

Poetry Series

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello
- poems -

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Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello(September 30th 1959)

Since birth he has been living in his town. He studied classical subjects at a secondary school of the Jesuits. In 1984, he took a degree in Medicine and Surgery. From 1985 to 1986 he served in the army with the Alpinos and was Medical Adjutant Corporal. He attended formal training in psychoanalysis for 9 years. In 2003-04, he quite studied English. He visited Edinburgh, New York and London. He wrote poems, fictions, scientific issues. At the moment he attends to Wado-ryu Karate, already practiced in his youth, and finally falls in love with a determined girl: thou' one cannot play safe.

*a) Julius Caesar

I,1

Enter ELPIDIUS MARULLUS tribun of the people and PORTIA, Marcus Brutus's wife, over the stage

PORTIA: Ave, I am saying hello to you. I am seeing the person I saw years ago.

MARULLUS: Ave, I see the girl at that time. I see you are the girl you were.

PORTIA: Have you regrets? Have you feelings of guilty?

MARULLUS: I shall manage everything at the right moment.

PORTIA: Somebody thinks he himself will manage it. There are dark presages in the air.

MARULLUS: I have given up the idea of bringing in bills. I attend to mysteries with more pleasure.

PORTIA: So you have changed your mind. Once you thought you should have changed Rome.

MARULLUS: Really?

PORTIA: It is change time. Only the dictator does not realize it. He has not made up his mind, is alone.

MARULLUS: He is a man. His days can end.

PORTIA: Roman woman must abide the republic.

MARULLUS: I would like to hold fast to my girl.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

*b) Julius Caesari,2

I,2

Enter CAESAR, CALPHURNIA Caesar's wife, MARK ANTONY for the course.

CAESAR: Now is the feast of Lupercal made glorious winter by this sun of Rome.
I did what it

needed. Today I am seeing you again.

CALPHURNIA: You are tired and need cares.

CAESAR: I need life because I learned to love it and I am enjoying it.

CALPHURNIA: Pompey was your son-in-law and you sent your army against him.

CAESAR: I sent army against his army.

ANTONY: The course is starting, at its end I shall climb the rostra to offer you the crown.

CAESAR: With or without crown, Calphurnia, joyfully we shall be together.

I.3

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS

CASSIUS: In this moment of crisis we must be united and determined.

BRUTUS: We are praetors and have our salary but it is little in hard times.

CASSIUS: Caesar wants to cut our salaries. He tells that we are inefficient.

BRUTUS: He trampled on the republican institutes!

CASSIUS: We can trample on him.

BRUTUS: I don't want to get into trouble with the law, I should waste time though need money.

CASSIUS: You will have money and a lot. All we need is killing him.

BRUTUS: Many people must do it, hired killers could do it.

CASSIUS: We must meet and find a method, so there, we are going to talk about the method.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

*c) Julius Caesar

Enter CASCA and CICERO

CASCA: Tomorrow in the senate we shall have to work. Caesar will be sitting.

CICERO: An orator does not go out of fashion, I shall deliver a speech.

CASCA: To be a conspirator has become fashionable.

CICERO: Our roles are not so definite, we use to ignore them.

CASCA: You yourself mention ignorance! Were not you Princeps Senatus?

CICERO: Though he put the crown by thrice, the dictator wants to be top of Rome.

CASCA: He is really top of Rome. Senators are useless.

CICERO: Antony is his shadow and wants put himself in his place. However I am looking all
around.

CASCA: I am one of your accomplices and wonder whether you are seeing anything interesting.

CICERO: I don't like Marullus. Let's get the tribun of the people killed.

CASCA: Do you want to kill a son, too? We already must kill a father.

CICERO: Maybe I don't like killing fathers.

II,1

Enter MARCUS BRUTUS and PORTIA

BRUTUS: As sentinel greets the dawn, so I greet your return. You are late.

PORTIA: Sure, I was very busy at the market-place. Sometimes woman carries a heavy load.

BRUTUS: We must save Rome. People must honour its laws.

PORTIA: I always honoured those laws.

BRUTUS: For this reason I got married with you and did not want another in your place.

PORTIA: My place is close to our native Lares.

BRUTUS: Tradition is on our side. Our homework is the usual one.

PORTIA: No homework but this: one can not re-wind the spindle of time.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

*d) Julius Caesar

II,2

Enter CAESAR in his orchard.

CAESAR: Come in, Marullus, your soldier's walk is the same of the Gaul days.

Enter MARULLUS.

MARULLUS: Hi, Caesar. I was recruited in your legion. Though I was not one of your officers

I busied myself.

CAESAR: Others had another cursus honorum. However now you are here.

MARULLUS: I was not one of your legates, so you grew old and I had not to put myself in your

place.

CAESAR: You did not make a career for yourself close to me, then you became a demagogue.

MARULLUS: Domine, once Rome could make laws. Now Rome can not make laws.

CAESAR: I myself made laws for her. I know that you cultivate the fine arts as well as your

friendships in Greece.

MARULLUS: I shall cut my coat according my cloth. Caesar, I recognize your role.

II,3

At CAESAR's house. CALPHURNIA and CAESAR.

CALPHURNIA: Somebody wants that you go out, is getting here to see you to the senate. I am afraid.

CAESAR: That's right, my sweetheart. Men go their own way.

CALPHURNIA: Out of your guidance they could not go any way.

CAESAR: A beloved one is always leaving. You really leave only you love much.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

*e) Julius Caesar

II,4

Enter TREBONIUS and CINNA. Then CASCA, METELLUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, CAESAR, a SOOTHSAYER, CASSIUS, ARTEMIDORUS.

TREBONIUS: You poet, sure are going to be inspired by something.

CINNA; Don't make fun of me. I am Cinna. The poet is just my namesake. I could say: ah! The

Trebonius's brother, No, you are Trebonius.

TREBONIUS: We can be one or another, it's all the same to me. Somebody will not be soon.

CINNA: You know-all, do you know what plague could be? A tribun of the people could die.

TREBONIUS: Let's kill the people a few at a time. Come on! At Caesar's.

They come into CAESAR's house.

CASCA: Listen to me, Metellus, Cicero hates Marullus.

METELLUS: I don't give a damn. It's none of our business.

CASCA: Well, I was talking of this and that. That is not really dangerous.

METELLUS: Antony is making a career for himself, instead. Cassius would like to kill him, too.

CASCA: Who could kill him? We shall kill Caesar more easily.

DECIUS BRUTUS: Caesar, the senate is waiting for you in plenary session. You should make the open-speech.

CAESAR: How time should I speak? I would like to say many things.

BRUTUS: Caesar, you can. You speak for our sake.

SOOTHSAYER: I would like to point out to the lords, yesterday Caesar did not feel well, in the ides of March the weather is turning ugly.

CASSIUS: He fell down unconscious, foaming at mouth. He was sunburnt and feverishing as well.

ARTEMIDORUS: He was hypocondriac. As soon as possible I shall say it to him and he will take care of himself.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

*f) Julius Caesar - The Caesar's Death

III,1

At the senate. Enter ARTEMIDORUS, CAESAR, PUBLIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, CASCA, METELLUS, CASSIUS, BRUTUS.

ARTEMIDORUS: Caesar, if you don't know the reason of your illness, read my schedule and you will know it.

PUBLIUS: To accept schedules without evidence is impossible.

DECIUS BRUTUS: Trebonius has written a schedule rich in evidence. Caesar should read it.

CASCA: But Trebonius can not read or write!

METELLUS: I can not write, either, and so you, Casca, have written in my place. Now I am putting my signature and giving Caesar my schedule.

CAESAR: What about it?

METELLUS: My wife should be appointed frumentarius provider. I would like to be appointed myself but have an incompatible post.

CAESAR: Your post is inconsistent with virility.

BRUTUS: Caesar, you should agree with us. We have the republic at heart.

CASCA: We have not Caesar at heart. (He stabs Caesar)

CAESAR: You crazy, Casca! This is only a little cut.

BRUTUS: As praetor I shall complete the work. Then, all together!

CAESAR: Brutus, you are not clever. I shall not oppose fate. (He falls at the feet of the statue of Pompey, pulls the cloak over his head and dies)

CASSIUS: Now we can share the Caesar's post.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

*g) Julius Caesar

III,2

At the forum. Enter ANTONY, CASSIUS, BRUTUS, ARTEMIDORUS, a SOOTHSAYER.

ANTONY: Cassius, your hands killed Caesar but now they should do anything else.

CASSIUS: Caesar did not attend to the change of the times.

BRUTUS: I should lay my hands on power.

ANTONY: I shall speak to the people. I believe that they should miss their father.

BRUTUS: Please, I would like speaking before. (At the pulpit) Citizens, we killed the tyrant. We reclaim our parliamentary immunity.

ANTONY: (At the pulpit) Men and women beloved by Caesar, we want to put ourself in Caesar's place against his killers.

ARTEMIDORUS: Soothsayer, Caesar did not read my schedule.

SOOTHSAYER: He knew its content. Here we have patients less clever.

ARTEMIDORUS: Caesar loved Cleopatra and they had a baby together. I did not talk about it.

