

AdE/WoH

LE ACQUE DI ERMES  
THE WATERS OF HERMES

A JOURNAL OF POETRY IMAGINATION  
AND TRADITIONAL WISDOM

V

SOGNI, POESIA E ORACOLI  
DREAMS, POETRY, & ORACLES

THIS VOLUME WAS EDITED BY  
MASSIMO MAGGIARI



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# SOGNI, POESIA E ORACOLI

DREAMS, POETRY AND ORACLES

## FOCUS

### SULLA POESIA, IL SOGNO E GLI ORACOLI

Riflessione iniziale di Massimo Maggiari

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Le *aquæ* tornano a fluire ancora una volta. Ri-animate da uno spirito che soffia quando vuole, e da una squadra di collaboratori che apre il nuovo varco equipaggiata da mille arguzie e un fiuto sottile per l'invisibile. Sappiamo che la poesia è, è stata, e sarà sempre il punto di partenza di ogni nostra riflessione. Ma sappiamo anche dal tragitto finora tracciato, che l'estro dei versi non appartiene solo alla pagina bianca e a un intelletto che incasella parole su linee nere continue. Il quesito che ci poniamo in questo numero è profondo. Arduo da seguire nel suo percorso. Da quali mondi scaturisce la voce poetica? Qual'è il suo rapporto con la dimensione del sogno? E quali sono le dinamiche che la proiettano nello spazio magmatico della visione? Isabella Vicentini nel suo saggio dedicato ai "sogni della porta d'avorio" fa una precisazione importante. Ovvero che la *téchne* ha modellato attraverso l'epoca moderna non solo l'ambiente che ci circonda, ma anche i nostri comportamenti e le relazioni psichiche con esso. Il reale acquista quindi un'artificialità che nelle sue punte più acute sembra superare i costrutti irregolari del sogno. Fatta questa premessa, la poesia trova un naturale rifugio nella dimensione dell'onirico in quanto sede di una modalità originaria del sentire che è al riparo da pesanti condizionamenti esterni. Una vera crepa nel muro, in cui ci è possibile seguire un invisibile filo d'Arianna fino al *fundus animae*. Quel santuario interiore, oltre la soggettività vigile della coscienza, ove si creano immagini e visioni che svincolano dal collettivo rivelando una forza propulsiva più autentica e individuale riscattata dal banale. Secondo lo studio filologico delle *Visioni di Zosimo* di Angelo Tonelli, quella è la fonte mercuriale da cui sgorga l'energia inconscia. Tematica peraltro ripresa da Guglielmo Aprile nel suo scritto sul neoplatonismo. È proprio laggiù in quel flusso umbratile che l'anima estatica canta con voce d'oracolo gettando ponti verso un nuovo destino. Al *landscape* esterno si sostituisce l'energia intrinseca e primaria di un *dreamscape*, che è forse più vivo e vero di quello che percepiamo con gli occhi di tutti i giorni.

Grazie a un altro collaboratore, Davide Sapienza, introduciamo una nuova direzione di ricerca. Quella della *wilderness*. Con essa ritroviamo una condizione primordiale che è anche paesaggio fisico. Entrare in questo spazio incontaminato mette, per paradosso, in contatto con energie e sensazioni che colorano la penna di chi scrive delle magiche tinture del sogno. Di conseguenza, il paesaggio risulta sia psichico che fisico, facendo trapelare nell'inchiostro versato un sentimento d'appartenenza a tutto il mondo naturale, assieme ai suoi ritmi e regole. Schiudono proprio qui nelle frasi più intime le ali di mistero, desiderio e bellezza. Mentre, l'*unus mundus* è sentirsi in sintonia con la totalità di se stessi, ritrovando qualcosa che era andato perduto o abbandonato. Vale a dire, quella parte che vive al di là delle nostre recinzioni fisiche e mentali, che abbiamo relegato all'esilio di una lontananza scomoda e sospetta, nonostante essa rappresenti l'aspetto millenario di quello che siamo su questo pianeta. A chi le responsabilità di tale perdita nel tempo? A chi o che cosa il compito di un richiamo alla re-integrazione psichica della foresta?

