

POEMS CHANGING CONTINENTS (1999-2002)

Poetry Is... (attraverso Ungaretti)

I'm into Your World

"We shall behold"

"Come back, come back, beautiful instant"

Variations on Heine, for YK (1-8)

Ex: Fudô 2000

Three Ditties out of Nash from Heine

More Departures from Heine (1-14)

Zum Geleit

Die Verwandlung, 1990s

40. You, Giacomo Leopardi

In the Ruins of Leningrad

Andromeda, After

The Scribe Has a Vision

Reading the Secret Treasury (Hizôhâyaku)

SEPARATE: Antologia Palatina (Epigrams Free from the Hellenic)

POETRY IS... (ATTRAVERSO UNGARETTI)

Gentile

Maura Del Serra

poesia è

-- forse oggi --

Remembering what has not been

Forgetting what is

For what may be

& will flower from deeds of lives

una limpida meraviglia

In this enforced muteness

-- Maybe today --

I badly need

A winged rune a wisdom

Limpid marvel

Before the rainbow

East of the whirlwind

West of the hail:

A slashing glance

A clasping hand

In that easy abyss.

5400

## I'M INTO YOUR WORLD

Mi pesano gli anni venturi (Ungaretti)

[The coming years lie heavily upon me]

I'm into your world but not entirely of it

Not into the coil of writhing serpentine lies

Hissing with laid-on charm from TV & PC monitors

Eternal Truths of claudicant metaphors

Murdering en masse with the invisible hand of smart bombs.

I know the acrid sweat of the on & off Filipino labourer

& more intimately the smouldering rage of the scribe

Impotent to stop the lies dictated into his mind:

Both by your empire moulded, its stamp burning

In their brain convolutions & aching muscle flesh.

What may i do? With eyes wide open

Steer my paraplegic wheels

while the nightingale

Goes on singing as if all were right

Into the thrilling strata of the planet's air

& i await the dove

Of a differing Flood.

6400

(WE SHALL BEHOLD)

We shall behold our love lie down

Like an evening

In the streets singing with the firefly's shine

& when bells suddenly ring

It shall be

A different morning.

But why do i sleep badly?

6400

(COME BACK, COME BACK, BEAUTIFUL INSTANT)

Come back, come back, beautiful instant

Young woman, touch me again

On this devouring day.

1 poe 99-02

O linger please, thou wert so fair...  
O shining memory, sit down for a while  
Before that trackless night  
When i shall be a godlet, innocent  
& deaf, in thoughtless frolic  
Amid the arid waves of death.

6400

#### VARIATIONS ON HEINE, FOR YK

1.

Clear & pretty golden star  
Greet my darling O so far  
Tell her i still ply the sea,  
My heart aches for her & me.

2.

"On storm-tossed waves Lady Luna trembles."  
No -- she's still, & far above:  
When your image unclear in me assembles,

It is i who am a-tremble, love.

3.

How can i forget it ever

Beloved woman strong & warm

How we once slept together

My dick under your relaxed arm.

One body & soul we were, i & you,

Your soft body would again make me whole

I have enough soul for two

To the dogs you can throw the soul.

4.

& so you've completely forgotten

How we made love in monsoon weather

How we twined round each other's kokoro

How we made music together?

So you've forgotten the love & the ache

Which thrilled thru our work night & day?

Was the love or the heartache greater?

Both were huge: & both shall stay.

5.

We felt much for each other

& yet liked each other much.

We often cooked for each other

& yet forgot not how to touch.

At times each thought the other was wrong

& yet we caressed soft & strong.

At the end for some reason you didn't bother,

Some reason i wasn't given to share, we parted:

Then we knew so well how to hide from each other

That we haven't again started

6.

A maple tree stands lonely

In the so-called West

It's gotten tired, snow & ice

Have damped down its zest.

It dreams of a gingko-tree  
Far off in the East  
That stands silent in the rains,  
Hidden in the mist.

7.

How shamefully you treated me  
I hid from human sight,  
I rowed far out into the sea  
& told the fish at night.

On all six continents i leave  
A-standing your good name;  
In oceans there is no reprieve,  
Full well they know your shame.

8.

