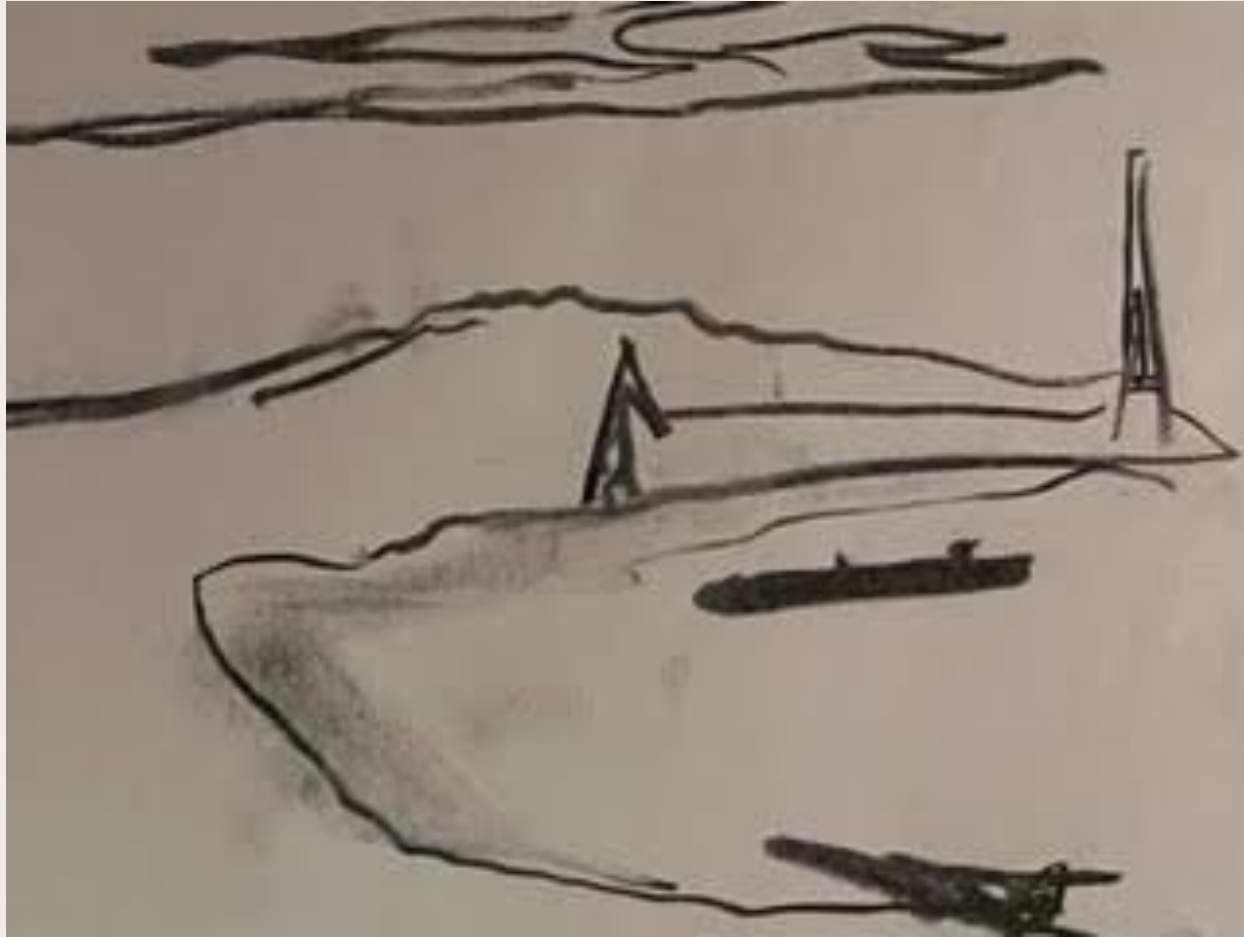


Cuba





























































9 x 12 inches

Sketchbook

Drawings by Corrado Paina plus y Andrea Paina and by Deborah Verginella



CUBA (1 GENNAIO - 15 GENNAIO 2001)
CARBONINO
BACCHE
FIORA
FRUTTA
SABRIA









HASTA CARIBUEY

















TONIGHT I AM THE STATE

to Massimo MaCho Cozzi, Erio D'angelo, Sergio Sgaramella

La maldita circunstancia del agua por todas partes

Virgilio Piñera

this queue is drawing my blood

like the mosquito of the dawn

this rum is discolouring desire

only the cheek of the child is paler than this milk

even today this line springs from promises

and ends up with history

I have learnt to entertain myself with useless questions

is the queue longer than the waiting?

is the waiting longer than the queue?

is hope begotten by the fight or the fight begotten by hope?

is it better to be in good health or to be free?

the faces of the missing

of those who have attempted the ocean

are not painted on the walls

José Antonio Ernesto Camilito

in my sole dream

there is a gate to heaven

though it could be hell

without a queue

without libreta

if you were not here I'd feel lonelier

than the crab in the middle of the road

his claws lifted against the indifferent tire

the fear that all our dead

our heroes

if they were alive

would tell us to resist
just like when I hit your chest
don't come before me
hold on! hold on!
think about him!
think about the Lider Maximo
against the Americans
but if I think about him
I'll come too soon
then think about the dead!
Our dead!
remember Frank Pais remember Abel Santamaria
remember Camilo Cienfuegos

remember Ché
Hatuey
José Martí
imagine the gods waking up inside the palms
and beating along the drum tree
blood leaks in tears scenting History
think about the slaughter of the pigs
about the gold which ran out
leaving a bitter taste
think about the breath of gall sweetened by
the tobacco leaf
about the armoured train blowing up in anger
let's root love
because the heat glues us for hours

and we unglue with free trajectories
you are the cuntpiercing cormorant
I am the peniscatcher falcon
while screams with hooks and beaks
resound in this room
