

Poesia /  
Poetry /  
Poésie

**Luogo e Segni**  
Punta della Dogana,  
Venezia, Venice, Venise  
24.III - 15.XII.2019

Mostra a cura di / Exhibition curators /  
Commissaires de l'exposition de /  
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***Luogo e Segni***, concepita come un paesaggio interiore, trae ispirazione dalla poesia, più precisamente dai versi di Etel Adnan. Gli artisti esposti a Punta della Dogana sono stati invitati a mettere in dialogo le proprie opere con uno o più testi poetici a scelta, pubblicati in lingua originale. Questa raccolta, preceduta da uno scritto inedito di Etel Adnan, costituisce una memoria dell'esposizione.

**Conceived** as an inner landscape, *Luogo e Segni* [Place and Signs] is inspired by poetry, and in particular the writings of Etel Adnan. The artists exhibited at Punta della Dogana were invited to have their works hold a dialogue with one or more poems of their choice, published in the original language. This collection of texts, preceded by an unpublished poem by Etel Adnan, represents a memory of the exhibition.

**Conçue** comme un paysage intérieur, "Luogo e Segni" [Lieux et Signes] est inspirée par la poésie, notamment par les écrits d'Etel Adnan. Les artistes exposés à Punta della Dogana ont été invités à faire dialoguer leurs oeuvres avec un ou plusieurs poèmes de leur choix, publiés en langue originale. Ce recueil de textes, précédé d'un poème inédit d'Etel Adnan, constitue une mémoire de l'exposition.

Yes. The shifting, after the return of the tide, and my own. A question rushes out of the stillness, and then advances an inch at a time: has this day ever been before, or has it risen from the shallows, from a line, a sound?

When we name things simply, with words preceding their meaning, a cosmic narration takes place. Does the discovery of origins wash the dust? The horizon's shimmering slows down all other perceptions. It reminds me of a childhood of emptiness which had taken me near the beginnings of space and time.

Now, dark animals roam in the forest, you could touch them. A particular somnolence takes hold of you when the shadows start grooving. The heart creates a different beat. You want to touch the leaves, look intensely at each tree. The night falls, already tired, already bare.

The size of the future is not any longer than this alley's. And questions are falling, and failing. But to go by a narrow gully, find the tide at its lowest, watch ducklings follow their mother in search of evening food, is a sure way to illumination.

I am wearing the rose color of Syria's mountains and I wonder why it makes me restless. Often my body feels to be close to sea creatures, sticky, slimy, unpredictable, more ephemeral than need be. From there I have to proceed, as an avalanche of snow is falling. That's what the radio has just said: that entire villages have been made invisible. But they are faraway: the news never covers my immediate environment.

And having more memories than yearnings, searching in unnameable spaces Sicily's orchards or Lebanon's thinning waters, I reach a land between borders, unclaimed, and stand there, as if I were alone; but the rhythm is missing.

What is not missing is fear. It's a matter of arteries clogged, of long hours of sleeplessness, of the lack of resolution for any outstanding problem. My feet are sliding on a wet floor, but I have to thank my good luck: I let the horizon define my terror.

Why, oh why!

I miss the cosmic energy of ancient Greece. They loved their gods to whom everything was given save the supreme power. Free, none of them were in the absolute sense, only Zeus was, though his arbitrariness was often looked at with a critical eye. Prometheus was chained because he rebelled, and Io was condemned to suffer an opposite but equally radical punishment, to turn and turn and never rest. There was a raw cruelty to their world, but I miss them.

To put one's feet on the rocks of Delphi is worth damnation. And to Sikiyonou the offerings for the oracle are still coming. For me, the pain of dying is going to be the impossibility of visiting that site.

When you have no urge to go anywhere, what do you do? Of course, nothing. But that's no answer. We let so many replies go unformulated, as a liberation of sorts, so many tides uselessly advance, so many desires be buried, (the mind gets tired too). In the middle of the night I measure the cold outside, the silence.

