

Hinges On Our Stillness

*Alla mia famiglia per il sostegno e per la bellezza
di costruire insieme un'anima condivisa*

*Meiner Familie für die Unterstützung und die Schönheit
des gemeinsamen Aufbaus einer Seele*

*To my family for the support and the beauty
of building a shared soul together*

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Editor's foreword

Walking through these traced lines, jumping from one sentence to the next one, I had to wonder where am I standing, not only in relation to this work but more generally. What is my agency? Anagrams of anagrams gently carried me into a muffled space. Space of reflection. Between the rare dots and the immense whitespaces, I found myself wondering. If there is a writer and I am the reader, where are they and where can I be?

Who is the speaking *I*?

As I read, shyly following the line with the point of my finger, words somebody else has written seep into my head. As I read aloud, those same words flow through my lips and into the world.

I try to position myself. I look for the thoughts I have repressed, pushed away from my mind, the looks I have turned away from the things I did not want to see, and I had to sincerely ask myself if I have done well.

They... am I *They*? Have I been blindly marching on my pedestal of safe beliefs, unaware passers-by?

Never talking and always being talked about, who's the silent *you* circumspectly standing at the center stage? How are they feeling? What are they thinking? Are they safe? Have I failed them?

I wish I could break that wall down.

You and I — we. To overcome boundaries, I would probably need to leave a bit of myself behind, to get lighter by getting rid of my firmer beliefs and ideas. Only in that way could I be more me, more you and less them.

MuMa
Isabella Panigada

Hinges On Our Stillness

First Act

*A frenetic sound
draws an aria in April
blood leaves crack under the breeze
there is no need
but violence for its sake*

I

Ricordo

Ricalcolo

Ricopio

Riscontro

Ritiro

Rifiuto

Riscatto

Riprovo

Rispetto

Chi?

A chi?

Di chi?

Per chi?

Rispetto

34.596 —
May 2, 2023

35 thousand —
May 22, 2023

36 thousand —
May 28, 2023

21.507 —
December 31, 2023

9.500 Women —
May 22, 2024

14.500 Children —
May 22, 2024

Enough?

A war prospect

Provo lo scatto
di un fiuto a tiro
contro ogni scontro
copio un calcolo.

Rispetto a chi confronto questo ricordo?

Rimedio.

Riferisco a te
ritratti ripescati
tra i tanti.
Ribadisco
Ricordo la tua ombra
rivolta a sud
su due piedi
mi chiedesti: di quale rispetto stai parlando?

Dopo un anno non so
risponderti.

Potrei venderti storie di qualsiasi genere
senza mai risponderti
e tu
faresti qualsiasi genere di cosa
pur di credermi.

Ripeto

A butterfly effect

searching hinges on our stillness

or our willingness

risponderei con il venderti favole
che possano corrisponderti.

Riluce un'alba
di sorrisi neofiti
calma calibrata
in centimetri d'aria

Non riformulo ma concludo

Riporta tutto allo stato delle cose
scordate, forse
un rimpiazzo di uno strazio di risposta.

Mi rivolto
vi rivedo in volto
dondolo
rivelando le spine
del suo sguardo.

A smoked head

the rain extinguishes the flames

How many names?

II

È un'indistinzione vivida che mi porto addosso
una guerra di dolori astratti
invisibili sul corpo

meccanica di un incubo
lontano dal mio reale
un fuoco che arde senza ustioni
mozza ogni rantolo
rotola via
in uno scorrere di immagini

*A skeleton of concrete and metal bones
for once
dust should unveil them
mandators and victims*

*the mechanics of this nightmare
shrinks lives in a feature story*

what kind of glory