

The Language of Crisis
Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)
Dulce et Decorum Est

Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame, all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys!—An ecstasy of fumbling
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime.—
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin,
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,—
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: *Dulce et decorum est*
Pro patria mori.

The Crisis of Language
T.S. Eliot (1888-1965)
From The Waste Land

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only
There is shadow under this red rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you

Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Free Verse: Exploring new possibilities in poetry
What can poetry do which prose cannot?

Fosco Maraini - Il Lonfo

Il lonfo non vaterca né gluisce
e molto raramente barigatta,
ma quando soffia il bego a bisce bisce
sdilenca un poco, e gnagio s'archipatta.
È frusco il lonfo! È pieno di lupigna
arrafferia malversa e sofolenta!
Se cionfi ti sbiduglia e t'arrupigna
se lugri ti botalla e ti criventa.
Eppure il vecchio lonfo ammargelluto
che bete e zughia e fonca nei trombazzi
fa lègica busia, fa gisbuto;
e quasi quasi, in segno di sberdazzi
gli affarfaresi un gniffo. Ma lui zuto
t'alloppa, ti sberneccchia; e tu l'accazzi.

Free Verse: Exploring new possibilities in poetry

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)
There's a certain Slant of light

There's a certain Slant of light,
Winter Afternoons –
That oppresses, like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes –

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us –
We can find no scar,
But internal difference,
Where the Meanings, are –

None may teach it -- Any –
'Tis the Seal Despair –
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the Air –

When it comes, the Landscape listens –
Shadows -- hold their breath –

When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
On the look of Death –

Rappers as contemporary poets

Rancore Sunshine

Da: IL FATTO QUOTIDIANO - 16 luglio 2015

la più bella canzone rap che rapper italiano abbia mai inciso.

Qui stiamo parlando d'arte. Di rap, che in musica è una forma d'arte, anzi, la rappresentazione dell'ultimo genere musicale globale venuto a fare visita al genere umano dopo decenni carichi di fermenti, di stimoli, di input.

Assonanze, rime bacciate, giochi di metrica, parole sputate a velocità siderali, vocaboli inusitati nel vocabolario del rapper medio, ma anche di un letterato, e su tutto la solita, e non si legga in questo aggettivo sfumatura negativa, ansiosa rabbia, il rancore da cui prende il nome il rapper che questi concetti veicola.

To sum up:

- *Rejection of the traditional “poetic diction”: no topic is too low or vulgar to be included in poetry. Colloquial expressions, swearwords, bawdy details... everything belongs to human experience*
- *Loosening of traditional syntax*
- *Disappearance of traditional meter: no counting of syllables, no regular final rhymes, no fixed rhythm*
- *Key point: Form is content. Form adapts to content and contributes to content. A new expression is a new idea.*
- *Still it IS poetry: anaphorae, puns, internal rhymes, assonances, alliterations, chiasmi, flexible rhythm, specific sounds*
- *Content: loss of coherence and of logical development*
- *Content: disappearance of a universally acknowledged truth: relativism*
- *Based on “a heap of broken images” (fragmentation) which are extremely compressed and evocative - concentration - the Objective Correlative*

T.S. Eliot

From “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock”

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky

Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question ...
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.