Aggiungo ora una breve postilla sulla *wilderness*, ispirato da un libro scritto da Jack Montgomery sui guaritori della Carolina del Sud: *American Shamans*. L'autore ricorda a tutti noi quanto sia piacevole rilassarsi in un luogo naturale particolarmente bello. Ma ci spiega anche che per uno sciamano la stessa esperienza può comportare risvolti interiori assai più intensi. Come quello di interagire con la COSCIENZA di un luogo (e il tempo atmosferico può essere una componente di questa dinamica). In un universo dove tutto è vivo, anche la natura è viva. In passato l'uso del termine Anima (Mundi) lasciava maggiore latitudine per la comprensione del mondo e delle sue molteplici realtà. Mentre oggi, l'uso sovrano del termine intelletto relega la coscienza alla sola ubicazione della scatola cranica. Tuttavia, secondo la visione sciamanica, nel tempo possono sviluppare diverse gradazioni di consapevolezza, chiamate 'elementali', anche nei più diversi angoli del mondo arcadico. Le apparizioni di figure mitologiche riportati in luoghi particolarmente carichi di energie possono essere letti come un rimando a tale retaggio antico. Del resto, quando c'è coscienza, c'è influenza sull'altro. E una visita a un luogo psichicamente attivo, nel momento giusto, può regalare l'ispirazione alla realizzazione di un sogno inseguito da una vita. Detto questo, concludo con una semplice domanda. Come possiamo noi vivere senza i sogni e le profezie della *wilderness*?

Colgo infine l'occasione per ringraziare tutti i poeti, gli scrittori, gli intellettuali che hanno contribuito fino ad oggi alle *Acque di Ermes*. Prego a loro tutta la prosperità e il fermento creativo che gli anni a venire possono donare.

**Giuseppe Conte, Angelo Tonelli, Tomaso Kemeny, Luigi Zoja, Roberto Mussapi, Rosita Copioli, Mario Baudino, Lee Irwin, Gabriella Galzio, Laura Stortoni, Roberto Carifi, Anna Meda, Larry Simms, Dino Cervigni, José Escobar, Jorge, Marbán, William Willeford, Donald Verene, Joscelyn Godwin, Robert Bly, Marco Marangoni, Katheelen Raine, Christopher Celenza, Flaminio Di Biagi, Guglielmo Aprile, Gianfranco Lauretano, Giuseppe Gorlani, Pasquale Maffeo, Ottavio Rossani, Marco Pola, Luigi Picchi, Maura Del Serra, Vivian Lamarque, John Peck, Matteo Vercesi, Antonio Staudé, Priscilla Thomas, Donatella Bisutti, Alessandra Paganardi, Lorenzo Scandroglio, Lucetta Frisa, Marco Ercolani, Isabella Vicentini, John Cusatis, Davide Sapienza, Giovanni Agnoloni, Rossana Dedola, David Bellatalla, Iliaria Corsello, Francesco Macciò, Gianluca Cupisti, Giancarlo Micheli, Isabella Vergano, Emerico Giachery, Lamberto Garzia, Alberto Pezzini, Marino Magliani...**

# FOCUS

## ON POETRY, DREAM AND ORACLES

Opening Reflection by Massimo Maggiari

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The *aquæ* have returned to flow together once again. They have been reanimated by a spirit that inspires when it wishes, and by a team of collaborators that blaze the new trail, who are equipped with a biting wit and a subtle sixth sense that detects the invisible. We know that poetry is, was and always will be the point of commencement for every one of our reflections. But we also know from the journey we have taken to arrive at this present crossroad that the creation of verses does not belong solely to the blank page and an intellect that encapsulates words in continuous black lines. The quest we present in this volume is profound. It is an arduous journey to endure. From what worlds is the poetic voice evoked? What is its rapport with the dimension of dreams? And what are the dynamics that project it into the magmatic space of vision? In her essay dedicated to the “dreams of the ivory door,” Isabella Vicentini makes an important clarification, which is that throughout the modern epoch *téchne* has modeled not only the environment that surrounds us, but also our behaviors and their corresponding mental relationships. Therefore, reality assumes an artificiality that in its most acute moments seems to overpower the irregular constructs of a dream. Given this premise, poetry finds a natural refuge in the oneiric dimension in the form of a seat of an original modality of feeling that remedies difficult external conditions. It is a true crack in the wall, through which we can see the invisible thread of Ariadne stretching until the *fundus animae*. That internal sanctuary, under the ever-present subjective vigil of the conscience, is where one creates images and visions that flow forth from the collective, revealing a more authentic and individual propulsive force that is liberated from the banal. According to the philological study entitled *Visions by Zosimo* di Angelo Tonelli, that same inner sanctum is the mercurial source from which unconscious energy surges. In addition, Guglielmo Aprile addresses this theme in his writings on Neoplatonism. Truly, down below in that shadowy flux resides the ecstatic spirit who sings with the voice of an oracle while emitting the directions that lead us toward a new destiny. We substitute the external landscape with the intrinsic and primary energy of a

dreamscape, one that is perhaps more alive and true than that which we perceive with our eyes on a daily basis.

