your immaculate heart of Mother we trust.

Paternity

Beginning of the universe.
Unmovable will
of a multicellular, evolving creation.
Rhythmic love,
who chose man's heart
as dwelling.
Total love,
who gave us Mary as a Mother.
Father's love
who, in Saint Joseph, wanted to express
the reflection of your function
establishing:
the mind, thought and reason
in Galilee;
the thorax, the breath and action,
in Samaria; and
the path, the joy of childbirth and of every procreation,
in Judea.
You
called the Holy Family to Bethlehem
for the universal census.
Saint Joseph,
thanks for taking Jesus back to Nazareth
and thanks also
for continuing to make us find him again, when he is missing,
in our body temple.

Wealth

All goods come from God
and to God they return
after being administered
by humans.
The human body is the primary good.

The seven steps²

Having come from Heaven, he swept over the maternal waters.

To pass from the amniotic to the terrestrial waters.

The way of the cross saw Him raised on the mount of the skull.

Taken off the nails and the wooden cross,

He was newly laid down on the maternal womb.

For three days He was delivered to the sepulcher.

Once resurrected, He woke up the watchman, the wanderer and the fisherman again,

in the time when he appeared to His apostles as our Lord.

With His ascension he took the whole creation to the Father.

In the first step, he recapitulated the man-embryo to Himself.

In the third step, he washed away sin with the triumph of the heart.

In the seventh step, He rebuilt the body of the creation.

The second step was needed for our conversion.

The fourth step to indicate to us, in Mary,

the source of the first and second creation.

With the fifth one, he gave life to death in despair.

The sixth made the universal redemption plan visible.

² The number is a concept, a thought, a logos that includes, spreads and conceives various elements connected with each other which, although seemingly separated from its graphic representation, are implicitly involved in it. Therefore, in addition to ordered sequences of elements, it expresses qualities, connections and atavistic relationships. The letter is a graphic sign that transmits not just the phoneme - the sound and the form being anyway changeable in the various languages - but rather an intrinsic value of its own. In biblical Hebrew, each letter of the alphabet, always corresponding to a number, has an unheard-of sacredness and power. Like the 22 pairs of autosomes making up the human genome, all its letters are living matter including all vital information for human life and creation. Each of them is never single, but *"can be related to a pair of chromatids"* and is endowed with 3-unit physical and metaphysical functions which, through the material and immaterial biosynthesis, causes the formation of living cells on earth and the creation of invisible realities in the heavens. All originates from the Father's thought that everything creates something in view of His Only-Begotten Son, in praise of Heaven (the womb of Our Lady of the Assumption), by the power of the Holy Spirit (the Virgin Mary's spouse). The alef letter is different from the other twenty-two pairs of consonants, just like the first day of creation was different from the other six. It contains the upper and lower waters separated from Heaven and therefore all the other letters, in much the same way as the first day, which contains the single-cell zygote, includes, in its core, the remaining six days and consequently the whole multicellular transformation process of man. The bet, ghimel, dalet, heh, vav and zain letters symbolize the steps which will characterize the single days of creation, up to the final recapitulation.

Easter-Passover

He was born in Bethlehem,
the House of Bread.

Resurrected in Jerusalem,
the City of Peace.

Ascended in Bethany,
the house of the poor.

Awaited us in Galilee,
on the way of the sea.

Was reborn in the Eucharist,
on the altar of bread and wine.

Rises in the body of man,
in the likeness of a custodian,
a wanderer and a fisherman.

Ascends from the pelvis to the brain,
to summon each cell
to the Father's unchangeable will.

Awaits us in Heaven,
where all of us will return
as children
of one mother.

Mother cell

Cell,
change your language,
but don't deny
your genome
and your tissue related origin.
Change your logo,
but don't renounce
your corporeal communion.
Change histology,
but don't refuse
the Son's mercy
who takes us all back to the Father.
Stone of the human body,
remember that as a daughter cell,
you'll be called to become
spouse and finally
mother.

Holy Skull

Old wineskin,
how many generations of cells
have followed one another in your mortal temple?
How many histologic countries co-operate
to your presumed structural unity?

Old garment,
how many
scapular regions and necks
still separate faces from hands?
How many limping walks
and pains afflict
your vertebral regions?

Old man,
why are you filling the atria with secular wine?
Why are you opening wide the doors of the head
to the five mortal senses?
Why are you sewing, over and over again,
always with new patches,
a presumed integrity of tissues?

Why
are you reluctant to open the doors of listening and the mouth
to the Word, the Lord?

Why don't you want to communicate with His Wine and His Bread?

And tell me,
why can't you go back to Our Father's house?

New man,
be careful to the wedding banquet.

Remember
that after the Bread, the Chalice of Wine will pass.

Don't do like those who didn't see

the vat turning into river,
death turning into life and blood into sea.
Redeemed man, you are a mystery of the moon.
Like the moon, you reflect, on your body,
the great solar light.

Zacariah's silence

Elizabeth, speak; John, jump: Mary has come.

Face, move; abdomen, be glad; heart, dilate.

Mouth, speak; fetus, rejoice; sky, contemplate.

Adam, wake up; Eve, reconcile yourself; limbs, reunite.

Cain, live; Abel, graze; Paradise, triumph.

Joseph, keep quiet; Zacariah, be silent; the Father's at work!

Desert

Large stretch of barren, vegetation-free, uninhabited land,

Christ's body pierced, hanging from a cross, lifeless,

like a thirsty rock.

Blood and water that passed through the broken rib cage.

“My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?”

No breath sound, a killed neuron, a motionless abdomen.

A ruptured myocardium, an icy silence, a sacrificed body.

Blood extravasation in a chalice ready to be lifted up.

Death of Christ, death of the sacrificial lamb, cellular death.

Man-God killed by my sin.

Desert!

Death for a broken, bleeding heart.

To restore life to the farthest cell

turned into a scattered, separated sand.

A life murdered.

A body pierced

by the metal of an increasingly fierce tongue.

