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Necklace of words

Our days, a necklace of words:
a minuscule gesture, a syllable of yours
are the pearls and the jewels which set it alight

Papa poet shuffles his cards and rewrites
for you the game and every rule

but it’s impossible not to tell you -
and save at the same time - the witnessing
of the magical opening of a cocoon
in which I was looking imprisoned for an alibi
I did not learn to write
    who knows
my masterpiece must be you

From these my words, yours
    when
threading necklaces will be you
Time

You say that it doesn’t exist but we are so steeped in it that we can’t be satisfied except by making every moment fruitful.

It’s true: we are significant in the passage of the time we live - even if we slow down its rhythm.

Time is the measure of existence otherwise immeasurable, it is the means to enjoy or waste our time.

There’s what we feel is ours when we realize it and just as it’s passing while we await a stroke of luck.

There’s a vast time that contains us all and it’s the simple sum of all the time of all those who live and go forward.
A Poet’s pension

Impertinent Gabriella asks me:
can you go on a pension - as a poet?
No – I answer - a poet cannot
retire: he has an obligation
to work until death separates him
from the work which is his life…

and that he must by working speak
like every artist who doesn’t retire
or he would not only quit being one
but he would no longer know how to live
without reproducing a bit of himself for others…
desirous of enjoying and nourishing themselves
with those few morsels of life
And then…

My friends from school have grandchildren
my daughter’s age:
    I skipped
a generation and more I cannot recapture
    - not even if I meet again
in my tomorrows a little from yesterday
    – I’ve lost trains
that won’t pass by again and more I wouldn’t know
how to run after
    even if I had the strength for it,…
which instead I lack like the enthusiasm
of those adventurous and also timorous
unsuccessful days: I hated the no’s
(embarrassing impediments to be endured)

but fortunately I’ve lost the last train
too – and it would have taken me
who knows where who knows…
The answer, my daughter

If actually Bob asks how much time
“how much time you need to be a man”
you haven’t got an answer and it’s not true
it is blowing in the wind – you lost that
when you should’ve still had all the time
to chase even the wind and make it yours
(now try to tempt your fate…)

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Forever young as long as you’re next to me
I’ll follow the apprenticeship of your years
and sooner or later I’ll be ready to give you
the horizon that doesn’t answer you yet

just like a woman, know, my daughter
that it’s not easy with your wiles
to change the course of events

if a hostile world appears
to your eyes of a growing child,
and she has only to expect
and she has only to believe – in herself