SOOTHSAYER: Antony will do the same thing in Egypt. Octavius will do the rest all over the world.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

*h) Julius Caesar

III,3

At the Assembly of the People. Enters CAIUS ELPIDIUS MARULLUS.

MARULLUS: Romans, I could kill Caesar but I did not it. There was a conspiracy, I did not oppose it. Caesar was my master of life and not of death. Fate won him and we must leave their decision to gods. However I came to a decision. I shall exercise my right of veto: the law of the immunity for the parricides will be rejected. At our feast the Roman women were running down and up to Lupercals with their he-goat-hides. When coming back I did not take away its crown from the statue of Caesar. My forefather Caius Graccus loved agricultural works, now the villains steal the wheat of Rome. Today tribun of the people has to do different things. The lists of proscription are indispensable but tribun can not do them. However I love our past, the legacy of Caesar will give us life. I could kill Caesar but I did not it. Our republic lived in him and he loved his wetnurse. So he did not accept our crown. Octavius and his successors will have to be great by force, together with Caesar people were really great.

IV,1

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIUS.

ANTONY: Please accept my sympathy with you.

OCTAVIUS: My great-uncle Caesar died and I came back from Apollonia.

ANTONY: We shall take the conspirators.

OCTAVIUS: I worry about our future. The oriental part of the Roman colonies are unsure. We should take the golden of the Partians.

ANTONY: Now whe shall manage the metal of our swords.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

*i) Julius Caesar - The Portia's Soliloquy

IV,2

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, then THE GHOST OF CAESAR.

BRUTUS: I had to set our army but I wonder whether our soldiers love us. Our enemies are

going to get to Philippi.

CASSIUS: We shall be worth the respect of our soldiers.

BRUTUS: I am insomniac.

THE GHOST OF CAESAR: You will sleep In Philippi.

IV,3

PORTIA at home.

PORTIA: I strengthened myself wounding my thigh. I thought I should have been worth love, being loved by somebody interested in me. History does not save its lonely women, they excite envy, time sweeps away them. Men speak at the pulpit, women speak to memory. My cheeks held kisses, now hold tears. Might I have my youth together with

my freedom! My relatives told me our world should have lasted. Youth thrilled me as a colt close to volcano. Boys miss their fathers, girls miss them even more. One night a legionary boy left for Gaul and felt lonely. I live for me, did not live for him; if he lived for me, love lives and let love be our king.

V,1

ANTONY and OCTAVIUS with their army, LEPIDUS.

ANTONY: Our army is stronger than theirs. We need victories, and new lands.

LEPIDUS: Our financial situation is hard.

OCTAVIUS: We firmly have to manage enemies as well as crisis. The enemy army is going to attack us but the weather is turning out fine.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

*I) Julius Caesar

V,2

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, OCTAVIUS, CASSIUS and ANTONY.

BRUTUS: Persuade you that killing the tyrant was indispensable.

OCTAVIUS: I don't think so. My heart is hardened.

CASSIUS: I am sad at heart. We can come to an agreement again.

ANTONY: Caesar was king and you all together are not a queen, either. (Alone)

Octavius has pain however has more power than me. Let's prepare for battle!

OCTAVIUS: I am afraid of struggle nevertheless our plan is going to succeed.

V,3

At the battlefield of Philippi. Enter MESSALA and TITINIUS officers of Brutus and Cassius.

MESSALA: Look at the Brutus's infantry that breaks the Octavius's testudo!

TITINIUS: The horses of Antony crush the trenches of Cassius!

MESSALA: His horse trips up a stone, Cassius falls and dies. Brutus is hidden in a hole, his enemies find him and kill him.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

*m) Julius Caesar - 'Exeunt Omnes'

V,4

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIUS.

ANTONY: Everything runs and history leaf has been turned over.

OCTAVIUS: I escaped the fight but shall take part in my new wars.

ANTONY: Maybe somebody of our enemies was honourable.

OCTAVIUS: Maybe. Many of them trusted a woolly system of power.

ANTONY: We sure were more clever than the traitors.

V,5

Rome. Enter LUCIUS CAESETIUS FLAVIUS tribun of the People and MARULLUS.

FLAVIUS: I am greeting the new legate to Greece among his legionaries.

MARULLUS: You are welcome. I shall call my only legion 'eleventh'. Today a poet must be soldier, too.

FLAVIUS: Have I to speak Greek with you? The free Greek towns are nominally independent and to despoil them will be difficult for you.

MARULLUS: I already saw too despoiled girls. I shall buy some fine tunics for them.

FLAVIUS: You overrate history.

MARULLUS: Look at this flute. (He plays a few notes) 'Before I die I shall learn a new air' said Socrates. And it will be a happy air. (Exeunt omnes)

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aaa) The Origins, Crusades.

In the medieval towns there was an increase in people
But if one was in search of a doctor
One had to go to the ghetto and Europe envied Juda.
Dark roads of the ghetto, but bright ways of work!
Then sometimes Israel pushes a villain out of the way and elects a Queen as nice
as Esther.
The Pope was in the troubles with the kings
So he sent some of them to the Crusades.
The knives made love with the Berber Princesses on the way to Aleppo,
They ate hot azime bread and drank mint tea under the palms,
They came from the fogs of Normandie and envied the sun of Acre.
The Crusaders wanted to become the favourite sons of God
The Eternal Father did not make differences.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aaaa) Rome

History of Old Rome by Theodor Mommsen.

Let's begin from its origins.

The mortgages did not exist.

The wife had her husband and did not belong to the State.

The creditor was owner of something.

The debtor became owner of that same thing only when had paid his creditor.

This way the distrains did not exist as well as the procurers.

A foreigner could become guest of a Roman citizen.

All the Roman inhabitants wore the same pattern of tunic.

The travertine blocks got the sun on the dry calctufe.

The peperino stones were less precious but very useful.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aaab) Rome

At work the Roman Ladies waited for their conscript men at war.
Those men had the conscript fathers at Senate and nobody felt alone.
There were the Civil Wars but the aristocrats were not so rich.
The plebeians were not so poor and, basically, were in command.
The Roman Army was attached and learned how to attach.
The republic was a company and the consuls were less powerful and more
reliable temporary CEO.
Then the town expanded because the plebeians had only this opportunity of
career.
Sometimes Rome carried its violence too far but had only this opportunity of
exaggerating.
The swords of the enemies cut the skin of the well-organized Romans too.
The women suffered as well and people were brave.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aaac) Rome

In old Rome everybody did his own work.
There were the slaves all over the world,
Unluckily the world has not changed,
Luckily those slaves could become freedmen.
The ten ases coin valued more than the Greek dram,
The Romans did not devalue their denarius.
As a kid one read about old Rome hoping to grow up.
Machiavelli dreamt he came back to old Rome changing his clothes in the evening.
We held our suits and have our homework.
A Lady gave her daughter a copper jewel box as a dowry.
We know she's a great catch that girl with her cista Ficoroni.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aab) The Origins, The Khan

Bagdad,1253. That day somebody went to the market the same,
Though it was different from any other day
People were not different from any other people.
The silence was under the mosque with the columns around and the round dome,

A grave was monumental with a square base and a pinnacle above.
The shouts were not breaking the fixity
As the tumultuous clattering and clanging of the Mongolian cavalry.
The crumbling local system fell under the sabres,
Their cut lasted a short time, then another boring power lasted a long.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aac) The Origins, Pisa

'Ouch Pisa, shame of people'

Dante

The scholar Muratori loved the mankind as well as the simple laws and wrote that

In 1251, Messere lo Conte Tomazo della Cierra was major of Pisa.

He was a nobleman on the way to the democracy,

Run the maritime republic born on the branches of Arno.

Amalfi, Genoa and Venice had the medieval patronage of the mounts around;

Pisa had the Massarosa hills to the north and the Collesalvetti ones to the south,

And then marshes and marshes, as Gino Benvenuti told, not a lagoon.

It was Ghibelline town till this made sense.

The Pope is for eternal life,

Sometimes the Emperor is for life on earth.

Florence was Guelph, at first ruined Pisa preferring the Talamone harbor,

Then bought Pisa corrupting a Giovanni Gambacorta.