“My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?”

A whole skeleton.

The Red Sea, the Jordan and Jabbok overstepped.

Mother's pregnancy at the foot of the crosses.

Dawn of the seventh day,

entry into the Promised Land.

Eternal life delivered to a man who had become dust.

A life returned to a man that had been turned into ash
in his past existence.

Rome, the peak

Chosen by God,
it was delivered from the legendary breasts of a she-wolf
to the loving care of a Mother.

It has eternal, kilometre-long, unique, holy foundations:
catacombs.

Its pillars: the Church, the tabernacle, the altar.

On such architecture the high floor of love,
so-called universal,
rests.

Its street network is the oldest and most extended of the planet, a three-continental one.

Its bread, the Host; its Waters, the sea.

The monuments adorning it are living tissues.

The cells making them up
have priestly hands as extremities.

Its skyscrapers, unreachable by human mind.

Its bomb, terror and hate-proof
sacramental pinnacles.

Its force, the Pope.

Its friend muscles:
the clergy, faith, love, teaching, fathers, tradition.

Its antagonists:
laity and secular errors.

The water of its fountains,
an always open invitation to baptize.

Its hills,
the horizontal projection of the seven cervical vertebrae.
Rome, a geographical heart pierced from the West,
entrance door to the pierced rib cage.
On your hills rests the head of Christ,
who, once awoken,
will rebuke the wind, calm down the sea,
to take every cell, living or dead,
back to the Father's merciful, trinitarian love.

Sandals on his feet

Who could loosen the thong of His sandals?
Which fingers, of which hand,
could interfere with the path of our Sovereign God?
You faithful who are about to enter into communion with His body,
take off the shoes that keep you away from the holy ground.
Let Christ the Priest,
who already obtained the Father's forgiveness for you,
wash and rehydrate your feet.
Feet used to walking on the dust
that have forgotten seawater.
We need to go barefoot on the altar's way,

to be clean, if we want to enter into the holy land of Mary,

Our Mother.

You have got to be humble,

if you want to be part in the multicellular temple she conceived.

Meek, to allow the Holy Communion

to reunite the cranial cavity and the rib cage with your abdomen.

Lit torch of the burning bush,

do not fear desert cities, necrotic tissues and evil snares.

Living cell of Christ's Body, let yourself be bathed

by the merciful pulsating fluid of the confessional.

Four

Cerebral ventricles.

The heart's cavities.

The abdominal gonads.

The seasons.

The limbs.

The cardinal points.

Three divine persons
revealed by the Incarnation.

One is the Virgin's womb
who received the whole humanity
in her spiritual pregnancy.

Thou shalt not steal

In order not to be a member
of that infernal legion
that made two thousand pigs
drown in the sea.

Thou shalt not covet

Your neighbour's wife
so that no evil seed sprouts inside you.

Thou shalt not covet
your neighbour's goods in order not to let yourself be enslaved.

Wailing wall

Traumas of the body, angelic fractures and interpersonal alliances
polluted the encephalon's thought
leading him to forget.
Crimes and slaughters fomented
subjective, family, national and universal amnesia.
Memory loss is requested in the upper part of the vertical post.
It is required by the right and left-hand sides of the horizontal scaffold.
An anterograde and retrograde amnesia progressing
to subvert the inalienable principle of creation
cancelling its memorial.
But what effect would an aphasia-free amnesia lead to?
The loss of a memory, without any absence of speech?
Motor and sensory aphasia
to learn and teach, from an early age,
tolerance instead of love.
Concreteness and false liberties
and no longer obedience, meekness, forgiveness and humbleness.
Hopeless adults
fallen into depression.
Men full of fears
requiring the embryo's life
in exchange for the health of the one who was already born.

They love exploiting medicine, abortion, fertilization,
transplants, euthanasia and cloning
to satisfy the primordial instinct of earning
and conservation.

Amnesia and aphasia
to separate the grape from the bunch,
the oxygen from the erythrocyte,

the cell from the tissue,
the organ from the apparatus,
man from creation
and the latter from the Creator.

Aphasia of human intellect.

Christ's agony
in seeing man reluctant
to understand the revealed language.

Sorrow
for an apostolic, deep, reiterated sleep.

Power
of a Temple destroyed and rebuilt three times.

Of a scourged, resurrected body.

Memorial
of His ascension.

Voice, memory and life in the glorious Assumption.

The law

We must respect human law
which can turn us from dull men
into very good men.

But we ought to love the divine law
who is capable of turning us from persons into saints.

Memento mori

The physician cures, shares and even pities his patient.

He knows his patient dies
not just once, but ten, hundred, thousand times a day.

He is a travelling companion
in the hard season of suffering,
at times the only friendly voice
for whoever lives in deepest despair.

*Hypostasis*³

Mutual union of the Father with his Son.

Of the Son with the Father.

Eternal vertical movement.

Descent of the Word from God's thought.

Deposition into the abdominal Grotto.

Incarnation.

Breaking of bread.

Stasis of blood flow.

Hemopericardium, atonement.

No manifestation of love.

Epistasis of evil.

Affliction.

³ Words need limits and silence to enable the Word to generate, create and produce. I would like, with this note, to explain the key points of the text. Incarnation, resurrection, ascension are elements of a single body. This body wanted to exhilarate up to the death on the cross, to adapt to the sin condition. The body of resurrected Jesus, united with the divinity, ascended to Heaven and is seated on the Heavenly throne with the Father raising the children. When the Father looks at His children, He sees Christ in His glory. The Mother gives birth to Christ from the lower level of our bodies, the Father having established in her a natural identity with our flesh through her female chromatid. The Mother is therefore between Christ and us. Christ, seeing His mother, feels He is continuously generated and dwells with us. He watches us, helps us, supports us and suffers with us to redeem us. The human being becomes therefore the dwelling of the Holy Spirit, because the Mother regenerates him, Jesus resurrects him and causes him to ascend to Heaven. Ever since the original sin, all generations have passed from a death situation to a life situation with the resurrection, thanks to the Holy Spirit who manifested, in Mary, his fullness and unity. Here is all human greatness, that had reached an immeasurable height in Adam and Eve before sin obscured such relationship. At that time man's face could see God's face without any darkness. Moses dissipated the darkness. Mary dissipated it receiving in herself the image of the living God in Christ's developing body. Through Her Only-Begotten Son, she established that natural identity with the body of each man, who will be called to become a precious, immortal cell of the mystical body of Resurrected Jesus.

