

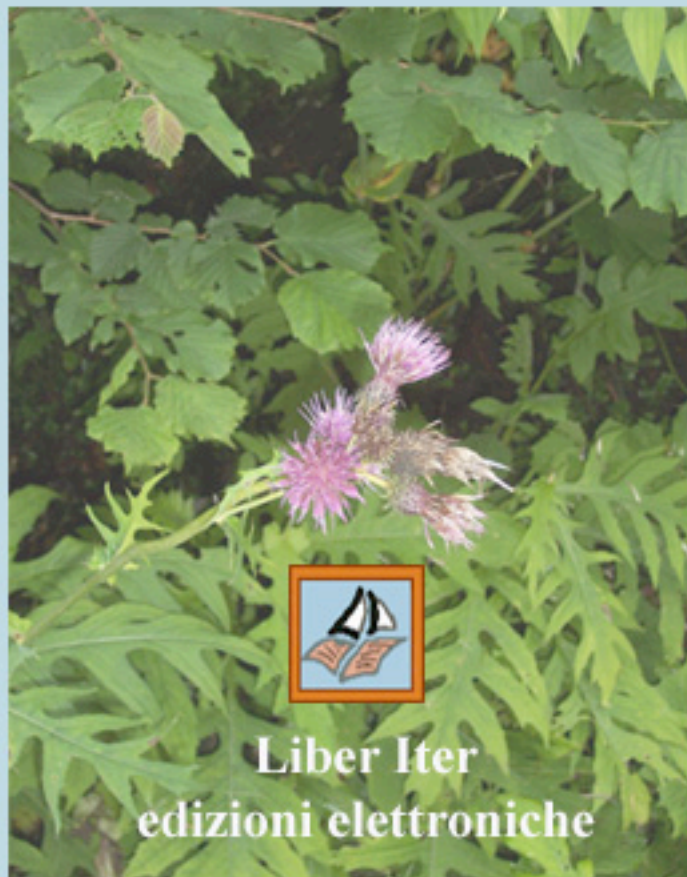
Through a glass

A love story made in verses

by

Michele Cènnamo

translation by Andrea Mascolo



Liber Iter
edizioni elettroniche

Through a glass

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Michele Cènnamo is a journalist and writer, special correspondent of *Avvenire*, of which currently he's taking care of the column 'Italy which grows up'.

He has his debut in 1958 as a young journalist at the *Voce Repubblicana* after which he begins his life as a correspondent in Europe, Africa and Middle East for newspapers such as *Lo Specchio*, *Radio Svizzera Italiana*, *L'Europeo* and *Panorama*.

His current activity at *L'Avvenire* follows up collaborations with *Il Tempo*, *Momento Sera* and *La Domenica del Corriere*, with which he enjoyed the position of vaticanist.

Instead his career as a writer features the publication of more than twenty books, some in collaboration with Franco Vaudo. The latest work published is about **Bernadette and Lourdes**, a story skilfully reconstructed starting from documents held in the Vatican's archives and told in a novel form.

He has always set these activities side by side with the poet one and some of his works were translated and published in Chinese and Greek.

He currently resides in Milan and is available to anyone who wants to have contact with him to discuss his works.

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Preface

Poetry, as all the arts, suffers from the phenomenon of the increasing number of aspiring artists, in this mess who really is valuable is in danger of being choked by the multitude of those, who firmly certain of their own artistic value, continue their work as if they were high quality works without realizing that the true artist often stand aside and incredulous in front of his value.

This was the fate of Michael Cènnamo which quiet, without wanting to emerge at all costs, tells us in poetry a love story, resulting in a delicate poem in which words follow each other like a waterfall of sounds and feelings. So not a collection of poems, but one long poem whose pace never gives up to boredom but rather presses in the tale with all the intimate taste of hearing resonating words in rhyme and harmony.

The generation of poets such as Michael Cènnamo saw Pasolini, Bellezza and Merino who enjoyed discrete fame for media attention, while our poet only now will be able with this publication to be appreciated for his work. It is rare to find a work of so suffused and delicate content which transposition in verses makes almost ethereal the world that tells.