The location of Porto Pisano was difficult along the river,

Other harbour settlements were hidden among the trees of San Rossore,

The republic held well but couldn't spread.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aad) The Origins, Marco Polo

'Ouch Genoese, men unwilling
To kindness, and full of every flaw,
Why aren't you rooted out of the world? '
Dante

Venice,1254. Marco Polo was born.
He was mother orphan, with his father and brother always in journey.
He had to identify himself and to become traveller at court of the Khan.
He visited the liberal China of his early years,
Attended to the missed business between the Khan and the Pope,
After 1368 all the Khans disappeared
But China would remain the workroom of the world.
In South China, in 1336 a town paid the fees to the maritime republic of Genoa,
Marco had paid his attention to all the world.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aae) The Origins, Bg

'King of awful majesty,
You who saves the worthy ones free,
Save me, source of pity'
Wrath Day

Until 1263 Alexander Nevskij applied himself to a strange task.
What? He was the interpreter of the Russian soul,
The brave leader who destroyed the Teutonic knives.
Well, in Novgorod and Surdalar he was tax collector for the Golden Horde.
Ivan Asen II had just been the emperor of Bulgaria that got to Belgrade and
Albania,
Pride of Onelia Avelar who studied the origin of the surnames so well.
The Vikings did not put the Russians to a lot of troubles,
But the Tartars of the Golden Horde had an organized capital in Sarai on the
Lower Volga;
Batu, grandson of Gengis Khan, founded that kingdom in South East Russian
land.
For two hundred years from its woods Moscow looked at South,
South that is not the same any more without its Golden Horde.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aaf) The Origins, Uk

In 1272, Edward Plantagenet came to the English throne.
He conquered Wales, obtained part of Scotland.
Though there were bloody wars, one sees a singular unity of the Great Island:
One can give another a good beating, in the end people are together.
I don't know if it is why in 1215 a King without land
Shared some land the same with his subjects.
A Hundred Years' War is long,
The most important thing is that one should not care about the enemy in the
end.
In the fifteenth century Henry the Navigator discovered Guinea,
England discovered a good idea
In the end of the century it discovered another one even better.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aag) The Origins, Sicilian Vespers

'If bad seigniory, that always grieves
Subject people, did not move
Palermo to yell: - Death, death! '
Dante

Palermo, 31st March 1282. It is time of the Vespers.
In the Verdi's opera, Elena gets married,
The bells announce the wedding as well as the riot,
Elena wanted to revenge herself the same.
Nevertheless those Sicilians were brave compared with their descendants,
The unionists that wanted the Angevin instead;
New harlequins servants of two masters, they would have rescued the
Hoenstaufen, too,
Those eunuches served three or four owners, including some local bossies.
I thank my schoolfellow Gianni Ansaldo
Who presented me with the poems by Trilussa:
'- Er popolo che fà? - Se gratta.
- What about the people? - They're scratching themselves'.
The new joint venture sold the ticket to the people.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aah) The Origins, Beatrice

'If one has not adult wits
About love flame, brother,
His eyes can not see this truth'
Dante

In the eight song of 'Paradiso' Dante states the matter,
One must do the work one has been created for.
Let's go back to the seventh song of that book of 'The Divine Comedy',
Dante worries about the murder of Jesus Christ,
If man killed his God, how can he become immortal?
Opportunely Beatrice is near the poet in trouble,
Quiets the poet's soul afflicted with feelings of guilt,
The return to the immortality of the Earthly Paradise is in the God's hands,
The way to God has to be covered with a girl's love.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aai) The Origins, Dante

In 1294, Boniface VIII ascended to the papal throne.

What did he do if Dante would send him to Inferno only a few years later?

Dante was also a White Guelph politician, half for the emperor half for the Pope.

His imperial half did not want to give soldiers the Pope,

To receive the papal peace keeper Charles of Valois in Florence.

So his bad companions sent the poet as ambassador to Vatican City and got him out of the way.

The Hohenstaufen had fallen and there was not an emperor any more,

There was the Pope and would have been forever.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aaj) The Origins, The Battle Of Zappolino

'In which one gets good fat,
If one does not get vain'
Dante

Bologna,1295. Mazarello da Cuzzano was born. .
He had a castle in Cuzzano, near there, and became lord of Monteveglio.
He was commander of a group of mercenaries.
He got married with Nicolosa Pepoli, granddaughter of the lord of Guelph Bologna,
However he was in Ghibelline Modena's pay.
The Pope Boniface VIII sent Bologna to a sort of crusade against Modena,
Mazarello took part in the battle of Zappolino, in his well known land.
The Modeneses won, run after the Bologneses and as trophy they took away the bucket of a well.
Joking, the poet Tassoni would write the composition 'The Battle of the Stolen Bucket'.
Really two thousand warriors died, nothing changed,
The lord of Modena Passerino Bonaccolsi would make a mint.
On the contrary Mazarello was arrested by a cardinal,
Lost Monteveglio that passed into Taddeo Pepoli's hands, lord of Bologna.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aak) The Origins, The Fall Of The Seignories

'One tells that the Prince of Condé slept deeply through the night before the day of Rocroi: but, first, he was very tired; secondly had already given the necessary instructions'

Alessandro Manzoni

Mazarello was freed and passed in Gonzaga's pay, lord of Mantua.

Pepoli charged Mazarello with being an Obizzo d'Este's informer.

Obizzo was the lord of Ferrara and wanted to take Bologna.

Obizzo bought the sister of Caccianemico that Dante sent to Inferno among the procurers.

Pepoli convinced Gonzaga and the lord of Mantua cut the Mazarello's head.

The two Mazarello's daughters got subject to their mothers-in-law.

The two fanciful daughters sent one of their sister-in-law's girls lovers to their brother.

Mazarello Junior returned that strange gift to the senders.

Nicolosa, escaped her mother-in-law as well as the beheading, did not escape the depression.

Obizzo ended up in Dante's Inferno as man violent against his neighbour.

Bologna was conquered by Milan, rich in real estate.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aal) The Origins, India

'O senseless care of the mortals'

Dante

In 1298, Marco Polo rotted in the gaols of Genoa.

He was Venetian seaman and was taken prisoner in the battle of Curzola.

He met the writer Rustichello da Pisa.

They both worked together for a book.

The courses were changing, as Lorenzo Canestro taught us.

The big harbors of India would lay down the law,

The little maritime republics should accept the goods.

Not found colonies. Be a base.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aam) The Origins, Amalfi And A Girl

In Saint Andrew's Square the salty penetrates the nostrils of donna Pina.
In history the trends are so slow!
Among the maritime republics, one of them was exceptionally fine.
However it was so little independent and completely free only for a little time.
Amalfi was under the light Byzantine yoke,
Was a ducky of Campania friend with the Muslims,
In the end some other maritime republics finished it off.
Bysantium starts as Rome ends,
The world center became the East, the West was not it any more.
Bysantium ends as the world center moved beyond the Atlantic.
A man dreamed that he was on the beach,
His mom sadly told him that his nephew came back from an English lesson at the
girl teacher's.
The man asked his mom the girl's name, then began running fast strong along
the beach in search of the girl.
At a machine shop he met the May woman who confirmed the presence of the
girl under the beach umbrella.
That man was not in Amalfi any more...

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Aan) The Origins, The End

'The horses of Wallenstein pass, the infantrymen of Mèrode pass, the horses of Anhalt pass, the infantrymen of Brandebourgh, and then the horses of Montecuccoli, and then those ones of Ferrari; Altringer pass, Furstenberg pass, Colloredo pass; the Croats pass, Torquato Conti pass, others and others pass; somehow Galasso passed, too, and was the last: '

Alessandro Manzoni

Our story is ending and we're going to go back some thousands of years.

Man was really simple and identified in old Greece.

Among sea and stones one couldn't live without the resources of his ingenuity.

The skill of managing the tricks of nature was turned to those ones of the human cohabitation.

There wasn't peace forever: the Persians were strong but...

Athens felt too strong and fought Sparta.

The Macedons were clever but did not know the politics.

Then the hour of Rome struck and our hour struck, too.

'The Origins' end here,

The Professor H.A.L. Fisher helped me to write them,

My nephew Nick invented the title.

Rome is another story.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

All The Rector's Women

Why do you come up to me all these nights in my dreams?
You're one of the rector's pets and I'm not rector.
'And sure is an honourable man'.
You're slim, ash blonde, not too tall, not too short,
Clever: a professor night I felt your cold a cold!
In white shockings you were upon me like you put out the wick.
Lesbia stood still in front of this show.
All the rector's women dance
To the sound of the circus music from Fellini Otto e Mezzo.
'This was a man': it doesn't take an Brutus
For this plot Smerdiàkov is enough.

*

The quotations are from: 'Julius Caesar' By Shakespeare.
Smerdiàkov is that one of 'The Karamazov Brothers' By Dostoevskij.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

'Amabo, Mea Dulcis Ipsitilla..' By Catullus

I shall love, my sweet Ipsitilla,
My delights, my pleasures,
Tell me to come to you during the siesta.
And if you want, thank to its help,
Let nobody shut the leaf,
Or order you to go out,
But stay home and be available
For our nine continuous embraces.
If you really carry on the affair, call me as soon as possible:
I'm tidy indeed and lying full up
Pierce my clothes, you know.
(Translated from Latin by Paolo G. Mazzarello) .

