The three poems presented here meditate in verse on the concept of migration as a consequence of war, poverty, neo-colonialism, and exploitation of the environment. "In Absence", with its simple and composed structure, is a silent cry of hope. The poet describes one night on a refugees boat in the Mediterranean: one of many journeys of hope tainted by the shadows of future hardships and the sorrow of the memories left behind. Under it all there is the sea, the big mother and never sated monster.

Today our cities are a melting pot of races and languages. Among the tangles of the urban landscape, the most fragile are often lost, forgotten. "Beyond the Gaze" offers a symbolic portrait of a neglected humanity, the migrants living too often at the borders of society with their crosses of wars and horrors on their shoulders (there is a hint to Jesus and mother Mary, for those who understand). Over this forgotten humanity, our distracted eyes barely notice anymore the TV news recounting other existential tragedies.

From the first steps of mankind, people migrated, scattering around the world, mixing and differentiating themselves in different cultures and customs. "Transhumance" is a sort of laic prayer and a quiet reflection on migrations, crowds, loneliness, nature, and human landscape. The poems come from the Italian book Ossidiana, published by Volturnia Edizioni in 2018 (translations into English by the poet).

Lucilla Trapazzo is a Swiss-Italian poet, translator, artist, and performer. After years abroad for studies and work in the DDR, Brussels, Washington DC, and New York City, she now lives in Zurich, Switzerland. Her activities range from poetry, theater (workshops in Italy and abroad, directing, acting), installations, translations, and literary criticism. Editor of the poetry section of MockUp Magazine, Italy, and of Innsaei Literary Journal, India, co-editor of several international anthologies, she is a juror in international poetry competitions and has co-organized and moderated poetry events, international festivals and art exhibitions for international associations. Many of her poems have been translated into other languages, and she has won numerous prizes and awards, including first prize poetry, La Nicchia, Rome, 2018; first prize poetry, Isolimpia, Napoli, 2019; first prize best poetry book "I Murazzi" Torino, Italy, 2019; Best Poem, Cape Comorin Club Awards, India, 2020; first prize Civil and Philosophical Poems, XI Chechkov’s Autumn International Festival, Crimea, 2021; Gold medal for Outstanding Poet, Yan’an Award, Peoples Republic of China, 2021. Avid supporter of human rights and the planet, her social and feminine point of view is reflected in many of her writings.
In Absence—a Boat named Hope

No moon tonight. The voracious belly of the sea nurses on dreams and flesh. A boat forgiven is tainted by shadows while furrowing the waters. The promised destiny is distant. A woman's face is suspended in absence. Yesterday the taste of home and native land. Disdainful beaches tomorrow.

In assenza—una barca di nome speranza

Beyond the gaze

Shattering is the misery of an injury bound to libations of silence. Mournful sum of time and space, returns the migrant mother of the son crucified to the disdain of crows and torn apart between night and day without ending nor beginning. Inhabiting streets and houses abandoned to the memories, in the magazines appear only photograms or distracted words of news bulletins in the evening on TV - just hollow noises and frills of conscience in dissonance. Sweet denial follows compassion.

Ego absolvo te a peccatis mundi. *

* Latin Catholic formula to absolve sinners

Oltre lo sguardo

Urlante è la miseria di uno squarcio avvinto a libagioni di silenzio. Somma dolente d'ogni tempo e luogo torna migrante la madre del figlio al ludibrio dei corvi crocifisso dilaniato tra notte e giorno senza fine e inizio. Abitando le strade e case abbandonate alla memoria nei rotocalchi solo fotogrammi parole di distratti notiziari la sera alla TV, vacuo frastuono e orpelli di coscienza in dissonanza. Dolce il diniego segue compassione.

Ego absolvo te a peccatis mundi.
Transhumance

At the crossing of rivers intertwining scarves, people migrate and birds camels, elephants and jute sacks. Under harsh shadows of torn skies women carry in baskets the cries of the fathers and knives in the eyes of the children. Replicating traces of love in a different horizon on the route of far away delusions. History is a meandering vein, digging craters on the face. An offering of lotus flowers to extinguish the mark of angular horror, and we harvest dreams poured on sand. A wrinkle in the wind leaves no trace.

Transumanza

All’incrocio dei fiumi intrecciando le sciarpe, genti trasmigrano e uccelli cammelli, elefanti e sacche di iuta. All’ombra dura di cieli strappati portano le donne nelle ceste il lamento dei padri e coltelli negli occhi dei figli. Replicando orme d’amore in un altro orizzonte sulla rotta di abbagli lontani. La storia è vena vagante solcante crateri sul viso. Offrire foglie di loto per estinguere il marchio di orrori angolari. Poi cogliere sogni versati su sabbia. Un solco nel vento traccia non lascia.