

Milano

Pioggia a Milano

Questa mattina a Milano
io e le mie sorelle ci prepariamo
In tumulto situazionista
Papa' e' a casa e andiamo ai giardini pubblici
mia madre ci saluta sulla porta e a noi pare giusto che stia a casa a cucinare
prendiamo l'1 e arriviamo
alle porte della citta' dei moti
delle esecuzioni dell'opera
facciamo la foto sul pony
e siamo allo zoo l'elefante ha freddo
l'orso ha un attacco di claustrofobia
ma noi siamo felici
Torniamo a casa
ma prima compriamo
lo zuccotto alla premiata pasticceria

La domenica si chiude con i risultati del calcio
l'orso e' stanco
e ci riproverà domani ad aprire la gabbia
Si addormenta con una pioggia che cade sui cenotafi e i Navigli
e le fabbriche e i rami coi cachi selvatici
Alcuni sono morti
mio padre mia madre mia sorella l'orso e l'elefante
Domenica a Toronto la musica che viene dal cielo e' la stessa
l'acero giapponese ha un tremito
forse sa che penso alla morte
Lo sa sicuramente
questa vecchia balena ha lanciato un fischio
perche' qualcuno si ricordi di lei come ho fatto io

Rain in Milan

This morning in Milan
My sisters and i are getting ready
In a situationist tumult
Father is at home and we go to the city gardens
Mother says farewell at the door and we think
That it I just right that she stays home to cook
We take the one and we approach
The gates of the city of the riots
Of the public executions and of the opera
Emilia Stefania and I take the picture of the pony
Like generals
We are at the zoo and the elephant is cold and they push him out with a
spear
The bear has a claustrophobic attack
We aw happy
We come back home
But before we buy the zuccotto at the premiata pastry

Sunday ends with the results of soccer
The bear is tired
He will try again to break the cage
He falls asleep under a rain
That falls over the cenotaphs and the canals
And the factories and the branchees with the wild persimmons
Some are dead
Father mother one sister
The bear and the elephant
Sunday in Toronto
The music coming from the sky is the same
The old whale has thrown a whistle
Because somebody could remember
Like I did

