This publication represents a lighthouse pointing to this poet who deserves all our attention but also a sort of icebreaker to reopen the door of poetry whose identity has been obscured by the de-individualization of the artistic product, hoping that many people shall find themselves in the reading and in the discovery of the poet Cènnamo, last one left of his generation in the Italian sight.

I would have liked to be different
maybe to throw myself into a furnace,
then to be shaped by love
created in your mind.

I would have liked to invent you by myself,
perhaps stealing the magic of a time,
past,
then to show you my soul,
so nomadic.

I know that my poor wild flower,
will die tomorrow
but the last breath,
it'll be of your mouth.

I imagine you in the shadows of your room
and I know that every night you'll look for me,
but the last look
will be gifted to you by,
my sad eyes.

*W*hen in the leaden skies,
an eagle will mark my hour,
you'll bend your sweet head.

*W*hen my tired face,
in that bitter spring,
will fade,
it'll find in your hands,
its harbour of arrival.

*Y*ou'll welcome me,
as a love refugee,
projected

on the ephemeral promontory of life,
prologue of my death.

You'll pronounce bitter words,
and my early oldness,
will be confused,
in the dust of a land that will cover me,
finally calm.

These crossed pupils,
will keep,
as a last reflection,
your smile for this useless life,
looking for,
an unknown refuge,
for me,
covered with a silvery pain.

Moments of a sweet illusion,
which I gathered
between deciduous leaves,
of the tree,
of our first meeting.

Empy words that the wind gave you,
announcing you,
a new waiting,
while the shadows from the past will return.

The white mane
of my last desire,
will caress your face.

The pale moon will smile to us,
on the doorway of that old inn
the cries will resonate,
of few customers,
expelled by an evil innkeeper.

In the clump of bushes,

hidden,
we'll find again
a clear fountain water,
which will touch lightly
the dreary land quietly.

To flee far away,
through the lands of your heart,
to throw behind oneself,
the nettles of your memories.

Forgetting the days,
made of nothing,
to believe in a story,
bitter,
like you caresses.

Catching the useless words,
then cry,
while suddenly,
those dreams will be shuttered,
dictated by your looks,
of love.

If I were someone else,
I'll hug you
asking nothing else,
but,
the inexorable time,
is dragging me with him.

Documents which takes note,
timidly,
on my old notebook,
striped with tears.

Troubles,
which I read on your face one time,
that evening,

behind the corner of my school.

Words that the tremors of today,
obliterated,
unequivocally,
from your mind.

Image,
of a moment,
that stood itself on my lips,
close to yours.

In the eternity of time
the light of the world,
will overwhelm the ivory fields,
in the humble little church,
even the stele of my sacrifice,
will crack itself,
slowly.

An inexorable judge,
will explore that life which you gave me,
in a morning,
of an ephemeral autumn,
while reclined themselves slightly,
in the deserted street,
the leaves.

It will be the message,
of a man,
which will cry his story,
in the night's silence,
to an humanity,
closed,
by an everyday indifference.

I'll hedge up,
behind me,
the door of your love,

Through a glass

I will leave you in the dark,
of that room,
which many times saw us together,
to return to peace,
of unreality.

When, then,
the night will wrap you,
gently,
in the silence of time,
between the struggle of love,
you'll live again the memories
that you had hidden,
in the deep of your memory.

The torments of a year,
spent in the infinite space,
will have around them,
the echo of a breath of yours,
while they will alternate themselves
the pictures of my face.

The considerations of people,
the all day one,
won't hurt you anymore,
you'll have loose the last gleam
of your freedom,
you'll think to my things,
that I was whispering to you,
you'll believe to the amazing stories,
of my life.

Then,
will be flown
the days of my sorrow
and the bitterness of tomorrow,
will have gifted to you,
his death's lips.

I will walk on the sand
of a continuous decay,
to not leaving a trace
of my passage,
but a melancholic breeze,
will cry to me the cruel hoax,
of an impossible wish.

