

A Thousand Wonderful Worlds

Poems for Eight Seasons
de Roberta Mezzabarba





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PREFACE

When one writes, you do nothing but put a part of your soul into the words, that, like grooves, are traced into the blank pages of a sheet of paper.

A Thousand Wonderful Worlds can be defined just like this: white sheets where the author traces grooves to be filled with her pen, scattering the seeds of her deep soul.

This collection of poems is a passionate celebration of words, and their ability to express the deepest and most universal human emotion: self-love. Through an exploration of the beauty of words, capable of capturing the heart and soul, Roberta takes us on a journey of self-discovery.

A Thousand Wonderful Worlds is a delicate and profound collection of poems in which the writer explores the nuances of the soul and human existence through symbolic images, such as a butterfly and an elephant; a worn suitcase; a train stopped at a station while another is ready for a new departure; a tree with its deep roots. Each poem is imbued with imagination and sensitivity, a journey through the infinite spaces of being, where every single word transforms into an intimate window into the heart. Words become custodians of the pure emotions and feelings that, at the rising of a new dawn, when darkness is clothed in light, spark in the sky of our being, illuminating it. And it is in that thin, fleeting line—still suspended between dream and reality, between past and present, between sentiment and reason—that the essence of the soul is captured.

In these poems, where a constant, subtle, and at times dark melancholy reigns, love is ever-present, yet fleeting, lost in moments of awareness or unconsciousness; in promises often broken; in games begun but left unfinished; in rediscovering, only to be lost again; in false starts and illusory arrivals.

I'll start again from here, the poem that opens this collection, is the starting point of this wonderful journey of discovery, or rather, of self-knowledge, with only “worn suitcases to fill with life,” naked in front of landscapes that recall memories of the past, speak of the present, and dream of the future.

A Thousand Wonderful Worlds is the journey that one must undertake to reach the destination. It is a *Dwelling*; a “being present while remaining”; it is a *Parenthesis* that opens and closes; it is facing the *Monster* that lives within us; it is the reminder of who we are, and how difficult it is to love ourselves, with all our fragilities.

It's the knowledge that you'll emerge victorious even with broken bones, it's having the certainty that after every winter “a new spring will come.”

It means understanding that, the moment we board that train called life, we must be willing to accept that we are not immortal, that everything is fleeting, that we possess nothing but our essence, that our physical body is merely a garment to be worn for a brief moment, that time is merely a variable— a parenthesis within which we decide to live or be lived.

It is departing to then return, it is the journey of every single life that goes back to the point from where it all began; and, as Eliot once wrote, “*the end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started, and know the place for the first time*”.

Dondolina Sandoletti

President of the Kairos APS Association of Blera

*And it's not poetry
if there is not a soul that opens,
a flower that shivers,
a corner of the universe that loses its balance.
(Fabrizio Caramagna)*

RICOMINCIO DA QUI

Nello sfavillio delle feste,
brillano, spente,
le promesse non mantenute.

Resta solo
quel che s'è salvato dallo sfacelo,
prodigiosamente scampato ai fendenti
d'una vita cinica e sprezzante.

Ricomincio da qui,
questo può bastare.

M'abbraccio a me,
stretta,
nell'attesa di un'alba
in cui le luci artificiali soccomberanno
per lasciar posto
alla carezza dell'astro che non mente.

I'LL START FROM HERE

In the sparkle of the festivities,
shine, extinguished,
the unkept promises.

What remains
is what was saved from the wreckage,
miraculously escaping the blows
of a cynical and contemptuous life.

I'll start again from here,
this can be enough.

I hug myself,
tightly,
waiting for a dawn
where artificial lights will succumb
to make way
for the caress of the star that does not lie.

DIMORARE

Dimorare...
ci penso, e mi dico:
dimorare non è abitare,
non è vivere, né stare.

Dimorare
ha il suono armonioso
di sillabe desuete:
contiene dolcezza,
cura, affetto.

Dimorare
è un esserci, mentre si sta,
decidere, volerlo, saperlo,
è albergare con l'anima tutta
in modo quieto e certo.

DWELLING

Dwelling...

I think about it, and I say to myself:
to dwell is not to inhabit,
it is not living, nor remaining.

Dwelling

it has a harmonious sound
of obsolete syllables:
containing sweetness,
care, affection.

Dwelling

it is a being present while remaining,
deciding, wanting it, knowing it,
it is to harbour the whole soul
in a quiet and certain way.

PARENTESI

Conosco persone che son parentesi
e ci son parentesi che non sanno d'esserlo.

Chiunque di noi, prima o poi,
è stato parentesi
nella vita di qualcun altro.

E come ci siamo aperti,
ci siamo chiusi, subito dopo,
oppure la parentesi s'è chiusa su di noi,
alle nostre spalle,
e quando pensavamo ancora d'esser dentro
c'hanno chiuso fuori.

E noi lì,
a battere i pugni su quel bordo liscio e convesso,
come son tutte le parentesi chiuse,
a cercare l'entrata, la chiave,
o anche solo un'imperfezione sulla superficie,
una crepa, dove poter infilare le dita e tirare.

Ma le parentesi, quando si chiudono,
non lasciano appigli.

Sono come pareti di marmo,
così levigate che ti ci puoi specchiare,
fino a guardarti dentro
e non vedere niente.

Noi siamo stati una parentesi.
Qualcuno lo è stato per noi.

PARENTHESSES

I know people who are parentheses
and there are parentheses that don't know
that is what they are.

Any of us, sooner or later,
will have been parentheses
in someone else's life.

And in the same way we opened up,
we closed ourselves, immediately after,
or perhaps the parenthesis closed upon us,
behind our backs,
and while we thought we were still inside
they locked us out.

And there we were,
banging our fists on that smooth, convex edge,
as all closed parentheses are,
looking for the entrance, the key,
or even just an imperfection on the surface,
a crack to stick our fingers in and pull.

But parentheses, when they close,
they leave no handles.

They are like marble walls,
so smooth you can see yourself in them,
until you look inside yourself
and see nothing.

We were a parenthesis.
Someone was one for us.

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