

## **Two poems**

*by Federico Federici*

### **The waste wall**

An almost invisible thread  
had guided crowds for years.  
Rushing out from shelters  
and bunkers, they gathered  
here to eavesdrop winds  
and western whispers  
behind the wall. The firm  
back of the winter's hand  
halted them all before it.  
It didn't upturn the hourglass,  
nor did it shake and clean  
its clogged throat.  
The days were dust,  
the dust that was their house.  
Now none dares to speak to  
those who've chosen to forget.  
And we all go with them.  
Dead men only speak  
a language of regret.

### **November, 1961**

Let this wall hide the wall that stands behind  
the wall of itself. Feed another stone into  
the wall, another word fed into the silence  
that walls up the emptied rooms of the dead.  
Most of the wall is centred about ourselves:  
it's up to us to believe it falls down in the end  
or not.