

Improvisations

“The English language
is nobody’s special property.
It is the property of imagination;
it is the property of the language itself”

D.A.Walcott

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The other way

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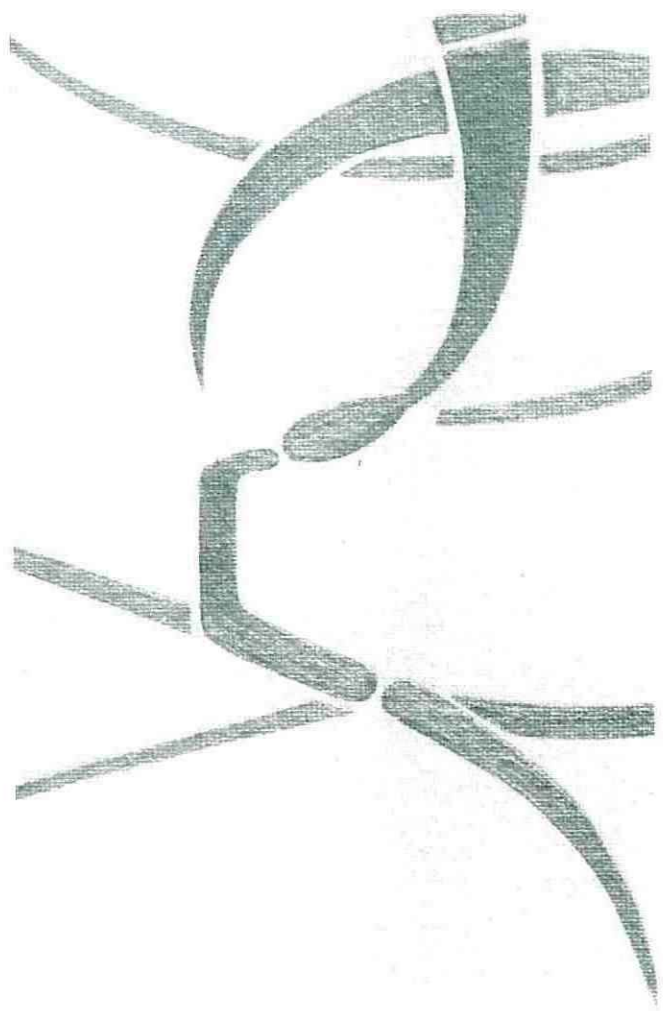
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The other way*

But who can tell
which is the best way
when signs fail
and roads go astray
and the deepest you can look
all you can see
is thickest darkness.

Then, unexpectedly
the day comes
when you realize
-as time has passed by
and the blood
in your veins
has made its way-
that none of your insights
did fulfil:
it's like you betted
on the losing horse
and tears now
make your heart beat fast
stop words from flowing
and there's nothing you can do
to mend the rips
of the past.
And while you're there
listening to voices
you go deaf
and the people around

get wrapped in a mist.
Now you're no longer there
you've reached a point
where the sky mingles
with the earth
and no wishes, no hopes
except the past
would turn up
into today
and you might choose
the other way.

*Sulle scelte di vita: spesso quelle sbagliate

Time*

Time
consumes
the streets
of memory,
reduces lanes,
disperses
perfumes,
fades
the colours
of flowery
paths
leaving before
the ageing walker
the thousand leaves
of bygone days
scattered around
by the wind
of rushing
time.

*Sul tempo che trasmuta i ricordi

London*

Suspended
as if
out of time
and earth
out of mind
taken
by the breeze,
the nice cold
English weather
and the absorbing
atmosphere
of
London.

*Un momento di incanto nell'avvolgente atmosfera di Londra

The Truth*

The Truth?!
-repeated Pilate-
wondering where
it was
to be sought
after.

The Truth!!
-says I-
with the same
anxiety,
and what makes
the difference
is but all that
time.

*Sull'eterna domanda di cosa sia la verità

The only truth*

Tell me the truth
about life:
who's right
who's wrong?
Such a messy world
I come across!
I realize no one
can come out
with an answer.
Where is the way
out of the muddle?
And computers can
only add to the mess.
Maybe
the only truth lies
in holding you within my arms
while looking at your little nose
and blue eyes
and forgetting all the rest
utter silly words
hoping you will recognize
the loving sound of
your grandfather's voice.

*Riflessioni e speranze di nonno che giocoso trastulla la sua neonata nipotina.

The Love Riddle*

...But please
tell me:
where is Love?
Is it in the merry-making
when you're young, or
in your pretending to be young
just because you're making merry?

Is it in bed,
in the sweetness of a come,
or the thinking is much,
much more than that?

Oh, please, please
tell me where Love is!
Is it in the habit of saying:
-Sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you-
when you did,
or does it mean Togetherness
and Silent Understanding
of each other's needs?
And please, try to give an answer to me:
is Love old or young?
Is it halted by political borders,
or doesn't it call for
the crossing of the sea?

Oh please, please tell me:
have you ever looked True Love

straight in the eye
without it wearing
an alluring disguise?

And –most difficult of all-
shall Death come and Love not?
Will she still be holding your hand
when it is no longer
that hot?

*Alcune domande sull'amore

Music of the heart*

Music of the heart
break through
the air of silence
using Love
as a fire
to warm the cold
which surrounds the soul,
to stop the solitude
and let the people
the joyful people
come
and start dancing
and talking and singing
shaking hands
dispensing
spoonfuls of love
to every heart around
to warm the air
to appease the mind
to start the fun
to chant the songs
which celebrate God
God above all.

* Dove due o tre di voi sono insieme [...] lì sono io. [Matt.18,19 ss.]

Homo homini lupus*

Uomo insensato
hectically
moving around
qui ne comprend pas
ce qui se passe

until the day
the candle flickers
and darkness
takes it all.

* Sul disamore degli uomini

Why all that fuss around?*

Why all that fuss around?
There's too much noise
everybody's chatting, talking
spitting and saying
nothing.
We're so stuck with books
and words on the radio,
on tv
and all around me.
Please, please, please
be quiet for a minute or two
get the sunshine
shut your mouth,
shut your eyes
let thy heart speak for thee...

Feel the earth
smell the breeze...
it's the only things
that can bring you
such a heavenly
peace.

* Sul rumore del mondo che assorda

Hectic living*

...E questa fretta
del vivere
that leads but
to the grave...

soli
busy doing
nothing

who
with glory
replenished
who
with wealth
and power...

Overloaded
with meaningless
gestures
and a frantic pace
we pass away
leaving behind
ashes and
silence.

* Della vita frenetica