

## OTIUM



Oretta Dalle Ore  
poems

Angelo Riccobene  
paintings



To find my own voice in the hubbub  
of this empty rhetoric holiday war death.  
The wish to go back confuses me.



The rightness of numbers, mere money,  
means toiling to trade again and again  
in a world that is different every morning  
and everyone has his limits and blind-spots  
which you have to allow for, with him.



The gift of poetry friends the sense of  
going on and doing, understandable  
should not be twisted from destiny  
pulling your age and your history apart.



Prose poetry in words  
runs somersaults mocks turns over  
as the rain falls and the grass exults.  
Follow what comes without expectations  
slowly ahead softly as it comes.



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Oretta Dalle Ore



poems for the art of  
Angelo Riccobene



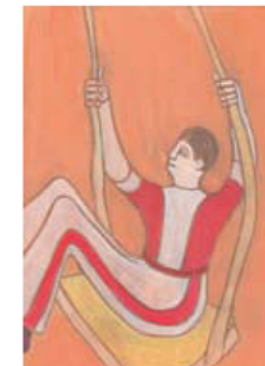
Great joy lies in printing and reprinting  
translating poems plays letters  
playing with music and pictures  
helping and being helped.



Writing requires you to be at leisure  
eschewing the bothers of business –  
The thing to do is to delegate  
getting it wrong, trying again, getting it right.  
Find your own and others' measure  
to gather your flowers your seeds your fruit  
and make your helpers happy.



To enjoy the idleness of poetry  
you have to deal with business,  
unloved but right and necessary,  
every day to live and enjoy.



I've discovered a new kind of raid  
which amuses Giovanni and spurs me  
to spread my sails towards the open sea  
in the stormy waves of science.

from Silken Ladders and Oikos  
Poems for Giovanni



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