Thanks to another collaborator, Davide Sapienza, we are able to introduce a new direction of research: that of the wilderness. With this we rediscover a primordial condition that is also a physical landscape. Entering in this uncontaminated space puts us, in comparison, in contact with energies and sensations that color the pen of those who write of the magical tincture of dreams. Consequently, the resulting landscape is as much psychological as it is physical, which allows the feeling of affiliation to all of the natural world, together with its rhythms and rules, to seep into the overturned ink. Here, they truly unlock in the most intimate phrases the wings of mystery, desire and beauty. Meanwhile, the *unus mundus* is felt in synphony with the totality of ourselves, allowing us to rediscover something inside of ourselves that had been lost or abandoned. That part of life that lives both in and outside of our physical and mental realms, that which we have relegated to a long, uncomfortable and suspicious exile, nevertheless represents the millennial aspect of who we are on this planet. To whom do we owe the responsibilities of such a loss of time? Who or what is responsible for the task of a recall to the psychological reintegration of the forest?

I will now add a brief note on wilderness, which is inspired by a book written by Jack Montgomery on the medicine men and women of South Carolina: *American Shamans*. The author reminds us all of how peaceful it is to relax in a particularly beautiful natural place. But he also explains that for a shaman the same experience can entail infinitely more intense interior implications; how the shaman interacts with the CONSCIOUSNESS of a place (and that the atmospheric climate can be a component of this dynamic). In a universe where everything is alive, the nature also lives and breathes. In the past the term Anima (Mundi) had greater latitude in order to determine comprehension of the world and of its manifold realities. Presently, however, the sovereign use of the intellectual term relegates the cranial box to the consciousness of the sole location. Moreover, according to the shamanic vision, in time they are capable of developing different graduations of awareness, called elementals, even in the furthest corners of the archaic world. The apparitions of mythological figures who are brought back into places particularly full of energy can be read as a throwback to such an antique heritage. Besides, when there is consciousness, there is the influence of another. And a visit to a psycho-

logically active place, in the right moment, can offer inspiration to the realization of a dream pursued by a life. This having been stated, I conclude with a simple question: How would it be possible for us to live without the dreams and the prophecies of the wilderness?

Finally, I would also like to take this opportunity to thank all of the poets, writers and intellectuals who have ever contributed to the *Waters of Hermes*. I bid them all of the prosperity and the creativity that the years to come have to offer.

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(Traslated by Joseph Pecorelli)

# PROMETHEUS. A MONOLOGUE

by Massimo Sannelli

translated by Daniela Monzeglio, with the author

[as **HEPHAESTUS**]

against my will and also against  
your bitter will I shall bind you  
today, on this chair.

[*pause*]

there is no human  
voice here and no shadow is *here*.  
the scorching Sun  
may cancel the beauty of the skin  
to a god too – and he will do it.  
the Night will remove the light; therefore  
you will have rest. the new Sun  
will dry the dew. the goud of this time will be  
against you! so I will bind you, *today*.

you love these naked sons,  
you care about them. you love them and you too are  
a god; and you've never cared about us.

my great art, how I hate you now!

[*pause. he continues, as PROMETHEUS*]

I do not hate mine.  
to those men, I gave a mind.

with open eyes the eyes were vain  
with good ears to hear was vain,  
people without light as fatuous  
dreams did not dwell on the earth  
exposed to the Sun and nothing nothing nothing ever  
they knew about the wood and they crouched  
in the dull womb of the caves, like  
ants. there wasn't a clear sign  
of winter or spring or summer;

and I said: they are not men – i said:  
they're shadows. and taught them what sky is.  
and the superb invention of numbers. and the art of bonded signs,  
*mother of the Muses memory of the world.*  
I enslaved animals and joined to the wagon tame horses –  
and I imagined the carriage with white linen wings  
to run in the sea. I invented the arts of the mortals  
and I'm crying. I don't speak.