Pierced hemithorax. Swollen river.
Deposition on the Mother's womb.
Redemption.

Deposition in the new sepulchre.
Return into the Child of all children.
Resurrection.

Rise of the Spirit of the cenacle.
Communion of hearts and minds.
Ascension.

Recognition of one Mother.
Epistasis of the universal Church.
Return home.
Assumption.

Enoch and Eliath were both enraptured in Heaven.
Moses covered his shining face with a veil.
Jesus transformed His clothes and face illuminating minds.
Hipostasis – deposition; epistasis – manifestation.

Pact

With the whole man, a cell,
an organ, a tissue, a nation.
With the whole people, the multicellular organism.
With his king, up to the last constellation.
With his Mother.
With Adam and Eve.
With Noah and his ark,
water, wine, fire,
time, hills and mountains.
With the whole body,
the box, the cage, the wombs.
With the spousal nature each human being
has in his DNA
of male and female, of son and daughter,
of husband and wife,
brother and sister, father and mother.
With the three children born out of his tree tabernacles
and with the respective daughters-in-law.
With Abraham,
who left his corporeal land
and went up the mountain.
With Ismael, Isaac, Jacob and Esau.
With Moses, who climbed and descended from Sinai many times,
breaking tables and laws
to deliver them to us in the end,
hiding, under the veil,
a shining face.
With Iesse's son:
King David,

who reunited the twelve tribes,
entrusting king Salomon
with the construction of the temple,
in the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite.

Thus becoming
not only king and shepherd,
but also genealogical father
of our Lord.

With Christ,
who, on the mount, proclaimed the beatitudes.

On the mount He transfigured His clothes.
On the mount He'd withdraw all alone to pray.

On the mount He sacrificed Himself
shedding blood and water
for His father's glory.

A pact with His beloved apostle
who, on the Eucharistic altar,
concelebrates and consecrates,
with Mary on his side,
the living Species

of Water,
Wine
and
Bread.

Holy Rosary

A boundless, not repetitive sequence
of generations of souls of men,
women, embryos, fetuses
and children.

A maternal circle
circumscribed and inscribed in the Son's cross.

Grains of ripe wheat,
dead and resurrected for one Bread.

Grapes
squashed in the big vat of the pierced rib-cage.

Joy
announced in Nazareth,
descended in Bethlehem,
triumphant in Jerusalem.

Pain
from the Mount of Olives to the Calvary.

Glory
overcoming the weight of death
through the resurrection of life.

Light
which no other land, sea and sky living being
will ever be able to blur.
Visible chain
of the antiparallel double propeller of divine DNA.

Cursum perficio – 1

Head, thorax and abdomen
bathed by one Heart.
Sky, land and sea
penetrated
into a love sculpture.
Universal man
connected
with the Creator's heartbeat.
With his soul
planted
on the mount of redemption.
Old nails and ever new screws,
to unite the three worlds,
in the perfect sacrifice
of atonement.
Listening thief
on the right arm of Communion.
Deaf, unrepentant evil-doer
on the arm of perdition.
Man of yesterday, today and always
redeemed and saved
from the start of his conception.

Cursum perficio – 2

Sometimes in our life
we make mistakes.
Nobody,
not even the most innocent person,
can escape error.
And like a wave
that comes from
the deep ocean
and bathes every small pebble on the beach,
like an avalanche which,
while advancing
in its disastrous path,
piles up snow,
so someone's error
leads to someone else's error.
All of us
are subject to this avalanche,
triggered by a short snow-storm
and the lack of trees.
I did wrong against you,
I hope that you
may forget, just for a moment,
the "*Ego sum*",
and strip off your self,
only to say to me:
I forgive you.

Ruminatio

The return of food swallowed
not yet chewed.

Ruminatio mentis.

In the 4 ventricles,
in the subarachnoid spaces,
along the medullary canal.

Rise and descent of the thought.

End of the “flight of ideas”.

Ruminatio cordis.

Return of blood, plasma and air.

Repatriation of Truths
in the four heart chambers.

Collection
of a primordial haemorrhage.

Time and things to be done

We make choices in life,
we make errors and grow up.

But there is nothing
that goes lost.

Time is eternity.

The things to be done
are part of
multicellularity.

Which loves,
builds,
forgives,
heals and
expiates.

Liberty

Sacrifice,
fatigue,
loneliness
war to passions
victory over any consolation
renunciation of property
love for communion
multicellular hope
in one Body.

Pneuma

The Heart began to beat,
the Sun, to rise
the pericardium to sprout,
when the East of light
accepted to conceive.
All of this was a silence,
a preparation to the “fiat”
of the Immaculate Conception.
... and the lungs of the universe
began to expand
and to breath.

Mysterious wisdom

The Angel brought the announcement
to the waiting Maternity.

He reassured, in a dream,
the anguishing paternity.

The Son will be born in a cave
of this marital union.

When Pentecost's spirit descends,
he will reach the upper level
of a multicellular organism.

Head

A complex of cavities,
holes and foramens.

Full of lights, pots,
thoughts and sounds.

Through you pass:
nourishment, taste, smell,
sensations, perceptions,
hearing, tact,
breath and words.

From you
the sword of tongue and
the wisdom of silence
come out.

Son

The whole mankind,
made up of living
and dead cells,
is one and only Body.
Which parents pro-create
and the Father eternally generates
in the immaculate womb
of the Holy Virgin.
What has to be understood
is that all of us
must live
like an only Child.
Living cells
of His holy,
immortal Body.
Since the Father's Word
now lives in your flesh.

