



André Naffis-Sahely, *High Desert* (Bloodaxe Books, 2022)

Descrizione

The Last Communist

There are, it is true, still a few Marxists around.

Washington Post, November 6, 2017

**'We drank no milk for months, maybe a year,'
my mother told me, 'they poured
a famine's worth down the drains;
all talk that summer
was of nuclear clouds
and acid rain.'**

**Then came the crumbling of the Wall,
and my father's tears –
my childish vision of him
as the last communist,
bathed in the blue
glare of defeat,**

**the revolution having been televised
and discarded
as yesterday's news.
Three decades and two
recessions later,
the old man**

The Last Communist

There are, it is true, still a few Marxists around.

Washington Post, November 6, 2017

**'We drank no milk for months, maybe a year,'
my mother told me, 'they poured
a famine's worth down the drains;
all talk that summer
was of nuclear clouds
and acid rain.'**

**Then came the crumbling of the Wall,
and my father's tears –
my childish vision of him
as the last communist,
bathed in the blue
glare of defeat,**

**the revolution having been televised
and discarded
as yesterday's news.
Three decades and two
recessions later,
the old man**

consuming whiteness
with a convict's
passion for parsimony.

I am tired of murder; each day brings a new Peterloo
and all over the Earth, the fog
of infallibility touches the
ground and threatens
to stay. IT IS BETTER
TO LIVE ONE DAY AS A LION

THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AS A SHEEP. P
but I'll always choose to side with the flock,
for I know that one day
the veldt will be empty
and even the lion
will go hungry and die.

*

L'ultimo comunista

"È vero, c'è ancora qualche marxista in giro".

Washington Post, 6 novembre 2017

**"Per mesi, forse un anno intero, niente latte",
mi raccontò mia madre, "gettato nei tombini
in quantità che ci sfamavi intere folle;
quell'estate non si parlava**

consuming whiteness
with a convict's
passion for parsimony.

I am tired of murder; each day brings a new Peterloo
and all over the Earth, the fog
of infallibility touches the
ground and threatens
to stay. IT IS BETTER
TO LIVE ONE DAY AS A LION

THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS AS A SHEEP. P
but I'll always choose to side with the flock,
for I know that one day
the veldt will be empty
and even the lion
will go hungry and die.

*

L'ultimo comunista

"È vero, c'è ancora qualche marxista in giro".

Washington Post, 6 novembre 2017

**"Per mesi, forse un anno intero, niente latte",
mi raccontò mia madre, "gettato nei tombini
in quantità che ci sfamavi intere folle;
quell'estate non si parlava**

il vecchio

**se n'è andato ed io rimango a setacciare
i souvenir della sconfitta
inferta alla causa: *Il Profeta*
di Deutscher, tessere
sindacali scadute, alcune
foto ingiallite**

**e il suo ultimo passaporto iraniano, con il sigillo
della Repubblica islamica stampato sopra
al leone dello Scià, il modo in cui la Storia
ci mostra che gli orrori
producono soltanto
altri orrori;**

**piango alla vista dei suoi diari di prigionia
memorie del mio viaggio all'inferno,
la sua grafia minuta
consuma il bianco
con la passione
di un recluso per la parsimonia.**

**La morte mi ha stancato; ogni giorno un nuovo massa
e su tutta la Terra la nebbia
dell'infallibilità tocca
il terreno e minaccia
di restare. È MEGLIO
VIVERE UN GIORNO DA LEONE**

il vecchio

**se n'è andato ed io rimango a setacciare
i souvenir della sconfitta
inferta alla causa: *Il Profeta*
di Deutscher, tessere
sindacali scadute, alcune
foto ingiallite**

**e il suo ultimo passaporto iraniano, con il sigillo
della Repubblica islamica stampato sopra
al leone dello Scià, il modo in cui la Storia
ci mostra che gli orrori
producono soltanto
altri orrori;**

**piango alla vista dei suoi diari di prigionia
memorie del mio viaggio all'inferno,
la sua grafia minuta
consuma il bianco
con la passione
di un recluso per la parsimonia.**

