

Fare a pezzi il silenzio di Gray Sutherland

Spesso ci sono momenti in cui è
meglio tacere: immagina
Colombo dire al ritorno
salpammo ma non c'era nulla
così decidemmo di rincasare.
E momenti in cui è impossibile
trovare le parole per ciò che sarebbe
più giusto lasciare al silenzio.
Figurati Bingham che cerca furioso
un'etichetta per Machu Picchu.
Così anche per altri misteri,
le isole pulsanti del cuore,
palazzi che si levano e crollano,
dove presenza zittisce eloquenza
ed è solo il silenzio che dice.
Consenti dunque al mio silenzio di dirti
parole di mondi uniti,
di una geografia misteriosa
perduta in un mare ondulato
di fiato e occhi e mani e capelli,

e dimentica che sta a me di tentare
di fare a pezzi il silenzio, dì ciò che si trova
oltre confini d'oceano, dove tu
ti volti a guardarmi, profumata, serena,
e m'inviti al silenzio

STEALING A MOMENT

*Sitting together in the wings,
Watching as our shadows bring
This weary act to its grudging end,
Watching as the players slip away,
And the audience files slowly out,
The murmur of their comments dying down,
Waiting here alone with you behind
The silent curtain, listening for the hum
When they eventually return,
It dawns on me: this play is not yet done -
We're barely half-way through, if that.
But there's no script and I've confused
The intermission with the final curtain.
Soon the lights will come up again, dim
Perhaps at first - who knows? - and then
The next scene will open on us here,
The shadows gone, we in their place.
And while the plot thus far has been
Familiar, predictable even,
Only the gods now know what is to come:
Shall we be called upon to bring delight
To the blurred faces there, beyond the lights,
Or will our fate this time be tragedy?
Ah, you too! As we sit quietly in the dark
I felt your hand slide gently round my arm
Lifting, dispelling the weight within.
Yes. Just as we have improvised thus far,
Picking up the action, making up the lines,
So we will not stumble through this play,
But easily slip from one speech to the next,*

*Blocking each scene with spontaneous grace,
Scattering starlight on all who see.
The moment hold, and reassured, like an
Actor stealing a break before his entrance,
I suddenly see this enactment will be
Not for them, for us. And even though
There is no script somehow the lines will flow
From what we are, our doing and our being fused
In the ring of light we cast upon the stage.*