

**ITALIAN-ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS FROM THE MANUSCRIPT
“RIVISITAZIONI” (REVISITATIONS), 2020-21**

**SELECTION OF POEMS FROM THE SECTION “VIRGILIANA”
(REVISITING VIRGIL’S “GEORGICHE”)**

GENERATIONS

They love precipitous races, on chariots pouring out of gates,
they raise hopes, the anxious youths’ devouring hearts, exulting,
they press on with beating hearts, they fly fervently,
now stooping, now straight, they cleave the sky,
they rise into the air, no delay, no respite, clouds of dust, breath of pursuers,
desire for victory. He who dares most on the chariot stands victorious, armed knight,
pounding the ground, thickening the steps, as the masters want.

They are young, they want their masters and the race, to put enemies to flight,
they often see a homeland, provided by the masters, they race ardent and proudly,
putting enemies to flight, they seek a homeland, an origin, a lineage.

The masters provide water, relieve their labors, labors of love,
then weak sons do not fulfill their fathers’ wishes,
remain unmated, fatigued by the race, exhausted by the sun, malleable
they groan grievously, scattered by the blows of the wind.

The time of winged insects begins and of caves that protect them
before stretching out on the shadows of cliffs, of the insect called the “robber fly,”
the time of inspiration, insistent time, buzzing, when whole groups flee
into the thickets, they seek ether, ethereal, maddened, they burn forests, furious,
they drain rivers, maddened, they meditate on ruin, chase beasts, furious,
pregnant under the newly-risen sun, or carrying the night and the stars extirpated
from the best books, from the sacred reserves, so as to imprint names, brands,
so as to cleave the earth, furious, breaking clods, running through green meadows.

Don't you see? Attempts to tame them, to make them malleable, to create the character
of an age willing to change, first the trinkets around their necks, now freed but used to serving,
fastened to the same yoke, in pairs to make them walk,
so that they barely leave a trace on the dust, on the earth forced
by the heavy weight of history, the story of the fathers and mothers,
of the helms of ships that passed, of dreams made of milk.

Don't you see? Young people still untamed searching for willow leaves,
wheat already sown, in the manner of fathers, but consumed, prone to war,
even fierce, to skim the waters and throw the chariots, fiercely, with weapons,
thrown by fighters amid sounds of trumpets, they endure the noise of wheels,
the rattle of brakes, they rejoice in the death of the master, love the beaten sounds
the trailing wheels, they offer mouths, though still weak, their mothers' breasts,
trepid and new to life.

SELECTION OF POEMS FROM THE SECTION “METAMORPHISMS”**(REVISITING OVID’S “METAMORPHOSIS”)****IO NOT IO**

Here I am, IO, I now speak, I myself,
a rain of pronouns, while fearing the worst,
for me, standing nowhere, as if I were no longer
IO nor others, many Is, other than myself.
IO, in transit on the paternal river
I was seen, glimpsed, observed, desired,
by the god who saw me blessed, blessed me, IO
and blessed was he who would marry me, a he, a different I
protected by his own self.

Here I am, IO, with my hidden and lost self,
but not afraid, no, to enter alone, IO,
into the heart of the woods, among lairs of beasts
who break down barriers and buildings,
here between the woods and the ghost town,
made of immanent shadows, hanging
over urban precipices of polluted cities
dominated by any gods at all, powerful hands
that feign protection, but inject poison
and hurl lightning everywhere.

Here I am, IO, I am now on the run, fugitive flight
from the false promises of any gods,
from the powerful hands that spread poison
on printed surfaces, on extensive plains,
on barricaded neighborhoods, thus I can be,
still be ME, myself among arid pastures,
leaving behind ghosts of plants,
unhealthy farm, but right there
the god hidden among harmless messages
and fresh fronds, right there, hidden,
the god waits and in a stretch of land,
in an expanse of mist, he stops the flight, mine,
the flight of the I and abducts what remains of mine.

