

Poetry Series

Stefano Francavilla
- poems -

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Stefano Francavilla()

Just words to explain yourself.

Friday, Again

To all of you
who tired are,
waiting, impatiently,
for a weekend to come,
i wish you the best of fun,
strings attached in a loaded van
or boots and high heels in a fancy club.

No matter really does,
for all of us,
how good the weather is,
how up the euro goes.

Be ready, by the way,
good things last less,
the night will end,
a couple of poached eggs
and there you go again.

Stefano Francavilla

I Now Open My Eyes

Mmmh...

the scent your body give as a gift,
the touch by your tiny hand,
the melody your voice can create,
witness of your purity,
i now open my eyes.

Stefano Francavilla

Impersonale

Il freddo che taglia la pelle,
mentre sballottato da una città
più grande di te cammini,
per le strade brillanti dalle mille luci,
ancora alla ricerca di colui
capace di porre correzioni
sul tuo futuro, ed aggiungere parole.

O capitoli.

Colui, capace di strappare
pagine dal libro della tua vita,
le stesse pagine che spezzeranno
ogni filo, ogni equilibrio che le rende sensate.

Eppure tu, solo,

con le tue mani,

l'unico in grado di rovinare
ciò che sudando, piangendo,
e ridendo, hai creato.

Stefano Francavilla

No Floors Left

Just when every single step
seemed to be faded away
in a dizzy state of mind,
there you are,
coming from that lift
to save my dreams again.

No tales, no words,
no excuses are told,
to justify the stupid search
you are now riding
with no floors to reach,
'cause everything is not lost.

Stefano Francavilla

Nothing Really Matters.

Carefully she turned over,
looked at me straight,
the way she only does,
thrills at this point over me,
a blend of excitement, fear,
enable to talk, just waiting
and wondering
what could have happened next.
Silence around, as everybody
and everything suddenly stopped
their course, waiting
and wondering
what could have happened next.
Her shadow
getting closer to mine,
is all i can see now,
not strong enough to stand
those deep jewels in front of me.
Getting warmer. And warmer.
Flames that seemed to burn
me inside, all of a sudden became
an armonious and trustfull caress,
no fear of waiting,
and no fear of wondering,
'cause did not really matter
what could have happened next.

Stefano Francavilla

Slow Motion

Eyes wide open,
movement seems to be
unknow to everything,
in a surreal atmosphere;

Frenetic cyrcle..
..and now you beg for calm!

Madness won ´t help
nor support to escape
from what you fear the most.
Yourself.

Stefano Francavilla

Tequila -For María And Juan Palomar- By Alvaro Mutis

Tequila is a clean flame that clammers up the walls
and shoots over tiled roofs, relief to despair.
Tequila isn't for sailors
because it blurs the navigational instruments
and dismisses the wind's tacit orders.
But tequila, on the other hand, enraptures those returning by train
and those driving the train, because it stays faithful
and blind in its loyalty to the rails' parallel delirium
and to hurried greetings in the stations
where the train pauses to testify to
its inscrutable destination, errant, subject to the inevitable laws.
There are trees under whose shadow it is wonderful to drink it
with the parsimony of those who preach in wind
and other trees where tequila can't stand the shade
that dims its powers and in whose branches it stirs up
a flower blue as the warnings on bottles of poison.
When tequila waves its fringed, serrated flag,
the battle halts and armies return
the order they intended to impose.
Often two squires accompany it: salt and lime.
But it is always ready to start the conversation
without any more help than its lustrous clarity.
From the start, tequila doesn't recognize borders.
But there are propitious climates
just as certain hours suggest it, knowing full well: to fix
the time when night arrives at its stores,
in the splendor of an afternoon without obligations,
in the highest pitch of doubt and hesitation.
It is then when tequila offers us its consoling lesson,
its infallible joy, its unreserved indulgence.
Also, there are foods that call for its presence:
those springing from the ground from which it, too, was born.
Inconceivable if they didn't bond with millenary certainty.
To break that pact would be a grave breach with dogma
prescribed to allay the rough job of living.
If "gin smiles like a dead girl, "
tequila spies on us with the green eyes of a prudent sentry.
Tequila has no history, no anecdote
confirming its birth. It is so from the beginning

because it is the gift of the gods
and, usually, when they promise something they aren't telling tales.
That is the office of mortals, children of panic and habit.
Such is tequila and so it will be
keeping us company
all the way to the silence from which no one returns.
Praise be, then, until the end of our days
and praise the daily effort toward denying that end.

—Translated from the Spanish by Forrest Gander

Stefano Francavilla

That Was A Beat

A beat knockin,
loaded with fury as dope,
for your sweet notes now playing..

..And bitterly the door is shut!
don´ t you dare, oh villain,
to force and to break
such an extasy of senses.

Don´ t you dare,
through those powerfull arms
and intense words! !

Behave!
Come on in, share my thoughts,
grab a glass, pour some wine,
gently and sparkling walk the line.

All this time,
will not be gone
with just a beat to touch your soul.

Stefano Francavilla

You Can Translate It, If You Wish

Quando il sole sarà finalmente
alto sopra la testa,
ed ogni muro di questo
maledetto labirinto tutt'intorno
si frantumerà, mostrando
quanto lontano è l'oblio;

Quando, da spettatore,
una stella apparirà tale,
e non solamente una goccia
in un immenso mare;

Quando ogni singolo avvenimento
non dovrà ad ogni costo
creare un vortice di pensieri nella mente,
sarà semplicemente tale;

Quando le pretese e le ambizioni
saranno avvolte da
un briciolo in più di umiltà;

Quando la mia mano
cesserà di firmare questi fogli
con delle speranze;

Solo allora,
ogni senso e vera emozione
sapranno trasportare questo uomo
nella lucente realtà.

Stefano Francavilla