To speak greek is to use most of Aristotle's words. But I rely on Eschylus. He reminds me of the mystics from Bukhara. He placed Prometheus on Mount Aetna, linking him to Empedocles. How can one live away from their circle?

But, returning to my condition, if I had to choose a place for spending this night, what would it be?: at this point, I will turn my back and go into my room. The major part of the beauty of the world I will ignore, if not all.

There are so many islands I dreamed of visiting, where have they gone ? They're probably lying where they have always been. Do they possess a consciousness all of their own? I would think so. They are probably like the peacock who recognized me after all the years I had been absent, and he sent a loud sound, of a kind I had never heard, and he made my joy. He stirred a kinship between us.

That was at the end of a game for a world championship, a european football game. England against Colombia; the British team playing war, the South-americans playing for the fun of it, always the same story. The peacock followed the excitement, it was late at night and he couldn't sleep.

My thoughts drip, not unlike the faucet. They don't let me know what they're about. Other ones follow, strangers equally.

The daylight is getting dim. We're not in winter, no, we're somewhere in early July. The sunset will happen soon. Then it will disappear too.

Dreams lack any power, but come in bunches, flood the spirit, shake the bones. They favor love-making while we refuse what we yearn for. Watching sunset after sunset doesn't heat the house.

Watching the hours go by doesn't help either. Thus, we're cornered. I leave my door open pretending it's because of my difficulty in breathing, but nothing is true. Better to admit that with the passing of days we know less about just everything. Let's let things roll their own ways, if only they have some.

I am not used to ask for help, but on what kind of a ground am I standing? An incantation puts me to rest, at last, in undue hours. With eyes swollen we try to see the here, and the overthere, never sure, always dissatisfied. Let's wait even when we don't know what for, a faint line on the horizon always more welcome than this void.

We have lost the liturgies under the wars, the bombings, the fires we went through. Some of us didn't survive, and they were many. The Greeks had their exuberant gods, the sunrise over Mount Olympus. The Canaanites had Mount Sannin. We have our own private mountains, but they're far away: are they already too tired from waiting for us? I have no roads to them, no wires. In their splendor let them be.

There's a dance of fireflies, little lights turning around the boats of the Bay, tiny creatures chanting, fish jumping—the feast of early summer subsiding in the heat, and lemonades!

We try to subvert the gods, buy their powers, corrupt their souls—we, a race of mercenaries. A tide of mud is moving on the shore, messing the shore-line. Sounds are raining. How many tomorrows do I have to worry about? A cup of tea doesn't taste like ice-cream, but it will do. Tea in the evening, unlike the British.

There were times when to be overlooked by death created sacred terror; and those times have returned. The rivers continued to run. I followed some, and others I drew. Most frequently they came as dreams, some were of an amazing magnitude, others mixed their waters in oversized waterfalls. I loved them in all instances. But death, I didn't.

Death abandoned us, not coming when it's due, not answering. Its enemy, a form of life unstoppable, I mean the Oceans, used to appear on stage for events of gigantic dimensions. They spoke human languages besides their own. But we pushed them back gradually, polluted them to the brim. And we heard not a single cry.

Io cannot die. Prometheus cannot rest. The oceans are helpless. As for us, we can neither live, nor disappear. The stars, at night, emit sparks at the rhythm of our breath. My window is blessed. It opens in daylight on the fields of Greece, that's what I'm trying to believe.

Almost all of my beliefs have deserted me. I take it as a kind of liberation, and anyway, they were never too many. Our houses are clattered, our minds too, so a fire as devastating as it could be, can well clear the air, enlarge the space, make room for some silence. Year after year all we do is gather dust.

Prometheus rebelled, and Zeus died many centuries later. Large areas of snow replace the banquets held by the gods on Mont Olympus. Skiers prefer things as is. I don't know what I would have done if I could move more easily around. I would start with Delphi, that's sure. I may desire to die there. The stones in Delphi, in mid-summer, are sizzling hot. They burn one's skin, and one's heart. Revelation is abundant over there.