Eucharist - 1

The Most Holy Host

is the heart of Christ

broken by sin.

It is the desert

which each soul must go through,

as witnessed by the people of Israel.

It is the myocardium,

broken and empty.

It is the very precious wine

the life of dead Christ

poured onto the arid land.

It is the connective tissue

which, in Gethsemane,

had asked the Father's permission

to pour out

in order to take home again

every cell

purified from evil.

The paten

is Mary, at the foot of the cross,

collecting the bleedings body

of her son,

dead.

The Chalice

is the Mother herself

who, filled with the blood

of her dead son,

re-presents Him,

alive,

to the Father.

The faithful, similar to Mary,

is living Paten and Chalice.

He offers in sacrifice

his dead body,

his mind, heart

and His blood,

awaiting the resurrection.

This way

man's lips become,

in the holy Communion, "Heaven's gates".

Eucharistic gates to give peace and salvation to those

brothers of his, who had been deceived, defrauded and kept away from love.

The Eucharist

is a double thanksgiving:

on the part of the faithful

who, being aware of his redemption

through the great sacrifice of Christ,

wishes nothing but communicate it to his brothers.

Secondarily,

on the part of those who,

thanks to the faithful's offer to the Sacrifice,

will continue to be redeemed

by the great sacrifice of sacramented Jesus.

Paten and Chalice

represent therefore the new man,

who has become the Ark

of a new, eternal covenant.

An ark

having four men and four women inside

together with any species of living beings,

animals, birds, reptiles and flying species of any breed,

colour and ideology.

A new man who,

although walking with his feet on the physical ground,
has become again fertile land,
fertilised by the “heaven” of the two Eucharistic species,
in the unfathomable mystery of Incarnation.

So thanks to the Holy Eucharist
the new Heavenly Jerusalem,
namely the humanity of the new man,
will be able to descend from Heaven,
as a bride adorned
for her groom,
the Holy Spirit,
and to live in
Christ.

Eucharist - 2

The Father creates peoples.

The Son summons them
into his body.

The Holy Spirit
makes their temple.

From the intention to the nature identity

We must imitate the Virgin Mary
being, like her, daughters of the Father.

We must follow the perfect saint
if we wish to become brides by vocation.

We must conceive Jesus,
as she did,
and become mothers.

We must imitate Mary Immaculate,
to give birth to infant Jesus
in daily love.

We must follow Our Lady of Sorrows
to the foot of the cross,
if we want to offer Christ to the Father
in multicellular brotherhood.

Through her
all of us are called to become
first daughter, then bride and finally Mother.

Then, humanity
will not kill its children anymore
for it will have mother's feelings.
It will not betray the Holy Spirit anymore
for will be his faithful bride.

It will not run away from the Father
for it will have become
His loyal
daughter.

To you who are suffering

Let the angel of the Lord
roll away the stone.
Let yourself be taken away from the darkness of doubt,
suffering and death.
Empty yourself,
let light in,
watch,
contemplate
and listen.
Your soldiers are all out there unconscious,
like fugitives
in search of new lies.
Rejoice for the sunrise,
the burial cloths on the floor,
the shroud rolled up in a separate place.
Rest assured,
that new sepulchre
is in you.
In you,
who said yes to Christ
up to the cross.
In you, who said yes to the disease,
pain and humiliation.
In you,
living witness of the resurrection.
Custodian, wanderer or fisherman,
do surrender
in the arms
of Our Lord!

*Cradle to cradle maternity*⁴

Eve's cradle
was not generated,
but modelled by
Adamah:
"the man from the doubt of the ground".
She was taken from his chest,
not created out of the pelvis.
When Adam woke up,
he recognized her as being bone of his bone
and flesh from his flesh.
That's how the first generation
of Ish and Ishshah
started,
men and women similar to Heaven,
prefiguration of Salvation
worked by Christ through Mary.
Such young cradle
did not give birth to any child
except for after the fall
from the thoracic to the pelvic plane,
acquiring, as firstborn, Cain
"the acquired man".
The cradle of Sarah
was now senile,
sterile, no longer fertile.
But from that very point
the history of believers
started.
Elizabeth's story was also

⁴ Probably a theological cradle would also be needed to grow the thought that has been generated – at times a bit too audaciously – and make it more accessible. All begins and gets its fulfillment in the union of God with us. God is the first scientist to have created the human mystery with the scientific secrets man has inside himself. An intelligent faith should aim higher and higher trying to discover what God did in man. The fundamental condition to grow in that sense is, however, to remain immersed in the sacraments of the Church, that are stuffed with prayer and imbibed with love.

paralyzed,
she was incapable of
procreating,
although she was ready
to initiate a new covenant.

From Ann's cradle,
not a single word,
not even a slight mention.
From this deep silence, in fact,
the "Cradle of cradles"
was to be born.

She who
without human pollen,
was to give birth to God.

Tied to humanity
through her engagement to Joseph,
through the pollen of Joaquin,
of Zacariah, Abraham, Adam
and the aforesaid stories of
female sterility,
she was to receive from Christ
the hard task of
becoming Mother
of a new humanity of living beings,
no longer born from a rib,
but from a pierced side.

The cradle of Mary is therefore
a thoracic cradle
because it becomes Chalice and Paten
through the unfathomable mystery
of the Eucharist.

It is a pelvic cradle
being fertilized
by a pure, spiritual,
no longer mortal pollen.
But it is above all a cerebral cradle
being totally faithful,
in listening

and obedience,
to the condescending will of the Father.
So we have come,
cradle to cradle,
starting from the terrestrial man
to the man-God;
from the sin of the living man
to the atoning sacrifice.
From the rib to the rib cage.
From a separated, disjointed bone
to the unity of a thorax reconstructed
to be ripped,
to the love which is continually poured
to be lifted up
continually and sacramentally.
From a singularly offered Maternity
to a Church who is universal Mother.

