

TWO POEMS BY LUIGI AMARA

LACKING WINTER

Not one shape more for the multiplicity of things.
Not one pearl of dust for this empty room.

The scene must be prepared once again.
Mow the field
where the sleeping senses graze.
Perfect the art of subtraction,
remove the wrappings in silence,
this patina of habit
which has grown upon the forms,
the dust suggesting a false thickness.
Put the fingernails to work.

File down
and polish until that shine repeats
the subtle truth of its existence:
until the radiant hues
find true expression.

THE SOUND OF THE PENCIL

Almost like the pleasure of finding a finger
that was lost for a long time
somewhere between the thumb and index,
I listen to the graphite's song,
that strange melody
ignored while thinking.

Calmly as the gesture
of scratching with the pencil,
a fruit grows in the afternoon.

The monster must be reinvented in each particle,
in the crumb of daily bread,
in the whirlwind which opens
between one idea and another.

Purify the limits of attention
until the radio of vision
overflows its banks,
until all that's heard is the gong;
the gong of the singular,
of beauty
which cannot resist the etcetera.

Not the sudden
instantaneous fire
of a match-head:
a glowing whisper
slowly rising
out of the paper.

Translated by John Oliver Simon