Here I am, IO, now prey to deceit,
no longer seeing the sky, deceit after deceit,
betrayed by all other selves, here I grain down
from the sacred ether desecrated by gods who with mighty hands
inject poison into the ether and the poison gushes out
in purple rivulets into the veins of distant cities,
of split planets, light-years apart.

ECHO OF A THOUSAND ECHOES

One sees her there...there...there...there...

you see her, Echo, scaring away the deer,

pushing them into the nets, her, Echo, a singing being,

who cannot keep silent, but no can she speak first.

Echo who like so many, like us all, all of us

only repeats sounds, made of body and voice,

a loquacious voice, like so many, like us all

using the mouths, loquacious, but capable only

of resounding the last words, no, no,

not the last words, no, but the very last words,

of everything, every speech, long sentences that we ourselves

still invent and utter, at random, like this,

so that we, like Echo, we too in truth

we repeat the last words, repeated

because already uttered by others, so we are echoes,

we ourselves produce echoes, like Echo,

the body and voice of last words.

Here, now, at the center of the valley, of the ghostly city, doubled,
Of echo city, echoed, virtual, spewing heat and hydrogen fumes,
here we talk and talk. Here I am Echo, electronic nymph, emitting virtual sounds,
virtual nymph, here I am Echo flattened on huge screens occupying squares and spaces.
Someone asks: IS ANYONE THERE? From the central screen here I am Echo flattened,
emitting a dull sound: ANYONE...ANYONE ...ANYONE....

That someone amazed searches with eyes made of valves,
Searches everywhere, in valleys and squares and spaces,
hearing the dull sound, the voice repeating, he cries out: COME HERE!
and I, Echo, do nothing but repeat: HERE... HERE... HERE
which is then what that someone wants to hear
because he himself wants to see someone, in the urban desert,
among the rubble and dross of pronounced and distracted tongues.

There, I, Echo, flattened on the screen, invisible visible, I find meaning
in being able thus to unite, to find a someone, someone else,
I find that echo that with bounce can produce encounter,
the possibility of meaning, of a world to be lived, of a way of living,
then I immediately echo and rebound: LET'S UNITE... UNITE... UNITE....
to break down the wall, the huge screen of all the things said,
and said again, and bounced back, echoing echoes, among ourselves, among everyone,
ready to echo, echoing, now ready for getting together
the real meeting, without the echo, are we ready to live without echoes of words?

ORPHEUS REFUSES TO BE SILENT

I am here with you, all of you, Orpheus with the vocal zither, the total voice,
in a subsoil dug beneath your ghost towns, the river Styx
made of oil, oil flowing through veins between heads chained
by today's Cerberuses, your monsters, again I hear again the sound of goodbye, each time,
the goodbye as she plunges back into abyss, I remain petrified,
a terror that never ends, that I can only turn into song,
a song of enchantment that cures me briefly, until the next time
when I retry the descent into the abyss between Styx and Styx and Tartarus and Hades.

The voice, the poetic lyre is crashed there each time, the attempt defeated,
gesture and word disappoint, the poetic fate, mine, of the poet with voice and instrument,
nailed to the moment, she disappears, each time, one stands there on the verge of grasping
her figure, the sense of her presence, of every presences, the sense of the world,
poetry that always gets close to that sense and tries and tries again
and that sense remains elusive, vanishes, swallowed up every time,
just like her, Eurydice, the root of sense, so that all the words vanish
with Eurydice down in Avernus, everything vanishes, nothing to clasp
but elusive air, evanescent gesture and action, each time thus, as a poet,
with voice and zither I pity the parting words.

