

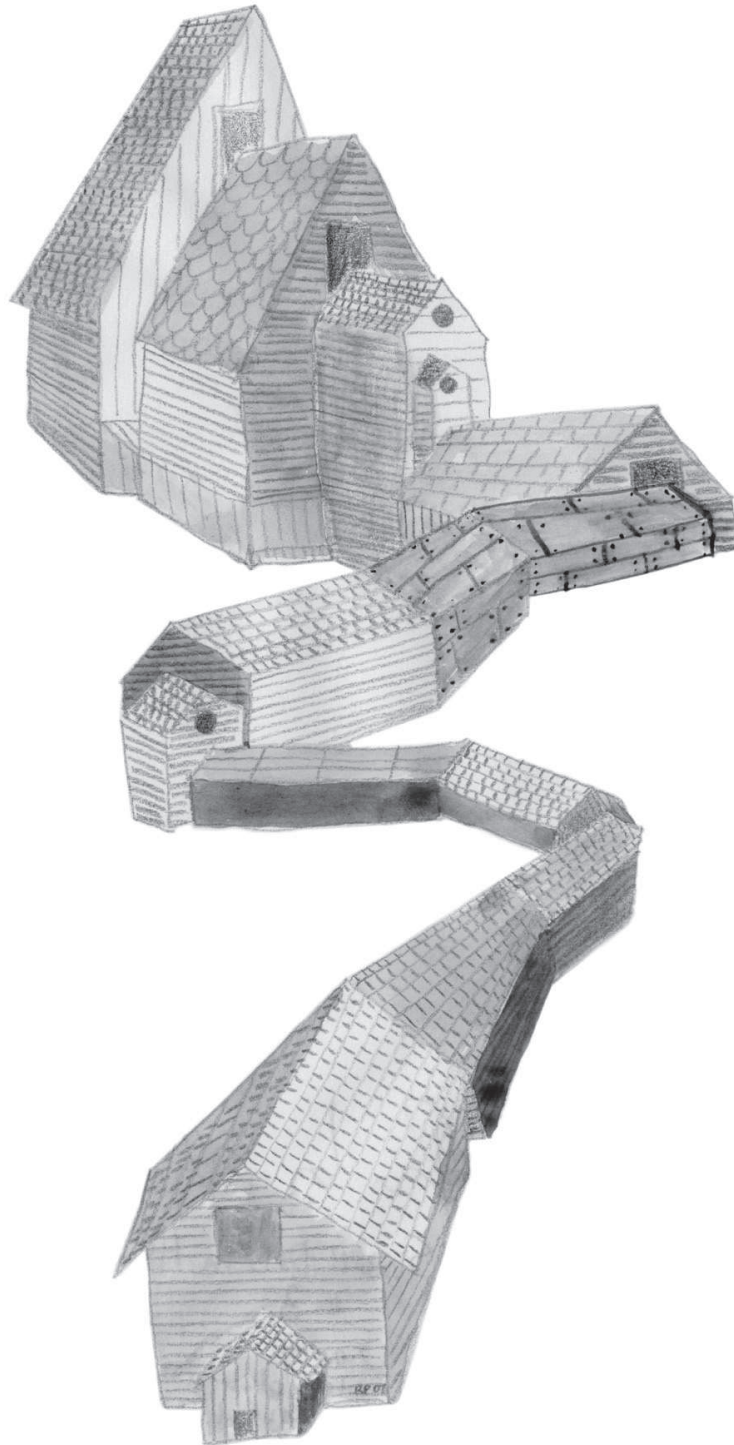
Aufgabe

Number 7



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“dream house #3” by Ruby Palmer

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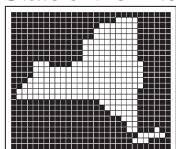
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incomparabile

la gioia del fiore
dove

consuma la sua totale dipendenza
nella pienezza assoluta

che riceve

abbagliato di potenza non vede
mai se stesso

nell'ululato dei colori

per simulare la leggerezza perduta

un chiodo di colore

prende funzione
di architrave

le vecchie femmine siedono
sul profondo carbone dello sguardo

e il fossile della domanda

FROM **Embargoed Voice**

Milli Graffi

embargo voice Translated by Jennifer Scappettone

incomparable

the joy of the flower
where

its total dependence consumes
in the absolute plenitude

that receives

dazzled with power does not ever
see its own self

in the howl of colors

to simulate levity lost

a nail of color

takes on the role
of an architrave

the old females sit
on the coal depth of the gaze

and the fossil of the question

resta un segno
che la movente pluviale vita
tiene ben raccolto e fermo

era cosa
l'urlo del tronco aggrappato al braccio
nel balzo alla certezza dell'
essere inquisite

