

“Partenope”

di Gennaro Jacobbe

E quanne
sarra' l'ultimo
`stu tiempo
accussi' comme e' stato
cu `sti journate
accatastate dint'o core
comme a `na mappata
surata e senza culore
tu
nun ce credere
pecche'
ogni cosa è ciato
e `o respiro
se po' sentere
overamente

Non-literal translation

*And when
it will be last
this time
as it was
with these days
one on top
of the other in the heart
like a basket of dirty clothes
sweaty and black without color
you
do not believe it
because
everything is breath
and the breath
you can hear it
really*