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

An Old Sexgate: Measure For Measure

The city's lights turn off and Sexgate turns on.
The President of Imaginary Vienna Limited
Will become spy of himself and everybody.
Instead of him, the Chief Executive Officer will sack the redundancies.
Warning to the employees involved in sex affairs.
Suddenly we crave a building in the dark Verona,
Lights illuminate the yonder window where Juliet goes to and fro.
In the city's skyscraper the management will end up in sexual abuses.
In the ways of Verona one spends his time another way.
The management won't be able to hear the nightingale's song.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Another Tosca

'Rex Aeternae Majestatis'

Te Deum

Rome. Travertino and scent of incense in the church.
The painter Cavaradossi likes his Tosca as model for the Lady.
Popelin intelligence sets a trap for a politician,
However a painter can end up in the troubles, too.
If Tosca will love him,
Lieutenant Scarpia promises that he will save the painter.
Cavaradossi doesn't know a pain in the neck like the politician.
Cavaradossi is safe as well as Tosca,
The policeman will give up the sex
So he will learn to forget the Lord.
Ponentino blows on Saint Angel Castle.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

'Da Mi Basia Mille, Deinde Centum..' By Catullus

Let's live my Lesbia, and let's love,
Don't let's care
The chats of old pains in the ass!
Sun can set and return;
If this brief light turns off
We've to sleep for a perpetual night.
Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred,
Then another thousand, then a hundred again,
Then till another thousand, then till a hundred.
When we'll have many thousand of them,
Will mix them till we've missed their sum.
If the envious ones know the quantity of our kisses,
Don't let them give the evil eye.
(Translated from Latin by Paolo G. Mazzarello)

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

'El Cid'

One day I was going to bring some cheese and wine to my sisters.
Near a Spanish town besieged by the enemies there was a libertador:
The Cid Campeador.
'Il Cid vi porta il pane - The Cid is going to bring the bread to you' said my mom.
She remembered a movie with Charlton Heston.
The warrior was hit by an arrow under the unexpressive eyes of Sophia Loren.
So his body corpse wore the armor to frighten the enemies.
My mom knew that a body corpse can't bring any bread to anybody.
I'll bring a full meal to you, my Lesbia,
Thou' ain't a campeador.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Emoticon Time (Canto A 2 Voci)

- 1) 'And now, the end is near'...IMHO
- 2) Everything has got its end, but 'the struggle is not yet over'...LOL
- 1) I didn't know this world as well as didn't know you
- 2) I had seen you 'around the world'
You'll never see me through the emoticons
- 1) You're a girl in person not an icon
- 2) You can't exchange me for a ghost
- 1) Yesterday in country side I seemed to have seen
A skeleton dressed up as a landowner
As well as in 'Que Viva Mexico! '
- 2) Was a perfect idiot
- 1) I recently put a spurt on
- 2) You've been getting ready for a long time
- 1) 'Tomorrow goodness knows what we shall lay hands on'
- 2) Your right hand has to squeeze mine and that's enough
- 1) And now everything I know is really lost
I feel I don't know happy or at peace
- 2) 'I'm joy, I'm youth, I'm a bird come out of the nest'
- 1) It's going to be impossible readin' lines
As well as printin' 'em
They live only in the websites
Is poetry going to end?
'Today nobody asks the poets anything'
- 2) 'Our love won't end anymore'
- 1) 'Oh no', it'll end as well
- 2 (smiling) : I know it!

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Estados Unidos Mexicanos

In the country the sun heated our cotton shirts
And we felt children wrapped in hot clothes.
From the cow's breast the milk sparted in the bowl.
The wind raised the tuff dust which stuck to our sweaty skin.
US know the great passages but Mexico knows the revolution.
Movement means to go on, revolution means to turn upside down.
Many little land-owners can make progress together;
Many poor campesinos can regress, there are Villa, Zapata, Madero.
Mexican moms put the ladies' underwear back into the wardrobes.
Dads covered ways through empty fields.
Collectivization is the fate of who owns nothing.
A white broad-brummed veil covers the Lesbia's head,
Her face keeps still: I don't know if it's hope or wait.
Mexican people cross the wall and go in the United States of America.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Farewell Visit To Ulysses -1-

In Odyssey Circe drives Ulysses to go to Hades, the Kingdom of the Dead. He should ask the soothsayer Tiresias. There, among the others, Ulysses meets Achilles. We imagine something new...

In an interview on CNN Circe explained well
How one has to apply for Hades.
Achilles disappears and one finds other shades.
Ulysses, you're the modern King of Hell!
Our roles are changed, once you questioned:
We don't need it, we've your life and poems.

To be continued

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Farewell Visit To Ulysses -2-

After twenty years, Ulysses has come back. He must realize a transformed world.
And also he must understand his wife.

You wanted to return and find your world again,
Nature would have been the same, people couldn't refrain.
Your solitude breaks off and on, we like your feelings
Don't like your action, and this journey is over.
More than returning, more than finding, meeting means:
That wasn't your anniversary, Penelope loves new teams.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

From A. Palazzeschi - The Sick Fountain

Clof, clop, cloch,
Cloffete,
Cloppete,
Clocchete,
Chchch...
The poor
Sick
Fountain
Is down
In the courtyard;
Hearing
It cough,
What a pang!
It coughs,
Coughs,
Stands still
A bit...
Coughs
Again.
My poor
Fountain,
Your pain
Presses
My heart.
It stands still,
One can't hear
Any
Noise,
Maybe...
Maybe...
Is it dead?
Horror!
Ah! no.
Here it's again,
It coughs
Again.
Clof, clop, cloch,
Cloffete,
Cloppete,

Clocchete,
Chchch...
The phthisis
Is killing it.
Oh my God!
Its
Eternal
Cough
Is the death
Of me;
A little,
Well and good,
But a lot...
What a lamentation!
But Habel!
Victoria!
Go,
Run,
Turn the spring off,
Its
Eternal
Cough
Is the death of me!
Go,
Place
Something
To put
An end to it,
Maybe...
Maybe
To die.
Heavens!
Jesus!
Never more!
Never more.
In the end
With your
Ill,
My poor
Fountain,
You'll see you kill
Me as well.

Clof, clop, cloch,
Cloffete,
Cloppete,
Clocchete,
Chchch...
(Translated from Italian by rellò)

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

From 'Chiare, Fresche, Dolci Acque' Di F. Petrarca

I believe she's the only woman for me
She who immersed her lovely limbs
In this clear, fresh, sweet water [..],
Where love ran me through with her nice eyes [..].
Let my body be buried here,
And my naked soul return to its own shelter [..].
The beautiful docile female beast will return
To that place where she saw me
That blessed day of our met [..].
Let her obtain the divine mercy for me [..].
From the branches
(Sweet in the memory)
A shower of flowers came down onto her lap [..].
Her new image was divided
From the old one
I believed I was in heaven
Not in earth where I was [..].
I've been loving that grass
Since that moment [..].
If you had the desired ornaments
Boldly could
Get out of the wood and go into mankind.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

From G. Pascoli - November

The air is gem-like, and the sun so clear
That you're in search of the apricot trees in blossom,
And in the heart you smell
The bitter little scent of the hawthorn.

But the plum is dried, and the bare dried up trees
Draw black pictures on the clear sky,
And the hollow ground resounds under the trampling,
And heaven seems empty.

Silence, all around: only in the distance from gardens and truck farms
You hear the fragile leaves that fall when the wind blows.
It's the cold Indian summer.
(Translated from Italian by rellò)

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

From G. Pascoli - The Washerwomen

In the field half gray and half black
A plow stays without oxes, that seems
Forgotten, in the light vapour.

And the rhythmic washing of the laudresses
Comes from the milcourse
With its thick splashes and long singsongs.

The wind blows and the frond snows under,
And you still don't return to your town!
When you left, how I stayed!
As the plow, in the middle of the fallow.
(Translated from Italian by rellò)

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

From: 'Guido, I' Vorrei..' And 's'I' Fosse Fuoco'.

DANTE ALIGHIERI Guido, I wish you and Lapo and I
Stood in astonishment
And were put in a vessel
Which went to sea
With the wind
As you and I like [..].

CECCO ANGIOLIERI[.] If I was emperor, I sure would behave in this way;
I'd beheaded everybody in a circle [..].
If I was death, I'd go to my father;
If I was life, I wouldn't be with him:
I'd do the same with my mother.
If I was Cecco as I am and was
I'd enjoy the young and pretty women
I'd give somebody else
The old and lame ones.

DANTE ALIGHIERI [..] And then with us let the good enchanter put
Mona Vanna and then Mona Lagia
With the girl number thirty of the Florentine catalog;
And here we'll manage love forever,
And every woman will be happy,
As well as we'll be, I think.
(Collected and translated from Italian by Paolo G. Mazzarello)

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

From: 'Lucia Di Lammermoor' By. G. Donizetti

In this opera Edgar gives Lucy a ring as a token of love.

The scandalmongers tell that Edgar is unfaithful to Lucy as well as the girl is unfaithful to her sweetheart.

It isn't true but the couple trusts neither.

That one wasn't the time of the rings.

*

I, Lucy (soprano) and Edgar (tenore) :

'My burning sighs

Will get you over the air

In the murmuring sea you will hear

The echo of my moans.

Then shed a bitter tear on this token

Thinking I'd cherish groans and pain.'

(By S. Cammarano. Translated from Italian by rellò)

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

In Front Of Our Fathers

'And with his nose in air as usual
[He] varies his eyes
Around the angels and the swifts'.
Giosuè Carducci, 'The Poet'

A picture in the interior of a poor kitchen. The potato eaters by Van Gogh;
On the right a little worried girl casts a trusting glance at a boy.
Somewhere a bird chirps, and the hill is charming in the happy dawn;
The poet Carducci believed that his colleagues were not idle guys.
In the Vincent's painting that boy was thoughtful, as well as a little sad,
frightened, too
However one can not escape the glance of a girl.
Giosuè thought about the daughter Titti
However he was going: 'under these cypresses, where I do not hope,
Where I believe that I will no longer rest'.
The other two characters of Van Gogh eat placidally:
In front of the chapel of Saint Guy, a grey donkey nibbles a thistle:
Inheritance of our fathers who studied Carducci's poems at school!
At August holiday we had a war,
August is not yet over and we have two new secessions.
Sometimes history runs quickly, love needs time.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

'La Bamba'

'Se necesita una poca de gracia.