Now, as the Orpheus I once was and am and will be,
I now say it and say it to you and say it to everyone,
I say it in words, giving the best of me,
of the final song, yes, I say it to lords and kings
and to listeners here and everywhere, under every yoke:
Lords of abyss, guardians of Hades, from whom nothing more is heard
I return yonder, beaten by the winds, I do not stand still, no,
you can expect a song, a different sound with a different voice each time
expect unexpected words again and again, for still I stand not,
no indeed, I go back down there each time to produce a song to get Eurydice back,
root of sense that defeats the stones and your monsters and the ignorant Cerberuses.

No, no, no, stand still I do not,
stand still the voice does not,
always there in search of sense,
which then plunges back down and disappears
just like Eurydice, root of sense,
yet it resumes and starts again that sense of sounding voice,
a total word that refers back to the song, another song,
always total, infinite and never final,
like Eurydice, like her, she who vanishes and returns,
so listen then, prepare for the song, another song
with no ending ever, vocal instrument of Orpheus.

**SELECTION OF POEMS FROM THE SECTION “PROMETHEUS IN MANHATTAN”
(REVISITING AESCHYLUS’ “PROMETHEUS IN CHAINS”)**

DIGITAL PROMETHEUS

Prometheus, they hit him now, they sting him,
they display him in Manhattan, as a clown,
as if lost, an abyss of punishment,
he, Prometheus, displayed, like this, like a loser, like a clown,
a brutalized clown, fastened to high buildings,
in Manhattan, brutal, among blocks without cracks,
yes, it is said: let him serve his punishment,
let him be hit, let him be hurt,
today as it was then, in the times of darkness,
of the fights of gods and demigods.

Here I am, Prometheus, outcast, displaced, diverted,
I am here, clownish, isolated, ravaged Prometheus.
I used to be a god, or demigod, or pseudo-god, who knows what,
who knows how, or where.
Bright and faded air, winged release and malignant winds,
in Manhattan, in the rivers’ veins, in electric currents,
in nuclear discharges, atomic waste, boundless,
which no longer generate soil, almost vanished,
the cosmic eye, the circle of the sun, and I am calling you, calling you all:
you see, here, the torment, me fastened to the building
that reflects my image, on screen, digital, unreal,
me projected on screen in Manhattan, Times Square,
on screens infected by the hands of the gods.

Horrible, horrified, leftovers of atomic dust,
written and re-written agony, narrated and gutted,
that persists for millennia, since the heavens found out
about the theft, for millennia blocking me here,
projected on screens, sneered at, swept away, stripped, ravaged.
Sobs and pains, clownish, and others ready for the assault,
it's destiny, and will the spectacle of the brutal projections
on high buildings ever end, in Manhattan, Times Square?

But I want to say this: I have a lucid mind, I elaborated the object,
with the knowledge that one admires in parents and teachers, pure intellect.
This I will say: I have lucid science, I, in advance, seeing and foreseeing
what is going to come, in advance, in ancient times.
And this I will say: carrying my fatal weight, my hard destiny,
here and then elsewhere and then forever, here in Manhattan, Times Square.

Yet I am not muted, with the fatal weight that I must carry, I am not mute,
with what is going on right now, after the gift to the living, in the realm of the dying,
in Manhattan, Times Square, on a digital screen, sustaining pain,
helicopters like insects, gauging hits against me, me here fastened,
military insects, instead of ancient birds, are now hitting me,
like when I hung on rocks, fastened to my cruel destiny, to the rapacious act,
there consuming me with aggressive beaks, here hitting me with mechanical means,
here, in Manhattan, Times Square.

Urban landscapes, poisonous neighborhoods, rivers of red water,
emotions made of chemical solutions, at high intensity,
at risk of explosion, from dawn to dusk,
I am clown, but I am not mute, post-nuclear clown,
bard of naked emotions, naked as I am naked, here,
in Manhattan, Times Square, to serve the punishment, lost in the sky, stabbed,
astonished by the winged insects, glass helicopters pointing weapons at me,
to make me feel, to make me atone, to make me give my soul back to the gods.

