

Antonella Anedda

A

is the letter of awe, the vowel that opens the throat. The ah of
breath and relief. Heraldic, thus. A bar across a tower, a triangle on
an empty plinth.

Worshipping (images)
the beauty of tiny gardens and forests,
a chair propped against a wall and vapour from the beech trees.
Looking up at the terrace at the flap of a tablecloth, which for a
moment seems to spread over my heart, soothing it, swelling it
with sky-blue.

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Abandoning, being abandoned.
Suddenly, after a night in which love is no longer a blessing, in
which the dream has described our bodies on its vault. But the
shapes are lost one by one blowing away the past; first all things in
the great vast sweep of the stars.
Out there, beyond sleep, desire rolls stronger than life.
What we abandon, what abandons us.

Opening the window
to look at the fir tree in all its splendour,
listening to the sound of needles
pouring through the morning air.

Translated by Sarah Arvio