You were my longest deep love  
You understood where i lived  
I thot i understood what you did  
& yet i was deceived.

You gave me earthly & heavenly food  
You went with me thru strange cities  
You gave me a passport for your country  
& yet i mistook its ditties.

Darling Peace! may time be good to you  
& keep you from freezing or drought  
May you remember me sometimes  
By what you liked, not what i ought.

5-700

EX: FUDÔ 2000

To Predrag Matv.

HEADNOTE: Fudô = esoteric Buddhist godhead of wrath, irate aspect of Enlightenment: blue-black face appearing amid flames, sword in 1 hand & rope in other hand to cut off & bind evil passions. -- Please observe the deviant stresses on the <i>'>s.

What poems, mind of mine, may you now sing  
When corrupt desire rules the ex-communists  
When massy murder brainwash & whoring enlists --  
Few are saved -- their lust for easeful things?

What hopes may now be found to grow new wings?  
We in our youth, emerged from bloody mists,  
Saw Fudoo's sword in hands of antifascists  
& the people's rule a real thing,

Wrathful & kind.

Now i let my country go,  
Murderously after false gods a-whore.  
When surgical verse cuts deep it is to know,  
To find at understanding's furthest shore  
Why poison invades the brain's every pore.  
Yet every poem encodes: I loved you so!

30500

### THREE DITTIES OUT OF NASH FROM HEINE

When Solomon said: "Bitter is woman"  
He didn't know bookish King Kolóman.  
Had he said: "How should I love as an intellectual?"  
He would have been clearer & more fectual.

\*\*\*

Solomon said: bitter is woman.

The macho king meant: bitter tó man.

Had he said: to be human is bitter,

He'd have been Buddha & not a ducked sitter.

\*\*\*

Solomon had said: bitter is woman.

The macho king meant: bitter tó man.

Had he declared: no love can last,

His saying wouldn't need to stand in the past.

12600

#### MORE DEPARTURES FROM HEINE

[Headnote: This series of poems came about in part because I was reading Heine. But i cannot give all responsibility to old Henri: i redid his stimuli, in places wildly, for the year 2000. My logic was: if Henri had added to his presuppositions & inclinations also my experiences & a bit of my temperament etc., he might have written these poems in 2000. I fear he'd have written much better ones.]

1.

Do not tell me we may love,

I know such beginnings:

The same Moon went on above

Branches rustled thinly.

1 poe 99-02

But the heartbeats in our cleaving

Slowed down under the Moon:

Branches never cease releaving

Of us, one stops sooner.

2.

In the forest in the gloaming

I was given a strange vision

The Queen of Fairies was a-roaming

Clearly seen, without misprision.

Round & round me her train went

& she turned & flashed a smile

Tell me, O Queen, what this meant

Spare me, Mab, the miss a mile.

Did you stage it for my learning?

To reward my fealty?

Does it mean a love returning?

Does it mean the death of me?

3.

Red-eyed bloody business weather!

1 poe 99-02

One-eyed profit-ordered town!

How i wonder when--not whether--

Earthquakes rise to break you down.

4.

A white bird flies over the sea

Shark & stingray at her try

It flutters up, it flutters down

The Moon is small & very high.

Dear soul that flies over the sea

How i understand your sigh!

The black black waters are so close

The Moon is small & very high.

5.

For on this rock we shall erect

The Church that works from downside up

The Third Age church of Holy Bodies

Both personal & congregational:

See: hunger, killings are not needful

The pie in TV skies deceives

Give us today our daily sweets

1 poe 99-02

Give us down here the sacred hearts & sense.

Return to body its merry pump

Rid of the fat that has enclogged it

The overeating brought by hunger

The ulcers caused by profit slash & burns.

Return to brain its hormonal bath

Disturbed by wolfish enmities

To people & birds & beautiful trees--

When heart & brain work well, we shall be saved.

If you, O masters, will not let us

Be saved, entirely we must

Remove you: profit is the fat

In bloodstream, profit brings the early stroke.

Your lying church will be dismantled

Our Earth at last inhabitable,

Polluted eyes may see no godheads

The cleansed may go to many-coloured stars.