Here at the peak, frontier of the world, am I a clown or a pilgrim?
Can you see me? Can you all see me? Yes, yes, can you all see me? I can see you all,
channeled toward distorted routes, songs of frost and blood,
starry nights with a radioactive moon, can you all see me? Can you all hear me?
Here I am, tied up, smeared with the hatred of Zeus, of the many Zeuses, today,
in Manhattan, Times, Square.

**ITALIAN-ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS FROM THE MANUSCRIPT
“TRACCE DI TRAGEDIE” (TRACES OF TRAGEDIES), 2021-23.**

SELECTION OF POEMS FROM THE SECTION “ANTAGONIST ANTIGONE”

(FROM SOPHOCLES’ “ANTIGONE”)

SCENARIO

Before us, before us all,
beating hearts of Thebes, sons and daughters,
memories, sorrows, in short, life.
And there on the plain, invisible background,
recent night of flight, of escape, bronzes
and blood from the massacre, naked corpses,
naked as vanquished enemies and bronze bodies,
Antigone among unburied bodies,
unburied her enemy brother,
among rocky tombs, dull horizon and coasts
and Hades’ houses, where loved ones lie
in the great communal sleep.

Two scenarios, two worlds
and from one to the other
she, Antigone, continually transcends,
guided by will, or urged on
by outside violence, she, Antigone
who crosses and rescues, at first spontaneously,
then pushed back and forth.

Because the theaters of life and of death
are no longer distinct, no longer incommunicable
according to the natural order, no, an imbalance
confuses, subverts them, life that engorges
young saps and subterranean silts, miasmas, magmas
that invade the cities of the living, of afflicted humanity,
wounded divinity, while she, Antigone, destined creature
descends, she enters alive among the dead.

By what laws?

By inversion?

By subversion?

By violence?

By whose provisions?

By a proud one's will?

By fatal consequences?

By betrayal of other laws?

On the stage of the living,

here is Antigone's voice,

an answer that can only be this one:

purity of absolute gesture, gesture that draws

that distant purity, on a clouded sky,

funeral rite already complete.

ANTIGONE'S JOURNEY

Tell me, you who live, who run,
who read and write, tell me if human edicts
can overcome higher, unwritten laws,
for indeed out of respect for unwritten laws
I am condemned to make this journey
among deep graves, leaving behind the dawns of the living,
condemned to travel between eternal abodes alive.

But Creon dear, if instead the law has been violated by another,
by you creator of a town edict that broke divine justice,
then, my Creon, it is you who will stand before the gods,
not me to explain my sin, but you to explain your willed will
and the laws that didn't come from heaven's edicts or impositions.

That as it may, dear Creon, I leave you there to stand as Creon
before yourself, Creon, creator of sorrows, there you are,
facing yourself I leave you and I wish you no evil, no,
I wish you no worse punishments than those you've already created,
on you creator Creon, no, I do not wish those woes
that brought me down here to live alive
in the pits of the dead: this is called pity,
which I offer you without you knowing.

We are at the finale, you who live, who run
and read and write, now see
the seven-gated city and the fathers' strongholds,
I disappear, sure, I am outside, below it all,
Below all of you who live, run, write, read,
I no longer wait, I'm on my way now,
but all you look and think of the last creature,
I Antigone, of what it means to cultivate pity
and what kind of men one is sometimes subject to,
I, like you, like all of you, you who live and run
and read and write, who sometimes, with edicts, kill
soul and body, only laws that balance
power and mercy, that respect heaven and earth,
the power of heaven and earth, only those laws
save the thousand-gated cities,
the cities of the world, and I, Antigone, am the one who goes
and I am the one who stays, here, for you
who live and run and write and read.