[*pause. PROMETHEUS surrenders. the CHORUS is languid, nearly feminine*]

**CHORUS**

you're not worthy of pain. speak, please.

[**PROMETHEUS**, awakening. severely]  
to ill men no cure was given, there was no medicine to eat  
or to drink, no ointment, and men died men died men died.  
so I explained divination and medicine  
and distinguished and kindled in mortals  
the prophecies, confined in the bowels  
of beasts, in the flight of the birds,  
in the fire, that flashes when speaks.  
I've done these things and many others.  
even copper, silver, iron, gold, who will say: *I've discovered them?*  
I *have* discovered them, before, and now I say:  
Prometheus gave everything, to all men.

[**CHORUS**]  
don't love so much those mortals.  
you neglect your difficult fate –  
but I hope you'll be  
unbound, you'll be great.

[*as* **PROMETHEUS**]  
when I'll be really tamed, I'll not have these  
obscene shackles. leave me.  
my duty is stronger than my brain and nerves.

[**CHORUS**]  
what's this duty?

[*as* **PROMETHEUS**]  
the Moires and the Erinyes  
have good memory.

[**CHORUS**]  
what? is Zeus weak?

[*as* **PROMETHEUS**]  
do you think he's free?

[**CHORUS**]  
Zeus? our father? he'll not reign forever?

[*as* **PROMETHEUS**]  
don't ask for more.

[**CHORUS**]  
this secret is serious.

[*as* **PROMETHEUS**]  
you haven't the same right to speak  
I have. don't argue. yes, don't speak.

[*pause: PROMETHEUS collapses*]  
how glorious is the light, the sky, I  
supplicate it. how fast is the air  
on the wings, I implore it.

I supplicate the sea,  
and the earth, which

is mother of every life –  
and I invoke the Sun,  
the eye of all the world.

Sun, earth, sky, sea,  
look at what I'm suffering  
by the hand of Gods!

and nevertheless I'm a god.

---

this man was widely a child, calling mother,  
mother. a full flowering body is enough. a redeemer's work  
is too much, but it's perfect. there's a sister appearing  
*widely*, the light after hooves  
and tears: I like it.

---

I weep this new pain and the pain  
that will come. in a moment you can say  
*it is over* – it takes so little.                   not now.  
I already see: Zeus, also Zeus, is cowardly, a slave.  
I dare not to be silent; but I still do not dare  
not to be silent.   not even Aephestus did  
a decent thing. Aephestus is not free, Aephestus is a slave!  
*you are a king, a priest.*   really?                   look,  
now: peace is falling, and a knife  
is coming by chance, and the blade  
may kill. a skin may show its signs, by tens.

[*he calms himself*]

I see    the dappled scene: there are closed rooms, love,  
treasures, the whole world. friends and friends,  
girls and boys, many players may run.

[*pause*]

also of me, also of me, Lord Zeus  
will be needing. I will tell him which  
new violence will rob him sceptre  
and honours, neither god nor king and  
without government. but if Zeus does not release me  
from this prison, first, and if Zeus  
does not recompense the present outrage,  
I will say nothing.                   his power is vain.

his fury is vain. and Zeus will come: he will come  
as a friend. be welcome, when he comes.

\*

I want to tell you this story,  
I think. once upon a time, discord arised  
among gods. when there was discord among gods,  
someone raged against Kronos, so that Zeus could be  
the new Lord; and others against Zeus: never could

Zeus be the prime god. not once,  
many times, my mother  
had forseen the story: without war  
and only for the fury of deceit,  
the new god will be a chief for everyone.

and I had said it. there was not a good  
glance, I lied maybe; well, I was not  
the better prophet. I said it with true  
words. Zeus seemed like the best lord  
for us, and my mother helped me; and my  
truthful advice made Cronos, the old one,  
and all his companions, to sink.

[*confused, as changing the subject*]

no. I'm only thinking of... I think. I only  
think. no. I *only think of something* –  
it's my will. this is a home.  
on this chair I'm thirsty. at this point  
I could drink. I always think  
of this moment: one speaks, and one  
speaks proudly – while speaking. no, I *pray*. no! I *only*  
*speak*, I pray «the love for men» I have.