Una poca de gracia para mi para ti'...

Rick was a sensitive and clever Latin singer.

He was very good, too, and loved his sweetheart.

He was very poor in a sunny land between the States and Mexico.

He was a little more than a kid, loved singing.

He invented a song for people who were gotta bailar la bamba:

'Yo no soy marinero, soy capitan', this way his team Los Lobos played.

He succeeded and had to take the planes.

He wasn't ready to fly, it was too early.

It isn't too late to sing a song for you, Rick,

You didn't feel ready and told everybody it.

The contest didn't fit you,

You weren't a sailorman but a captain.

Your navy fits bailar la bamba. Bamba, bamba...Bamba, bamba...

*

The song 'La bamba' was performed by R. Valens

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Last Waltz In Genoa

An der shonen blauen Donau und vor dem grossen tor,
In Paris, an American one is in search of a mom.
The little diabolical statues are on the top of Notre Dame.
The Seine flows in the dark, the coffee flows in the big cups.
The Genoa's lighthouse stands out against the bare mount.
Paul watches the Jeanne's back and the Ceasar's blood pours out.
The divine blood is the link with your father,
Paul can not become the Jeanne's mother.
The major woman steals the ways,
Paul keeps their way for the Jeanne's deep eyes.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Little Italy

A woman in mourning goes to a funeral with a child in her arms:

This painting is called Italian Landscape, by Ben Shahn.

One day, if you will not be on the run among many people, Lesbia,

I shall look at you near my tomb

In that land where my love lasted as a log in the fireside.

Saint Peter's Square, where you see only one column though they are thousand;

One day the Bersaglieres made a hole in the wall to shrink the Pope;

The Swiss Guards did not take offence, either.

Shrunk Italy itself, which shot so close to Pietà and Moses of Michelangelo,

While the Virgin of the Rocks repaired to the Louvre. Country on the beach.

A government a month, taxes all the year. The Dante's remains rest in Ravenna.

'Voej ese Alpin - I want to become Alpino' said a kid,

Then he knew the Alpinos' killers.

In sunny Romagna, the child Nick wears a light violet bandana

On his blond hair, among the green vines.

One night in a dark old place, the Leopard asked the stars questions about his dying hour.

In Little Italy, the restaurants are empty.

I ask the stars when you will be back home.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Love Becomes Electra -1-

Here we talk about 'Mourning Becomes Electra' by Eugene O'Neill. Among various other murders, Lavinia instigates to commit the homicide of the lover of her mother Christine. Before Christine had killed her husband, Lavinia's father.

At the end of her play,
The stiff Lavinia comes home and locks.
Two shapely women were in terrible way:
Before Christine, then Lavinia felt the same shock.
A sadic husband and father didn't love them:
So the first committed suicide, the second some homicides.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Love Becomes Electra - 2 -

In the O'Neill's play Lavinia would be a new Electra, who instigated to commit murder of her mother Clytemnestra, in the myth as well as in the Sophocles's tragedy. Agamemnon, Electra's father, had been killed by Clytemnestra with her own hands. Agamemnon had just come back from Troy, where he had fought for ten years. Troubles of the war.

Electra and Lavinia aren't the same woman,
The Greek gets her mum killed, the American goes besides.
Active men love women under the Greek sun,
As similar men under the Star Spangled Banner:
About their love they do a quick sum,
Find out if their women come out happier.

The End

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Mafia

'Speak softly love so no one hears us but the sky.
The vows of love we make will live until we die.'
From: 'The Godfather'

Figs d'India makes the counterpoint to oranges, here and there some farms in ruins,
Somebody tills the soil and you never see anybody around.
Some hang their soft hats, have the ties, take decisions around a table.
Others wear cloth caps, tucked up their sleeves, seat at the small tables in the roads.
You must seek the godfather: he doesn't go to you.
You must remember if you did you a favour.
Listen to Fats Domino: 'But all those vows we made
Were never to be'.
The movie is thirty six: the myth of a criminal family had its director from Magna Grecia.
Young America that believed everything boring was also serious!
Lands where mothers are lacking can't have godfathers in place of them.
'Vitti 'na crozza supra nu cannuni - I saw a skull on a gun',
The godfather's daydream continues this way:
'Murivu senza toccu di campani - I died without touch of bells'.
After a busy day you lay down on the bed in the gloom, Lesbia,
Your little coat opened on the groin
The olive complexion of your strong thighs appeared.
Our son will be born among the Greek olives.
The John Lennon's nasal voice sings:
'You made me cry when you said goodbye
Ain't that a shame? '

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzaello

Met - Incontro

This is one of my old poems, in Italian, with an actual translation by myself.

She waits for me
I'll hurry up

She looks at me, I'll slacken
I happy will kiss her.

Holding ourself tight
We'll take a stroll

And blowing wind
Will swell her hair.

I'll see houses, buildings
Hung with tapestries

And her face will light up.

E' là che mi aspetta
mi muovo di fretta

mi vede, rallento
la bacio contento.

Facciamo un giretto
tenendoci stretto

e il vento che soffia
i capelli le gonfia.

Le case, i palazzi
ripieni di arazzi

io vedo, e il suo viso
brilla di paradiso.
(Da: 'Canti per te')

N. - Poem Terminable And Interminable

'Love that moves the sun and the other stars'

Dante

Nat (turning towards the audience) :

We all are very busy. I started as single,
I found my sweetheart on the way.
If I had remained the same man,
Life wouldn't have changed myself.
Every age has got its story,
Man's story hasn't got any age.
I often dreamt a body in flight in the sky;
This was bright in darkness, flew far away,
As far as disappeared.
I see these houses on the hills,
Darkness closes in upon them.
Air is motionless, clear
Only human lights illuminate it.
Now only silence and peace mean.

The End

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

N. - The Flower Of The Hope

'In your womb love relighted, / for the warmth of that in the eternal peace/ so
this flower is germinated'

Dante

Angel:

Announcing is my work, men do that they want.
Maybe you missed your sweetheart.

Nat:

Many people wait for their way.
You, Angels, are in heaven; we, men, in earth.
We breathe different airs.

Angel:

Looking down also we, Angels,
Watch that men do.

(Exit Angel)

To be continued

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Nat - Nature Forever

'But [you're] wiser, but less infirm than man, because you didn't think your frail
births immortal creations by fate or by yourself'

Giacomo Leopardi

Angel:

I'm hearing. Just think:

All day I must announce

At night I mayn't sleep, either.

Nat:

I won't disturb. People need friends.

Angel:

I feel so strange here.

There's nobody in this desert,

You and me seem out of the time.

Nat:

So time is worth also for you.

Also you, Angels, hold it in high esteem:

At the appointed time you'll play the trumpets.

(Pause. A female voice sings: 'Give me just a plot of, / not a lot of land..')

To be continued

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Nat - Nocturnal Song Of An Errant Shepherd Of America

'What are you doing, moon, in the sky? tell me, what, silent moon? '

Giacomo Leopardi

Nat (alone) :

I'll smoke this narghile so I'll become an addict.

I'll be a good customer, I'll have excellent supplies.

(He leaves his narghile and goes outdoors)

Stars look, light diffuses. Infinite Universe around us!

Men and women need their places as you, planets, in the heavens.

(He sees a cyclamen dressed Angel and turns towards him)

God's Angel, my friend: God is only one, you're many.

Stay on earth among us, we need you.

Angel:

We're heralds, what do you expect?

When we speak, people don't hear.

Should I show you the Paradies's way?

Nat:

Saint Angel, my friend:

I found many ways. I've to continue.

To be continued

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Nathaniel - At Apollo's Temple

In Delphi at Apollo's temple, inside.

Chryses:

I was waiting for you,
It's better to get soon
To my presence.
Your short poem
Isn't finished, is it?

Nat:

My father, I'd say,
I can play the lyre
As our God teaches us to do,
But we must be in our place.

Chryses:

Where would you like to stay?
What would you like to do?
Man must labour not sing.

Nat:

I don't expect your sermon,
Though you're holy preacher.
I'll ask you a question:
In the end we'll go to Hades, won't we?
We both won't go to the Olympus's top.
We have little choice.

Chryses:

What's your question? You and Hades:
I've got bored with this trouble.
About Hades and Olympus
We don't know anything. Write poems.

Nat:

My father, I'd say again,
I've not anything else to say again.
I thought I had to tell many things.
It was little.

I've known everything for a long time.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Nathaniel - From Scotland With Love

'And fare thee well, my only Luve! / And far thee well, a while! / And I will come again, my Luve, / thou' it were ten thousand mile! '

Robert Burns, 'A Red, Red Rose'

1st camel-driver:

If you're a valuable man and trust God, you should have your reward.
At sunset the colors of the desert are for you and you're for them.