The handmaid of the Lord

Mary is the promised land
that Moses saw
without being able to enter into it.

She is the reconquered
earthly paradise
for whom man-God
left his Father (Jn 3, 16)
and Mother (Jn 19, 26),
united to his Woman (Jn 2, 4),
thus restoring
one immortal flesh (Jn 2, 24).

For such sublime reason
Mary
was made Woman
and living throne
of eternal wisdom
and given as a Mother to the disciple (Jn 19, 27)
and to the Church.

Today,
through her,
each human being can reconquer
the lost Heavenly Land:
from the conception on earth
to the birth in Heaven;
from the zygote he was
to the completed building he will be;
from original sin
he inherited
to the final ransom
paid for him;
from the broken bread
to the poured wine;

from the vena cavae of his bowels
to the aorta of his resurrection;
from the rising river Nile
to the descending river Euphrates.

From the justice of the law
to the mercy of the sacraments.

When Moses saw her
he was on Mount Nebo
of contemplation.

He sensed that Israel
was conceiving her
and would give birth to her soon.

He felt she was that promise
that was ready to be delivered
to the Sea, the earth, the Heavens
and to all children
of the new creation (Dt 32, 52).

Family relationship

The Son reveals his Father.

The faithful reveal the Son.

The Mother does the Will of the Father.

She gets pregnant with the Son,

gives birth to Him,

accompanies Him to the cross,

waits for Him to resurrect,

follows Him in the assumption.

We also

are called to become

relatives of Jesus:

children, brothers and sisters,

spouses and mothers,

St. Joseph, with his putative fatherhood

acts as a guide to spiritual maternity.

A vital figure in the first phase,

he is destined to die

as soon as the Son

begins to reveal the Father.

Living for one Body

It means
feeling a cell
of the living organism
per excellence.

Obeying
to new heavens
and no longer
to the previous sky,
which is folded like a shroud
and stored away.

Legacy

When the traces
of the Most Holy Trinity
are no longer intelligible
to human minds
and the last of the wise
is disappeared
from the face of the earth,
at that moment
crucified Christ,
after crying out in a loud voice,
will again give up His spirit
on the wood of His Church,
reduced to a bark
of a dry trunk.
That will be the time of the blood
which will follow
the breaking of bread.
The time of mercy
which will precede
the last judgment.
Humanity will be at a crossroads:
on the one hand, the Woman,
on the other hand, the dragon.

Body

Mary
gives us
our nature of sons and daughters,
her spousal nature and
her divine maternity.
They shall clothe
our whole person
and fill up our lives.
Each person shall become
therefore similar to her fertile land.
For only living the body we come from
will we be able to best serve the Body we are seeking.

Growth

Our five external senses
refer to the five internal senses.

Just like the external man
echoes the internal man.

The noise of the old building
is called to give way
to the quiet of the new man.

Metabolism

The Lord enters
the locked cenacle of
our mortal bodies.
And as with St Thomas,
He helps us believe, see,
even touch with our hands
the devastating wounds
which sin
has caused to Him.

Then He disappears again from our sight
but feeds, with the two Eucharistic species,
the depths of our soul.

Starry sky

Not only are Abraham's descendants many,
they are bright.

The powerful light of all our holy souls
continually brightens

the many nights of human life,

even million of light years away

from their previous earthly existence.

The genome of a human being is a starry sky.

Mater

Finally matter realized

it was Mater.

It began

to conceive

sons and daughters

to be returned

to the Creator.

The Host is broken

to reach man sinner

of every time, place

race and generation.

The Wine is poured and leads

the redeemed man to the Creator.

The wedding at Cana, with

the miracle of the water

turned into wine,

confirms the principle

of universal salvation,

from man-*water* to man-*blood*,

from the zygote to the fulfilled man,

from nourishment by external diffusion,

to assimilation by internal circulation,

from the maternal placenta to the Eucharistic altar.

Mors Lupi

No more
stones and bricks,
but living cells
and people
of a mystical
building of love.

No more 'my life, your death',
but my life and your life
in the life of trinitarian Christ.

No more a man-wolf towards another man,
but man-lamb who,
in simplicity and shrewdness,
relates to his neighbor,
who is not always easy
to love.

Glossary

Abdominal gonades: ovaries and testicles

Amniotic fluid: the fluid in which the baby swims during the 9 months in which he is in the maternal womb

Antagonist and agonist muscles: muscles that act in a way that can favour or impede a movement

Anterograde and retrograde amnesia: to forget, from a moment on, something with respect to what already happened or will happen

Antiparallel double propeller of DNA: the biochemical structure of DNA

Aorta: the largest artery in the body, which pumps blood from the heart into the whole organism

Aphasia: communication disorder

Apparatuses: sets of organs

Arrhythmia: loss of the normal heart beat

Ascending, descending and horizontal pathways: nervous system regulating sensations (ascending), movements (descending) and uniting all information (horizontal)

Brain and cardiac death: irreversible end of the cardiac and mental function

Brain ventricles: parts of the brain having the highest concentration of fluid

Cavities of the heart: parts of the heart into which no more blood is pumped

Cloning: perfect copying of a living being

Decussate: crossed

Egg cell: female gametic cell

Erythrocyte: red globule

Genome: set of genes in our DNA

Germinal cells: cells that can potentially become any tissue or organ

Hemisoma: half of the body (right or left)

Hemopericardium: collection of blood between the heart and its external coating (pericardium)

Histology: study of tissues

Leprosy: serious bacterial infectious disease

Limbs: arms and legs

Meninx: one of the three external coatings of the brain

Neoplasia: benign and malignant tumours

Pericardium: external coating of the heart

Pia mater, dura mater, arachnoid mater: the three meninges of the brain, the most internal, the most external and intermediate respectively

Pollen: fertilizing matter of flowers

Primitive embryonic disc: set of cells giving birth to the embryo

Pyramidal or motor decussation: nervous fibre crossings in an area of medulla oblongata

Scapular: bone found in the back of human beings

Synapse and neurons: nervous cells (neurons) relating to each other (synapse)

Systems: set of apparatuses

Somatic: body cells

Vascular endothelium: internal coating of blood vessels

Venae cave: the largest veins of the body collecting all the blood and taking it back to the heart and then to the lungs to oxygenate it

Womb: uterus

Zygote: fertilized egg

Reviews

Review by prof. Alessandro Ferracane

It is hard to express a clear, overall critical judgement on “The atria of the heart”, a multiform, complex work in verse characterized by a continuous intrigue of material, spiritual, secular and religious issues – in a nutshell, of earthly and divine issues.

