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TEN POEMS TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR HIMSELF

Maurizio Clementi

Christus Frater

When I ascend to you
I'll be scared as blond soldier
with a quivering lip.
No doors - how do I get back?
There' s no back.
I' m so scared,
my knees so weak,
I'm made of glass
like I was
universal breath-breakable frailty.
Then you come out.
But I know you - Yes, I do know you,
coming out from your canasta
ruffled, fulfilled,
bread crumbs all over your tights.

If you stood up for me
I'm valued:
there' s some hope then
even for deserters and their pleas.

Sky

Down from a scream of a sky
blossoming branches fall
on passers-by's heads.
I pull away those fruits
as from an apple tree,
and now not just for me.

If you don't feel like

If you don't feel like
goin' naked in the streets
and dine in a gathering
'til the stars discolour
then, don't give yourself
up to the Muse.
We need young ones,
who have seen the stars burning
and could still spread
an uncorrupted seed.
Who needs worn-out shoes,
ancient faithless continents
or old magpies?

Breathe

I breathe the desert wind
which burns my lungs,
but i have no sore feet,
no, no thirst at all,
no cathedrals are bothering me,
flat fields just tire me,
i can see the sky.
Don't need your blows to see it,
it's like an Old Man in the clouds
with sex made of stars:
I'm alive, and breathing,
yes, I just try to keep breathing.

Poet Christ

Nothing for himself,
the poet wishes nothing.
Sent down here
with just a two-pence
and no disciples at all,
he goes twice a day on the square,
and feeds with words the old lady,
the young boy and the lovers,
he has no fish or pulpit
and feeds on bread and milk,
sleeps over immaculate flowers
and dies twice a day.
Come, listen to the poet,
He's the cyclamen's Way,
the Truth and Life, you see,
of millions of hands around.

Why do you open you eyes wide?

Why do you open your eyes wide?

Your bread's on the table
and now my hands greet you,
why then open your eyes wide?
They chase me like rabid dogs
from the Tartar shores,
those eyes of yours,
stones without hunger:
as I watch you in the chill
I take your own sky over me.

The word is not

The word is not
a bunch of pastels
in the golden blaze of the sunset.
There's no left side
in the space of the word
and no division of syllables:
I've never made my life larger
just for sake of breathing,
flowers speak, o sky-blinded,
the scream of an abyss
from those stars
hanging down from a tree.

Your tights stare at me

Your tights stare at me,
messengers of butterflies,
knees stretch out
gently looking around.
There's no hour for beauty,
your shoulders well know that,
your thrills without breeze:
I still don't know
if in this world or sea
I have the power to hold you.

Everything's coming to an end

Everything's coming to an end,
so let it be, o myself,
my life will go back
to the ordinary forge.
I won't rejoice no more,
this air that leads the way,
these lilies of the valley
this breath of the ruffled wind.
Like among the Siena hills
moist with peace and breeze
that Your hand slightly grazes,
lying in the blue,
then I see a child,
a blond girl rising,
serene, superb, smiling
at You from beneath:
I'll hold your hand, my sister,

I'll hold you over the twin green,
as on your pure brow appears,
finally it's daylight,
a fresh crown made of stars.

I am lazy as a bear

I am lazy as a bear
while awaiting in the snow
for the honey to drip
from above sweetening
my lips and my verse, so near.

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