When holiness meets wholeness

& the people absolute,

Washed clean of Class Division Sin

We may aspire to the cosmic Lute.

1 poe 99-02

6.

Ghostly kissing, ghostly loving

Ghostly living, by & by:

Did you think, romantic person,

Love does last eternally?

True, our bodies held each other,

& their feelings truly soared:

As true is the wheel of nature,

Too quickly we soar no more.

For the brains they grow forgetful

& the heavy eyelids close:

Memories may keep some echo,

At the end, it also goes.

7.

The stormy waves they sweep

Well onto the strand

They burst & burrow deep

Well into the sand.

Back & forth incessantly

1 poe 99-02

Fro they go & to,  
Then roar insisently --  
What good does this do?

8.

A weirdly formed rock juts on the coast  
I sit there & think of my dreams.  
Waves roll, winds whistle, & a noisome host  
Of raptor seagulls screams.

I've loved many a beauteous doll:  
They & my visions, all lost.  
Where have they gone? The waves they roll,  
Warlike there wanders a ghost.

9.

When i kiss her mouth i close my eyes  
Between my hands i take her face,  
Now day & night she asks me why  
Her queries are tatted lace.

I do not tell the reason why  
I do not know myself the reason,  
I kiss her mouth & close my eyes --

No doubt, another season.

10.

When we lie together in post-coital bliss

Don't ask me about ex-Yugoslavia, how grand it

Was, how come it got pushed so bloodily amiss:

There are good reasons -- i cannot stand it.

I beg you, leave Yugoslavia in peace

Don't mention world banks – NATO – elites -- bandits

Don't call up traitors or errors, just give me a kiss:

There are good reasons--i cannot stand it.

One i loved in those bygone, far-off, beautiful days

Now calls it "Sérbo-bolshévik", our youth's season,

& sighs for more civilized (European) ways:

I cannot stand it -- there are good reasons.

11.

Of course you are my only ideal

I've told you so a thousand times

With oaths & poems, meant for real,

But now i'm busy -- come another time.

Come please tomorrow at the hour of three

I shall expect you at the wicket.

Afterwards we'll have dinner & go see

A movie; or maybe i will phone for press tickets

To Brecht's Mother: the story tells

Of a mother & son, & how they may cling

Together despite all prison cells --

They both grow devoted to a Third Thing.

12.

Don't let me go, even if your thirst

Has been quelled by too much drink,

Keep me another year or so

Then i too will stop, i think.

But when we cease sleeping together

Let's not forget what are friends,

Having gone thru love's volcanic labours

Let's find a cooler end.

13.

We sat in the pizza parlor

& debated alienation

1 poe 99-02

We went to dinner many times  
Deploring globalization.

The little god of the right moment  
A putto naked & shameless  
Came by & saw us sitting there  
Laughed & flew on, blameless.

14. (Doctrine)

Drummer, drum on & have no fear  
& kiss the bare-breast Liberty!  
This is the whole of science & art  
The sum of all philosophy.

Drum & inveigle the drowsy people  
Send the snake's hiss & roar of lions,  
One step in front, ready to die,  
This is the sum of art & science.

This is old Karl's dialectics  
Of all philosophy it is the Summa.  
I've understood it because i'm not stupid,  
& saw the Revolution one Summer.

156-14700

## ZUM GELEIT: DAS MANIFEST

Interrupted by frantic faxes to banks in Europe & phone  
Calls to safely steer his savings into a small piece of real  
Estate, an apartment in a warmer climate that would permit him  
To pass the remainder of his days with his wife & little indignity,  
Slipping thru at least the most constricting capitalist meshes  
--The translator laboured on this piece of antique subversive hope  
In hope to gain for himself & some others usable glimpses  
Of what a philosopher-poet of old had to transmit as insight,  
As counsel for us professionals, subversives from the bourgeois  
Class turning against this rotten class, verjagt mit gutem  
Grund, how to face the undreamt of global degradation,  
The barbarisation foreseen but bet against by old Bert,  
Where we are condemned to pass our days, before the waves  
Of the Red Sea close on those who disbelieved the prophets.

8-1000

## DIE VERWANDLUNG, 1990S [THE METAMORPHOSIS]

affectionately, für elke u. gerd

1.