era cosa
il sasso rifugio nello schianto del sole
o il sasso pioggia come aperto mantello
o il sasso ombra mugugno di canzone

e le grandi foglie figure perdute insegna
globale di tutta la ramificazione

cosa? chiama
a raccogliersi
questa sparuta minoranza

utilissimo tu
arduo a recepire
col consenso religioso sulla tua ultima faccia
tiri fuori una soggezione da cattedrale

quante volte a bisbigliare
la presa diretta
il sussurro irrisorio delle taciute ragioni

si parla e reciprocamente ci si chiede
di darmi darti la vita

primo sbarramento l'aria
gonfia di bolle

la tua voce in un fumetto
di etichette sbagliate
mi abbracci e sbagli la punteggiatura
qui il sospiro di una virgola

remains a sign
that the motile pluvial life
keeps well assembled and still

what was it
the howl of the trunk grasping the arm
in a leap to the assurance of
being chased

what was it
the shelter-stone in the crash of sun
or the rain-stone like an open cape
or the shadow-stone grumbling of song

& the great leaves lost figures global
emblem of all ramification

what? calls
to assembly
this haggard minority

most useful you
arduous to acknowledge
with the religious permission of your final countenance
elicit a cathedral awe

how many times whispering
in a live recording
the derisive murmur of reasons hushed

is spoken and reciprocally asking
to give you my to give me your life

first blockage the air
swollen with bubbles

your voice in a comic strip
of mixed-up tags
you embrace me and get the punctuation wrong
here the sigh of a comma

è segno artefatto
del trauma bugia

corrispondenza vuol dire che non ci si capisce

nei tempi del profondo inverno
anche la luna fa cilecca
tagliati i legamenti il braccio
è in rifiuto di obbedienza
prassi sospesa dentro il tappeto di nebbia

voce prego ego croce

a venire e a perdere negli assalti di **voce**
prego l'occulto mio timido ancora più timido
acclamate la **foce** dell'enunciazione
quando **ripiego** le labbra sbrecciate
cammina sulla **noce** del suo forte aroma
di nero lo **lego** intero robustamente
spazio **precoce** diretto a squarciare
a piccoli punti **strego**
e il tutto **rinnego** con moto leggero

veloce dissolvenza
qui si fonda il primo **diniego**
atroce raschio

colmo di immenso **sussiego**
nuoce
ne sento la portanza e **disgrego**

abilmente **feroce** l'imperfezione dell'ultimo **ego**

messo in **croce**

is an artificial sign
of mendacious trauma

correspondence means we cannot get in touch

in times of deep winter
even the moon misfires
with ligaments severed, the arm
is in obedience's refuse
praxis suspended within the carpet of fog

voice pray ego cross

in coming and losing in assaults of **voice**
I **pray** my shy hiddenness to be still more shy
hail the **fosse** of enunciation
when I **ply** back breached lips
joycing the source of its heavy fragrance
in black I **tie** it all up robustly
precocious space bound to burst
in small stitches I **beguile**
& **decline** the whole with delicate motion

fast dissolution
the first **denial** is founded here
atrocious hoarseness

brimming with immense **arrogance**
damage
I sense its lift and **disgregate**

ably **ferocious** fallibility of the final **ego**

cross-placed

kamikaze

se prendi un'idea e la vuoi forte
e ti viene la luce sulla via di Damasco

parola come folgorazione
e lavori per costruire questa soggettività totale
che è una forma di autosventramento
una resa incondizionata
al bene assoluto con maiuscola obbligatoria

metti in scena la prima cosa
il rotolare lontano di un temporale

adoro che mi si faccia paura
come bambina da lontano non mi toccare
ma fammi il brivido quello
quello lì che corre giù dietro
fino allo sfintere
nasconde l'intimo annuncio
che piace fino in fondo
e apre la lunga piattaforma dell'attesa
scava le guancie bianche
e fa l'occhio atono e fisso

lo vedi che non vedono più niente
e quell'occhio impassibile da squalo
passeggia insospettabile sovrano
nell'areoporto di New Ark

se il colpo di folgore estingue
tutta la luce
nello sguardo bloccato
terre bruciate tutte le micce interne

kamikaze

if you take an idea and want it bad
and the light on the road to Damascus comes to you