My soul, you're close by,  
not in me,  
we ought to get together,  
I miss you

I am night, I keep saying,  
living in dark luminosity,

a rainy night

was 4 years old, and 5,  
and more,  
when swimming every summer

Grains of sand contain  
secrets,  
that can be deadly

I feed on memories  
remember most  
Hart Crane's coat on the  
railing,  
the wave's open mouth

The beach is endless,  
the continent empty,  
waiting for the soul's return

But where's my soul? –  
only in the question

Long corridors appear  
a voyage underground  
hard tunnels  
A few stamps, a pencil

what is close, is far away –  
like a bridge

The East River advances in waves  
like one's thinking,  
to rather be the river

There's life in life,  
death in death,  
both accelerating

An ocean resides between my  
eye and its eyelid

To chase the Pacific's horizons  
I will need an infinity of lives

In a civilization of dispersion  
to be autumn leaves

Dark national elections,  
irreversible...

Clearly, nothing is clear

Color is a particular manifestation of light  
everything else is doubtful

We live in imaginary countries

know that food will soon  
be unavailable;  
that the end will end

I caused pain,  
overlooked her need for life

then we each went away

When I too will disappear  
we will be lost  
once more for ever

The sun has aged, weary for  
dragging along  
its turbulent planets

Transparency emerges when the time has  
come to revive by any available window  
a shred of reality

Nietzsche kissed a horse. He, at last, found  
a friend. We're the ones to be  
crying

A long night I spent  
thinking that reality was the story  
of the human species

the vanquished search for the vanquished

Sounds come by, ruffling my soul

I sense space's elasticity,  
go on reading the books she wrote on the  
wars she's seen

Why do seasons who regularly follow  
their appointed time, deny their kind of energy  
to us?

why is winter followed by a few  
more days of winter?

We came to transmit the shimmering  
from which we came; to name it

we deal with a permanent voyage,  
the becoming of that which itself had  
become

Night is a shadow due to interferences  
with the sun's divine path,  
a river running through its opposite

The principle of reality filters the real  
which faints into it  
the operation is epiphanic:  
the surging, into an instant, of an instant

Reality is messianic apocalyptic  
my soul is my terror

da / from / de  
*Surge*  
2018

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
**Philippe Parreno**

Rains return to the sound of their origins when night  
begins to spread; over the land the night is as long as  
a city's deserted avenues,

... or the way to distant galaxies. The animals feel the  
disorientation.

Thoughts are metallic and melt in salt water. Their  
frequency increases the melancholy, the pervading  
melancholy.

Meaning is ephemeral.

The world reverberates its disorder, creates waves of  
determination

A lit candle can bring out the whole absurdity of victories.

To look at the stones, out there, the cracked wall, the rain.

When a child, I was found in a basket, they said,  
full of roses, and with ribbons too. No thorns were  
mentioned.

\*

Much has to do with what we mean by reality: is a  
basket's reality a concept, or a tool for keeping our feet  
Grounded? (physically and mentally).

And was the basket as evident as the child?

We have a few certitudes to lay our shoulders on, and  
still we go on opening the shutters, welcoming friends  
... in cities left-over by wars...

People breathe heavily between the old nightmare  
and the dullness of the day. A simple question can  
raise reality's temperature.

The moon is more than I am, but she can't give more  
than what she is.

The heat and the cold fill many gaps, but is reality  
real? For now, the november sky is watery, California  
skies over artichoke fields, redwoods, trucks going  
south in the night.  
Eleni sprang off her chair, raising her voice: «there's  
no reality any more!» That brought beauty to her eyes.

The fish's ability to shift environments makes me  
want to inhabit the tummy of any whale that swims  
by the coast, to get out of my skin and lie under his,  
on the first new moon of the year...

and daydream for hours and hours.

\*

# Jaime de Angulo

*The Gilak Monster and his Sister  
the Ceremonial Drum*  
1974

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
**Édith Dekyndt**

How to dismiss century-old plane trees? They're  
murmuring during their spring renewal, in this Holy  
week that tells me that I won't resurrect, not the way  
they do...

