

Inviato da **Davide Trame,**
sabato 14 marzo 2020

THE SCARE

The virus was there and now here, in our deep,
this invisible cluster ready to seep,
we know the suffering always in view
for our "let us go then", for me and you,
and you don't even need an "if you please"
to be alerted about your possible demise.
You might have already absorbed it...
-oh I might, you're right, I might...
I see you understand, I had no doubt
I can just whisper, I do not need to shout.
But had you by chance forgotten the best,
customary attitude?
-I had, exactly, it's often the first forgetfulness,
many of us as students are very rude.
See, the virus can be every moment, it's not rare
so it shouldn't be a novelty the scare.

It's here, one arm's length
behind your left shoulder, following you,
talk to it, the guru said, to the cup of sky
where you will spread,
it's here anyway, whether or not you are afraid.
What to do then, resist?
In the usual hubbub of the mist?
Or just letting it be a sure, quiet binder,
sensing its sky as a reminder?

THE BIG LULL

It can happen what is now happening,
anything maybe, the poet knew,
anything can happen.
Always, often, once in while. Whatever.
But this can be a time
in which adverbs become proverbs,
where they can find a hiatus
letting them simmer into a new status.
An arrest in the air's breast.
Where you can sense such a big drop
fallen and falling, filling the flanks
with a spreading stop.
I have been waking up in these days
feeling they were stolen Sundays,
their rest going down here in all the ways..
and the long and large emptiness,
impending on each square and street,
square miles of vacancy over the stones
alluding to the abandonment of our bones?
The eventual forgetfulness after the mess?
The naked layer underneath, here and there,
is it what we are finally going to meet?

I see so much dark beyond each door in the street.
-Stay put, we are told and we feel the hold,
the grandest silence in each fold,
with its grasp, and overtaking task.

CORONAVIRUS AND THE DUCK

What is it cackling uproariously about paddling
in the middle of the lonesome canal?
There are no boats going and nobody on the banks
and me on the bridge hurrying home
like the few people I saw round the corner, walking
fast,
under a sky both impending and aghast.
So silent and empty the streets, so filled
by the huge open mouth of nothing.
Each bar closed and dark, many a shutter
closed down, and you can't hear a mutter.

But the duck..
the duck?
Is she shouting at the unrequited sky,
at its haze like an impenetrable lie?
Ah, dear duck I would like to follow your track
and understand the call in your voice
I know my ignorance is nothing of which I can
rejoice..,
I would like to swim in the triangle of your wake
to really understand what's at stake.