

inhabited by the Tormentoni brothers  
and the Nebbias  
who will capture binfuls of you little thrushes

as you go on you will get to Roccagnano  
a priestless parish but for the Boari brothers  
always with rifles in their hands

further on  
there lie Toppo—Vena—Valle—Castro  
where one hundred hunters wouldn't be the half of them

still further out  
as I've been saying  
lies your worst enemy

it's your ancient cemetery at Fiorano  
with the Camparinis and the hangman of Toricella  
who will have caught you, need I add, in crossfire.

#### THE FLOWER OF NO SMELL IS SPEAKING

I do not feel ungraced in any way  
if, unlike other flowers, I give no smell

nature made me this way  
by rooting me onto the branch of a tree

I live on mountain heights  
and am washed only by rains

I am always fresh, never down  
the hard frost does not touch my crown

in the month of December I yield goodly fruit  
not to be eaten but to serve as a gift

to the family that receives me kindly  
I return a house filled with beauty

it matters little I do not smell like a flower  
to that family I bring health peace and love

nature made me a divine flower  
I exist to make homes beautiful at the advent of the Christ child

when the Christmas holidays are over  
the manger is in the houses still

### FROM THE EARTH: JOYS AND SORROWS

break forth into joy little field  
now that good weather has returned

you were flooded so often  
it is a wonder you have not drowned

I am sorrowful, distraught  
to see your corn in wilt

I cry in despair in bitter sighs  
and say "why didn't I save my crumbs"

I take it out on the saints, except for Canoscio  
and calm down when I am called by Berto di Moscio

I am soothed then, peaceful again  
as he offers me a glass of wine "on the wing"

and tells me "don't get mad, pray to God  
the sun is back, its warmth chases the hex away"

*Translated from the Italian by Stavros Deligiorgis*