The author, dr. Filippo Maria Lio, a physician, probes into the depths of man, between the conscious and unconscious, thus bridging the dichotomy between soul and body, in a vision that sees aspiring to the divine the aim of earthly life. The unconscious may be considered the limit between “physics” and metaphysics.

Thus, the unconscious becomes the force of life, is soul, is a powerful energy that has its highest moment in love: it is energy of love, vital force that originates from the need for love and only relates in love.

The unconscious is the seal of God, image and likeness of God; it is placed in man as a witness of the spirit of the man son of God.

The leitmotif of this collection of poems is found in a thought of Alexander Dumas, mentioned as an epigraph of the whole work: “All is in little” - and, we would say, little includes all.

The presence of the divine and human, which is the mystery of life, is wonderfully expressed in the opening poem “man”; similarly, in “Progress” and “Matter”, we see the final destiny of man, integrated entity of the universe, deciphered from a mystical point of view.

The peak of harmony between signifier and signified, of forced and substantial rhythm, with a web of assonances and integral rhymes and an evocative use of words, is reached in “Dialogue-monologue”, an emblematic combination between inhumanity and humanity, sensuality and spirituality, descent and ascent.

We find these issues again, albeit in different perspectives, in “Incarnation”, where the dilemma between chance and necessity, empiricism and finalism is solved from the point of view of “supreme” revelation.

In “Antenna”, the duality between modernity and “classicality”, between materialism of contemporary civilization and the sacral values of an archaic yet possible world is overcome and incorporated in the longing for the divine. Similarly, the duplicity-uniqueness of the human being (unique in his “self”, but only existing in relation to someone else’s self) is expressed in the mystery of the trinitarian being (“Trinity”).

At Easter, the “virginal” words and the symbol-free images re-propose the interconnection between the First and Second Incarnation.

The relation between simplicity and complexity, between the individual and collectivity (humanity), social being and “spiritual centre” is recovered in “Thou shalt not steal” and “Thou shalt not covet”.

But is the new man (“The wolf’s death”) a utopia or a possible reality in a foreseeable future, when everybody will be enlivened by the Divine Love? We are tempted to say: this will be judged by posterity. In Lio’s view, the “new” can and must become reality.

Everything can be possible if a spark generates fire, if we move from an individual (or just a few people) to everything, from the specific to the general case. From the small to the big, from the little to everything. All comes full circle in “Mater”.

What does one get from the reading (and internalisation) of “The atria of the heart”? Certainly this: vital energies, albeit not perceived in full awareness, are completely expressed in love, which is a human act generated by the divine. Each human fall caused by frustrations and mistakes can turn into a new ascent if we find God again. The vivifying energy does not develop through culture – not only – but through the truth; not through the good and bad “social” behaviour, but by practising the Word of God in our daily life situations.

Review by dr. Katinka Borsányi

Congratulations, not so much on the author's skills as for his surrendering to the flux of divine thought. I call this attitude "active passivity", in which we welcome only the voice, the words that need to be received for the glory of God, for the good of community and personal satisfaction.

These poems are contemplations, prayers which we should live with our mouths open, or better still, with our hearts open wide. While reading his poems, I thought I was in a church, as they could be a perfect source of inspiration for spiritual exercises. As I also have a contemplative nature, I often stopped on single expressions (a good example is "White Lady"), where each invocation has a sweet significance of its own.

The enrichment of the specific medical terms makes the whole text tantalizing, interesting and original. After all, we should not read these pages all at once; we should bring them along as meditations for the day (e.g. "Liberty").

Good work, and all the best for the "multicellular" process!

Review by dr. Ignazio Ballato

Medicine and sacredness.

Science mixes with religion through the insights and sensitivity of a man, a physician who, like each of us, thinks, cries, smiles, loves, doubts, is constantly in search of the truth. And what is more, he finds the words to enchant and disenchant with deepness, intelligence, imagination and reality, strictness and joyfulness.

I am glad to be a friend of his....

Review by Prof. Anna Paola Bottoni

I am so grateful for the precious gift of these poems. I began appreciating their deep spirituality embodied in a humanity immersed in suffering yet craving for love.

In these poems, I am rediscovering the sacredness of a matter viewed, just for once, in the light of God's science.

My sincere, heartfelt thanks.

Review by Prof. Pier Giorgio Foglio Bonda

I was very glad to read the draft of your book “The atria of the heart”. I thank you for giving me such a significant opportunity for reflection.

First of all, I would like to highlight that I totally agree with P. Becker’s beautiful, deep introduction, in particular with two observations, namely:

“The poems’ lines are particularly meaningful: a respite is needed to approach them, to read them with pauses, to try to understand, to open the cosmo presented in an unusual way.”

- despite the systematic “implacable judgements on the present world”, after reading each page of the whole text, “may a new optimism gush out.”

Although I admit, in agreement with P. Becker, that “(....) the greatest courage of the author was to ask a person like me “(...) who” to read the draft of this book and to do so in a critical way, I dare make a few short observations, just “for the sake of completeness”.

