

For a Stone Sky and Other Fragments

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Translated from Italian by John Taylor

In this Ancient Game

facing the wall. Eyes pressed.
All the way to this empty clearing
—brisk air after a storm.

There you stand, your feet like stones.
No place hides the vanished.

*

in this ancient game
whoever wins does not come back
cannot be found.

*

no one's home base—
keep watching over it,
with closed eyes count
within the eternal *One*.

*

threshold dwellers, tightrope walkers
master felines—may they gift you
the art of disappearing.

For a Stone Sky

between the branches of the lungs
crows have alighted.
No beat calls them away.

*

from this concrete vase
we stick out our heads like flowers
cut off at birth.
—The light is almost gone.

*

they shot at the sky,
it became stone.
We, etched on a grave
—red and blue figures
traveling with open wings.

Among these ruins
someone's finger
will touch our story

and birds escaped from the ambush,
we will again fly through the air.

Pixel Dust

in warehouses where the air is memory
an algorithm of our identities

*

this cage of mirrors
—a reflection
with someone else's eyes.

Pixel dust, what we are.

*

where the lips were
we will not find the coin
for the other shore.

*

with the life that has always been life
someone, one day
will raise the screen.

*

like poisoned blood
the bit stream will stop.

broken for no fire or
construction. —On the shore of eternity
to crumble like rotten wood.

*We are leftovers of a meal
branches bleached redeemed
by the sea, returned to winter.*

A Single Score

(Johann Sebastian Bach, *Choral Prelude in F Minor*, “Ich ruf zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ,” BWV 639)

a single score
of black and white moments
moves our every step
on the pedal of the earth.

*

with this sound box
and bone bows
we are instruments of the air

at dawn, at sunset
a faded mother’s hands
conduct us.

