

Ripenso il tuo sorriso , Montale
(I think back on your smile)

Then the golden hoop of happiness
Circled the cosmos in that smile
Not your sardonic Cheshire cat
All marmalade and fantasy
But here beneath a Norfolk sky
So wide it will make you live forever.

Surely the exile to Voronezh
Met the incumbent spirit of a smile
Where among the horror a goldfinch darts
To you a sign of pouring gold
Possession of a soul without hope
Bare-faced on black earth's rack.

Arm in arm for the millionth time
We walk toward that smile
Whose surety denies the existential threat
Whose hallowed life so prayed for
So great a thing demands existence
And we have brought it into space and time.

Yes Language is triumphant
She calls back the fleeting gods
Brings them into Being, into valour,
And by her lyric genius confirms them,
And we, mortal, are now more needed
They rescue us in their turn.....
Deliverance.