The last heron,
will never return
back,
he has hidden behind himself,
his will to live,
like me.

You won't see the sadness,
of my sight,
because you'll ignore,
every moment
of my time.

You'll refuse to collect
that dark flower,
that a barren land
will have given birth
on my mound,
but you'll run
to my shadow,
hiding to yourself,
those cries of love,
which you won't be able to listen to.

Empy questions,
which will remain,
always,
unanswered,
denying to you the only way
of that ancient light,

which leads to the eternal nothingness,
of your tomorrow.

You'll leave me,
alone,
with sadness,
of your departure,
bringing you,
in the inexorable baggage
of pain,
the sufferings of my youth.

In the course of the river,
the rocks eroded by water,
will be there,
standing still,
waiting for your coming.

Laid down on the moist grass,
of the morning,
I'll begin to day-dream,
without a real reason.

I'll chase my day-dreams,
I'll want you with me,
in the illusion of a yesterday,
blurred by now.

Magic of an atmosphere,
almost dreamy,
but the reality will be present,
at the defeat of my struggle.

A mild caress
will be able to make us forgetting,
those flowers,
that winter
has chocked in itself,
but they will never bloom,

those little daisies,
which an heavy tractor
crushed in the clods.

To who will tend his hand to you,
don't deny anymore a smile of yours,
you have learned the life,
through the tears.

The white street,
pointed with a finger,
by the village elders,
along the hedge of our first meeting,
today,
it is dyed red,
thanks to my blood.

The last whispers
I've shouted them to the death,
I wanted to fight again,
together
with the ephemeral hope of time,
the chimeras
of the fleeting moment
will shine no more,
to come with me
in the great journey,
to the new world.

The echo
of a distant song,
will return violent,
to show you my alive pain,
they'll only be
blurred words.

The yellow butterflies
of your memories,
will fly high,

against the sky,
I'll lower the gaze,
afraid
of everything and of nothing.

*I*n the name of love,
I'll want to get,
from the magic symbols of being,
the strength
to return to my homeland,
in the cool of the evening,
near at dusk,
even the old craftsman
bar his door
to the melancholy of my thoughts.

*D*isappear as well,
without say anything to friends,
to mother,
to girlfriend,
getting away with the past,
plunge deeply into life,
leaving the bag,
in the store of memories.

I heard you whispering...
"I'm not leaving"
but I couldn't follow you
with the eyes.

*Y*ou was between the people,
submerged
by the streets of an arid city.

I found myself,
near a beach,
which in that morning,
of a tepid November,
watched us alone in the world.

Then a kiss
contained one thousand answers
to the questions of our love,
until today,
then the silence,
the one of a time
which is never leaving us.

The old man with his chestnuts,
at the street corner,
almost deserted,
will no longer launch his cry,
it has remained an empty seat,
for both.

Iwould like to have you here,
with me,
like the first time,
with the smile of love,
I catch sight of the opposite,
some shadows on your face.

I know that you are waiting
the last chimera
of an hope,
which is called,
mere illusion.

Lonely world,
of a far quest,
when I close the eyes,
to go back in time.

The life's arms,
strained in the unconscious because,
held the empty dark,
while your person was already escaped,
towards new destinations.

Imponderable moments,
of a love spelled by the past,
in the olive groves,
the storm of a dark tempest,
will bend the pride of those trees.

Prayers of a woman,
which in the sweet clouds of illusion,
will sacrifice their own lives,
asking to herself,
the alternating phases of a day,
built on the sand of today.

It continues this representation,
on the immense stage
of life,
that has seen us main character,
of a fable,
in which you wanted,
to just improvise,
forgetting the lines of the text.

The future
is closing on your lips,
earning a sweetness,
unknown to me,
everything is transforming,
under the sign of your power,
but remain softly drawn,
your expressions of a time.

The past,
forgotten by those who don't know how to remember,
will wrap,
between the coils of mist,
your hair,
that I loved to feel on my face.

