

**MIMMO MORINA**

*Seven solitaires  
for an island*

Translated from the  
Italian by Mark O'Connor

**PROLOGUE**

---

*Deep cry of that mid-Earth sea  
whose millennial waves  
once flung  
still fling us together*

*a sea cradled and ruled by winds  
waving its endless mirrors of sun  
a shimmering chalice sludged with bone  
and lost offerings to Hades*

*S'agapo – I love you*

**FIRST SOLITARY**

---

*from this sunned window  
this sea's skin quivering blue-black*

*from this milky sky  
from this loving heart  
from this night's first line of stars  
this Ever till Ever*

**SECOND SOLITARY**

---

*Love*

*what greater passion  
more helpless need  
than ocean's quiescent roll  
after an autumnal squall  
had rasped the waves into points  
till the violent winds of twilight faded  
among rollers still stretching to touch  
the warmth of your body  
Beloved  
Island of sun*

---

**MIMMO MORINA***Seven solitaires**for an island*Translated from the  
Italian by Mark O'Connor

---

**THIRD SOLITARY**

---

*a book flips open on fresh paint  
its sea lying flat yet crinkled  
the waves unbroken, unopposed  
no new arrivals reaching the Islands of Farewell  
everything drowns in its own being  
one may think he is Nothing  
adrift by the burning unreachable shore  
and be without wishing or knowing it  
the universe, entire*

---

**FOURTH SOLITARY**

---

*distant flickering sail  
that carries off your heart  
the fig tree projecting its course  
along the straight line of a wall  
leans to the horizon's jitter  
circling this island  
where no voice is more natural than yours  
whose innocent subtle phrasing  
charms up a wind that leaps  
like love into the sail*

---

**FIFTH SOLITARY**

---

*no let no nostalgia  
ripple what's been forgotten  
the island observes its allotted lines  
and where the land stops the sea begins  
you are joined to its body – a cloud  
cragged on the tower of itself to heaven  
from the turquoise peak  
you are wave-howl  
and solitude*



**MIMMO MORINA**

*Seven solitaires  
for an island*

Translated from the  
Italian by Mark O'Connor

**SIXTH SOLITARY**

---

*As bells can sound echoes in the heart  
from this shoal's mouth  
rises an ullulation sheer  
from the burning heart of Islam  
a moan of this one lost water-fowl  
from the vast migrating flock called  
Africa*

**SEVENTH SOLITARY**

---

*watery inconstant tearful  
this morning's sky  
no creature shivers as timid  
as sea in its loneliness*

*clouds vanish like sails, squeeze  
through the crack of sea and sky  
to another horizon's cicle  
over East where dry Sicily rises  
the road the boats follow  
bends away South East  
homing on Africa  
that ballerina inching on her points  
a toe's length forward in a year  
to crack you Island  
on old Europe*