

“L’amore fa di una piccola stanza un universo”

John Donne – The Good Morrow (1633)

In questa bellissima “aubade”, gli amanti hanno bisogno solo l’uno dell’altra. “Lasciamo che gli esploratori veleggino verso nuovi mondi; lasciamo le mappe ad altri, che scoprono un mondo dopo l’altro; a noi basta possedere un mondo solo, tu lo sei per me e io lo sono per te”. Con l’augurio che, oggi che non possiamo esplorare nessun mondo esterno, ognuno abbia l’occasione di riscoprire legami che riempiono la realtà...

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved? Were we not weaned till then?
But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers’ den?
'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be.
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love, all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to others, worlds on worlds have shown,
Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two better hemispheres,
Without sharp north, without declining west?
Whatever dies, was not mixed equally;
If our two loves be one, or, thou and I
Love so alike, that none do slacken, none can die.