**SELECTION OF POEMS FROM THE SECTION “ELECTRA”
(FROM SOPHOCLES’ “ELECTRA”)**

Electra who is the memory of pain,
Electra who is the one cry,
which is a weary gaze,
fixed with hope on a source of light,
bright was the day and the loneliness
on the face of a known creature,
Electra of many souls,
from the soul of Antigone
to that of her posthumous sisters:
Euripides' sophist
Voltaire's Jacobin
Hoffmannstahl's psychopath
O'Neill's Freudian.

There is the moment when one is left alone,
holding alone the sorrow's weight
that bend the words,
one is left with a sense of abandonment,
in which there's no action, no scene,
in which nothing moves or changes.
Memories weights of a father killed,

young people stilled in motionless pain,
nothing to do but weep and hope,
not even anything to say if to say, on the scene,
means a line, a dialogue.

Because Electra does not elicit a chorus
of whole words, she creates instead only resonance,
echo of an echo of reflected loneliness,
evocation of other images, other places.

Clytemnestra and Electra, Creon and Antigone,

here reminding us of reticent prayers,

the ambiguous dreams, how can it be turned off?

What expectations on a picture of Delphic games,

of anachronisms, of painful motherhood,

of a frightening inhuman force?

Without delay, without words or sacred formulas,

thus is the killing accomplished, first Clytemnestra,

then, behind a veil of blindness,

behind ambiguous, inexorable language,

Aegisthus' very condemnation.

Here, yes, this is hatred's drama,
this, yes, leaves no room for remorse,
cruel sense of liberation, hatred that devours
and empowers, one goes forward in anticipation
and after the revenge is accomplished
little remains to be said
in the redemption from an ancient bondage,
in the collapse of a world tainted
by cruel laws, this remains to be said:
is it sunset? No, it's the dawn.

CHORUS

Here now with no more heroes,
without drama, without end
in a drama like this,
in the absence of positive characters,
indeed heroic figures set aside
in a shadowy scene,
made of twilight,
isolated in the pain of Attic drama,
of past and destroyed passions,
almost manic, no longer ideal.

Isolation in a pain
that's out of the ordinary,
its hero no longer there
to tell us of a past already past
or of ideal gestures, of unwritten laws
that prescribe respect for the dead,
no, characters without measure instead
in the polymorphous polis, foreign
and projected into a world to be watched.

ELECTRA'S ELECTRIC MONOLOGUE

So here we are
playing out the end,
the game lost
in the mad race,
cherished, charismatic,
loved ones, shaped
by the atomic sun's darkness,
all enraptured, here we are,
blackened, you and I
with electric words,
by your Electra,
you throne-less
with voices out of tune,
mother and Aegisthus's voices..

I will give you resolution,
hear it therefore, if you are there,
if you are sitting there, now as once,
on thrones not your own,
you all, directors Aegisthuses
and sleeping mothers
who well endure
in death's bed
the frauds of gods and men.

I give you resolution
that I have heard in myself,
I heard it from Electra,
me, left alone
in my young life,
here we are to play the game,
the game of blood,
for paternal blood,
yesterday and today.

Bloody solution,
now that I no longer turn
my gaze toward you all
and towards him, the Aegisthus
two-handed slayer
and towards you all,
slayers yourselves
with full hands,
with hands stained
each day by different blood
of fathers and sons.

Let me sustain
the drama without end
and without heroes,
in shadowy scenes,
isolated in the pain
of Attic drama,
drama no longer drama
of past passions,
get away, get away!!! That I may proceed,
that I may proceed free of evils

and of myself
so as to fix my gaze,
bold and heinous,
to return and give voice
to a future scene.

For now I vanish into thin air,
but I will always return here
to brush up against you all, so wait,
wait for me, all of you,
be patient,
for I from finale nothingness
I dissolve nothing, no
and will return to brush against you all,
by night and by day,
day after day.