[*and he continues, more lucid*]

this is the plague in the power: no faith, little  
faith in a friend, never faith. well: you  
want to know something. yes you want to know why  
Zeus torments me. so Zeus, newly reigning  
in place of his father, already began to assign a seat  
to each god.  
he made the empire. then he wanted to  
destroy mankind, without saving  
anyone – he wanted new men on earth.  
no one said a word,  
not one. and I spoke out; I  
saved these people. it's true. and I've gone  
further. you understand it. it is right: I *have*  
gone further. I removed the fear  
of death from mankind. how? I taught to hope.  
blind men hope too.

and I have not finished yet: I brought the fire to men.  
do they still have it? yes. men still  
have the fire: thanks to the fire,  
men still will learn many arts.

---

the apex is not this:  
there's a strong god,  
and he's left alone,  
here – against his will.

I say: the apex is this  
river of justice  
in me – as I want.

the friend invokes good  
friends. I pray for this.

[as **HERMES**]

*Hermes* speaks. father Zeus  
will sink your body in ruined  
stones. you'll not be seen.  
you'll see the light again. *Hermes* speaks  
for Zeus: father Zeus wants the sacred  
winged dog, an eagle,  
to open your body and devour  
your mind. and *Hermes* speaks  
for Zeus: a god's mouth is true.  
a divine mouth – Zeus, or *Hermes* –  
speaks. here *Hermes* speaks: look, look  
around you. is there somebody here? and can't your pride  
be limited? and how much is it?

[as **PROMETHEUS**]

*Prometheus* says to *Hermes*: Zeus  
will be humiliated by a new bride. all right.  
I see his future. today he's in peace. one day Zeus will fall.  
Zeus will have a strong invincible son  
and this son can humiliate the lightning  
in the sky. now Lord Zeus learns: one reigns, another is a slave, and  
they're not equal. now you say I'm drunkard, I scream  
like a man (he hates and hopes). but what I say, happens. it's true:  
I – really: I – I want it. Zeus reigns in peace.  
in a while, Zeus will not be the king anymore: a god  
takes and gives, a young man can kill  
and fall.                    he is annihilated.                    and I want it.

\*

I say: a love from afar is easy.  
I loved them. I loved them all  
from near. and you? do you love  
me? and you say *save yourself*.

for my free will I exposed myself  
to this end. for my fault.  
for my free will and my fault.  
really. I did not think that this  
hour would ever come. why? didn't I know?

if a man – not a god – at the window  
sees on the other side:     there's a woman  
at the window. she's hanging out the laundry,  
she's alone, her breasts are naked. the woman  
doesn't know you're looking.

this is the hottest day of Summer. it's August.  
she's nearly naked. the one who  
sees this ten instants scene knows  
that it will not last long, but he looks  
and looks.                    well.                    enough.                    but a single  
minute takes away everything: don't touch,  
look, and don't look any longer.

stop it. let's say the wave cries, when  
sea's breaking on the shore, and the water springs  
invoke the same pity. I think.

many new men were born; and later others. well.

I stirred art and pity and cure  
and genius among little ones. for sure my brothers are  
very different from me. I know it.  
I did all and immediately –  
be joyful!  
be joyful! be strong!

a god divides. a man can not dare to  
unite again what a god dissolved  
god separates and man can not unite  
what a god separates. and another God  
moves for love. only the pity  
nails him down to a chair, to a  
seat, and dead, he is. the lack of style  
is when he loves; and too much noise, I think

the sisters looking respect the strenght  
I am; and my brothers have this pity.  
they say: «the mind is the origin»,  
if a mind exists. the mind has a role: no limits  
to a mind.  
do sisters and brothers look  
at these things?

one day you'll have seen  
a man, that got out of the water  
alive. that's a new show I see.  
he is alive, but inside the water;  
out, he observes clothes,  
they're dry – he is dead –

so he's dead, but also  
alive. why has he gone away?  
no. he's still there, he's still  
alive. an actor is playing life  
and death by sea?

what does that have to do with it?

*[fervour, panting, exaggerated]*  
what does that have to do with it? be glad!  
my peace be with you!

*[he calms himself]*  
and a mermaid in a  
part of sea cries out  
I see him I see him  
welcome, he returns –

man, son of man,  
don't you want to remain in life?

son of the lost one!

and you, without your fellow.

...

[*drinking, or trying to drink*]

really, like living men.

I saw the *snow* is beautiful, and white, and cold  
and freezes and covers      and perhaps  
the snow can be drunk.      the snow can be drunk.  
I remember this is      a perfect idea.

