



Eastern–Western Poets in Sympathy: Poetry Reading in Kyoto 2014

Japan Universal Poets Association

Reading by Guest Poets

Laura Garavaglia (Poet, Italy)



ラウラ・ガラヴァリア (詩人、イタリア)

・「種子のシンメトリー」から 2012

・“Correnti Ascensionali” より

2013

「種子のシンメトリー」から 2012

幼いアイルランドの少女は銅の色した髪
陶器の顔 黒曜石の瞳

無邪気に遊ぶ 壊れた波の幸福 割れた海の貝殻

水の男は静かに通り過ぎる

黒い騎士 彼の王国たる大洋

網の魚は銀の苦悩をきらり光らせる

次の日は砂の足跡を残して去る

あなたはわたしに言う「ここには平和はないんだよ
ずっと」

そういつて見つめた目をあげる でも悔恨が
その歯を内臓へ そして羨望が
その鍵爪で腱を裂く

わたしは愛を噛むだろう、もし林檎や麵麩であったなら
ば

わたしは口いっぱい、胃袋いっぱい
でも堅果の殻、種子のシンメトリー
を入れ閉じるにはすでに飽満しているのだ
われらの量子なる運命の力の波に

**From “Simmetry of the kernel” ,Stampa,
2012(La simmetria del gheriglio)**

**The young Irish girl has hair of copper
face of porcelain eyes of obsidian.**

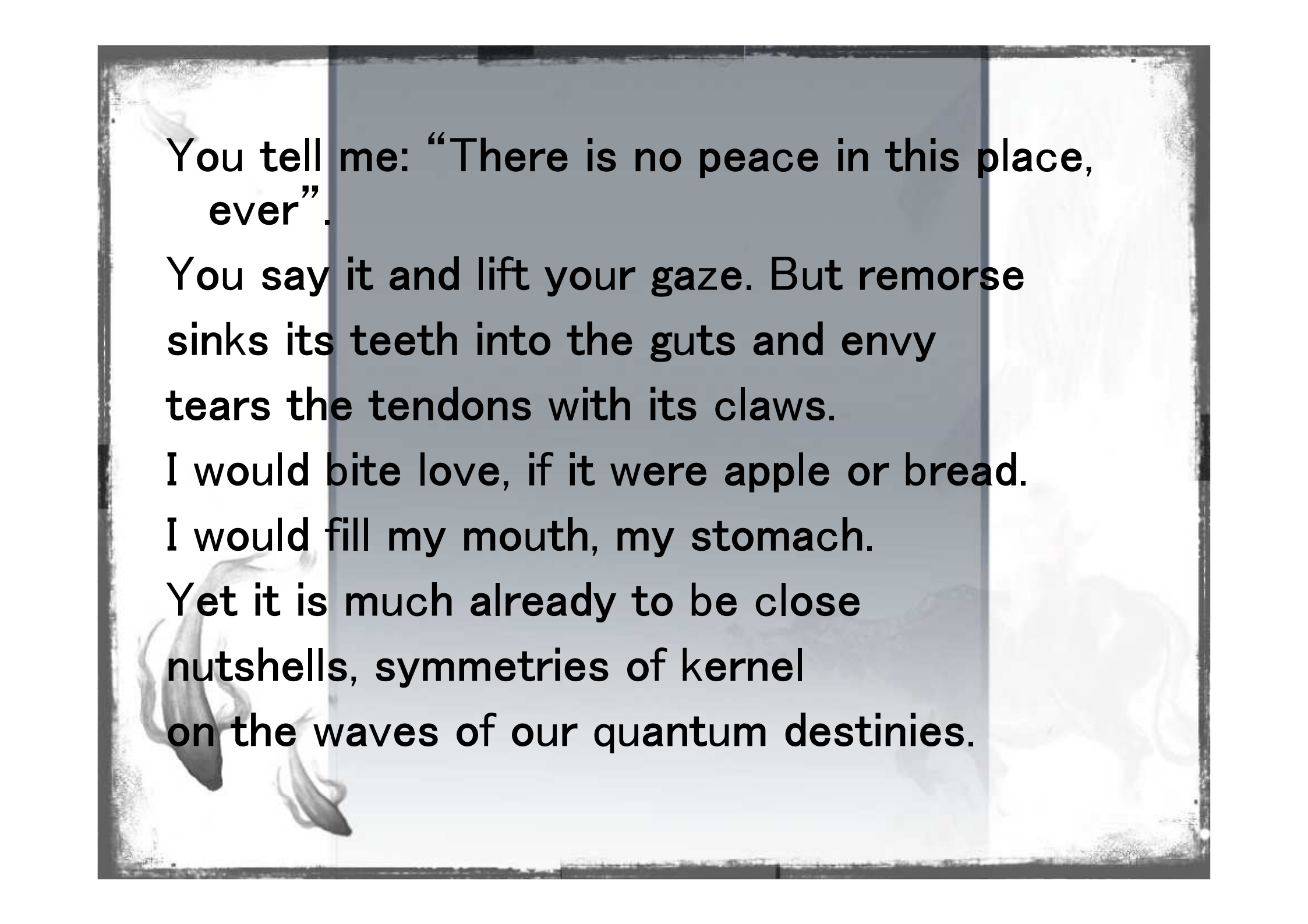
**She plays unaware, happy among broken waves,
cracked sea shells.**

The man of the water passes by silently.