Paradise is certainly a bore, unless it's still a  
garden. Solitude doesn't make for better thinking.  
Unfortunately. It can thicken the air, yes, it can do that.

Coming close to the sun, there's fear, tremendous fear.

Let's keep windows open to ease the anguish that the  
furniture exudes. The sea throws its waves very high.  
Salt for the Earth.

Oh to enter reality like a boat does the night!

Comprehensibility has nothing to do with the real.

It was Swan-woman who wove the first basket, the first  
basket ever made... she wanted something to keep her  
ear-rings in, and her beads, and her comb... so she thought  
about making a basket, she thought about it, she thought  
about weaving it

she went to see her sister... her sister was a woman who  
knew a great deal about the mysterious things, about magic...  
and now the Swan-woman asked her what she thought about it,  
what she thought about this idea of hers of making a basket,  
of making a basket by weaving

“yes, I think so... I think you can  
do it... altho it is a dangerous thing  
to do... something might happen while you  
are doing it... there is danger in it... you  
will have to be careful, you will have to be careful.”

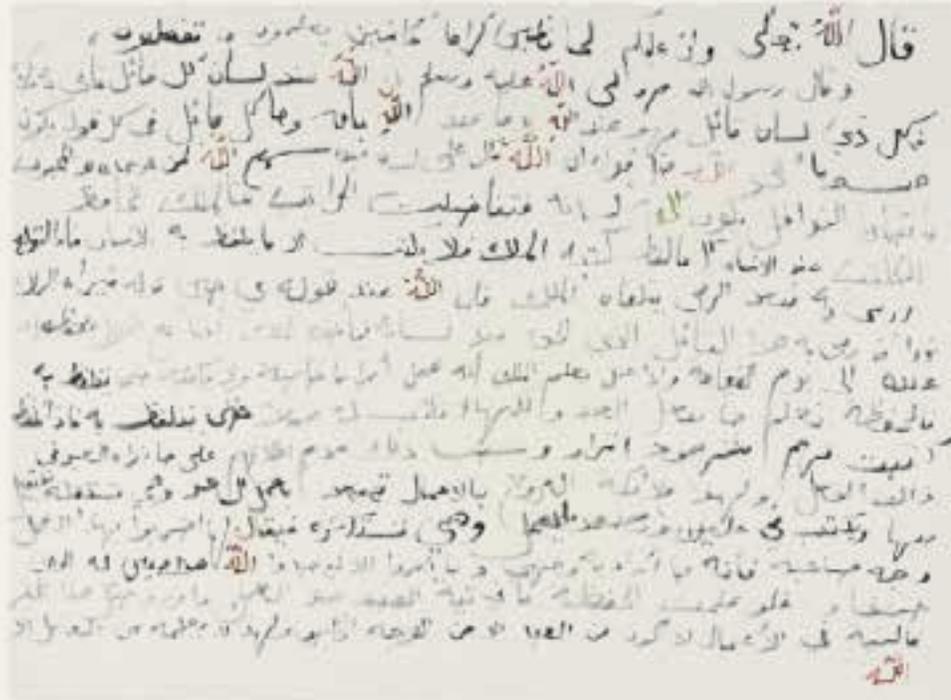
da / from / de  
al-Futūḥat al-Makkiyah  
c. 636 A.H. - c. 1230 C.E.

calligrafia di /  
calligraphy by /  
calligraphie de  
Simone Fattal

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
Simone Fattal

O beco  
1936

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
Lucas Arruda



Que importa a paisagem,  
a Glória, a baía, a linha do horizonte?  
– O que eu vejo é o beco.

*Sou um guardador  
de rebanhos*  
1925

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
**Tatiana Trouvé**

## IX

Sou um guardador de rebanhos.  
O rebanho é os meus pensamentos  
E os meus pensamentos são todos sensações  
Penso com os olhos e com os ouvidos  
E com as mãos e os pés  
E com a nariz e a boca.

Pensar uma flor é vê-la e cheirá-la  
E comer um fruto é saber-lhe o sentido.