word like a flash
and you work to erect this total subjectivity
which is a form of self-disembowelment
an unconditional surrender
to the absolute good with obligatory capital letter

set the stage for the first thing
the distant rolling of a thunderstorm

I love being scared of
like a little girl from far away don't touch me
but give me the chills those chills
just those that run down my back
to the sphincter
and hide the intimate announcement
that pleases utterly
and open the long platform of waiting
hollow out the white cheeks
and give you a fixed and blank stare

you see that they don't see anything anymore
and that impassive shark's eye
paces sovereign beyond suspicion
in the airport of New Ark

if the thunderbolt extinguishes
all light
in the paralyzed eye
all internal fuses blown scorched lands

se il sacro terrore salda il perno
il principio di rotazione
e la bella coatta ripetizione
non scarrucola il suo impossibile ingombro

come me l'aggiusto poi io qui sulla pagina

lo scardinamento a tutta pressione

del giro di vite fino a scoppiarne fuori

l'arrovesciamento del tutto amore tutto lusinga

in macchinario cuneo maglio e squasso

della morte con morte per morte tutta morte e solo

punto assurdamente quietamente fisso di perdurante esplosione

if sacred terror welds the axle
blocks the principle of rotation
and beautiful compulsory repetition
can no longer haul its impossible weight

how can I mend it now here on the page

the full-pressure unsettling

of the turn of the screw until it bursts out

the turning inside out of the whole love whole blandishment

into wedge hammer and jolt machinery

meant for death of death with death all death and unique

point fixed absurdly pacifically with prolonging blast

Parola Plurale: Sessantaquattro poeti italiani fra due secoli, (Rome, 2005) and *Nuovi poeti italiani*, edited by P. Zublena for the journal *Nuova Corrente* (2005).

FLORINDA FUSCO, born in Bari in 1972, teaches contemporary Italian literature at the University of Bari. Her critical and poetic writings have appeared in a range of journals and anthologies in Italy, France, and Canada, including *Parola Plurale* (Sossella 2005), *Nuovi poeti italiani* (Tighler 2005), and *La creatività femminile* (Lieto Colle 2006). Recently she has been working on a monograph on Edoardo Cacciatore. Her first book of poems, *linee*, was published by Zona in 2001. Her work *il libro delle madonne scure* (Mazzoli 2003), illustrated by Luigi Ontani, won the Premio Delfini. Her translations from the Spanish of Argentine poet Alejandra Pizarnik won the national Bernard Simeone translation prize in 2004. A monograph on Amelia Rosselli and a poetic trilogy are forthcoming from Oedipus Press.

MARCO GIOVENALE lives in Rome. His website is at <http://slowforward.wordpress.com>. He edits and/or contributes to *bina*, *il manifesto*, <http://gamm.org>, <http://poeticinvention.blogspot.com> and other sites, and his poetry has appeared in a range of magazines and anthologies. His books of poems include *Curvature* (La camera verde 2002), *Il segno meno* (Manni 2003), *Altre ombre* (La camera verde 2004), *Double click* (Cantarena 2005), *Criterio dei vetri* (Oèdipus 2007) and *La casa esposta* (Le Lettere 2007). He has one e-book of prose, *Endoglosse* (Biagio Cepollaro E-dizioni); a chapbook of new “endoglosses” was published as *Numeri primi* (Arcipelago 2006). Translations and “sought poems” from Baudelaire make up the book *Spleen / Macchinazioni per fiori*, with images by Alfredo Anzellini (La camera verde 2007). *A gunless tea* was published for the 2007 *dusi/e-chap* project.

MILLI GRAFFI, Milanese, was born in 1940. She studied Anglistics, with a focus on semiotics, linguistics, and psychoanalysis. She has produced works of sound poetry (*Salnitro*, *Farfalla ronzar*, *Tralci*) as well as four poetry collections – *Mille graffi e venti poesie* (1979), *Fragili film* (1987), *L'amore meccanico* (1994), *embargo voice* (2006) – and a novella titled *Centimetri due* (Edizioni d'If 2004). She has translated Lewis Carroll (the two Alice books and *The Hunting of the Snark*) and Charles Dickens (*A Christmas Carol*). She has also taught at the University of Verona and the Accademia Carrara of Bergamo. Her research ranges from studies of nonsense and the comic function in the early avant-gardes to militant criticism aimed at understanding the situation of contemporary poetics (writing on comrades from Balestrini to Raworth, Guest to Scialoja). She is editor-in-chief of the journal *Il Verri*.