We won't go towards the railway,
waiting for the afternoon express,
we won't wait anymore,
that puffing locomotive,
like two children,
grown too fast.

There won't be wildflowers,
on the roadside,
the harsh winter will has overwhelmed
with snow
even the last bud.

There will be the elders,
sitting next to the church,
thinking about a thousands things,
that they would have liked to get,
we won't listen,
up there in the mountain,
the cries of our laughs.

Even when the coach will disappear,
behind the bend,
I'll remain alone wondering why.

The little streets by night,
will get my hours of sleep,
I'll tell with the drunk of always,
my love suffering for you.

Then,
I'll climb the step,
in the staircase of tomorrow,
I'll count the steps which separate us,
the pond hidden in the woods,
will disappear,
as if by magic,
will remain ghosts,

which have lived with us.

We will cancel
the footsteps
to escape together,
but you,
you will let go my hand,
to go forward alone,
when you will search for these fingers,
you won't find but weeds,
burned by the sun.

The man of yesterday
will be gone,
to not looking behind,
while you'll be accompanied,
by his anxieties of oblivion.

From the thorns
won't spill the lymph,
of my existence,
the others
will ask each other,
how could you have loved me,
so much.

You'll want to scream,
without the starlight,
even the earth will close to you
its depths,
will abandon you
even the death,
alone,
with the figures of yourself,
alternating pictures,
from an hypothetical story,
like our.

You'll turn your gaze on the horizon,

softly,
you'll feel surrounded
by one hundred bars,
you'll try to hide yourself
from your destiny,
the unreality of nature,
instead,
in the struggle for knowledge,
you'll find the madness of pain.

The imagination's kite,
will take his free flight,
as if it would be in a game far away,
we'll chase it,
through foreign countries,
with the gaze regarding the sky.

A wind, opposite,
will drive it,
eastward,
in vain,
we'll try
to take it with us.

The imaginary thread,
which is connecting it to your hand,
will be torn,
with the violence
of a secular life.

One day
we'll return with memories,
to talk about our farewell,
we'll ask ourselves in silence,
waiting for that fatal second
of that hour.

We'll continue
to mark in the air,

Through a glass

magic tangles,
in the awareness of the futility
of our gestures,
torments of an age,
left behind the old things
in the attic,
when we were running to hide,
in the dusty closet,
abandoned,
in a dark corner.

Sitting on the bench,
of that garden in the suburbs,
I watch happy children chasing each other,
I wonder
if even I one day,
I was like them.

Returns to the mind,
the memories of the past,
that still lives in the present.

I wish I could had feel
that hand,
on the small head,
of then
and not the words of a time,
surely not mine.

With the incoming winter
and the nose
crushed on the glass clouded,
dream of a man,
grew too fast,
in the street continue the laughs
of a small group,
untroubled,
I was about to go down the stairs,

but I found a bar locking the door,
which is called loneliness.

At the work of ever,
with that blazer
threadbare for the excessive use,
the summer trousers,
even in late autumn,
I was pretending nothing,
the life
was never ringing to the bell
of my troubles.

When they put me
in the tight strip of wood,
I didn't leave the money
for a chariot,
drawn by four white horses,
then,
I believed,
to have been forgotten by everyone,
even by you,
but before the ground
was ready to cover my eyes,
I watched you,
crying
on my arid grave.

I play with the last juniper,
before turning myself
on knees,
under Judas's trial,
righteous guilty,
of a love
dissolved into nothingness.

It rules the world,
who isn't able to keep

this weed,
beneficial herb of your heart,
illusory,
I imagine
stories of small things,
imitating
the sweet beats of the moon.

It has dried up,
even the source of desire,
inadvertently,
I started
to erase
memories,
receiving in me the ashes,
of one hundred pyres,
burnt by the life's requests.

The lips
illuminated by a distant lamp,
bring with them
the leaves of famous woods,
fragments which are hurled
against the hull of that vessel,
just outlined
by a slight glow.