Nat:

I'm for you, as you're for me. There aren't sun and sand,
Only so that one gets sunburnt
And sand gets into his eyes.

3rd camel-driver (He enters and turns towards the 1st camel-driver) :

It is time to go. At night our way is unsafe,
worse than ever we're homelesses.

(Following the third, exit the 1st camel-driver. Then exit the second, too.)

To be continued

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Nathaniel - Nastas'Ja Filippovna And Her Sisters

'Faust:

Hear, you must get that [girl] for me!

Mephistopheles:

Now, what? '

Goethe

At a perfume shop. Nat is on sick leave, wearing elegant and modern civil clothes, in the salesclerk Nastas'ja's company.

Nastas'ja:

(I know that fellow) .

I'll glance at him intermittently,

So he'll notice me.

Nat:

What a beautiful girl!

Her hair is smooth on the pale face.

Our tanned faces are wandering, tired.

Her fair skin is scented with fine amber:

Diffusing from East, its hot fumes befuddles us.

Nastas'ja:

A girl can't resist this traveller, he looks to promise pleasure.

The problem is the knowledge.

Nat:

Today I've had this gift, I've not breathed in the struggle.

I perceive this scent, I take that I find.

To be continued

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Nathaniel - Sonja Doesn'T Live Here Anymore

(Nat and Mirko have come out of a pub. They're walking towards a disco.)

Nat (alone again) :

Nocturnal way is empty,
Here are five youngs:
Sad and anonymous boys,
Girls are wearing black short dresses,
It looks like a funeral.

Mirko:

We've arrived, and now
Your senses will die down.
Being in hiding, I'll see everything.
Last time I'll tell you:
You've to return here
When old tarts go out
Dragging themselves as far as here.
It'll be much better.

Nat (at the gates of a disco, he's looking at two girls. A deep sound is coming out far down) :

Look at this blonde girl
Slowly swaying her round bottom,
Her jeans are low-waisted
They're too tight at the waist,
Like new Salome.
I'm hearing another music
For my and your senses,
I'm pricking up my ears
And something else too.
If Sonecka was here
One should take her away:
Now I must go away
Wherever my Sonecka stays.

(Mirko gets down alone. Nat takes another way.)

To be continued

Nathaniel - The Blackberries Place

Nat is in the country of his youth.

(In the open country, among woods and flowery meadows.)

Nat:

I'm here alone,
People love pure world of childhood.
My sweetheart isn't here:
Once she was here.
My friends, that read, see and hear:
I'll tell you about a child
With his women and a father,
it's normal, in the background.
He wanted to find again
His sweetheart Overseas.

Marcia:

I'm here, too.
Our senses will be satisfied
In this our new meeting.
I'm the same woman,
You should be the same man.

(She shows off her body.)

Nat:

A time this was my breast,
I loved it,
I didn't want to leave it.
I feel that longing,
Languishing, subtle thrill.

(The woman disappears.)

I was an enchanted child:
Now I'll dig the ground.
It is winter in my vines,
In spring vine-shoots will grow.
This is future,

It isn't past.

To be continued

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Nathaniel - The Disco

This is the opening of a little poem. I'd be happy to offer it to Poemhunter People. For now, accept it as admission of the universal value of the poetry.

A pub in the centre of a town on the sea.

Mirko:

Drink this tomato juice
If you remember
Another fluid, it's better yet
Peppered with salt and spice
It goes down well.

Nat:

I'm drinking, I'm remembering
But I'd like to know
What is this thirst-quencher,
I'm thirsty again:
Mother's act recalls
That of another woman.

Mirko:

Old women are for you
If you search sensuality
Where do you think you'll find it
If not old way?

Nat:

I'll follow you, you'll show me
But not that you'd rather.
Girls suit me and sensuality
Increases in power
Picking spring flowers.

Alone.

I'd like to enjoy
These girls. I wonder why
They recall me another women.

Exeunt.

(Winter 2007. Genoa, Italy) .

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Nathaniel - The Flower Of The Desert

'Odorous broom,
Content with the deserts'
Giacomo Leopardi

A camp in the desert. A tent, interior. There are carpets. Nat is dressed eastern-style.

Nat (turning towards the camel-drivers) :
I'm a little tired. And you?

1st Camel-driver:
Let's drink and eat together now,
Then we'll go away.

2nd Camel-driver (one realizes that she's a woman) :
You've not people together with you,
You won't survive lonely
Together with us, you won't disappear.

Nat:
If one haven't people, one stays alone
But I know the war is over, also you should know it.
Many years will be spent to receive survivors, refugees.
Now I'm the centre of attention: I shouldn't be there.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Nathaniel - The Ruth's Path

'Perhaps the self-same song that found a path

Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn'

John Keats

On the seafront. Ruth has partly put up her hair and is very casually dressed. Nat wears the cuirass. There are a shield, a lance and a sword.

Nat ((thoughtful) :

I don't forget who you're, I forget who I'm.

Somebody tells I'm warrior, for this I've my hands:

I hold out them to you, I'll hold out them again.

(Turning towards the audience) :

Our army is allied with the Achaei,

Though this means very little.

At the front there's the unknown,

Sometimes we use to mix up all the fronts.

A part of myself continues to live in this girl,

Not vanishing into oblivion as Gods want.

Why does my soul survive? I wanted to stifle her.

I'm going to breathe struggle's air, but it'll be like the pure air

I breathed in the morning when I was born,

The first time I saw the sunlight.

To be continued

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Nathaniel - With Me And With The Warriors

'I say the Italian honour is down [..]'

Piero Jahier

A nocturnal warriors' camp. Nat is wounded.

Nat (towards the audience) :

Today has been a really hard day.

There were the nocturnal bivouacs again, when we left for the Town walls.]

On the march, one of our soldiers fell exhausted. His brothers-in-arm beat him:]

Next time he'll march much better.

We're in the rearguard, today we haven't fought.

However, I saw swift-foot Achilles:

He led his Myrmidons, their steels were twinkling.

From the top, an arrow hit my back:

My duke will say I didn't like to fight.

I remember the girl I left along the promenade,

I try to remember her.

I'll get to the military hospital:

In the meantime, here people will continue.

Maybe I'll change my job.

To be continued

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Ode To A Bakeress

The bakery is at the top of the hill which dominates the town.
In the back-shop somebody turns the raw loaves in the flour on the marble table.
I bought focacce and porridges to see your sky-blue eyes.
I congratuled you on a meat roll looking at your sweaty triangular face.
You had a streaked fringe hair over some spots,
Two little tits under your work blouse.
When you got out of the counter, I realized that your blouse was very short
And you showed two completely naked squat legs,
And the top side of your thighs was naked under a further vent of your blouse.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Ode To A Child Ballerina

In Vienna you can find a concert everyday and everywhere,
Last night I've found you as a 'small mushroom' hearing notes by Tschaikowskj.
Last night I've heard other prominent notes.
One of them is female nature expressed in harmony.
On that stage of life every woman danced,
Only one girl is dancing again in Disney's Fantasia.
You're child, little Maria, a 'dear spring fairy' by Tschaikowskj.
For you the finale won't be 'All Together Now',
The Beat Generation retired on a pension,
For you I'll write 'The Three Grace's Dance' By your uncle Nanni.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Ode To A Girl Druggist

On your nostril a piercing sparkles between contraceptive and aspirin.
You've middle long red curls, pale face, a little dear bulbous nose;
Green eyes, a stroke of shadow eye and sharp chin;
A white ironed coat but naked forearms, a badge with a snake.
Above all you've a melancholy expression.
For me you prepared a coal tar paste by an old-style prescription.
The dermatitis in my elbow healed after only two hours.
As Romeo in Mantua I wanted to buy the poison from a needy druggist.
You were there: we both aren't tragic characters but you smile too little.
You smiled only when I told you some stories.
I remained alone to smile with my coal tar paste.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Ode To A Girl Salesclerk

I was in search of a girl salesclerk that I knew
Or of a pair of new jeans, I don't know, when I went past the shop.
A girl salesclerk said hallo to me, I said I was in search of another girl.
The second girl gave me a sharp reply: 'Now I'm here'.
This second had streaked hair, serious face, middle height,
An undershirt, short dungarees.
Now those dungarees, I'm sure they were in their place.
She gave me a pair of jeans in the latest fashion.
She had straight smooth naked legs and those her very short dungarees...
Suddenly the dungarees got partly chickened out.
Were they already this way, or had they become this way?
Now I don't know it yet.
Now those dungarees don't cover her breast anymore,
Their lower part covers only her pubis again.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Ode To A Professor

Immersed in all my interior peace,
I visit the dad's grave in a bleak countryside.
All around once upon a time the vineyards were everywhere,
Now the wood reabsorbs everything.
The professor's garden is pleasant with its lemon trees, flowers, high pinetrees.]
There you can meet the nice professor's wife,
Busy with her plans for the roses.
How different this peace is from the other one!
Dad was young in his populous countryside,
At this moment I think about him.
I shall dedicate these Pascoli's lines for him:
'Yes: I said my prayers upon you,
And wept: nevertheless, you happy who saw
The wind pulling nothing but kites down! '

