

# Laura Garavalia, Italy

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## **Laura Garavalia, Italy. Member of the Board**

Laura Garavaglia was born in Milano in 1956 and now she lives in Como. She is poet, journalist, teacher, founder and president of "La Casa della Poesia di Como" ([www.lacasadellapoesiadicomodo.com](http://www.lacasadellapoesiadicomodo.com)). She is director of International Poetry Festival "Europa in versi" ([www.europainversi.org](http://www.europainversi.org)) that take place every year in Como. Her poetry books are: *Frammenti di vita* (Il Filo, 2009); *Farfalle e pietre* (Lietocolle , 2010); *La simmetria del gheriglio* (Stampa2009, 2012, new edition in English and Rumanian); *Correnti ascensionali* (CFR, 2013, in English, Spanish and Rumanian); *Numeri e Stelle* (Ed. Ulivo, Balerna, CH in English, Spanish and Rumanian). She's member of PEN Club of Italy and Switzerland. Her poems are translated in several languages and published in many anthologies and literary magazines in Italy and abroad. She's invited in many International Poetry Festival (Romania, Macedonia, Turkey, Denmark, Germany, Japan, Colombia, etc.). She is member of jury of Literary Awards "Antonio Fogazzaro" and "Europa in versi". Her poetry books won various International Poetry Awards. ([www.lauragaravaglia.it](http://www.lauragaravaglia.it))

## **From Numeri e Stelle – Numbers and Stars (Ed. Ulivo, 2015)**

English translation by Annarita Tavani

### **Alan Turing**

Anche tu che hai partorito  
il grande pensiero artificiale  
chiuso nella diversità vissuta

a ritroso come vizio, sotto un cielo  
di numeri e di segni  
hai incontrato il male della fiaba  
che costringe in un ghigno sconcio la morale.

### **Alan Turing**

You, too, who gave birth to  
amazing artificial thought  
you, shut up in diversity, experienced  
backwards like a vice, under a sky  
of numbers and signs,  
you came across evil in a fairy tale  
which turns morals into indecent giggling.

### **La musica delle sfere**

(Pitagora)

Tutto il segreto della serie armonica  
nell'urna colma d'acqua  
percossa dal martello.  
La strada che corre tra numeri e note  
uniti nella luce.  
Formula e suono, sequenza di frazioni  
unica dimensione di bellezza.

### **The music of the spheres**

(Pythagoras)

The full secret of the harmonic series  
in the brimful urn  
struck by the hammer.  
The road running between numbers and tones  
merging in light.  
Formula and sound, sequence of fractions,  
the only dimension of beauty.

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### ***From Correnti Ascensionali – Updraft (CFR, 2014)***

English translation by Annarita Tavani

### **Indicativo presente**

Cerchi anche tu le linee di universo  
 tra le faglie orizzontali del giorno?  
 Ma se lo zenit fosse proprio qui  
 sul davanzale tra il vaso di verbene,  
 l'ombra del pomeriggio sulle scale  
 in quest'assenza muta di perché.  
 O se il cono di luce confondesse sul prato  
 questo istante ingiallito  
 tra futuro e passato?  
 Present indicative

### **Present Indicative**

Are you too looking for the lines of universe  
 among the horizontal faults of day?  
 What if the zenith were actually here  
 on the window ledge between the verbena vase,  
 the shadow of the afternoon on the stairs,  
 in this mute absence of because.  
 Or if the cone of light would confuse on the grass  
 this instant turned yellow  
 between future and past?

*From: La Simmetria del gheriglio – Symmetry of the kernel (Stampa2009, 2014)*

English translation by Barbara Ferri

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 riempierei la bocca, lo stomaco.  
 Ma è già molto poter stare vicini  
 gusci di noce, simmetrie di gheriglio  
 sulle onde dei nostri quantici destini.

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.

From La Simmetria del gheriglio – Symmetry of the kernel

English translation by Barbara Ferri

Fitto il mistero serra l'universo  
illude il mondo  
galassie, stelle, sasso, foglia o frutto  
apparenza, condanna  
all'infinita vanità del tutto.  
Amo la scienza che non lascia  
spazio all'inganno del tempo  
della fede e del sogno.  
La mela matura, marcisce.  
Ma l'atomo resta, ritorna  
il silenzio del cosmo.

Thick the mystery that locks the universe  
deceives the world  
galaxies, stars, rock, leaf or fruit  
appearance, condemns  
to the infinite vainness of it all.  
I love science that does not leave  
room for the trickery of time  
of faith and of dream.  
An apple ripens, rots.  
But the atom remains, returns  
the silence of the cosmos.