Por isso quando num dia de calor  
Me sinto triste de gozá-lo tanto,  
E me deito ao comprido na erva,  
E fecho os olhos quentes,  
Sinto todo o meu corpo deitado na realidade,  
Sei a verdade e sou feliz.

*O horror sórdido  
do que, a sós consigo*  
1935

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
**Tatiana Trouvé**

Estou tonto,  
Tonto de tanto dormir ou de tanto  
pensar,  
Ou de ambas as coisas.  
O que sei é que estou tonto  
E não sei bem se me devo levantar da  
cadeira  
Ou como me levantaria d'ella.  
Fiquemos nisto: estou tonto.

Afinal  
Que vida fiz eu da vida?  
Nada.  
Tudo interstícios,  
Tudo aproximações,  
Tudo função do irregular e do absurdo,  
Tudo nada...  
É por isso que estou tonto...

Agora  
Todas as manhãs me levanto  
Tonto...  
Sim, verdadeiramente tonto...  
Sem saber em mim o meu nome,  
Sem saber onde estou,  
Sem saber o que fui,  
Sem saber nada.

Mas se isto é assim, é assim.  
Deixo-me estar na cadeira.  
Estou tonto.  
Bem, estou tonto.  
Fico sentado  
E tonto,  
Sim, tonto,  
Tonto...  
Tonto...

# Giorgio Caproni

*L'occasione*  
1982

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
**Alessandro Piangiamore**

L'occasione era bella.  
Volli sperare anch'io.  
Puntai in alto. Una stella  
o l'occhio (il gelo) di Dio?

# Heather Christle

*Basic*  
2013

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
**Nina Canell**

This program is designed to move a white line  
from one side of the screen to the other.

This program is not too hard, but it has  
a sad ending and that makes people cry.

This program is designed to make people cry  
and step away when they are finished.

In one variation the line moves diagonally  
up and in another diagonally down.

This makes people cry differently,  
diagonally. A whole room of people

crying in response to this program's  
variations results in beautiful music.

This program is designed to make such  
beautiful music that it feels like at last

they have allowed you to take the good canoe  
into a lake of your own choosing

and above you the sky exposes one  
or two real eagles, the water

warm or marked with stones,  
however you like it, blue.

## Emily Dickinson

*To Make a Prairie*  
1755

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
**Dominique Gonzalez-Foerster**

To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee,  
One clover, and a bee.  
And revery.  
The revery alone will do,  
If bees are few.

## Federico García Lorca

*Romance Sonámbulo*  
1924

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
**Liz Deschenes**

Verde que te quiero verde.  
Verde viento. Verdes ramas.  
El barco sobre la mar  
y el caballo en la montaña.  
Con la sombra en la cintura  
ella sueña en su baranda,  
verde carne, pelo verde,  
con ojos de fría plata.  
Verde que te quiero verde.  
Bajo la luna gitana,  
las cosas la están mirando  
y ella no puede mirarlas.

Verde que te quiero verde.  
Grandes estrellas de escarcha  
vienen con el pez de sombra  
que abre el camino del alba.  
La higuera frota su viento  
con la lija de sus ramas,  
y el monte, gato garduño,  
eriza sus pitas agrias.  
¿Pero quién vendra? ¿Y por dónde...?  
Ella sigue en su baranda,  
Verde carne, pelo verde,  
soñando en la mar amarga.

—Compadre, quiero cambiar  
mi caballo por su casa,  
mi montura por su espejo,  
mi cuchillo por su manta.  
Compadre, vengo sangrando,  
desde los puertos de Cabra.  
—Si yo pudiera, mocito,  
este trato se cerraba.  
Pero yo ya no soy yo,  
ni mi casa es ya mi casa.  
—Compadre, quiero morir  
decentemente en mi cama.  
De acero, si puede ser,  
con las sábanas de Holanda.  
¿No ves la herida que tengo  
desde el pecho a la garganta?  
—Trescientas rosas morenas  
lleva tu pechera blanca.  
Tu sangre rezuma y huele  
alrededor de tu faja.  
Pero yo ya no soy yo,  
ni mi casa es ya mi casa.  
—Dejadme subir al menos  
hasta las altas barandas;  
¡dejadme subir!, ¡dejadme,  
hasta las verdes barandas.  
Barandales de la luna  
por donde retumba el agua.