shreds colouring the walls
into a large magna square
where we fly over you
asshole smeller
then I descend on a branch
and I dance waiting to fall asleep
waiting for the bat's singing
(ready or not, here I come . . .)
a life under embargo
is like a fly zipped forever
a sea that carries only to the coast

a plane which only lands and never leaves
we who were born with the embargo
cannot distinguish the outside from the inside
it is a voice from birth
growing despite the queue the libreta
the dead the gods
despite your love for me
the heat and the mosquitoes
it is the slap of the wave whipping itself
ready or not
here I come
the malnourished dancers dismantle the set of Giselle
and they go to the Tropicana and dance with the tourists
lured by the illusion the prince dances to death
the slave wins the slaver
hugging the tourist

all this movement makes me hungry

History will absolve me

nothing more boring

than Cristianos y Moros

it is like watching an action movie

at Cubavision

where heroes are cane cutters

peasants are philosophers of the local cell

and heroes never shut up

rice and beans

at Radiorebelde the uncommitted rotten youth

take drugs in Colombia

whore out in Puerto Rico

dignity in black and white

the country sits at the table

Cristianos y Moros

the balsero approaches the coral customs

Despacio

The warrior

who left children and conflicts

who headed to the hundred fires

was terminated by the leprosy

he wanted to cure

he lays on a pallet portrayed by the local Mantegna

lost battles became miracles

his evangelic writings

were traded and altered into apocrypha

now his face is impressed

on a thousand shrouds

his body buried somewhere

and so many are waiting for his return

the breeding of Varadero

like each imperial morning
the crooked and wrinkled laborers
were waiting for Monsieur Dupont
who was late
they spat on the dry land
I am hanging around with a little bit of money
among breeding bulls and cows to be bred
I am waiting for the results of the blood test
I must wait for a month at least
I'll call up the doctor once I'm at home
I have left Alvadys with unavoidable doubts
you almost engineer without ruler
without pads
Heiida you are hiding your sole condom
in your bra