Black knight, the ocean his kingdom.

The fish in the net glimmer their silver agony.

Another day has left its footprints in the sand.

The background is a dark, textured grey with a grainy, almost painterly quality. On the left side, there are faint, light-colored silhouettes of fish swimming upwards. On the right side, there is a faint, light-colored silhouette of a horse, possibly a stallion, in profile, facing right. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

You tell me: “There is no peace in this place,
ever”.

You say it and lift your gaze. But remorse
sinks its teeth into the guts and envy
tears the tendons with its claws.

I would bite love, if it were apple or bread.

I would fill my mouth, my stomach.

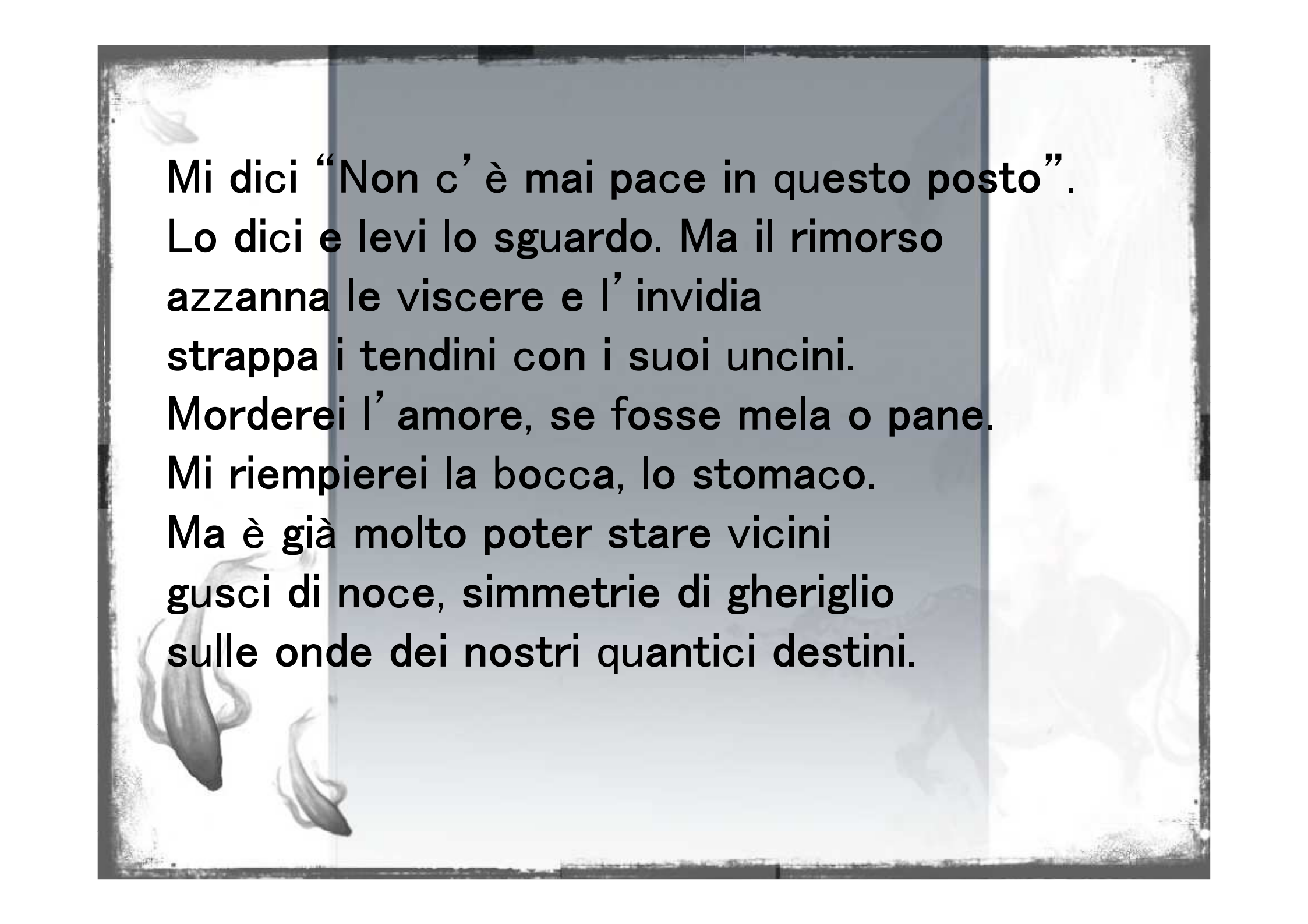
Yet it is much already to be close
nutshells, symmetries of kernel
on the waves of our quantum destinies.

La bambina irlandese ha capelli di rame
viso di porcellana occhi di ossidiana
gioca ignara, felice tra onde infrante, conchiglie
spezzate.

L' uomo dell' acqua passa in silenzio
cavaliere nero, l' oceano è il suo regno.

Guizzano nella rete la loro agonia d' argento i
pesci.

Un altro giorno ha lasciato le sue orme sulla
sabbia.

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**Mi dici “Non c’è mai pace in questo posto”.
Lo dici e levi lo sguardo. Ma il rimorso
azzanna le viscere e l’invidia
strappa i tendini con i suoi uncini.
Morderei l’amore, se fosse mela o pane.
Mi riempirei la bocca, lo stomaco.
Ma è già molto poter stare vicini
gusci di noce, simmetrie di gheriglio
sulle onde dei nostri quantici destini.**