...

what I ask you  
is not much, compared to all  
I can say. stay  
here next to each other,  
good companions, friends  
come down to earth, come on

let there be no differences between us:  
even if I'm a god.  
don't we give glory to the good?

\*

the evil you inflict on me, is not new.  
try to calm down the sea, try once.      look  
if it quiets down. never. and don't let  
it come to your mind again!

so I should fear. and I have a woman's heart.  
should I not? you know women: they bent  
toward a god, their hands stretched out.  
and I have to beg the god I hate,  
I, more than everyone – more than anything, «help me».  
I am. I will not be  
like your thought any longer!

Zeus hurts so much,  
that I already know.  
Zues deafens me, I do not want to  
hear him, and Zeus deafens me  
again with facts I know. it is right:  
good enemy always invest  
the enemy and besieges him.      and continues:  
may he hurl his thunderbolt  
and weapons, let him throw the sky  
into confusion that I see –

by no means, by no means a god can deprive me of life.  
life is not untied from the knot.

[*as HERMES*]

here *Hermes* says:  
these words are absurd. in what *is*

this invocation lacking of – *Hermes* is speaking – to be  
madness? his delirium does not change style. and *then* –

[as **PROMETHEUS**]

my eyes were not dull.  
the eyes are always  
the best part of us.  
taken away from one, lifeless after,  
one on his own closes them, when a man  
speaks against himself –

my eyes were never dull.  
o fraternal face, Antigones  
o quick feet, Achilles!  
this is poetry. later, later, later.

this is the style I call  
*the memory of the world*,  
and I teach it: today  
the prime style dies.

there's a fuller glory  
*you are also a god*  
in me and my glory  
is not a cold thing

*and haven't you ever  
thought of us again?*. NO –  
and my eyes were left to me.  
I see. I see. I see

\*

back to reality. I see this *precise*  
violence, coming on me. Zeus  
provokes it. don't waste eagerly; but see  
now: this severe mouth, if it's  
kissed, and this full neck, work, live, do hope.

[*pause. collapsing:*]

...

mercy	and mercy	and mercy
mercy	and mercy	and mercy
mercy	mercy	mercy

[*more lucid*]

and intelligence. and the Sun.

what's the matter? *the flower, the skin!* enough.  
real men were burned alive. many remain  
alive, burnt by fire. there's no broken  
skin, but they resist. the Sun is no longer shining –  
what pity this Sun is!

the darkness comes. it won't rape  
*the flower of the skin!*

and Aephestus lies! Aephestus  
doesn't say true things!

[*pause. slowly:*]

where's my mother? glory  
be to the light in the sky!

[*pause. recovering, more lucid*]

I still want to say  
I want still to say  
these two things.

[*as HERMES*] Hermes speaks:  
you can't want me to perform  
again the journey. be clearer to me. no  
riddles. [*as PROMETHEUS*]: I'll answer you.

[*pause. the abandonment begins. he's tired. embracing his legs. as much as possible, pressing the head towards abdomen*]

you're a slave, Hermes.  
young people, your power is too  
young. and you, young people,  
say «the castle is solid», «this house is solid».

[*dilations and narrowings of vowels: actions for the mouth that strains*]

I remember. I've already seen  
two kings, and fallen from that royal house,  
and the third is put aside.

[*pause, he will begin again, with strain and exaltation. quotation: Isahia, 23:16*]

go, whore, go, take up  
the cither, run, run. go where

noone remembers you  
and play well and sing  
well and sing!

look, now: someone  
remembers you?

and you – bonny birdie, swallow.  
you bonny birdie, swallow!  
if you take the mud

you make from it? if  
you give me gold, I will  
do better than you!

[*pause*]

this voice is still a normal  
voice. i'm still a god.  
why i do not die? a god speaks.  
and I say: end. say end. I said  
end. I say: enough, to me, it's enough.

Massimo Sannelli (1973) lives and works in Genoa (Italy). He's a writer and an actor, since 1994. «La Finestra editrice» has published his translation of Abaelard's *Planctus* (2002; new edition: 2009), the edition of Alan's *Anticlaudianus* (2004; new edition: 2009) and his prose book *L'esperienza* (2003). The monologue *Prometheus* has been performed by the author in Genoa (Oratorio dei SS. Nazario e Celso), Milan (Libreria Archivi del '900), and Rome (Teatro Manhattan). This translation – by Daniela Monzeglio and the author himself – is a new monologue, running parallel to the Italian one.