The sea's azure expanse

beside the cannibal global market

How the teenage harlots' curse

Runs in blood down World Bank walls

We could have waited longer

Eaten more scones in appreciative silence

Brewed herb tea with honey instead of saccharine

Sunk into the grass

Looking at the louring cloud plates lowering

Until ants came out of our eyes

Tenderly agile, uncaring of any birthday

Yet enough is enough.

10-1200

## **YOU, GIACOMO LEOPARDI: A POEM**

Per Daniele Pieroni

### **1. BITTER DAYS**

*...bitter days*

*To follow the serene ones we have been given.*

*How did we get to so perverse an age?*

*("SOPRA IL MONUMENTO DI DANTE")*

O Giacomo, sickly brother mine,  
Indomitable in your frail body, constantly  
Wounded! Never ceasing to look  
With eagle eye around you, to aspire, for your woman,  
For Italy, for the broken wand of earthly  
Domination & salvation:

*Shall our sceptres all lie broken up,  
Brought low in the mud, & nobody  
Raise the fragments up & unite them  
In power?*

*("SOPRA IL MONUMENTO DI DANTE")*

Stone & mud.  
Muddy footprints on stony ground.  
Rock beats scissors beats paper.  
Paper wraps only rocks  
Mud & blood.

2. CAN WE?

*O could i*

*In the dismal age, in this nefarious air*

*Keep the high image!*

*("ALLA SUA DONNA")*

O could i

O could we

Can we?

If we do

then we can

But how?

East wind has lost strength. Flowers have withered.

In Spring the silk-worm spins thread. Then he ends.

Then he's put into scalding water. The thread is taken away.

Towards morning candles burn down to wick's ash.

The grey hour is when we die. Tears then dry out.

### 3. THE ENLIGHTENED TREATS A POISON ARROW

*Abject part*

*Are we of things, & the bloodied clod*

*Or hollow caverns resounding with our howls*

*Are not moved by our ills & wars:*

*Nor does human disaster discolour the stars.*

*("BRUTO MINORE")*

Yes Giacomo: you speak true, looking thru your

Inverted telescope from Voltaire's Sirius or the Andromeda

Nebula. Yet also Karuna & Upeksha are only

Two of the Four Boundless Virtues<sup>\*/</sup>. Further

Truths of virtue can be given shape when we look,

Look more nearly at many bodies together,

Conjured up, striven for. Hear now the Enlightened's

Parable of the Poisoned Arrow, *sovrapposta*:

"You ask: What is the reason i was hit by the arrow?

Was it fated or was i accidentally in its way? Are there

Higher powers that guide the arrow's flight? Is the universe

Finite & eternal, so that everything has already happened,

& i have been lying shot already a million times?

Or is it infinite & contingent?

Permit me to observe

We have no time for such questions now. Whether the universe

Is finite or infinite, in any case you are here,

Lying on the jungle floor, poison seeping into you

& your life-blood seeping into the ground. So we must

Quickly find a healer to pull out the arrow & begin

Counteracting the poison, to save your life, & also

Identify the evil-doer & break his bow, so that all of us

Will not get bushwhacked & killed off for good.

After we are all safe, you may ask again

(In the next kalpa)."

#### 4. IDENTIFY THE EVIL-DOER

So then:

*Who disjoined the sword from your hand?*

*Who was the traitor? what art or industry*

*Or what gigantic power*

*Toppled your gracious rule?*

*How fell you, or when*

*From such heights into a low place?*

*Nobody left to fight for you now? nobody*

*Of your own to defend your own?*

( "ALL'ITALIA" )

##### 5. LE CENERI DI TITO (BERLIN DAY, END OF C20)

German winter                      elder ladies with mink coats

Peroxide hair                      too much makeup

Lines slashing from both mouth corners down & out

I burrow into sleep quietly on morning islands

At the bottom of the ocean schools of fish

Soft murmur of weary voices

They are bombing Beograd & Novi Sad

No more theatre festivals in springtime

Blood silting up all rivers.

