



**Leonardo Guzzo translates Marianne Moore and Dylan Thomas**

1. Marianne Moore

*Silence*

My father used to say,  
“Superior people never make long visits,  
have to be shown Longfellow’s grave  
or the glass flowers at Harvard.  
Self-reliant like the cat —  
that takes its prey to privacy,  
the mouse’s limp tail hanging like a shoelace from its mouth —  
they sometimes enjoy solitude,  
and can be robbed of speech  
by speech which has delighted them.  
The deepest feeling always shows itself in silence;  
not in silence, but restraint.”  
Nor was he insincere in saying, “Make my house your inn.”  
Inns are not residences.

*Silenzio*

Mio padre usava dire,  
“Le anime elette non fanno mai visite lunghe,  
non serve che gli mostrino la tomba di Longfellow  
o i fiori di vetro ad Harvard.  
Fidando in se stesse come il gatto —  
che trae la preda nella sfera intima,  
la coda floscia del topo pendula come un laccio di scarpa dalla sua bocca —  
a volte amano la solitudine  
e restano senza parole  
per via di parole che le hanno estasiato.  
L’impulso più profondo sempre si esprime in silenzio:  
non in silenzio, meglio, con riserbo”.  
Né mentiva dicendo: “Fai della mia casa il tuo albergo”.  
Gli alberghi non sono residenze.



2. Dylan Thomas

*And death shall have no dominion*

And death shall have no dominion.  
Dead man naked they shall be one  
With the man in the wind and the west moon;  
When their bones are picked clean and the clean bones gone,  
They shall have stars at elbow and foot;  
Though they go mad they shall be sane,  
Though they sink through the sea they shall rise again;  
Though lovers be lost love shall not;  
And death shall have no dominion.

And death shall have no dominion.  
Under the windings of the sea  
They lying long shall not die windily;  
Twisting on racks when sinews give way,  
Strapped to a wheel, yet they shall not break;  
Faith in their hands shall snap in two,  
And the unicorn evils run them through;  
Split all ends up they shan't crack;  
And death shall have no dominion.

And death shall have no dominion.  
No more may gulls cry at their ears  
Or waves break loud on the seashores;  
Where blew a flower may a flower no more  
Lift its head to the blows of the rain;  
Though they be mad and dead as nails,  
Heads of the characters hammer through daisies;  
Break in the sun till the sun breaks down,  
And death shall have no dominion.

*E la morte non avrà dominio*

E la morte non avrà dominio.  
I morti nudi saranno una cosa  
con l'uomo del vento e la luna d'occidente;  
quando le ossa saranno spolpate e i torsi svaniti,  
avranno stelle ai gomiti e giù ai piedi;  
se anche impazziranno saranno sani  
e benché affondino nel mare risorgeranno;  
se anche gli amanti svaniranno, l'amore sarà salvo  
e la morte non avrà dominio.



La morte non avrà dominio.  
Sotto le anse del mare a lungo  
giacendo non moriranno nel vento;  
straziati dalle funi mentre i tendini cedono,  
stretti alla ruota non si spezzeranno;  
vedranno tra le mani aprirsi in due la fede,  
il male fatto unicorno invaderli da parte a parte;  
rosi ai margini terranno in salvo il cuore  
e la morte non avrà dominio.

La morte non avrà dominio.  
Mai più ascolteranno il grido dei gabbiani,  
il tuono delle onde infrante sopra la scogliera;  
dove un fiore danzò non potrà un fiore  
alzare il capo alle raffiche di pioggia;  
eppure, pazzi e morti stecchiti,  
le teste di quei tali picchieranno dalle margherite;  
irromperanno al sole finché il sole crolli  
e la morte non avrà dominio.

**Marianne Moore** (1887—1972), American poet whose work distilled moral and intellectual insights from the close and accurate observation of objective detail. Moore graduated from Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania in 1909 as a biology major and then studied commercial subjects and taught them at the U.S. Indian School in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Her first published work appeared in 1915 in the *Egoist* and in Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* magazine. After 1919, living in Brooklyn, New York, with her mother, Moore devoted herself to writing, contributing poetry and criticism to many journals in the United States and England. In 1921 her first book, *Poems*, was published in London; her first American volume, *Observations*, was published in 1924). These collections exhibited Moore's conciseness and her ability to create a mosaic of juxtaposed images that lead unerringly to a conclusion that, at its best, is both surprising and inevitable. In 1925 — already regarded as a leading poet — she became acting editor of *The Dial*, an influential American journal of literature and arts, and she remained with *The Dial* until it was discontinued in 1929. Moore's *Collected Poems* appeared in 1951. She also published a translation of *The Fables of La Fontaine* (1954); a volume of critical papers, *Predilections* (1955); and *Idiosyncrasy and Technique: Two Lectures* (1958). Moore won the admiration of fellow poets, including T.S. Eliot who referred to her as one of the few producers of durable poetry in her time.

(adapted from <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Marianne-Moore>)

**Dylan Thomas** (1914 – 1953) was a Welsh poet and prose writer “whose work is known for its comic exuberance, rhapsodic lilt, and pathos” and “whose personal life, punctuated by reckless bouts of drinking, was notorious”. Thomas's first book, *18 Poems*, was published in 1934, heralding “a strikingly new and individual, if not always comprehensible, voice in English poetry.” His work in verse and prose include *Twenty-Five Poems* (1936), *The Map of Love* (1939), *Portrait of the Artist as a Young*



*Dog* (1940), *Deaths and Entrances* (1946), *Under Milk Wood* (1954) and *A Prospect of the Sea* (1955). The publication, in 1953, of his *Collected Poems* “exhibited the deeper insight and superb craftsmanship of a major 20th-century English poet”. Ty Llên (later the Dylan Thomas Centre), established in Swansea in 1995, houses “the permanent collection of Thomas memorabilia”

(adapted from <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Dylan-Thomas>)

**Leonardo Guzzo** was born in Naples in 1979 and lives between Sapri and Rome. He holds a degree in Political Science and works as an international organization advisor for the Free University “Maria Santissima Assunta”. He is on the editorial board of both the newspaper *La Città* and the monthly journal *50&più* and writes for various magazines and newspapers such as *Il Mattino*, *L’Editoriale*, *Il Corriere del Mezzogiorno* as well as for the blog *La Balena Bianca*. Some of his short stories have appeared in the major Italian literary revue *Nuovi Argomenti* as well as in the journal *Il primo amore*, edited by Antonio Moresco and Tiziano Scarpa. His debut collection of short-stories, *Le radici del mare*, was published in 2015 by Italic Pequod and was very well received by critics and readers alike. His second collection of short-stories, entitled *Terre emerse*, is forthcoming by same publisher. It contains *L’ultima spiaggia*, *The Last Beach*, published in the *Journal of Italian Translation* and translated by Charles Hann. Leonardo is currently working on his first collection of poems.