**SELECTION OF POEMS FROM THE SECTION “MEDEA OF THE THOUSAND
MEDEAS”**

(FROM EURIPIDES’ “MEDEA”)

Here one navigates myths,
one sails the seas of legends,
heaps of histories and other stories,
which from a thousand sources fill
the ancient days, which converge
on tragic stages
where one invokes, where choirs emit
mangled languages, here one goes through lands
crossed by wind and rain,
by magic and shadowy realms,
going through Iolco, Corinth, New York City.

Voices arrive from afar,
choirs or wet nurses, tragic guardians
of ill-fated destinies,
of stories of Medea and other Medeas,
Jason and other Jasons,
two sons and a thousand other.

Voices that still scream from far away
or evoke final events,
extreme sorrows, sinister heartbreaks:
Oh, that the ship Argos
had never crossed
the cliffs in flight on her voyage
to the land of the Colchi.

MEDEA'S FIRST SPLINTERED DREAM

In the little room, dig, dig, dig.

Old land of the fathers, make haste, or else there won't be time.

Naked victim, lying, faceless, human sacrifice.

Desperate plea to men, with eyes and gestures, mute.

Let them slit the victim's throat, hurry up.

The body shudders, she approaches, uncertain, blood and more blood, is it a game?

The fierce ones, butcher, dismember.

Medea responds in an invented tongue.

Sacred music, still digging, and sun, moon, interworlds.

Day, night, day, night, Medea talks to herself.

House in Corinthnewyorkcity, hard floor, formless language.

The two children appear, curious, then suddenly:

“Mother, what are you doing?”

”Go away, go away!!!”

“But you brought us here!!!”

Away, away from this place that would see you die!

With hands of hideous crime, killing means killing oneself too!

Then what’s the use of living, without country or home, forsaken.

Carry on by the way traced, take the children away, take them from him, the handsome one with a thousand Fleeces.

May he never see them again, may the children born of me be taken away by me.

I will kill them, I, who brought them into the world.

I will kill them, but to preserve them.

Subtracting them from perverse hands, subtracting them before enemy hands do.

Chariot moving slowly, through barricaded streets, buildings under attack.

Corinthnewyorkcity now torn, chariots looking for a way out toward the sky.

It's not the end of the dream, it's just a dream within a dream.

An awakening that's not awakening, just a dream ending abruptly and another one begins.

With the sun printed on opaque window panes.

Here, in the sequel, Medea opens her eyes and a thousand women are around her, in the opened dream.

They're other Medeas, plural, she is Medea, she's also Medea, and she she she and all the other Medeas.

Medea and other Medeas with a common mind, with a plan they've conceived.

Away, get away from here, all of us, witches on the edge, exiled, estranged.

Meanwhile, in the dream within the dream, up goes Jason and the other Jasons.

Everyone multiplied, they are all in the plural now.

They head off toward geometric palaces, which look like fortresses, and approach a gate.

They walk around surrounding walls, followed by the children, who now number a thousand.

Even the multiplied children, of a thousand syllables, of multiple gestures.

They follow the thousand fathers, the Jason, the handsome Jasons of the thousand Fleeces.

Even the Golden Fleeces, now in the plural, multiply their splendor.

They shine there along the walls, on the skyscrapers of Corinthnewyorkcity.

Displayed on the markets of paper, their value increasing every day.

ANNIHILATIONS/SALVATIONS: FINAL SCENES OF THE THOUSAND MEDEAS

Revenge, blood, hysterical witch gestures, people will say in Corinthnewyorkcity.

Instead it's a passage into the twilight zone, the elsewhere of an elsewhere, forever crossed.

May you all know, spectators of the thousand canons, in seats made neutral.

May you understand magical and real gestures, of tragedies that touch infinite boundaries, between planets and continents.

Let it be understood: here's the real tragedy of generations going to slaughter for centuries and millennia, from Ukraine to Africa to Asia.

Let it be understood: the scene empties out in an instant, gesture of vanishing

Where mothers raise swords against their children, there, in that instant we pass into an elsewhere.

From riverbank to the other, intraworlds, light and shadow, life and death.