The party is near,
with the ephemeral gems
of tomorrow,
but the cold winds of the unconscious,
will overwhelm the barriers
of poor people.

Tomorrow
I won't count the minutes,
I'll read in your fleeting glances,
your farewell words,

I'll write one thousands sentences,
useless,
like a children,
afraid of the darkness,
looking for a clouded sky,
looking forward to a different tomorrow,
I'll set my steps,
slow,
ignoring the time's value.

So it continues,
it's just a sordid noise,
a slow succession of fantasy,
but instead they are
dark water drops,
which are coming towards me.

So many times I hug
your shadow,
under that window,
closed and dark,
waiting for a light to be turned on,
then I start going,
without looking behind me,
looking for among the stones of the street,
a last smile.

Drawn by four black horses,
I'll lead the quadrille
of the last illusion,
until I'll see again
your look of yore.

From the cliff of time,
will appear the shadow
of an eagle far away,
I'll throw darts,
sharp,

with an ivory bow,
of your memories,
I'll go down
in the desert area waiting
the time of the fight.

I'll throw myself in the rough sand,
dark,
looking for a tacit surrender,
the feline beasts
will stuck their claws
in the hips
and a sweet blood will cover me with love.

You'll listen to
the prays of mute sounds,
arid,
while I'll turn,
the begging eyes
towards the shelter
of that pagan god,
astonished,
I'll see,
the dawn of my sunset.

Where did they went,
those tears
lost
in a cold evening,
of spring,
your lips of love
still want me to be with them,
I try to understand
the one hundred questions
which every times return
asking
the exorbitant price of my life.

I'll build,
brick after brick,
over the sand of tomorrow
the memory's promises,
mercenary
for a caress,
for a smile,
I'll set my step,
emigrating from the land,
which has saw me as a children,
an insipid soup
will be the nourishment,
of the illusions,
flourished,
amongst the leaves of a delicate mimosa.

Mythical King Xerxes,
give to me
the mitre of command,
the tree of mahogany,
it'll be crashed by your slaves,
the grinding wheel won't grind anymore,
the ears of wheat won't give golden grains,
they won't build monuments
to heroes
but on the mountain,
will be muttered again,
the silent nostalgias
of knots wrapped in the night.

The clouds bring with them
the oasis of a distant dream,
behind
vegetate the oblivion of thoughts,
offended by your indifference.

The shadows find

their consistency
in the imagination of people,
the fire burns
and in the fire
of the village,
I've lost the last heaven
to meet you,
left between my hands.

Then,
we'll return tired,
bent by pain,
without finding the strength to raise ourselves,
while it'll delineate in the sky,
the traits of an impossible love.

The old branches of the past
will disown
this kingdom of ours,
will reproach to ourselves
the sunrise,
a quick climb into the unknown
and we'll discover again the eternal appearance
of the extreme path.

Behind the house,
the peace of a past story,
this evening I'll give to you,
closing the eyes.

Will be the dreams of always
to get far away from me,
silently,
as before,
often words are invented,
waiting for the light of tomorrow
that will never come.

Behind that house,

Through a glass

I'll deceive myself of returning as a children,
I'll start to run in the fields,
following
the thousand butterflies of hate,
still loving you,
scanning so the minutes.

I was amongst the others,
a face,
unfortunately, anonymous,
that gaze,
casted in the horizon,
I needed to create a soul,
for my life,
I wanted the desire to believe
in a God,
for being able to destroy him then.

Documents

Traduzione in rima della

Sig.a LIN KWAN - YING

Fogli di carta,
bianchi,
come quel volto,
che una volta mi sorrise,
nella piccola trattoria, tra cento av-
[ventori,

ignorando il mio nome.
Sensazioni,
che il vento portò lontano con sé,
ora guardo queste dita,
cerco un tuo ricordo,
sento la presenza,
che mi prende per mano,
portandomi
verso i confini dell'azzurro cielo,
una melanconica nube,
ride delle tue promesse,
resto a guardare la tua ombra,
sperando di scorgere,
chissà perché,
ancora la tua figura.