- I think that the title of the book, besides being original and interesting, is also consistent with all of its content. However, I also think that a note would be helpful to properly clarify the precise meaning the author wants to give to the title;
- I read the whole text carefully: some pages stimulated me in a specific manner, because I found them particularly deep and meaningful. Among them – without overlooking none of the others – I would like to especially mention those under the titles
- There are many thoughts that are points for reflections; they are original, deep, I daresay also brilliant.
- Generally speaking, the reader should undoubtedly have a knowledge – not even superficial – of medical,⁵ theological⁶ and biblical concepts and contents in order to

⁵ Although the GLOSSARY tries, in a clear yet synthetic way, to overcome any cultural deficiency of the reader with respect to medical contents.

“sufficiently” – not to say “completely”! – understand the author’s thought – expressed in many (and deep!) images, direct and/or indirect, more or less explicit references, etc.

In conclusion, I would like to indicate three things which, albeit secondary and marginal, could be of use.

- I think you should adequately explain the concept “multicellular organism” you often refer to. True, it is clarified (though implicitly!) in the chapters “Child” and “Living for one body”, but in my view this is such an important concept as to require a precise, accurate and specific explanation in order to be properly understood;
- I would like to say that, in my view, the note found in the chapter “Hipostatis” undoubtedly deep and stimulating, is also rather complex and difficult to interpret for a reader “of average culture”;
- I beg you pardon for my frankness: in the glossary, when you refer to the vena cavae saying “...”, wouldn’t it be more appropriate to say “to oxygenate it”?

I thank you once again for inviting and permitting me to read your book.

I apologize for any observation that may sound not totally appropriate or pertinent – in any case, it was absolutely “temporary”.

I wish wholeheartedly that your book will be widely disseminated, as it could be a good means to further develop the “growth” (on a human, spiritual and religious level!) of those who will be able and want to read it, trying to understand *its various levels and uniting them in a single vision*”.

My compliments,

Pier Giorgio Foglio Bonda

⁶ In this regard, I think that the content of note 4 on page 76 may be referred to the whole book: “Probably a theological cradle would also be needed to grow and improve the accessibility of the thoughts that have been presented” too audaciously at times, yet always in a very pregnant and synthetic way!

Review by dr. Salvatore Lo Iacono

Dear Filippo,

reading a poem is a great intellectual endeavour that is incomparable to other forms of writing. I am very happy to write you some brief reflections on your wonderful book “The atria of the heart”, which certainly required many intellectual efforts. Your book is a difficult one, not the typical “page-turner”; most importantly, it requires a wide ranging culture, one that, however, enriches the reader in the end.

Dear Filippo,

Thank you so much. It was long since I last read a debut work, it was long since I last happened to get a book that denotes such a great endeavour, many hours spent on writing; hours of fury, sweetness and love for a dream. Your book speaks to the soul, encourages us to smile. You will find what I am going to tell you a “flight of fancy”, (but) I think that your work, at least in some of your poems, is against a perverted power made up of careerists, arrogant and mediocre men. I think your book is like a cavern, a dark cave, where a small lamp is turned on at each step and one can learn something in life, whether it be courage, forgiveness or a smile towards the lowest.

Dear Filippo,

At times you are a fearless knight laughing off at the monster and elevate man to the ultimate goal. Your poems include a wide range of cosmos and microcosmos approaching and moving away from each other and mixing into the creation of a new universe in the end. Few lines, few words that at times seem to be disconnected or without a real meaning find, through their sounds and their strange contexts, the right place in the cosmo, and enable us readers to take a further step towards that border that seemed unreachable after the first reading. Indeed the sounds, the various tones, the nearly rhymed assonances awake the long-dormant music of the soul. From the very first lines, the various known cosmos intertwine, the internal with the external, the interior with the exterior slide into an endless vortex. Two worlds, two parallel lines and one track, your humanity.

Dear Filippo,

You are a careful observer of reality, of daily life; of the real, known world, its ills, its sufferings, joys and hopes. Your book is like a post-mortem table where man is sectioned in each of his parts, in each of his senses, apparatuses, bones, cells, tissues, blood and water. Your poetry is like a fluid, like an elixir of new life. Every single element finds its place in your poetic world made up of words unusual to the human ear. Life and death, all and nothing, crosses and dim eyes, disgrace of a real world in harmony with the sectioned body, without malice, without any incense or moral reason. Your poetry is a multicellular, original one that arouses uneasiness without worrying, causes joy in a salvation that, to a more meditated, careful reading, has no entrances that can be identified in a totally fideistic or religious view.

Dear Filippo,

In your poems I find references to history, geography – the human one – to pure anthropology without any contaminations that could have moved me away from the beauty of its verses and its difficult, clear sounds rising to symphonic and metaphysical visions. I crossed Samaria, Judea, the mountains. I saw crosses and children having nothing but a smile; mothers crying but with opened, welcoming arms. I saw man from his interior and I gradually became aware of what a journey into the soul is. MAN... his heart becoming a pericardium; any single loss is not a butterfly's flap, but arrhythmic beats on a drum, neoplasia fading and twisting and annihilating into the beauty of ascending, descending and horizontal circuits of a synaptic system, an infinite dialogue among sentient beings.

Dear Filippo,

Your decussating among the multitude of cells, your travelling near erythrocytes, tasting amniotic fluid, precious hosts and wines, your striding without a theme among martyrs and rescuing ark, your waving between histology and Christology, among rolling stones, martyrs, tombs, agony and aphasia, your wandering between pain, cures and, at times, death, between ascensions and resurrections, apostles and Judah of Divine, altars and biblical figures, metacarpal nails and stilt joints; your conviction that the species will live off bread and wine, causes weariness and, at the same time, severity knowing that all can be touched and known without it causing us restlessness. Angels, Mary, devout and hard mothers, matter, dogma, hemispheres, vertebrae, genomes, cry and laughter, suffering and salvation, a picture in which colours and images, whether real or fake, far-off or close, obvious or hidden, are suggestive of an infinite rebirth or resurrection. I must also say that

your poems are a prison, albeit without bars, where the deaf and the blind, dead cells, aberrant forms, man of Samaria, apostates, chalices of bitterness are locked; at the same time, however, there is a way out in the various meanders of your verses, your language, that man can find and in which he can breathe the blow of life, where everything whirls and decussates. Creation and cloning, birth and life, how many borders. The tree of life, the roots of your people, the genealogy of the one you assumed to be the Creator, the silence of unborn babies, deserts and forests, the arid glances and the swollen womb, swollen of life presumably, and four, your favourite number.

