

## **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 emerge.

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

### **Maurizio Donzelli**

Revelation bursts into the eye;  
Beauty poised on the verge of a line.  
A mirage reveals the world  
From the best angle: your own;  
Laces bind it to reality,  
I'm lost among shadows and reflections.  
Each thing is different  
Yet being the same,  
Each thing is figural.  
Just a mirror divides us.

**Arthur Duff**

Light without time teaches me  
space and matter  
endless transformation  
shifting frame.  
Darkness is a mere parenthesis.  
We carve the rays with our eyes  
The rays carve us  
All the rest is but words.

**Aldo Grazi**

Somewhere else  
jasmine blooms,  
enigmatic prophesies of simple particles  
lead to a world apart.  
The foreground lies beyond the border,  
lit by darkness.  
Seeking meaning I navigate  
among undefined fragments.  
It takes time.  
It takes meaning.

**Silvia Infranco**

Life and death interlock fingers  
matter memory of days,  
water memory of forever.  
Magic of one who stops time  
Or condenses it in its confine.  
Destroying explodes creation,  
disintegration is arrested.  
Rarefied matter takes flight:  
down below, reality  
up above, all the rest.

**Giulio Malinverni**

An ironic cloud  
envelops Venice.  
Trapped for three centuries  
in deformed hallucinations  
a callipygian human  
faceless and story-less  
makes money pour down.  
Saint Francis merely smiles.

**Maurizio Pellegrin**

I remember  
energies that are jumbled  
objects find the soul.  
Fragmented consciences behold details  
numbers trace mysteries  
name the genes of things:  
evolution, infinity, order, intellect, motion  
motion  
Follow the course:  
it's a map  
in the scenery of memory.

**Quayola**

What world will machines see?  
The sun in Arles lights up Nature  
today as in 1888.  
Perfection changes our eyes,  
spheres erase colors.  
Real objects ice over  
Becoming abstract.  
Leaves are growing.

**Donatella Spaziani**

This room has no name  
And here I lose mine too  
Form alone remains  
Faceless  
My body alone remains  
But it's no longer mine  
It's everybody's  
In its when and where.  
Questions harrow space  
Fractioned time grows heavy  
Past and present erase the future.

**Marco Maria Zanin**

The hoe no longer prays  
Millenary rites are dead  
Time has begun to run  
– but not here –  
and emptied every cathedral.  
Fleeing toward the flow of days  
Speed devours everything  
– but not here –  
Chasing the present  
Memory keeps still  
Sunk in the field.