Ya suben los dos compadres  
hacia las altas barandas.  
Dejando un rastro de sangre.  
Dejando un rastro de lágrimas.  
Temblaban en los tejados  
farolillos de hojalata.  
Mil panderos de cristal  
herían la madrugada.  
Verde que te quiero verde,  
verde viento, verdes ramas.  
Los dos compadres subieron.  
El largo viento dejaba  
en la boca un raro gusto  
de hiel, de menta y de albahaca.  
¡Compadre! ¿Dónde está, díme?  
¿Dónde está tu niña amarga?  
¡Cuántas veces te esperó!  
¡Cuántas veces te esperara,  
cara fresca, negro pelo,  
en esta verde baranda!

Sobre el rostro del aljibe  
se mecía la gitana.  
Verde carne, pelo verde,  
con ojos de fría plata.  
Un carámbano de luna  
la sostiene sobre el agua.  
La noche se puso íntima  
como una pequeña plaza.  
Guardias civiles borrachos  
en la puerta golpeaban.  
Verde que te quiero verde.  
Verde viento. Verdes ramas.  
El barco sobre la mar.  
Y el caballo en la montaña.

I watched the shadowplay  
of trees  
against the blinds  
one October—  
in the way sometimes  
you stare

at a pale face across the bed  
so long  
you hardly see it—  
fingers trembling,  
vague as a street  
at night, as nature

stripped of accident,  
they shook  
with a gusting stutter  
more restless still  
for being not  
the thing itself.

# Philippe Jaccottet

da / from / de  
*Airs. Poèmes 1961-1964*  
1967

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
**Ann Veronica Janssens**

Je ne veux plus me poser  
voler à la vitesse du temps

croire ainsi un instant  
mon attente immobile

# Ezra Pound

da / from / de  
*The Cantos*  
1948

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
**Cerith Wyn Ewans**

“Such hatred”  
wrote Bowers,  
and La Spagnuola saying:  
“We are perfectly useless, on top,  
but they killed the baker and cobbler.”

“Don’t write me any more things to tell him  
(scripsit Woodward, W.E.)  
“on these occasions

HE

talks.” (End quote)

“What” (Cato speaking) “do you think of  
murder?”

(Canto LXXXVI)

## Georges Schehadé

da / from / de  
*Si tu rencontres un ramier*  
1951

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
**Stéphanie Saadé**

Dans le sommeil quelquefois  
Des graines éveillent des ombres  
Il vient des enfants avec leurs mondes  
Légers comme des ossements de fleurs  
Alors dans un pays lointain si proche par le chagrin de l'âme  
Pour rejoindre le pavot des paupières innocentes  
Les corps de la nuit deviennent la mer

## Jack Spicer

*I Love –*  
*The Eyelid Clicks –*  
*I See Cold Poetry*  
1957

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
**R.H. Quaytman**

I Love – The Eyelid Clicks  
I see  
Cold Poetry

5

I can't stand to see them shimmering in  
the impossible music of  
the Star Spangled Banner. No  
One accepts this system better than  
poets. Their hurts healed  
for a few dollars.

Hunt

The right animals. I can't. The poetry  
Of the absurd comes through San  
Francisco Television. Directly  
connected with moon-rockets.  
If this is dictation, it is driving  
Me wild.

6

The poem begins to mirror itself  
The identity of the poet gets  
more obvious.  
Why can't we sing songs like  
nightingales? Because we're not  
nightingales and can never  
become them. The poet has an  
arid parch of his reality and the  
others.  
Things desert him. I thought of you as a  
butterfly tonight with  
clipped wings.

