

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