



ATUNIS GALAXY POETRY

Poetët janë paraprijës të agimeve në zbardhje, janë muza dhe shpirti i ëndrrave shpresë,
janë fryma dhe muzikaliteti i fjalës shenjtëruar, janë koloriti më i ndritshëm i qenësisë
tonë qytetërim!



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Laura Garavaglia (Italy)

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Laura Garavaglia was born in Milan and lives in Como. She is a poet, a journalist, and the founder and president of La Casa della Poesia di Como (<http://www.lacasadellapoesiadicom.com>). She organises the International Poetry Festival “Europa in versi”. Her publications include the collections of poems: Frammenti di vita (Fragments of Life – Il Filo, 2009), Farfalle e pietre (Butterflies and Stones Lietocolle 2010, prize winner in Alda Merini’s competition in 2011), La simmetria del gheriglio (The Symmetry of the Kernel Stampa, 2009, finalist in Luzi’s competition in 2013), Correnti ascensionali Updrafts (CFR, 2016), Numeri e stelle (Numbers and Stars Ulivo, 2015, prize winner in A. Farina’s competition in 2017), Sayi ve Yildiz, a collection of poems translated into Turkish (Şiirden Yayıncılık, 2018), two books of poetry translated into Japanese: Duet of Stars (Hoshi no nijuso: za sutazu dyuetto (Nihon Kokusai Shijin Kyokai), Duet of Formula Shiki no Nijuso: Nihon Kokusai Shijin Kyokai, three books of poetry in the Romanian language, Ridul adînc al vieţii (CronEdit 2019), Numere si semne (Europa, 2019), Muzica sferelor (Editura pentru literatură şi artă 2019), in Albanian Amplitude e Probabiliteteve, Bogdani, 2019, in Hungarian Csendkvantumok, (AB ART Kiado, 2020), in Spanish La simetria de la nuez (La Garua, 2020) and two books translated in Ukrainian and Serbian. Her poems have been translated into a number of languages and published in both foreign and Italian anthologies and magazines, both in paper and online. She is a member of the Italian and Swiss-Italian PEN club, and of the European Academy of Sciences, Art and Literature in Paris, from which she received the Poetry Prize in 2017 and KC International Poetry Prize in Seoul, South Korea, 2020. She won important international Poetry Prizes and International Awards for her commitment to spreading poetic culture all over the world. She’s director of a poetry serie of foreign poets “Altri incontri” for I Quaderni del Bardo Publishing House. The books published to date are: the trilingual anthology of Vietnamese poets (Italian, Vietnamese and English) “The mountain and the river on our shoulders”, 2020 translated by A. Tavani, (IQdB, 2019, the book of poems Blue “by the Hungarian poet Attila Balasz (IQdB, 2020) and edited the book of poems” The mythical age ” by the Kosovar

poet Jeton Kelmendi, "The unknown" by the Vietnamese poet Kieu Bich Hau, the novel "Moon Boy" by Alexandre Korokto.

She treated many poetry anthologies of foreign and Italian authors which participated at Europa in versi International Poetry Festival.

She has been invited to several International Festivals of Poetry in Turkey, Columbia, Japan, Vietnam, Korea, Ukraine, Denmark, Germany, Spain, Macedonia, Romania and Montenegro. She is a member of the International Prize for Poetry and Narrative Europa in versi, of the literature award Antonio Fogazzaro and literary award Kanaga.

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Yusuf

Yusuf is sitting next to his mother, his body lying faceup in the field.

Sunshine's carving his childlike gaze.

In the morning lightening in the sky, a blast:

perhaps a thunderstorm, but no rain

melting the soil into endless dark rivulets.

War deletes the borders of sense.

Perhaps it was a game, his mother had been sleeping

for hours, her arms folded on her belly

and wouldn't wake up.

And the black chasm had swallowed

the poor things of home.

Yusuf still doesn't know, his father

and his brother killed far away

beyond the dunes of blood

from sunrise to sunset.

His mother had been telling

tales of love, tales of peace.

Yusuf is now waiting for her voice.

Yusuf

Yusuf siede accanto a sua madre, il corpo riverso nel campo

La luce del sole ora taglia lo sguardo bambino.

Al mattino i lampi nel cielo, il boato:

*forse un temporale, ma senza la pioggia
che scioglie la terra in mille rigagnoli scuri.*

*La guerra cancella i confini del senso.
E forse era un gioco, sua madre dormiva
le braccia incrociate sul ventre da ore
e non si svegliava.
E nella voragine nera finite
le povere cose di casa.*

*Yusuf non sa ancora, il padre
e il fratello uccisi lontano
oltre le dune di sangue
dall'alba al tramonto.*

*Sua madre narrava
racconti d'amore e di pace.
Yusuf ora attende la sua voce.*

Poetry

Sometimes words are eyes
gazing at the world aslant.
Deep down they dig
different perspectives.
Sometimes, however, words
hover in mid air
and fail to reach
into the corners of life.
And verse is dust
in a beam of light.

Poesia

*A volte le parole sono occhi
guardano obliquo il mondo.
Scavano nel profondo
prospettive diverse.
A volte invece le parole
si fermano nell'aria
e non raggiungono*

*gli angoli della vita.
E i versi sono polvere*

dentro un raggio di luce.

Living things

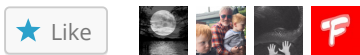
Memories are waves
devouring the mind's sand
coming back without shape
to an ocean of remembrance.
We're just memories on the horizon
in living things alive.

La presenza viva delle cose

*Onde i ricordi
divorano la sabbia della mente
tornano senza forma
nell'oceano della memoria.
Siamo solo ricordi all'orizzonte
nella presenza viva delle cose.*

(From: La presenza viva delle cose – Living things, Puntoacapo, 2020)

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