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ALESSANDRO SERPIERI

Ouverture*

* "Ouverture" is the closing chapter of Alessandro Serpieri's novel *Mare Scritto*, published in 2007 (Lecce: Manni: 213).

Michele avvertì ancora una volta il senso eccitante, per quanto illusorio, che dopotutto la vera vita dovesse pur sempre avvenire, oppure ricominciare. Tutto il passato, un preludio. Sarebbe bastata la scossa di un dio, e la terra si sarebbe messa a girare in un'altra galassia, tra ghirlande di stelle stupefatte, inseguendo a spirale uccelli lontani, sbucati in voli azzurri dai pianeti di Andromeda. Un preludio, una fretta d'infinito, verso un altro orizzonte più blu sprofondante di tutti, clamoroso nel nascondiglio proibito.

Allora avrebbe potuto ritrarre dal vero finzioni lontane millenni o visioni di sogni futuri. E avrebbe imparato il respiro del mare aperto dal vento e il respiro dentro il mare e oltre il vento, sospendendo su ignote correnti gli stati passati presenti e futuri della mente.

Poi si ricordò la giovane luna che aveva visto in un precoce tramonto d'inverno, uno spicchio splendido e leggero in mezzo ai tetti spioventi. E fu preso da un irresistibile impulso a inventare qualcosa che anche vagamente le rassomigliasse. Quella giovane luna, con l'accento della sua curva gentile, lo chiamava a un'idea ridente. L'inizio era la festa. Quello spicchio si portava in grembo il cerchio colmo, in ombra ma percepibile, della luna matura. Ma il seguito non importava, anzi era un ingombro. Succedeva sempre così con le forme, come con le idee delle forme. Lui doveva solo fare in modo che quella sua improvvisa idea ridente, e già sul punto di tradursi in parole immagini suoni odori contatti, restasse sospesa e non conoscesse il suo seguito maturo. Solo così avrebbe potuto rispondere alla tenera luna con un sogno dal lieve arco giovane sempre.

Once again Michele had the exciting albeit illusory feeling that life, after all, was about to really begin, or to start over again. The whole past – a prelude. It would take no more than the jolt of a god, and the earth would start to whirl in another galaxy, among garlands of astonished stars, spiralling after distant birds which flocked out in sky blue flight from the planets of Andromeda. A prelude, a yearning for infinity, towards a different horizon of a sinking blue deeper than all, clamorous in the forbidden hiding place.

Then he would be able to paint from life fictions millennia away, or visions of future dreams. And he would learn the sea's breath, opened up by the wind, how to breathe under the sea and beyond the wind, suspending past, present and future states of mind upon unknown currents.

Later he remembered the young moon he had seen in an early winter sunset, a light and shining crescent between the pitched roofs. And he was seized by an irresistible impulse to invent something that might even vaguely resemble her. The young moon, with her hint of a gentle curve, called him towards a joyous idea. The beginning was the feast. That crescent shape bore in her womb the full circle of the ripe moon, shadowy and yet perceptible. But what came after did not matter, indeed it was an encumbrance. It was always like that with forms, as with the idea of forms. He had only to make sure that his sudden joyous idea, already on the point of translating itself into words images sounds odours contacts, should remain suspended, never to know its own mature aftermath. Only thus could he respond to the tender moon with a dream that was gently curved, forever young.

Translation by Silvia Bigliuzzi