you'll keep it alive like an old Chevy
you'll turn it out and you'll turn it in
you are not my Friday
you told me that after three days
I would not remember your face
I am your State
tonight I am your Lider Maximo
I kidnapped you
farm animal
grown in the dark
you write me that you got married and you have a child
grown in the dark
the son of periodo especial

you are so distant so discoloured
that your letters seem epigraphs
sleep old pontiac sleep my esposa
I loved you more than any woman
like a woman you had colours and sounds
we were together
in the countryside on the mountain at the seaside
in Pinar in Havana in Santa Clara
in Camaguey
in Varadero
you are so counterrevolutionary that
you loved and have begotten children without ideologies
sucio is the sea, filthy, rotten
despite a blue smile
this water wicked with attrition
Coitus

coral phalluses
humorous jelly fishes
mobile foams
tears of rum
horizons of concrete
this sea to wear
like an invisible cloak
fills up buddies and pals
vaginas assholes mouths
rubs the eyes of the nation
discolouring the island
burns like Deianira's tunic
like the flame of Hatuey
with the fire that the pyre cannot extinguish
the pain of farewell

tonight I am the State

that night my senses were jamming
the bed sheet restlessly fluctuating
smell of milk
pouring from her armpits
from her lavic breast
then her curls sprouted from
the white ploughed pillow
thin and shining waves
blown by a timid moon
her eyelids were gates for the bull
her lips were the quicksand of forgiveness
but her hands
were not curious

not voracious
tonight I am the State
Cristianos y Moros
I am bartering an old drunken boat
and American twins
for your shining sprouts
we bite our breath in the silence
it was me it was you
sea animals in the sunset
you emerging from the silent sky-struck sea
your belly still beating in a far country
walk, keep walking
Wait
wait and walk

the breathing of the exhausted engine
has stopped
walk until the victory
walk to Havana
wait for the truck loading
the doctors the peasants the workers
walk to the horizon
to the unattainable victory
to the imperial customs
you were born like the god inside a palm
and inside a palm you have grown up
spying on men and animals
You have waited for the barbarians
the counter-revolutionaries
Vigia
you pretended to be asleep in a barrack

emasculated by playa Giron and Escambray
you had screened the horizon of asphalt
in your dream you are surrounded by the worms of Mariel
by balseros by jineteras
you are smiling
because you are holding a flaming sword
angel of an exhausted god
Sierra
you've asked for help from everybody
and you've helped everybody
your love has been defended
and profaned
by men in different uniforms

regular irregular soldiers

conquistadores barbudos

crisianos y moros

their wishes burn out

their bodies punished by dreams and clouds

your herbs have cured asthma

your eyes have diagnosed the fevers

your arms have dug the graves of the dead

you've undone the canvas

and concede yourself to no one

S.S.Granma

we are still on our journey

and aren't you tired

of all these weary warriors?

Roland has sold his Durendal

the poet tunes his lyre

he is not singing of the repentance

he sings of the rejected counter-revolution

the sacrifice of life

even today

there's no land on the horizon

the poet cannot see

he is counting the wrinkles of silence

(I am still alive May 18)

Cuba

in charge of universal responsibility

I in a little field

pushing the ploughshare

what a life is life

when the moon on the clear sea

round and fat

pale and whimsical

Fantasizes

and begs standing at the corner of a cloud

and then she goes and rests

deaf to my pains

I am lonely in the island of poverty and nature

ahi! the trumpet of the sun is pushing

breakfast time and cigars

one two three

I am in charge of universal responsibility

you bartered the Hippocratic oath

for a box of ammunition

your motorbike blocked by the

Periodo Especial

you could drive for nations and continents

death has dueled with you

perhaps you thought you could win

and for your arrogance she

has cut off your hands

Nuestra America

to me the Indies are a few miles away

between the sea and the dream

I know that our dead
will not approve
searching like sentinels the sea customs
the arrival of the felucca and of the airplane
greeting the foreign delegation that brings
precious spices and monsters
the country moans and bleeds with
interrupted orgasms
you hug me and like hummingbirds
we take the pleasure of limited ellipsis
if you were not here
with me I'd forget
Health
Education
the country and the Sierra
because Cuba is an island