**La morte mi ha stancato; ogni giorno un nuovo massa
e su tutta la Terra la nebbia
dell'infallibilità tocca
il terreno e minaccia
di restare. È MEGLIO
VIVERE UN GIORNO DA LEONE**

Folie à trois

**After the three of you disappeared,
I slowly adapted to life without you,
but before that came the final act
of our family's international production**

**of *Failure to Integrate*... Following
your final bankruptcy, I met you in LA
and ferried you south to San Antonio Del Mar,
your last known location. Years later,**

**I still don't know where or whether to grieve,
but in a way, I won't have to. You always did say
that true migrants ought to be buried upright
like the Kurdish warriors of old, ever ready for battle..**

Baja California, Mexico

Folie à trois

Folie à trois

**After the three of you disappeared,
I slowly adapted to life without you,
but before that came the final act
of our family's international production**

**of *Failure to Integrate*... Following
your final bankruptcy, I met you in LA
and ferried you south to San Antonio Del Mar,
your last known location. Years later,**

**I still don't know where or whether to grieve,
but in a way, I won't have to. You always did say
that true migrants ought to be buried upright
like the Kurdish warriors of old, ever ready for battle..**

Baja California, Mexico

Folie à trois

Young Romantics

Everyone I knew was homeless, runaways for the most part. One was a grandson of Evelyn Waugh; his father lived off him, his son in expectation of them. We slept in the bookshop above the archway read: 'Be not inhospitable to strangers, they may be angels in disguise.' After its doors shut at eleven we were up, drinking, reading, arguing... once I puked on a portrait of Ginsberg... We lied, stole, ate bruised fruit. One of us would go missing, only to return, days later, only Alexander was quiet, he was nineteen and already a man of sackcloths and sawdust: Norman monasteries and logging mills. He was the first to leave, off to a ranch where the nearest town was an hour's drive away: a ranch that raised alfalfa, cattle and poetry. Next I heard, he was back in New York, but alive.

Paris, France

*

Giovani Romantici

Young Romantics

Everyone I knew was homeless, runaways for the most part. I was a grandson of Evelyn Waugh; his father lived off of my father's son in expectation of them. We slept in the bookshop above the archway read: 'Be not inhospitable to strangers, they may be angels in disguise.' After its doors shut at eleven we were up, drinking, reading, arguing... once I puked on an oil painting portrait of Ginsberg... We lied, stole, ate bruised fruit. One of us would go missing, only to return, days later, with a bag of sackcloths and sawdust: Norman monasteries and logging mills. He was the first to leave, off to a ranch in California where the nearest town was an hour's drive away: a life of alfalfa, cattle and poetry. Next I heard, he was back in New York, but alive.

Paris, France

*

Giovani Romantici

Tutti senz'altro quelli che conoscevo, per lo più erano il nipote di Evelyn Waugh: il padre campava di roba...

* * *

Andr  Naffis-Sahely   autore di due raccolte di poesie: *The Promised Land: Poems from Itinerant Life* (Penguin UK, 2017) e *High Desert* (Bloodaxe Books, 2022). Per Pushkin Press, nel 2020, ha curato lâ  antologia *The Heart of a Stranger: An Anthology of Exile Literature*.   docente presso lâ  Universit  della California, Davis negli Stati Uniti e redattore di *Poetry London* nel Regno Unito.

Piero Toto   un poeta bilingue residente a Londra, dove lavora come traduttore dallâ  inglese e come *senior lecturer* in traduzione presso la London Metropolitan University. In Italia ha pubblicato la silloge *tempo 4/4* (Transeuropa Edizioni, 2021), segnalata al Premio Internazionale Mario Luzi 2021. Sue traduzioni dallâ  inglese e inediti in italiano sono rinvenibili su  «Interno Poesia »,  «Atelier »,  «Menab  online »,  «La Repubblica » e  «Queerographies ». Le sue poesie in lingua inglese sono apparse su riviste e blog letterari britannici e internazionali.

Twitter/Instagram: @pierototoUK

   Fotografia di Nina Subin

Categoria

1. Poesia estera
2. Traduzioni

Data di creazione

15 Dicembre 2022

Autore

carlo