

Oretta Dalle Ore

PEACE IS THE ROAD



EDIZIONI FAI DA TE

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*As per the graphic representations collected in this book,
the Editor is available for the parties entitled which could not be traced.*

PEACE IS THE ROAD

edited by Giovanni Mingrino

translated by Anthony Robbins



War, no to war, yes to war.
No one speaks, sings, says, shouts.
War, yes to war, no to war.

Bomb bomb reverberate, death and bombs,
but where is war, it's nowhere, but it's there.

Bomb bomb reverberate, death and bombs,
perhaps yes, perhaps no, who knows, but perhaps,
yesterday no, no one knows, maybe tomorrow,
but war is nowhere, where is it, but it's there.



Hard-edged thoughts with no way through
discard peace for war
suffered inevitable sick.

With rose petals gardenia petals
weave other questions to the answers
of tangled terrorism and death.



Mike Callihan

Pakistani refugees are not people
speaking a human language like us.

Of plague, hunger, war only
and of death it seems they speak.



Landless refugees confined in camps
in Africa, Asia, the Americas
and our beloved old Europe.
Alive without hope like the dead
in bureaucratic survival.



Palestinian refugees in Palestine
in their fatherland degraded landless
with violence as only hope
which denies survival by hoping.
Existing for them is not existing
It is a nothing without death untellable.



Tracy Helgeson

In Japan, at the antipodes of Europe,
Bosnia reminds us of Korea,
Korea, woods rivers houses fields,
split in a straight line at the parallel,
virtual bureaucratic image,
anger grief pain war death.



Tandi Venter

Many millions of Kulaks killed
in the name of the poorer and the defenseless
of peasants confined in their kolkhoz
having lost their fields
without papers, prisoners
like once the servants of the glebe.



Francesca Ferrari

The pact between men in the Iliad
is that of Bosnia and Rwanda.
Sounds voices words signs images
yesterday today the day before
the day after tomorrow
peace, war and peace, peace and war
and arms for peace and for war.



Mike Callihan

War that prevents you from thinking
upsetting your memories and thoughts
go on paying no heed
among moths and mothballs the living and the dead.

The effort of living and war
which releases occludes collapses
which removes deprives offends and brings despair
undeterred obtuse impervious woman
I offer I laugh I cook I kiss I talk.

War that gives madness its voice
and leaves words soundless
those of the enemy and the other for good and ill.



Guido Borelli

It is the time to make war
to reckon your strength to fight
the death of language and ideas.

Life is a battle for the new
and conservation of the old.

There are meaningless plumes
of lost words without sense
which invade and shatter, dying.
Remember the past without connections
with the future to come, fruit and seeds
is a death-throe, or -rattle in a coma.



Domenico Giarratano

Whistles and boos and flags
search for space in memory
falsifying the hated past
to promise better things
to those who march on.

Difficult truth that bifurcates
in the simplicity of another's evil
the enemy, war, battles.
To recover peace and the true other
is the end of the world and its beginning.



War incomprehensible execrable
careers on, exasperates, rages, horrifies
depriving words of life so that
they have no will no time no place
to gather seeds flowers fruit.
Wait, keep silent, carry on
never upset, fully aware.



Francesca Ferrari

Life which changes is a storm
for those who cannot alter
their words and deeds
following its changes, the night, the day.

The aborigines were not termites
who prevented war with their hospitality.
By agreeing to disagree
no one dies of war or entropy.



Everything seems distracted and senseless
this August holiday time, grey and dark.

Lasting peace is announced by Piruz
I almost don't believe him, though I hope.

War fought as I remember it
stifles me and makes me despair.

Try and try again, carry on
go on as if nothing was amiss.



In the world of trade and consumerism,
which voids itself shouting buy and sell
objects desires writing
scales with ill-balanced pans
for selfishness the power-game
loveless will, war and mourning.

The hurricane of being that dazzles
overturning the light, night and day
displace place by closing, distancing.
The flat calm that follows opens the way
to the voice of leisure, not trade.



Nameless and faceless, people
advance into nothingness, consumerism
running braying despairing,
they see others in the catalogues
of ignorant propaganda
narcissus mirroring himself, yet loveless.

The road of the visible invisible
a racket of living to get
with no exchange of love or learning
falling into the void, death, war.



Poetry can be a hindrance
for those who follow
a pre-ordained path
and will not invest in the future
ignorance novelty old age.

Anger incomprehension when shared
put art into nothingness already lived
distorting boredom into will and rhythm.
Care for those near us and far from us
in our own and others' past and future
war takes from incoercible peace.



Music dance spectacle
is need for the other, effort and will
it is a pledge to talk and stay together
it is a picture of life, peace and love.

Do not seek but give hope and peace.
It is not much, very little, but it's there.

The road to peace is an invention
of something in common to be shared.

It is following life, carrying on
not shouting at war but breaking it.



Giuseppe Corradi

Battles of morals and justice
with armed police not armies
war has become an ill-understood
media-bound outpouring of passion.

Ethical reason will win over
spreading terror and vengefulness,
and war on war is still war.

“There is no road to peace.
Peace is the road,” said Gandhi.

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