Whispering of fish                      jealousy of fish

If sharks were men

Big gangsters eat little gangsters

Peasants are burned out of their villages

City people bombed out of their homes

Thousands of Munch faces screaming

Humans                      from their womb humanity forcibly ripped

By progressive technology & humanism

Demanding oceans of blood

Western brainwashed in uniform shoot at Balkan brainwashed

The center doesn't tolerate too much periphery

Top dollar American mercenaries bomb scared Serbian draftees

Bristly bearded gangsters from Beograd cleaning Albanians out of medieval monasteries

They are madly in love with the Serbian destiny to suffer

Smooth shaven gangsters from Washington upgrading armament technology

They are madly in love with the profits of arms industries

Booms in Balkan skies                      booms on the stockmarkets

Communicating slaughterhouse vessels

Oceans of blood                              oceans of profit

Who is king of the world jungle must be made quite clear

Sharks are not so clever                      except in fable

Now you can touch what we lost with Tito's brotherhood & unity

Now you see how a people's revolution is eradicated

One million & three quarters dead in the partizan war

A ton of TNT to wipe out every dead partizan

These dead are dangerous                      they must be killed again by bombs & lies

Counter-revolution by the center against the periphery

Blood on stone                              blood & stones

Thou shalt not get out from under world banks                      fish mouth silently

This is Moses & the prophets

6. FLOATING ISLANDS

*is there peace in this world?*

*the torture of humans continues*

*evening light                      island just floating*

*shaking like a baby carriage*

*even archeologists perish in the end .*

*(Hayashi Fumiko, 1930)*

7. DOUBLE-ENTRY BOOKKEEPING: BOTH/ AND

<p><i>("BRUTO MINORE" )</i></p> <p><i>O conscious future age! The times</i></p> <p><i>Turn precipitously nasty, &amp; it won't be</i></p> <p><i>This corrupt generation</i></p> <p><i>To honour high minds &amp; avenge</i></p> <p><i>The miserable. The black raven</i></p> <p><i>Preens his feathers around me:</i></p> <p><i>This trampled body my shame</i></p> <p><i>&amp; the winds take my memory &amp; name.</i></p>	<p>THE MANIFEST, O! (TAT TVAM ASI)</p> <p>Bullets, beatings, starving, organized lies now fetter</p> <p>Each fleshly person; the bourgeois free-for-all-pelf</p> <p>Brings living death. The exploited proletarians of Self</p> <p>Can only get free by forming an alternative, better</p> <p>Together: where reason &amp; feeling are not enemy classes</p> <p>But each other's highest, jealously grasped good: when</p> <p>The art of word-processor programming is Zen</p>
--	--

<p><i>("SOPRA IL MONUMENTO DI DANTE")</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>O glorious shade,</i></p> <p><i>Tell me: is the love for your cause dead?</i></p> <p><i>Say: the fire of which you burned, is it spent?</i></p> <p><i>Say: the poetic laurel that was ages ago</i></p> <p><i>A balm to our pain, may it green anew?</i></p>	<p>&amp; Eros the science of ensuring that the current passes</p> <p>Between thee &amp; me, an a priori &amp; technology</p> <p>Organizing space &amp; time so that we may mesh</p> <p>On hard mattresses with a joyous rightness:</p> <p>A tightness of fierce feeling twinned beyond apology</p> <p>With structured reason, the twain then lighting up all flesh</p> <p>&amp; levitating the two Selves to one lucid lightness.</p>
---	---

## 8. HORIZON

For on this rock we shall erect

The Church that works from downside up

The Third Age church of Holy Bodies

Both personal & congregational:

See: hunger, killings are not needful

The pie in TV skies deceives

Give us today our daily sweets

Give us down here the sacred hearts & sense.

Return to body its merry pump  
Rid of the fat that has enclogged it  
The overeating brought by hunger  
The ulcers caused by profit slash & burns.

Return to brain its hormonal bath  
Disturbed by wolfish enmities  
To people & birds & beautiful trees --  
When heart & brain work well, we shall be saved.

If you, O masters, will not let us  
Be saved, entirely we must  
Remove you: profit is the fat  
In bloodstream, profit brings the early stroke.

Your lying church will be dismantled  
Our Earth at last inhabitable,  
Polluted eyes may see no godheads  
The cleansed may go to many-coloured stars.