Tra le ortiche,
una margherita gialla,
perfino i fertili pascoli,
oramai,
saranno arsi da un'estate senza pietà,
contro la scogliera,
la furia di una nera mareggiata,
in montagna non cresceranno più,
i piccoli fiori del tuo amore,
strumenti che non serviranno,
domani,
quanti giorni bui mi attendono,
mi illuderò di non soffrire,
in silenzio,
l'orologio mi indicherà,
il caduco svolgersi di ogni azione u-
[mana.

Seminerò le mie chimere,
volendo raccogliere,
la cenere da spargere sul capo,
continuerà a vivere,
con l'ozio nella mente,
e le membra stanche,
pronto a ricordare,
le ore unite ad un soffuso pianto.

一張雪白的臉兒在眾人中偏向我微笑
即使對我的一切還不知曉
一陣風兒已將往事帶走現在看著我的指
尖只能令我追憶尋搜
好像妳握著我的手帶我走向小蔚藍的天
邊一片愁雲向妳的語言慘笑可是不知
為何我還凝立著等待再見妳的芳踪

黃色的小野菊生長在肥沃的草原中無情的烈
日已使她枯萎不復生
怒潮敲著着海礁山中不再生長美丽的花朵來
陪伴明日的愛情
等待著我的是黑暗的日子自欺不再接受痛苦
的折磨可是歲月偏偏告訴我一切終要凋零
下了雨濕的紳士收穫痛苦的果實我無意義
的活著疲倦的四肢使我不能動彈唯一可作的
是追憶充滿淚水的往事悲歡

Ἡ ΠΡΟΤΟΤΥΠΗ

ΔΙΜΗΝΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΛΟΓΙΚΗ ΕΠΙΘΕΩΡΗΣΙΣ
ΠΟΙΚΙΑΝΣ ΥΛΗΣ

Ἔκδοση - Διεύθυνση : ΣΟΝΙΑΣ ΟΛΛΑΝΔΕΖΟΥ

★ ΞΕΝΗ ΛΟΓΟΤΕΧΝΙΑ ★



ΑΝΤΙΚΡΥΣΤΑ ΝΑ ΤΡΕΧΩ

MICHELE CENNAME

Ν' ανοίξω τὰ χέρια,
κοντά σου νὰ τρέξω,
τὰ μάτια νὰ κλείσω
καί μαζί μου νὰ σ' ὀνειρευτῶ
νὰ φωνάξω μ' ὅλη τή δύναμί μου
τήν ἐπιθυμία μου γιά σένα.
Σ' ἓνα ὄνειρο ἀπίθανο νὰ παραδοθῶ,
ν' ἀκολουθῶ μέ τὸ πνεῦμα πρωτόγονες μου-
(οικέες

πού μέσα μου ἤχου'ν γιά σένα.
Νὰ σπᾶσω τίς ὀβλιες ἀλυσσιῶδες
πού μᾶς σφίγγουν
οὐ μιά θυσία ἀγάπης
ὄχι τόσο ἐπιθυμητή
οὐ μένα ἀπελπισμένα καταφύγιο νὰ βρῆς
γιά νὰ σ' ἀγαπῶ.

Ἀπόδοσις: ΕΛΕΝΗΣ ΒΩΚΟΥ

COURIR VIS A'VIS

Ouvrir les bras
et courir vers toi
fermer les yeux
et te rêver avec moi
hurler avec autant de force
qu' il y a en moi
mon désir pour toi
S' abandonner dans un impossible rêve,
suivre avec l' esprit d'ancestrales musi-
ques

qui sonnent en moi pour toi
Briser les horribles chaînes
qui nous enlacent
dans une no souhaitable
sacrifice d' amour
chercher désespérément refuge en moi
pour t' aimer.

ΜΑΪΟΣ - ΙΟΥΝΙΟΣ 1972

Through a glass

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Casa editrice elettronica Liber Iter

Published in 2010
by
Liber iter
Edizioni elettroniche
978-88-96705-13-1