Poems

Richard Picciotto

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Roberto Picciotto

**Epistola desde el frente**

YO SUEÑO QUE ESTOY AQUÍ...Etc.

CALDERON DE LA BARCA

Desde la primera oscilación del alba, labio del mundo, hasta esta emanación danza de materia con materia, cabalista, todo es texto

y aun la noche ha de caer como un aletazo.

Introito y responso en lengua de luz y pluma, un cielo puntuado de pájaros y estas neuronas-

el cuervo que devora a la paloma, la carne, la podredumbre de la carne carece de mensaje, es ilusión, dice ilusorio,

**Exemplum del poeta y la enredadera con campanillas**

“Yields falsehood when appended to its quotation,”
yields falsehood when appended to its quotation.

W. V. Quine

Que quede claro, insiste Arlequin en amores, anterior a cualquier sentimiento la flor se presenta entre flores,

**Letters from the Front**

[Translated by the author with Charles Molesworth]

YO SUEÑO QUE ESTOY AQUÍ...Etc.

CALDERON DE LA BARCA

From the first quivering of dawn, lip of the world, and on to this emanation of matter dancing with matter, Cabalist: all is a text,

and yet the shade of night shall fall like a wing beat.

Beginning and response in the tongue of light and feather sky dotted by birds and these neurons -

the crow that devours the dove, the flesh, the rotting of the flesh, bears no message, it's only shadow, says shadily,

**Example of the poet and the trellis with bellflowers**

“Yields falsehood when appended to its quotation,”
yields falsehood when appended to its quotation.

W. V. Quine

Let it be clear, insists Harlequin in love prior to any feeling, the flower appears among the flowers

DIFFERENTIA 8-9 Spring/Autumn 1999
DIFFERENTIA

ligera mente fruncida, lúbrica, la trompa. Es así que la lengua tartamudea el color de su corola desviándose hacia el centro

y la garganta se atraganta en sílabas. Que quede claro, dice autoreferencial Arlequín,

he aquí las letras que me indican, creo y me creo, soy este torrente de sílabas. Sólo la abeja penetra.

Tertulia entre aristocratas

Charm, smiling at the good mouth, Quick eyes gone under earth’s lid...

E.P.

On seeing the girlish breasts and the waist barely pinched, modest Harlequin almost turns his head: death, he says, comes not of a sudden;

unheard it settles on membrane and skin. The painter licks his lips. In the painting there is a mirror. And it is like this that in the wayward trope of ion and synapse the image gets composed: yellow the bird swings in its cage and the girl plays with her dolls —

habemus linguam se reprende el juglar

tenemos carne sin hueso, tenemos complice del ojo—con óleo y pigmento color de velador y tapiz de oriente

líbrico el pincel gusanea su luz por la tela y dentro del marco dorado, dentro de interiores, desnuda la niña se repliega en gestos de madre.

Table talk among aristocrats

Charm, smiling at the good mouth, Quick eyes gone under earth’s lid...

E.P.

On seeing the girlish breasts and the waist barely pinched, modest Harlequin almost turns his head: death, he says, comes not of a sudden;

unheard it settles on membrane and skin. The painter licks his lips. In the painting there is a mirror. And it is like this that in the wayward trope of ion and synapse the image gets composed: yellow the bird swings in its cage and the girl plays with her dolls —

habemus linguam, the clown catches his thought, we have boneless flesh, we have an accomplice to the eye— with oil and pigment the tint of bedlamp and rugs

the brush worms its light within the gilded frame where naked the girl enfolded herself in her arms as if she were her mother.
**Hacia el país donde se desconoce el remo**

Hablando llegado

a buen puerto
Arlequin, la niebla y el mar
son deleite de lengua.

Este es el argumento,
cuento de un cuento
en todo su tumulto:

ahumado el héro y más
que metafísico
se enmaraña en la carne –

la anémona la sutil
oscilación de la anémona
se repite en su sangre

con un vaivén de olas;
e olor a hembra,
la sal de sus emanaciones

conjugó todos los ritmos
y sin ser señor de si
en su concupiscencia

sustancial Arlequin
supone que el sabio
siempre ha de partir

con la marea.

---

**Towards the country where the oar is unknown**

Having come,

Harlequin to safe
harbor fog and the sea
are delight of his tongue.

This is the plot
of the tale of a tale
in all its convolutions:

smoke-dried the hero and more
than metaphysical
he snares himself in the flesh –

the anemone the subtle
to and fro of the anemone
swaying in the waves

repeats itself
in his blood; the salty smell
of woman subsumes every

rhythm and having lost
his mastery
of self concupiscence

substantial Harlequin
supposes the sage
should always leave

---

**Paseo dominical por el Parque Central**

Severo desde un principio
desordena su voluntad
a fuerza de bofetadas

hasta otorgarse,
abúlico, a todos los vicios
de la percepción:

---

**A Sunday walk in Central park**

Severe from the start
he disorders his will
by dint of slaps to his face

until he can yield
to all the temptations
of perception:
hacia el frente, 
asimétricos, sus ojos, 
él, de espaldas 
a lo que pudiera estar 
a sus espaldas, 
entrega su cerebro 
a un destello intempestivo 
entre las hojas, 
a una porción rugosa de tronco, 
a unos yerbajos 
que empiezan a desteñir 
en torno a las raíces, 
y en esta complección 
de toto lo oculto, 
en esta suprema ilusión, 
el arce en su papel 
de arce el sol 
en su papel de sol. 
Meditativo, Arlequin se calla.

he faces forward 
asymmetrically, his eyes, 
& there, behind his back 
is hidden 
all he’s turned his back on, 
his mind yielding 
with a flash out of synch 
among the leaves 
to a gnarled chunk of tree-trunk, 
to some weeds 
starting to fade 
among the roots 
and in this completion 
of all that’s hidden, 
in this supreme illusion, 
the maple in its role 
as maple the sun 
in its role as sun. 

Thoughtfully, Harlequin is silent.