When holiness meets wholeness  
& the people absolute,  
Washed clean of Class Division Sin

We may aspire to the cosmic Lute.

## 9. CONCLUSIVE

*What is left? Has the green*

*Been divested from things?*

*("AD ANGELO MAI" )*

Who may know?

Dark twisters whirl all around our adrift life

In this drift nothing can be taken for granted

Road signals horrify us like pestilent dragons

We are strangers amid corrupt beefy policemen

Pleasure comes smelling of closed plastic bags

You talk to me polite as a smiling automaton

Filled to the brim with quarters

No sense of a her or his story that would be ours

But ah! the balcony on Barbados,

The sea's azure expanse

beside the cannibal global market

How the teenage harlots' curse

Runs in blood down World Bank walls

Reading *The Secret Treasury* [*Hizôhâyaku*]

The deranged in command of armies do not know they're mad

Blind people leading the nations do not see their blindness

Reproduced by deep class interests, they're in the dark all their lives

Dying time & time again, they take revenge in killing others

At the end of their deaths they've forgotten there was light.

Doctrine [with thanks to Henri Heine]

Drummer, drum on & have no fear

& kiss the bare-breast Liberty!

This is the whole of science & art

The sum of all philosophy.

Drum & inveigle the drowsy people

Send the snake's hiss & roar of lions,

One step in front, ready to die,

This is the sum of art & science.

This is old Karl's dialectics

Of all philosophy it is the Summa.

I've understood it because i'm not stupid,

& saw the Revolution one Summer.

\*/ The Four Boundless Virtues (*catvary apramanani*) of Buddhism are Maitri = friendliness for all; Karuna = Compassion/sorrow for all; Mudita = rejoicing for all; & Upeksha = Detachment from all, including the first three. NOTE: Tho still properly atheistic, as in Gautama, mine is a rather heretic Buddhism.

700-251200

### IN THE RUINS OF LENINGRAD: A MEDIEVAL ALLEGORY<sup>\*/</sup>

Counterproject to Elder Olson's  
"In the Ruins of Macchu Picchu"

What Hope had built, cruel Greed has spilled  
-- Witness the city of Ilyich & Peter --  
But what Greed's unbuilt, Hope can rebuild.

Where are the mountains of starving & killed?  
The dead of Yudenich, Yagoda & Hitler?  
What Hope had built, cruel Greed has spilled.

The hunger for Justice walks forth unstilled  
The hunger for bread makes Her still sweeter  
Greed's power unbuilds, Hope can rebuild.

Between Greed & Justice, what grain will be milled?  
The outcome's uncertain, balances teeter:  
What Hope had built, cruel Greed has spilled.

When Winter has stricken flesh to the hilt  
Struck flesh will strive to unseat her  
Greed cruelly kills but Hope can rebuild.

A counterpower can also be willed  
1 poe 99-02

To Death Love beats a counter-meter  
What Hope had built, cruel Greed has spilled.  
A sterile mule is Greed: Hope can rebuild.

---

\*/ Or Beograd, or Sarajevo, or...

311200

READING *THE SECRET TREASURY* [Hizôhâyaku]

The deranged in command of armies do not know they're mad  
Blind people leading blind nations do not see their blindness  
Reproduced by deep class interests, they're in the dark all their lives  
Dying time & time again, they take revenge in killing others  
At the end of their deaths they've forgotten there was light.

1200-8402

ANDROMEDA, AFTER

& what could one do but embrace the liberator  
Copulate in sobbing abandon, fragile  
Propagation of tumescent amoebas,  
As a fish mouths dying for its fisher.

Mortified flesh, freed from iron & stone,  
Freed from the plumbing of deathly fear  
For the moment blindly resurrects,  
In Haifa or Stockholm, cold & hot.

After Mars, Venus always.  
A different sting. Progenitive.  
This cheater teacher cheetah life.

26302

#### THE SCRIBE HAS A VISION

So here we are amidst a burst of irises & peonies,  
Inside the rainbow nobody has ever seen, looking  
For how to manage this all in words that suggest  
All other senses too.

Boy or girl, do not forget senses traffic through sense  
With truth. & truth, embraced, may show you freedom.

1402