

At An Hour's Sleep From Here, Franca Mancinelli (256pp, Bitter Oleander Press)

FAULT LINE

I want to be seduced by these poems,
won over by their intensity, but
I just get more and more detached.
It's all too vague, everything's rooted

in emotion and abstraction, and
I think there are better translations:
even with my limited Italian
other possible poems wait within

the originals. The body of text
does not recognise itself, and some
clusters and groups of poems have
fault lines running through them.

'Instinctive sensation' is not enough;
you need more than 'having a language'
although that is an impressive claim.
You seem more than an hour's sleep away.

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