Dear Filippo,

Yours is a poetry of crossroads, where we careful readers stop for reflecting, breathing, activating all organs, apparatuses, tissues, cells and whatever else defines us humans, and for joyfully shouting our choice.

Review by dr. Marta Serafini

Dear Filippo,

You have a good head, but the belly is the best part, or maybe more simply, the one I prefer. Your synaptic connections are precise and sophisticated. They develop in a complex path, one that is not straightforward and gives me the impression being too thought out at times, as if it were coiled up on itself. Starting with a cortical, dogmatic zone, you seek all small peripheral ends returning to it in a way which, in my view, is forced at times.

Then the belly comes in! The rhythm becomes fast, vitality explodes, all is immediate, all is intuitive, a flash of lightening breaks darkness, illuminates the goal, the Redeemer's design.

Maybe it is right this, this pulsating, exuberant, explosive belly contained in an invisible web of synaptic connections, like a rich cytoplasm shrouded in a wise, cell membrane, that makes you a special cell, the friend I address to when I can't see the way ahead well.

With love,

Marta

Review by prof. Italia Cabano Scoccia

When you close this little book, after dwelling with curiosity and surprise on cells, tissues, cavities, ascending and descending motions, you wonder whether you may expect poetry to have a magic power: the power of taking names and phrases out of the pages of an encyclopaedic glossary of medicine, where their precise meanings are codified according to strict etymological criteria in order to force them to tell through new, unusual schemes – namely, poems – the story of our becoming creatures.

Poetry? Yes, indeed; not a poetry of images and similarities worn by time and repetition, where rhymes and rhythms are built in a predictable manner, according to schemes which have been going along in our ears ever since we learnt the first nursery rhymes.

The reading of “The atria of the heart” is not so consolatory and reassuring, to the contrary: it is harsh, not suitable for a song. You need to ask yourself, to look up in an encyclopaedia of medicine to know which segment of your body you are reading about, which story you are uncovering. This small anthology vividly shows the jealous love with which each item of medicine is thought of, absorbed and proposed in rhymed phrases that are almost always syntactically put together. Free from any subordination bond, they are part of a linguistic orchestration in which a strong symbolic dimension prevails. This linguistic and metric orchestration gives the reader of “The atria of the heart” the perception of having found a synthesis – which rests in the heart of things - of the creation, among the many segments of a reality he would like to fully comprehend through a doubt-dispelling cosmic science. Maybe those who did not want to give up the fruit of the forbidden tree had the same hope.

Finally, I would like to say that, in my view, the biggest surprise resulting from reading Filippo Maria’s book is the synthesis, made through poetic verses, of knowledge and love for his discipline and mature, aware, constant reading of the Holy Scriptures; a synthesis in which he expresses his constant attitude to read reality from the very instruments offered by his work, scientifically constructed and addressed, and by his view of the world and things.

Review by dr. Leandro Stefanucci

The atria of the heart is a collection of poems that go beyond classical and modern rules. They are written by a physician whose unshakable faith spiritualizes every organ of the body and gives it a mystical significance.

A first reading of the poems disorientates the reader, it nearly confuses him with unusual yet surely original associations between the organs of the body and events of daily life.

It is like observing a mosaic of randomly assembled small pieces which gradually takes shape as the author indicates the correct position of the various elements. However, in order to follow the author's voice, you need to identify yourself with him, to think like him, to see and understand from his point of view. Then what appeared to be incomprehensible becomes clear, what was obscure becomes clear. The cell, the structural brick of a living being, having no cognitive skills for science, becomes a conscious flame, driven by the Holy Spirit that supports it and lights up the big fire of cognitive life.

Is it prose? Is it song, or poetry? Surely it is a different way to express the face of imagination and the heart through unusual symbolisms that penetrate matter and spirit in a song that is comprehensible to few, but opens to new ways of expressing the intimate voice of man.

We are before a poetry of faith, of spirit, of immaterial which becomes reality, a reality that becomes vague, is steeped in mystery and inner emotions, joyful and sad observations; a poetry that transfigures reality and makes it take the shape of the author's soul.

Thus, in much the same way as journeys across the immense creation belong to science fiction, so the journeys of the author's mind belong to fanciful poetry.

Comment by Vito Magno

This book of poems highlights the introspection skills of the author, a physician. It is an introspection that combines the somatic nature of the human being with the mysterious reality of the “divine”.

The title, *The atria of the heart*, should be considered the leitmotif of the 84 poems which make up the work. The heart becomes a communication bridge on life, through the experience of faith. In this sense, these poems represent snapshots of daily life read through the believer’s experience, without any showiness or triumphalism. In essence, Lio opens his heart and goes to the heart of life. From the pregnant flesh of *Matter*, at times expressing a *Prison* without bars, to the mystery of a *Memory* opening up before the *Word of the Father*, the author manages to draw up an interesting series of figures, texts, phrases and contexts of the Holy Scripture and to unite them in a single solution with the *humanum*. From *Maternity* to *Liberty*, from *Zacariah’s silence* to the gripping, esodic motive of *Desert*, from the mysterious *Pneuma* to the very humble figure of Mary, *Handmaid of the Lord*, the reader is overwhelmed by the wide range of considerations and anacolutha which open up horizons of peace.

This text is dedicated to the “patients”: the author’s medical profession is fully involved in this adventurous description of the tragedy of suffering. If there is a man seeking God, the author helps us also discover that there is “a Trinitarian God seeking man”. This encounter can take place in the Eucharist. In a time of terrible social and economic upsets, the prosaic reporting of daily life turns into poems of hope, funded on the Word of Salvation.

Thanks

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Thanks