



DIOGEN traži čovjeka
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DIOGEN is seeking for human being



Giuseppe Napolitano

Words (and then...)

I'll still be (when - "and then..." -
of me of my words
you truly tire) I'll still be
the one of words - of the many words
that I uttered to you that I wrote to you

and then... disheartened I'll regret
not knowing anything except how to speak
and to write words
but deeds (deeds that
- you would've wanted? - would've indicated
a capacity of mine to act
never enough demonstrated when the situation
called for it) I didn't have the strength
to uncover them - where were they hidden?
in the folds of an ever "in fieri" conversation

and then... then I'll still be the one of words
the sweet touching exalting
essential torrential words
said written whispered caressed
dedicated to your heart to your senses
dedicated to who we used to be

- the words which will prevent then
really to tire of me

September 5

Now you're coming and the waiting that for years
fooled me into believing that I could even do
without you, appeasing my dreams on paper,
now opens a fragile barrier to me
proposing to me an other other me

It'll take time to repair my makeup
and introduce a new myself to you
without tricks with a more attractive mask
as in unusual circumstances
but I'll be ready when -
and I don't want to wait any longer
- you ask me to take you by the hand
If you want me to guide you
and my hand will give you confidence
stronger in your hand

Now here's why a day has as if a sense
of otherness that isn't there but it's as though it were
as if before what there was wasn't there
- is this my child?

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Return to Sète

The white horses of the Camargue
greet you and the fragrant garigue
of wind-swept grasses, the pines
of the "Mas de Suède" greet you
and the contorted sun-drenched vines

Without you Sète seems a little sad -
like the two little donkeys
in the candid photographs
taken in the unpoetic mugginess of a tiring day

Rugged hills greet you
and fields where time is suspended
the hordes of vacationing
multihued tourists greet you
and the serene faces of the rurals
at siesta time in the small villages:

a continual turning to you:
where are you why aren't you here?
without you Sète seems a little sadder

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"Almanachs, new almanachs!"

Today it's Christmas and the new year is now near
but who knows if it'll be truly new

Leopardi still asks the vendor of calendars
on which ones to attach hope such as
the tiny holy images to turn to every time
the new year then appears like
the last past one not entirely corresponding
to the promises that the other year were made us

and it's for this reason that every Christmas
we resolve to be a little better so as to deserve
a little of what we have often lost
already tense waiting for who knows what
and not even Horace taught us to bear it

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End of year dance

Hanging limply like marionettes
words dance immediately getting lost if you
release your grip, careless puppeteer,
before noting their weight

And you remain, inert puppet, waiting for
someone who will carefully repair the strings,
scarcely able to move - if a task is offered to you
irrefutable for the moment - at least

Searching for an author or a role
inside yourself you live anyway distilling
tastes and already known other knowledge
satisfying your mind that thinks of you

Soft is this inertia on which to hang
the cast-off suit and new masks
hurrying to buy with the coins
of a year just barely traversed

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A story in time

You will burn down the candle of you day
delving into the large tome searching for
the page on which burns

(or you think it should)

the ultimate answer to the ultimate question
- ah, if only you could scroll through the index
undisturbed glancing over where may be written
the word that would conclude your speech

First you will burn down your candle
and the flamelet will die without knowing
- drowning in its extreme tear - which one
it's leaving you heir to write (or it's leaving
to others and who it may be it's impossible
to perceive in the coming darkness - whichever
it may be finally and it certainly isn't useful to say)

*How difficult it is
to get out of a fable!*

Translated by Elaine Pampena

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