



THROUGH “L’IMMAGINARIO SIMBOLICO” by Rosi Lesto

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Motya is like a surprise of clear stones and green areas, that live sleepy among mirrors in the sky. These are the daytime crickets that sing to the sun on this part of the earth, and their choirs rhythm the work of archaeologists, with their skins colored like the leather, and their hands they are busy cataloging crocks and stones, recovering fragments of ourselves, as we were two thousand and five hundred years ago. A *Kothon* (ancient harbor) offers its water as calm as the *Stagnone* (great pond) that generates it. Once it echoed the choirs of working men and sailors, the hulls of the boats were maintained and cleaned right there, and who knows what else. Nearby stays a great green umbrella, below which it is possible to sit, it is an umbrella of dense and covering pine- cones, true surprise of coolness and shelter.



Antonino Contiliano, poet and writer, suggests we sketch its details, then he deeps the look in those waters that feed us with blue sky, cropping moods for verses to come.



by Rosi Lesto, Kouros (Boy) Mothya August 23, 2012 - for l'Immaginario Simbolico di *Alfredo Anania*

The Museum is an ancient construction, and man still breathes here a nineteenth-century atmosphere. Inside the first room, a *Kouros*, a boy of small dimensions, whose musculature is little mentioned, hardly sinuous, is a perfection of youth. It is ancient Greek but reminds me some *Etruscan* artifact, the expression of its face, the brown color of the stone maybe, and I have in mind the nostalgia of the feminine shaped clear marble, the stripling with his hand long his side, statue of uncertain origin that surprised more than anything else this piece of land on the edge that gave him save shelter and kept it away from people's sight.



The salt that one notices on the own skin, the walk on the warm water, a look on the road of the salt flooded by the sea, the meeting with new friends whose sketches of lives enrich part of our existence, the symbolic trip toward the dry land, everything creates a new awareness, after that contact with the dimension just left, part of us still living the comfort of that timeless universe of stones now without men.

It is extraordinary to dive into this shared experience, the places take a significant, different value. Share the excitements, deriving them from places in the immediacy, and finding out what, in the alienating size of cities we have lost, a listening dimension due to our most true part, that we probably have subsided between the gray cement and the ordinary urban frenzy. The Imaginary and us, the ancient stones of *Moty* and the cornice of freshness of its trees, and its stones, with old and solid soul, crumbled by time and won, from the "intemperate" elements of men.



The coming back to early childhood, rediscovering the playful dimension, the time of a chorus of cicadas, the pleasure of the others' sensations, and of those that belong to us, and suddenly reconnect intact that our precious portion that we had forgotten.

The Imaginary and the imagination, the ancient history of the past people and fantasy. And how we would like that time timeless, the place that is island, cut off and detached in its contemplative dimension of endless waiting, maintained for us its openness on the mystery, and how simple it is the way we live, it is sufficient to look at things in differently, and enter into communion with each moment of beauty that life offers us!



I drew you with the colors of the earth, although you were born from the sea, because here, on this high mountain your sinuously braided rites were accomplished, for men came from the sea. And you, goddess queen of with soft shapes priestesses, used to contemplate that men's song that smelled of sea foam, your rocks and your mysteries. And we, on the rocks, we forgot the passage of time and its forms, on following rapid flight of butterflies, or pure as doves, turning look at the wall of *Daedalus* and the arches typical of that land. (Rosi Lesto for PSICOLOGIA DINAMICA).



I walked on the windows of the time and I discovered a time of youth to be renewed, on the souls of those old stones. And the wind of the sea of *Selinus* caressed his memory. (Rosi Lesto for L'IMMAGINARIO SIMBOLICO, *Selinunte* on the afternoon of August 25, 2012). Title: "Time and memory" - a pencil comp - Temple of Hera – Selinunte, August 25,