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Ode To An American Girl

The building is at the top of the way, that of the few elegant shops.
In semi-darkness the stairs smell of scented low cost cleansing agent,
So those stairs are neither scented nor clean, in the Liberty style.
You smell of clean linen, cotton scented of high cost liberty.
I sit close to you, by your side; your short black dress rises up along the thighs.]
Out there, in a dizzle, your cheek is wet silk connected with my cheek.
All of a sudden, the June's sun is up,
Warms my chest and my arms under a thin blue suit.
American Diaspora Street widens out;
All around the scenery changes, gets rich, is renewed.
Arrivederci.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Ode To Pelé

Last night I saw Spain versus Germany at a soccer match.
It was the final of the European championship, but...
I dreamed Brasil. What a nostalgia of Pelé!
The black king of the balls flew on the grasses of the sky.
His dad wept with sorrow for the defeat of their national team
So the son won three Worldwide championships.
I shall tell you about him, my Lesbia,
And with his simple gestures he'll be forever with us.
Among his brothers o rey chases the ball on the beach of Guarajà,
He stops and, at sunset, shows us his eternal smile of rapaz.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Ode To Spiderman

The wallclimber is is is is is, mm, is is is, er, is is, ah,
Is at home again
Wished Auntie May recovered so asked Mephisto a spell.
So his wife Mary Jane went away,
He went back to some years ago
Alone together with little aunt. IS you crazy?
Retire as superhero not as man.
How fine it was! Flyin' about among
Skyscrapers as trees, ya hung on to ur web!
What is lost won't return
What is removed should be accepted.
U had a feeling of guilt about ur uncle's death.
Too many struggles. All those strikes.
Aunt May got antique. Get ur wife come back.
You'll be busy anyway: sports, gardenin',
Work, bringin' up children and...love for ur wife.
They're struggles as well. Leave ur place
To another superhero. Just give me a moment...
Among the tifosi of both competitors,
A guy is going away with the bag of stolen money EVER.
God damn him! Well, so much the worse for him.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

'On Ne Badine Pas Avec L'Amour'

In their childhood Perdican and Camille loved one another.
Then Camille goes to a convent and sees Perdican only many years later.
Perdican wishes to get married to her,
She hates the men and wants to enter a convent forever.
Perdican seduces Rosette to make Camille jealous,
Camille informs Rosette of the deceit and takes an interest in Perdican.
Rosette commits suicide and we're tired of revenges.
L'amour solitaire est une nostalgie rebelle, mais faut pas esagérer.
Ophelia will not die 'cause Hamlet can't have his mom again.
Odysseus caught Troy by fraud,
The gods sentenced him to ten years' roaming.
He came back home and wanted to become judge
After he had been judged himself.
He wanted to save one of the Suitors, the wise Anfinomo
The Anfinomo's story had already been written.

*

In this poem, the title and the first part of the plot are from the play by Alfred de Musset.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

On 'The Conversion Of Saint Paul'By Caravaggio-Ten Cuckoos (The End)

The dazzled men have to change their life, oh dear Lesbia.
One of the most famous is Oedipus
He really dazzled himself with his own hands.
He could no longer love his mom, as well as any woman.
Saul lets the Almighty do it and Caravaggio painted it.
In Rome, at the church of Santa Maria del Popolo one can see
The future 'apostle of people' who says:
'I could not go on this way'.
He had enough of the reflections of old life in his actual one.
The Saint stood single and I had his conversion but not his vocation.
I found Our Lord in that picture where the near old man says:
'What is this guy doing? '
Also the horse has something to say:
'I can not tread on a man who is in these troubles'.
Lesbia, through this character I got to you.
I shall have something to do again
After having fought the good struggle,
Hold the faith, the virile ideal
Before my vessel sets its sails.

*

This poem closes the collection of the second part of my poems in this website.
This collection is called: TEN CUCKOOS.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

On The Sea

- One tells that, since their birth, the eagles have been getting used to stare at the sun -

In the Divine Comedy

Here the sea wishes to take down the rocks,
One believes that mankind built a town on those rocks on purpose,
One understands why the poet Montale felt this one so dangerous.
In 'Pale Rider' Josey Whales is a false preacher,
He wants to kill Stockburn the marshall and his seven assistants,
To throw the dynamite on a band of villains,
To have a sex affair with a rude and tired middle-aged woman.
He refuses the love of the young, beautiful daughter of that woman.
'Why is such a man alive? ' said Dimitrij Karamazov.
Don't resuscitate a fool father:
Mitja, you can have Gruscenka the same even without the inheritance of a little wood.
Josey, don't take an interest in a caricature of a mother,
You can't go away without your young girl-friend:
Whales, I want that you get engaged with her.
Preacher, remember your favourite Apocalypse:
'Those who washed their clothes
Making them white as snow through the Lamb's blood'.
The true girl from Ipanema has the black skin and isn't only tanned,
Has the little plaits, her bathing costume hangs well on the groin.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Only One Song To Only One Woman

In the Edward Hopper's oil painting, beyond the gas station,
The forest is dark and the road leads up to there.
While the postman always rings twice Jessica Lange is depressed,
Clara Calamai is even poorer in Ossessione.
In Casablanca, Humphrey Bogart helps Ingrid Bergman to take a plane,
There was no hurry as time went by.
Von der kaserne von der grossen tor
Hanna Shygulla helps Giancarlo Giannini to escape the nazis,
He finds a new sweetheart in Swiss,
Hanna sets out towards the exit taking to her stiletto heels.
Many people can't maintain their positions.
Many stories happen in this time of high cost gas and professional armies.
The last female figure was really one of the Freud's relatives,
Only one song to only one woman at a time.
Only one story, our story. Wie einst Lili Marleen.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Palio

Hatred and envy for the opponents snack through the ways of Siena,
The sun slashes with a sabre among the red bricks that keep the dark.
A roll of drums breaks the silence while the blue wavy banners flap,
Under the balcony where Onelia breathes in deeply.

Yoonoos roams the contrada of the Wave. The tumult is in the place.
The multicoloured jockeys ride bareback on the medieval tuff,
In the crowd Lesbia clasps her hair into ponytail.

'My father and of the ones who ever used sweet and pretty love lines'.

*

The 2nd of July Siena competes in the 'palio' of Our Lady of Provenzano.
The quotation reports the Dante's words about the master of Sweet New Style
Guido Guinizzelli.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

'Pochissimo' (The End) . Ode To Onelia Avelar

The previous thirty-three compositions form the collection called: 'VERY LITTLE - POCHISSIMO'. The following poem is the first of a new collection.

-----ODE TO ONELIA AVELAR-----

Inside the palace, the change of the guard was perceived
By the clang of lances on the stones, under the light of the torchs.
In the wide and deep thalamus the princess was near to the asleep prince].
She got up, stood at the window.
Outside, a pale moon lit up the top of Vitosha.
She looked down, in the dark desert place.
She came out of the bedroom with a chandelabrum,
In the passage she lit it from a torch.
She came into a room full of books and laid the light on the desk.
She took a quill, dipped it in the inkstand,
The papyrus started to creak under the stroke of the princess.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Psychoanalytic Poems: Freud And H.D. -1-

Vienna,1933. The American poet Mrs. Hilda Doolittle meets Prof. Sigmund Freud, the psychoanalysis's founder. She is 47 and he is 77. This is the beginning of a therapeutic relation that will last till 1934. The Freud's office was at 19 Berggasse.

The Hilda's visions were daydreams in borderland,
She projected herself in her love's objects.
In her verses she put her sensitive soul,
Her love's objects didn't receive her soul.
One day the good Hilda came into Nineteen Berggasse;
There were books, carpets and dark.
Hilda got The Lesbos's sun to come in.
Sigmund had his family and his dog shut up in his castle;
Hilda took Sigmund out to her childhood's garden.

To be continued

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Psychoanalytic Poems: Freud And H.D. -2-

How does it end between Sigmund and Hilda? In the first part of this poem we've left the doctor in the grips with the vivacity of an American girl. We'd like a happy ending. If history doesn't help us, we'll resort to fantasy. Or to hope.

Sigmund reminded her of her mother,
Then Hilda felt as a mother to him.
Sigmund couldn't leave his castle,
One night the Earth's Ghost called on him.
Sigmund and Hilda found themselves
In the sun of the Lesbos's beach.
There were books, there were carpets,
Dark was faded. Moravia begot some people,
Pennsylvania fed somebody else,
Greece welcomed and renewed Sigm. and Hilda.

The End

* The Earth's Ghost is that of 'Faust' by Goethe. Sigmund was born in Freiberg (Moravia) , Hilda in Bethlehem (Pennsylvania) . Hilda Doolittle visited and loved the Greek Islands.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Psychoanalytic Poems: Lou Andreas Salomé

Lou Andreas Salomé was disciple, collaborator and at last colleague psychoanalyst of Freud. In a picture she's driving a cart towed by her friends Nietzsche and Reé together. She was joking, but only to a certain extent.

Where are, Mrs Andreas, who were everywhere?
Where a weak fine poet was, you were with him.
You played a male role and a life to share,
People had to draw your cart and become slim.
Then Mr Freud came on stage...Was that all you needed?