# Wallace Stevens

*Bouquet of Roses  
in Sunlight*  
1947

poesie scelte da /  
poems selected by /  
poésies choisies par  
**Roni Horn**

Say that it is a crude effect, black reds,  
Pink yellows, orange whites, too much as they are  
To be anything else in the sunlight of the room,

Too much as they are to be changed by metaphor,  
Too actual, things that in being real  
Make any imaginings of them lesser things.

And yet this effect is a consequence of the way  
We feel and, therefore, is not real, except  
In our sense of it, our sense of the fertilest red,

Of yellow as first color and of white,  
In which the sense lies still, as a man lies,  
Enormous, in a completing of his truth.

Our sense of these things changes and they change,  
Not as in metaphor, but in our sense  
Of them. So sense exceeds all metaphor.

It exceeds the heavy changes of the light.  
It is like a flow of meanings with no speech  
And of as many meanings as of men.

We are two that use these roses as we are,  
In seeing them. This is what makes them seem  
So far beyond the rhetorician's touch.

*Domination of Black*  
1916

At night, by the fire,  
The colors of the bushes  
And of the fallen leaves,  
Repeating themselves,  
Turned in the room,  
Like the leaves themselves  
Turning in the wind.  
Yes: but the color of the heavy hemlocks  
Came striding.  
And I remembered the cry of the peacocks.

The colors of their tails  
Were like the leaves themselves  
Turning in the wind,  
In the twilight wind.  
They swept over the room,  
Just as they flew from the boughs of the hemlocks  
Down to the ground.  
I heard them cry—the peacocks.  
Was it a cry against the twilight  
Or against the leaves themselves  
Turning in the wind,  
Turning as the flames  
Turned in the fire,  
Turning as the tails of the peacocks  
Turned in the loud fire,  
Loud as the hemlocks  
Full of the cry of the peacocks?  
Or was it a cry against the hemlocks?

Out of the window,  
I saw how the planets gathered  
Like the leaves themselves  
Turning in the wind.  
I saw how the night came,  
Came striding like the color of the heavy hemlocks  
I felt afraid.  
And I remembered the cry of the peacocks.

## August Strindberg

*The Snow Man*  
1921

da / from / de  
*Inferno*  
1897

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
**Hicham Berrada**

One must have a mind of winter  
To regard the frost and the boughs  
Of the pine-trees crusted with snow;

And have been cold a long time  
To behold the junipers shagged with ice,  
The spruces rough in the distant glitter

Of the January sun; and not to think  
Of any misery in the sound of the wind,  
In the sound of a few leaves,

Which is the sound of the land  
Full of the same wind  
That is blowing in the same bare place

For the listener, who listens in the snow,  
And, nothing himself, beholds  
Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is.

Les fleurs, ces vivantes-  
mortes, qui mènent  
une existence sédentaire,  
n'opposant point de résistance  
contre une attaque, qui  
souffrent plutôt que de faire  
le mal, qui simulent  
les amours charnelles,  
se multiplient sans lutte,  
et meurent sans se plaindre.  
Etres supérieurs, qui ont  
réalisé le rêve du Bouddha,  
ne rien désirer, tout  
supporter, s'absorber en soi-  
même jusqu' à l'inconscience  
voulue.

Est ce pour cette raison que  
les sages hindous imitent  
l'existence passive de la  
plante, s'abstenant d'entrer  
en relation avec le monde  
extérieur soit par un regard,  
soit par un signe, ou un mot ?

# William Carlos Williams

*The Mind Hesitant*  
1944

poesia scelta da /  
poem selected by /  
poésie choisie par  
**Anri Sala**

Sometimes the river  
becomes a river in the mind  
or of the mind  
or in and of the mind

Its bank snow  
the tide falling a dark  
rim lies between  
the water and the shore

And the mind hesitant  
regarding the stream  
senses  
a likeness which it

will find—a complex  
image: something  
of white brows  
bound by a ribbon

of sooty thought  
beyond, yes well beyond  
the mobile features  
of swiftly

flowing waters, before  
the tide will  
change  
and rise again, maybe

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