

Rodolfo Di Biasio

Mute Voices of Silence

Versione inglese

di Barbara Carle

War

My discovery of the world
is tied to a web of death
that the War, capital
letters are good for children,
wove during those days
a season that threaded
a second skin of melancholy
on me shrouded the smile of my eyes
curved my shoulders

Its wind, the fury still
rages turning
all the beautiful things of life
to sadness
in my days, all my days
perhaps because I never had
the first things of life
those which make childhood

the games and voices
All of that, was missing for me,
the joyful ones, the contentious ones

My sole companions were
the darkness of the stable as refuge
the warm breaths, the stench of closure
a remote sky

The sun was outside
unattainable
Vainly shining
- I remember those hours the dead
that soldiers carried on the backs of mules
to steep them in ravines
away from the claws of crows
from dogs that no longer had a home

That sun never belonged to me

Inexorable days
that entrenched the certainty
of life's pain

Far away is the time of war
I would then say
deceiving myself

As I browse my years
sixteen *lustra* by now
- an infinite road
yet nothing more than a flash-
I see them torn
by the doleful gong
that hammered - hammers
paves the river of history
with the dead

Mute voices of silence
why don't we listen to you?
But do we still know how to listen?
In vain you hammer at the door
ask to be heard
For an instant the response
is sterile compassion
which does not turn into mercy
persistent love

For you and for us
on the road as we attempt
the landing that preserves
our oasis of quiet dawns
of certain sunsets
May our sleep
become forgetfulness

May the breathing of our children
in the next room
bring us peaceful slumber

Hunger

I come from a time
where I did not have
my portion of meat and milk
I saw the suffering in my mother's
eyes for her children
At night I pressed hunger on my pillow
Only once it was sated
by the piece of dark German bread
a soldier broke off
imploring
I begged it with my eyes
I carry the taste inside
It nourished me
Taught me compassion

But she, the wolf, always
I see her lurking
everywhere madly
biting creatures at the calves
turning them into gaunt shadows
about to transmigrate
And we in our homes full
of frosty amulets
and from the streets the thousand blandishments

baiting
our lust for possession
They turn our gaze
to the ground
rendering us incapable
of seeing the place
where the hunger of many exists

All belongs to a few of us
the others are a river
pressing its banks bursting
Their persistent will
to survive
haunts us

Your hunger, little child,
tells us that we cannot
choose private paths
raise fences
Our eyes confuse us
Too much bread
has a bitter taste
We steal it from you

On the video

I count your ribs,

remote child,

from other fierce

lands

you try to talk to us

Soon your day

will be done

it will entrust you

to interminable night

And we, the few, will cross it

blind in the uproar of opulent rituals

that don't cure us

Plague

The plague is in the soul
lurks there
digs festering gorges
opens an uncertain time
Nor does the word of deliverance
arrive on cue
We've been plague-spreaders of ourselves
We inhabit an earth
where the wind
blows plastic
a ferrous dust in a dark sky
and gusts sadden the cluster pines

The old roofs!
By now there are few of them
the houses with the red
roofs from before
when the rain beat down
and the swallows eyed from nests
the dirge of drops in eaves
There isn't a day that one doesn't die

the cement comes
which arrogance hurls at the sky
with shining walls

Tell a story, only this one I can tell,
of a time when it was sweet to drink
with your hands from the river in Summer
pluck an apple from the branch
was an assured ritual of life
the apple already tasted by the sparrow
ready for the child's bite

For the water ritual
now that the brooklets are dusty
and water no longer colors
the fresh grass

For the water ritual:
women used to mark
the end of the day
drawing resonant water from wells
The singing jugs
reflected arches of sky,
the eye knew how to see
the things of the world
how they are inside
the joyous *pneuma* that opens them

Then dream came to birth
and the wind's voice was ever changing
and the shadows, those before evening
then the nocturnal ones
descended to us as friends

The old folks would tell us
not to waste
water and grass
that night would come
desolately
They would tell us that everything if from the earth

A passage toward the light
May the creatures of the sky of the sea
of the earth
return to us fraternally
The snake and the wild hyacinth too
or the blue violets
the same ones unlearned
through the senselessness of desire

May their names return
unused on our lips

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