

Poetry in matter

Poetry that slips into the folds of the image seeking to grasp unwritten meanings. There are countless examples in History in which poetry and visual art interchanged winks. We just need to drop by the Peggy Guggenheim Collection in Venice to experience the emotion of this approach, or become absorbed in Giorgio de Chirico's verses to enjoy the flirtation these winks led to.

But after all the sympathy between these two languages of Art is an unexplored territory where instead of cartographers and geographers we run into pioneers, perhaps slightly mad.

With the extraordinary foresight of the Marignana Arte Gallery – with its genuine openness to experimentation it displays the most wonderful aspect of Art – we decided to don this garb and sail these experimental seas where billows of painting and flows of poetry merge.

From this viewpoint the exhibition “I dreamed a dream” is a first step. Each work is escorted by a few verses whereby I sought to explore what lies behind the inclinations and specificities of each artwork. You can like them or not, feel emotion or be left puzzled, but each word is the fruit of a commitment to explore the poetics of the artists on exhibit.

I wish to personally thank with all my heart each of the artists who lent themselves to sharing this moment of closeness and allowed me the privilege of accompanying their works with my verses.

Good seeing. And good reading.

Paolo Gambi

Giuseppe Adamo

I imitate a layered horizon

Discreet brushstroke of a universal picture,

Plants, stones and metals transpire.

With my eyelids I seize

A new creation

Eyelashes caress imperfections

In dimensions that shake hands

Stijn Ank

Words sprout in the void
If there's material to receive them.
Where does the head end and the sky begin?
When am I asleep and when am I awake?
Is there more void beyond the border
Or between nucleus and electrons?
The human being is not unlike a statue:
It also is so imperfect.
But perhaps not so pure.

Mats Bergquist

Blue barking amidst the snow,
Freedom is at a cost.
Beyond the trees the color of eternity
I'm writing desperation with my knees.
Kisses erase
The steps printed in the ashes.
Purity is all that remains
In the silence of eyes
To contemplate with our hands

Nancy Genn

Meditating between East and West
Thoughts trickle onto the paper;
Their adventure slides
Balanced on the thread of a chance
That celebrates every reflection and nuance
Until the parenthesis closes.
The liquid gets soiled,
Polluted with words
We all know,
That nobody really understands.
Drops of water play
The symphony of color
That embraces with light
Each spirit contemplating them.

Sophie Ko

For you Time, for us Eternity.

Time ends, I begin.
I'm waiting: with color I gauge eternity
Drawing its map to get lost.
Powder of pigments falls pure
Into the eternity of the forest:
What is left is alive.
I recall: time slows down
Ponderous
Among the foliage of images.
I return: I go down to the earth
Before the primitive verses.
Reborn is the phoenix.
I begin, time ends.

Artur Lescher

A derelict mood is needed
To make the two sides
Of the frontier of light hold hands.
On the river's pages you write while watching.
The paper quibbles with the laws of Nature,
The grammar of Science pacifies.
A compass points beyond.
The shadow conceals unsaid words
That tell not the equality of balance.
There's a secret among all these proportioned billows.
The river flows.
Like one starving bites into a piece of bread fallen into his hands.

Tulio Pinto

I look at my hands: a world opens up:
They read the magic words
Inscribed in the balance of forms.
I scale the summit of the limit
And touch the instability of the universe.
All and nothing, light and dark, Me and others,
All entwined for an instant,
At random.
From the peak of risk, I lean out, but too far:
I fall, with my eyes only
And with my hands grasp a new now.
New balance, new peril,
New peril, new potential.
Forms, they are allies,
And I still have my hands.

Antonio Scaccabarozzi

Little is needed:

A veil of Art over neat dots,

Energies on plain paper,

The rural rhythm of color,

The humility of the gesture that does not become an image,

Conceal the obvious,

Reveal the concealed,

So much sacred imperfection

And remove the rest.

And what is left exceeds every intention.

Anne Laure Sacriste

I sleep in white and black

Cherries flower darkly –

Colors are beyond.

Without words I write a beyond

Between earth and sky –

The heart sweats in the dark.

The chrysanthemum in the dark exists

Eyelids swallow the obscure –

I'm a background for petals.

I draw petals on the sand

Imagination is fond of vast beaches.

It's pouring rain.

Verónica Vázquez

I'm seeking for hands a new word
That would plant energy in a force field,
Would render to metal its crown.
I assemble, I classify, I mix,
And start all over.
I tie wires of thought
To fingers dipped in something solid.
I cruise in passion,
Direction is the cruising itself.
Words rain from the palms,
The discarded superfluous
Is once again necessary
Everything changes
Everything remains as it is.