

VIOLA ITALIANA

Nahid SIRAJ

She comes, on her happy wheels

She fools the frosty blasts.

Ray of life finds lifeless shapes

Before reaching her cheek and

Making her smile,

While she slows down at the signal.

The scent of Seine from Invalides

Unselfishly surrounds her,

And with the joy of regaining speed,

To La Seine she gives her stares.

Seems they talk like this every morning.

About the holed up legacy of Tuscany?

The anguish of weighed shifts?

Or maybe the suppressed details of her in a his world?

Who knows at all?

Watch out! There, the school kids!

She tinkles bell.

The giggle of the little helps her

Forgetting the sweating body.

And protect her smile from the sad part of being Parisian.

Getting back the tempo she sings

Nella Fantasia reminding

The need for rethinking

The perverse scene of life,

And the discourses that empower repetition

Enabling us to talk common talks

About her, and about the other.

Afterword: In the role of a peace and meaning seeking poet I hardly find anything new to convey to the readers. I am just repeating the same messages of the forerunners. They already said enough and did their best. But we are most often oblivious and widely exposed to lies, indoctrinations. And this is why perhaps Poets survive, so does poetry- to remind people of things they should know, not consuming a long time but with intensity.

Hints for curious minds: Discourse, Grand Narrative, Historiography, Neurobiology of Decision Making, Feminist Theories.