island of zafra
of absolution of libreta and querida presencia
but the sea
scented with freedom and flight
is a concrete trunk
it is a hero and a betrayer
it is alive and cemeterial
Nuevitas
my house is not here
not here where the pale beaches
blind the tourist with beauty
and the palms are confessionals of the sun god
my house is where love
is scented by the jewels of Yemayá
my house is in a little harbour

in a queue for a Changó-bleeding flat bread
in the open sewers where extroverted rats live
and where rapacious mosquitoes fly
in a torrid theatre
the toy of erudite conquistadores
defeated by little blue princes and little dancing princesses

it is here where I am
it is here that I am not I
where silence obeys different rules
from 2:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m.
and one dies
in the afternoon in Nuevitas
it is here where I would like to live
not to be a real man
not to be a new man
just to rest from all those years spent looking for you
to sleep without interrupted dreams
to listen to the sea knocking at the door
here is my house
...











LA POLVERA CIRCUNSTANZIA
DEI ALTO PER TUTTA PARTE



VIRGILIO PINERA

LA NOLE GETTA CIRCUNSTANZIA
DELI' ALTO CHE NI CIRCUNDA
DA OGNI PARTE





























1880 1880 1880

























Cuba 2009

Charcoal charcoals berries pencil













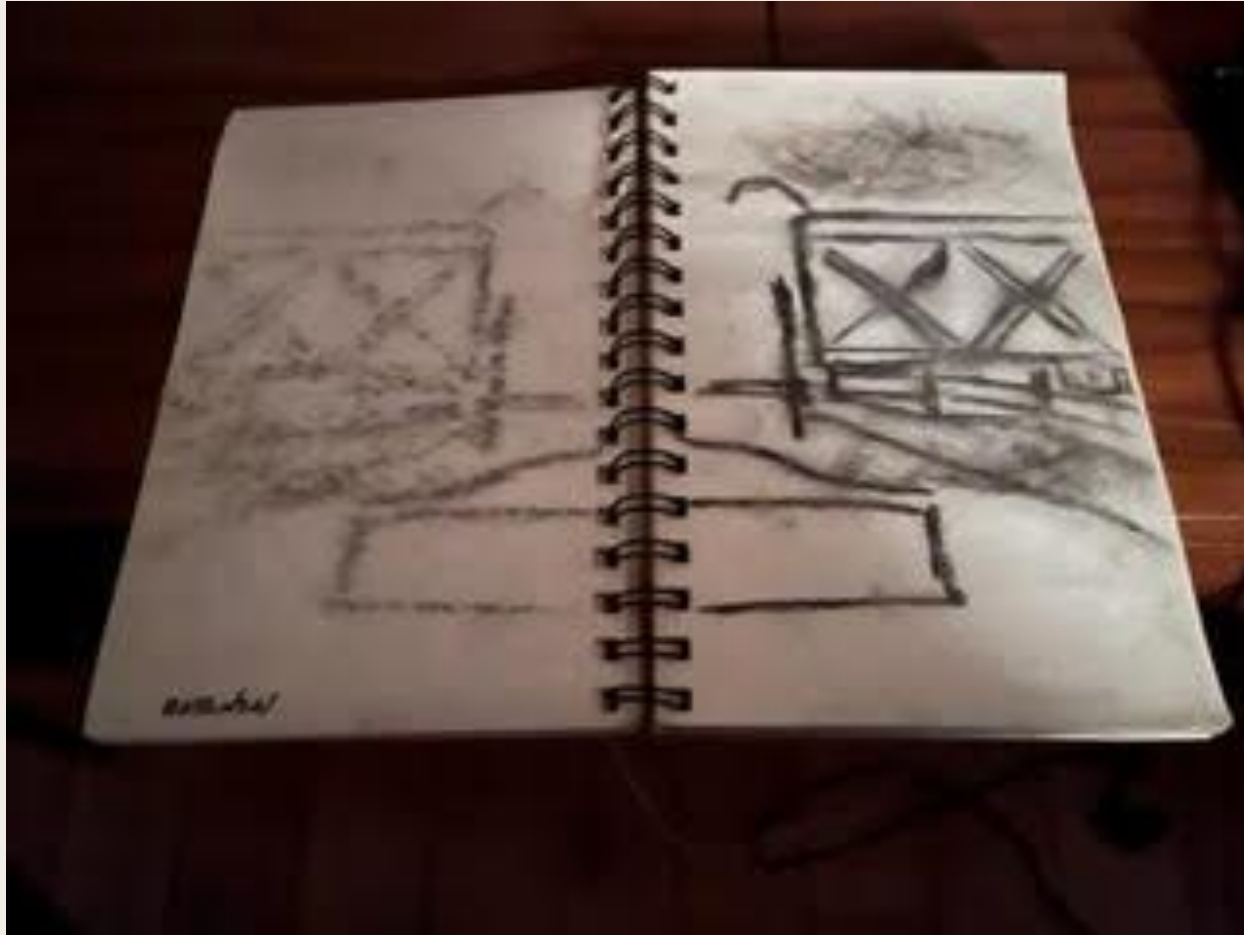




















































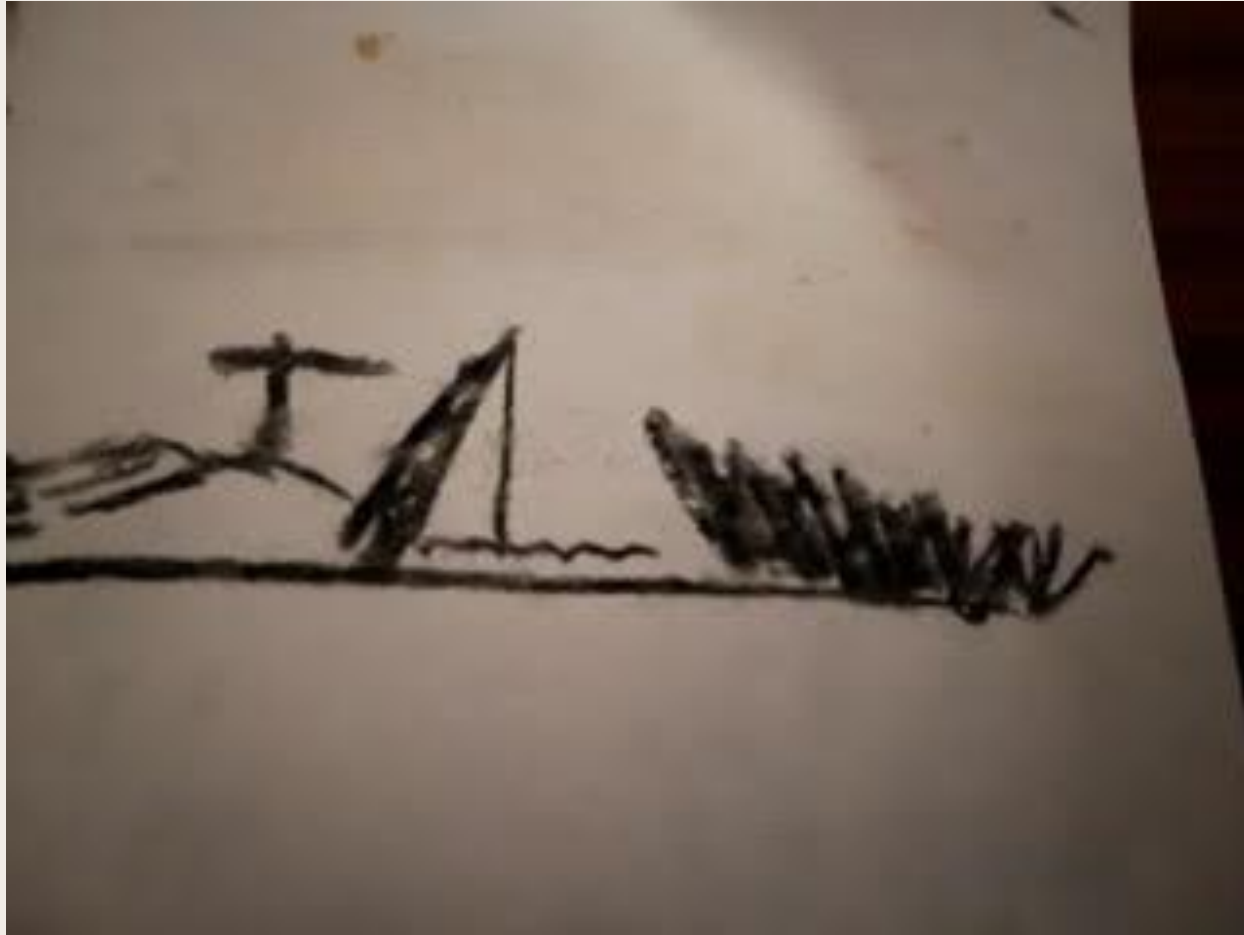


TEARSA ZA NIVELARATE
MAY 1987















Havana













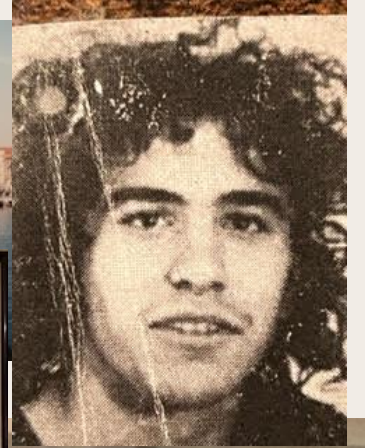
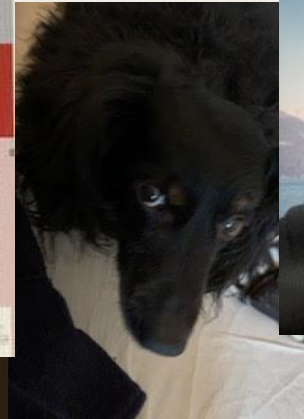




Playlist D'Artiste THE ATRE ON CALL
with **Corrado Paina**

Corrado Paina has lived half of his life in Toronto. The first half was spent in Milan where he was born and lived in several other cities in Italy and around some parts of the world. Now he's a painter and writer. He runs the Italian Chamber of Commerce of Ontario. Corrado has published several books of poetry and a novel in Italy and Canada. In the last twenty years, he has been commuting between three countries and plans to do continue doing so for the time being.

August 2, 2020 at 8:00pm EST
PWVC
reserve at dlt.rsvp@gmail.com



POETRY READING AND BOOK PRESENTATION

Un brivido alla malattia in un altro afflizione with Corrado Paina

The Italian Network of Culture Toronto is pleased to present the Italian translation of Corrado Paina's collection of poems *A Taste of Blood*.

Un brivido alla malattia in un'altra afflizione with Corrado Paina

A long, ordinary and at the same time a profound and psychological phrase that himself that makes the journey as a man seems to see every aspect of the world through the glass that is in front of him in a specific space (decided or changed) - Prof. Luca Biondi

The event will be moderated by Prof. Luca Biondi (University of Toronto)

Readings will be presented in both Italian and English

Light refreshments will follow

Thursday June 20 | 8:00PM EST
Italian Network of Culture | 10th Floor, 361 King Street West | 416-597-1000

