

Translated from the Italian by Marcia Nori.

The poems are from a sequence, "Wirrwarrr," contained in a larger collection of Sanguineti poems called Reisebilder.

Edoardo Sanguineti / THREE POEMS FROM WIRRWARR

No. 12

How nicely they're holding hands, you were saying, that man and
that woman

who are walking together:

it's about Tenti and his wife, I explained to
you,

inventory number 12547: (and he's a priest of low rank):

and I'm warning you: I'm made of coloured stone, and they're
walking inside a tomb:

No. 13

κτω, I say to the right: and to the left χρω: everywhere
the symbols of the joy of life
are being destroyed): (the value of custom): (I point out the
two flutes to you,

for example):

but now I scream the categorical imperative for you: think
about making money, about hanging on tightly to my skeleton, and
drink:

learn to consume me, to consume:

No. 15

the dialogue about the best methods took place at Kreuzberg, in
Gorlitzer Str.,
in an apartment where Hindenburg once lived (today an artist's
house),
on the night between the 25th and the 26th of June 1971, almost
underground

(the only
witnesses, Pippo the dog and Sabato the cat, and another who for me
remains nameless) : and to the blows of calvados :

the culminating point was reached
when Manfred, talking about the young leftists, defined them as
"student-types" :

(and then : I said, that's enough Brecht :

I'm thinking about enlisting in
PCI when I return) :

(...) : (and now, changing the scene (un coup de théâtre) :
(in Schöneberg) exeunt animals and children, enter (the professor's
house)

intellectuals and teachers) :

I recognize the nordic artist, the realist, the
supernaturalist,
the curious traveller, the young witch) : (I hear applause for vital
anarchism (which is literally in a black shirt) : (and on the first floor,
a child of the world

snoring, stretched out on a divan) :

doch gibt es ein Gedichtchen) :