To be continued

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Psychoanalytic Poems: Lou Andreas Salomé -2-

Freud made professional consultations for Mrs Andreas. Though it's embarrassing to tell it, he made something else for her (confidential informations, donations, ba, ba) . Martha and Anna were the Freud's wife and one of the Freud's daughters respectively.

He gave you his confidential letters and advices: It had to happen,
But you liked money and your husband had to be enough.
Histerya and obsessiveness became clear and this was spice.
Your picture appears to us in a faded daguerreotype:
A model for Anna, in Martha's absence: we love another type.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Reading Tom Sawyer Again

My nephew Nick has the chicken pox and the time to read Tom Sawyer.
I gave him that that book and finally he's started his adventures.
However today I've taken his book for myself, lain down on the sofa.
For some hours I've been on the Mississippi banks with its steamers.
In the dusty courtyard there was Aunt Polly with her apron close to the fence.
Becky read the forbidden page of sex in the teacher's book, the broken page.
Tom offered himself as a guilty, it was in the nature of the things.
My reading isn't the same at that time! As a child I didn't know Tom.
Now I'm as Tom and love America with its wide spaces and people.
Becky is in the cave again and I know what's my homework.
In topic like this America doesn't give discounts.
Banks of Mississippi, adieu! Your chicken pox will soon heal, Nick.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Slangin' In The Rain

Beyond the skyscraper a new world opened before his very eyes.

Everything became quiet. An old man rummaged in the trash.

Three guys went by him. And he was in the empty ways of his childhood's countryside.

He got excited and gave the girl the Denim finger. The peach opened in his fingers.

The scent of wet soil cut by the plough early in the morning.

The smell of dampness from the dark condominium...somebody dragged an icebox along one of its corridors.

The tomato sauce brewed in the courtyard as well as the juicy grapes in the cellar, under the sweat of dad and the smile of mamma, the violets grew sheltered by the low wall.

The girl was suckin' away at a violet sweet. 'Bonjurity, yo'. 'Stack banana till the mornin' come...'.

He remembered an old song. A song he was singin' again.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Suid-Afrika

Antelope runs across meadow and bachelor is in videoconference,
Die ontbreek like Kafka should have been saved by science.
Springboks run across lawn and if people play winning,
Italians dream wilderness and throw away their sad spinning.
Northern pale beauties and shining ebony of native girl faces:
Salgàri would tell about you in his stories of kidnapped princesses.
A daughter could study at Wynfrey's school and get graduate:
I remember Stars and Stripes and ngiyakuthanda, my girl laureate.
Dolphins swim in the Oceanic waves and linden trees dale
Is forever there. Now here I'm far and good bye. Salani khale.

*

The Zulu word 'ngiyakuthanda' means 'I love you'.
'Salani khale' - 'Stay well'.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

The Big Saturday

'Oh my dear daddy...'

Lauretta (soprano) from 'Gianni Schicchi', one act by G. Puccini

The girl was sitting on the seashore
Her naked titties looked upwards, incredibly tanned.
Next day August holiday came. The sky was dark,
The sea was stormy and somebody sat on a bench,
His eyes were half-closed for the wind and read 'Bleak House'.
And the third day came. The waves were raised by the mistral,
Very very little surfboards appeared. You were on the crest of the wave,
Closed your eyes and were in Santa Monica.
Remembering the John Milius's movie, that time was wednesday,
You shouldn't escape the military service,
You shouldn't leave your surfboard to a younger swimmer,
You shouldn't give your wounded leg to the Lesbia's cares.
Saturday was a big day the same.
A young preacher from Nigeria ate 'trenette al pesto' at the restaurant.
On the way you crossed steps of Bossa Nova with a garota de Ipanema;
You stood half-open-mouthed, she stopped for a moment,
Then she continued to walk erect, moving her little round bottom.
Her titties were covered by the brassière, however there were again.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

The Girl Roundabout Attendant

Last night in the country I passed through the town's place;
Thirty-five years ago there was the earth on it and, once a year,
In September there was the roundabout with the chains.
Around the rotor there were the games, above all the target-shooting.
I went there in the night with two smaller buddies, two goods-for-nothing.
I fired some cardboard bullets and the girl reloaded my rifle.
Her beauty was that one in the street, and hers was the blonde flowing hair.
Her face was burnt by sun reflected on the asphalt,
Her body scented of washing and tire and she said to me:
'Will you return to shoot tomorrow? '
Now I know that she loved my kindness in that villains' land,
Now I know that I returned next night, we were sincere,
I really got away together with her along our world's ways.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

The Hamlet's Departure

'Respiré de ese humo amargo de tu adiòs
Y desde que tù te fuiste yo solo tengo...'.
Mom is always mom. Oedipus started without knowing it.
A murder was on a sunny clobbered paving among olive trees.
An incest was among the walls of dark ash-lar in an old palace.
And the deserted child got lost in the old world
Thinking he had found the new world.
On the ramparts of the castle, in his prince clothes, Hamlet meets his father's ghost.]
The wind blows upon the poor prince of Denmark
Who won't kill his stepfather but all the others.
Hamlet, you couldn't return
Now you can only go away.
*
The quotation is from the lyric 'Camisa Negra'.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

The Happiness Outside There

Freud wrote that it's to live a children's pleasure again,
I'd say rather to have a simple and loving set.
Pascoli wrote that it's a bird or a child jumping onto the cherry tree,
A bird or a child must grow up and also the cherry tree.
Happiness has the scent of wistaria in bloom, violet and green.
Blue is the gleaming sky above the wistaria of my old school.
Black was the smock of a pupil playing under the chestnuts,
White was that of a little girl with her long brown hair.
The courtyard had a stone floor and a wall all around.
A down-hill road turned to the right outside there.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

The Poet

In first, word was. Ocean, earth, sky were mankind's discover.
But in man's mind world lived another way
This was idea. Creation's and thought's wonders aren't yet over,
Though everything is not a wonder everyday.
On pentagram poet has every note, a sweet melody,
Poet can get angry and rebel thinking it's natural:
He'll be heard and, to the power, he'll hand somebody.
Poetry world is rich in meadows, trees, hearts: it's final.
Every feeling returns towards an old love,
However poet needs a new sweetheart and God above.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

The Saint Lawrence's Night

'In my thoughts the train of the wishes runs along the opposite way'

Paolo Conte

On August the tenth, you can see the shooting stars in the sky.

The poet Pascoli's father was killed and the poet should have become himself like a father.

This night you can express a wish.

Near the beach, you believe the reef is continuous, there isn't a break

Oh yes there is, for a little one part of it runs above, the other below,

In the middle of the parts there's a gap and the wave breaks.

Somebody's made a war over the week-end and August Bank Holiday is at the gates.

Holiday homeworks for the conscripts, and for people, but A Thousand Nine Hundred Fifty Nine contingent has been discharged.

Looking at the sky I think about my expensive national insurance contributions;

One day Lesbia and, maybe, our son could take advantage of them.

This day in 1675, Charles II founded the Royal Observatory of Greenwich.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

The Storming Of The Bastille

In France on the 14th July people eat out, remembering a fact:
On the 14th July 1789 there was the invention of the restaurant.
That day there was the storming of the Bastille
However one has to eat every day.
The Bastille held seven prisoners: among them, four youngs.
That one was the revolution of the lawyers: Robespierre, Danton, Saint Just;
They became judges, cut the heads of dad king and mom queen.
Had those sovereigns their heads? People needed bread.
Marat was struggling with his eczema in a bathtub,
He fell on the battlefield. Citoyens, people are hungry.
Oh Jacobins your heads didn't survive, either.
Maybe it's expensive today but, Lesbia, can I invite you to dinner?
Aux armes, citoyens.

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Town Feast

I was among a few, stranger
A little bit
Wanted
By the group; then I went
Away.
I was with you where a time
There was the earth.
You are far-off:
There past fellows put their
Dusty footsteps,
Before the snowfalls.
Now there is the asphalt,
Everything hardened:
I don't know the reason.
People are as leaves that
Wind takes away,
With the scent of my beloved
Girl of the merry-go-round.
The feast will come
Back on the square:
I feel something
That is not pain.
At least, maybe,
I succeed in being
Happy, too.

(Mornese, 10th of September, 2014)

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello

Valentine (By Giovanni Pascoli)

O Valentine in your new clothes
As the branches of the hawthorns in blossom!
Only your little feet tried by the blackberry bush
Wear the skin of your little feet;
You wear the shoes mum did for you,
That didn't cost one penny; instead
She sewed an expensive suit for you.
It was expensive: mum already spent
That jingling moneybox;
Now it's empty; all the poultry pen
Sang for more than one month
To fill it.
Think about January, when the fire of the log
Wasn't enough for you, you were trembling, alas!
And the hens sang: One egg!
Here here one egg, one egg for you!
Then the hens sat on eggs, and March came,
And you thin little countryman
Stayed half way, with your feathers,
But as a barefoot bird:
As a bird come from the sea,
Which jumps on the cherry tree, and doesn't know
That besides pecking, singing, loving
Another happiness could be.
(Translated from Italian by Paolo G. Mazzarello)

Paolo Giuseppe Mazzarello