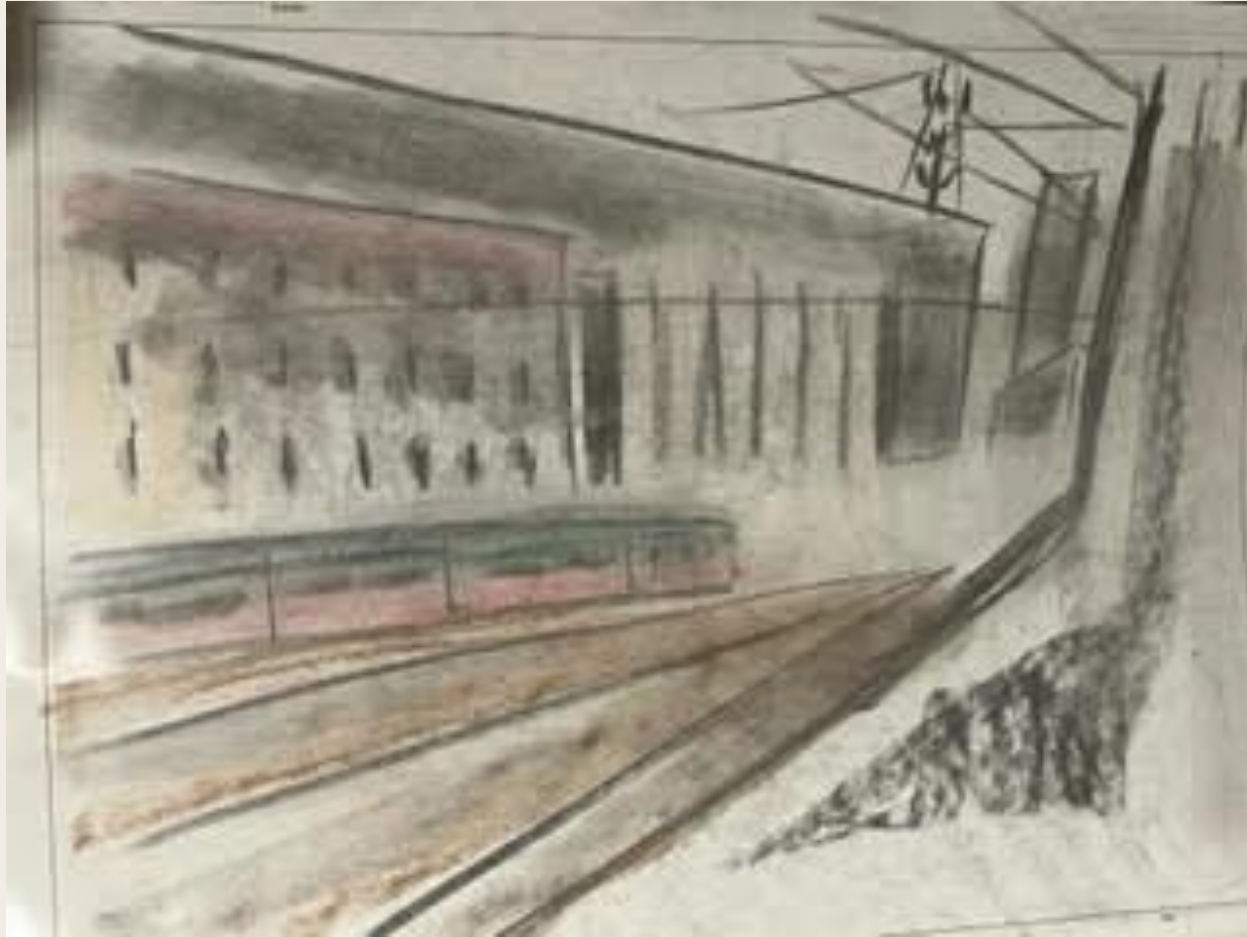




























































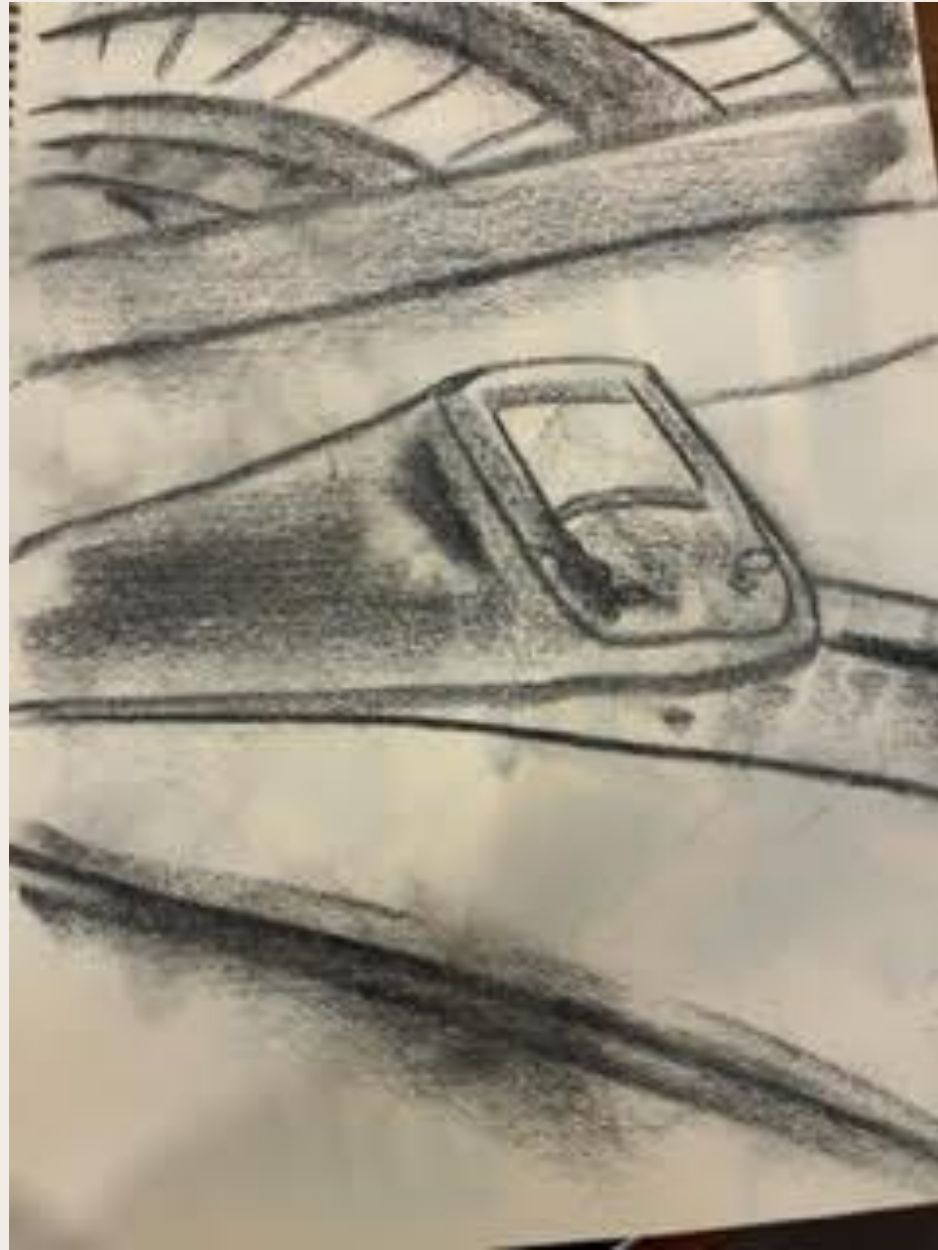










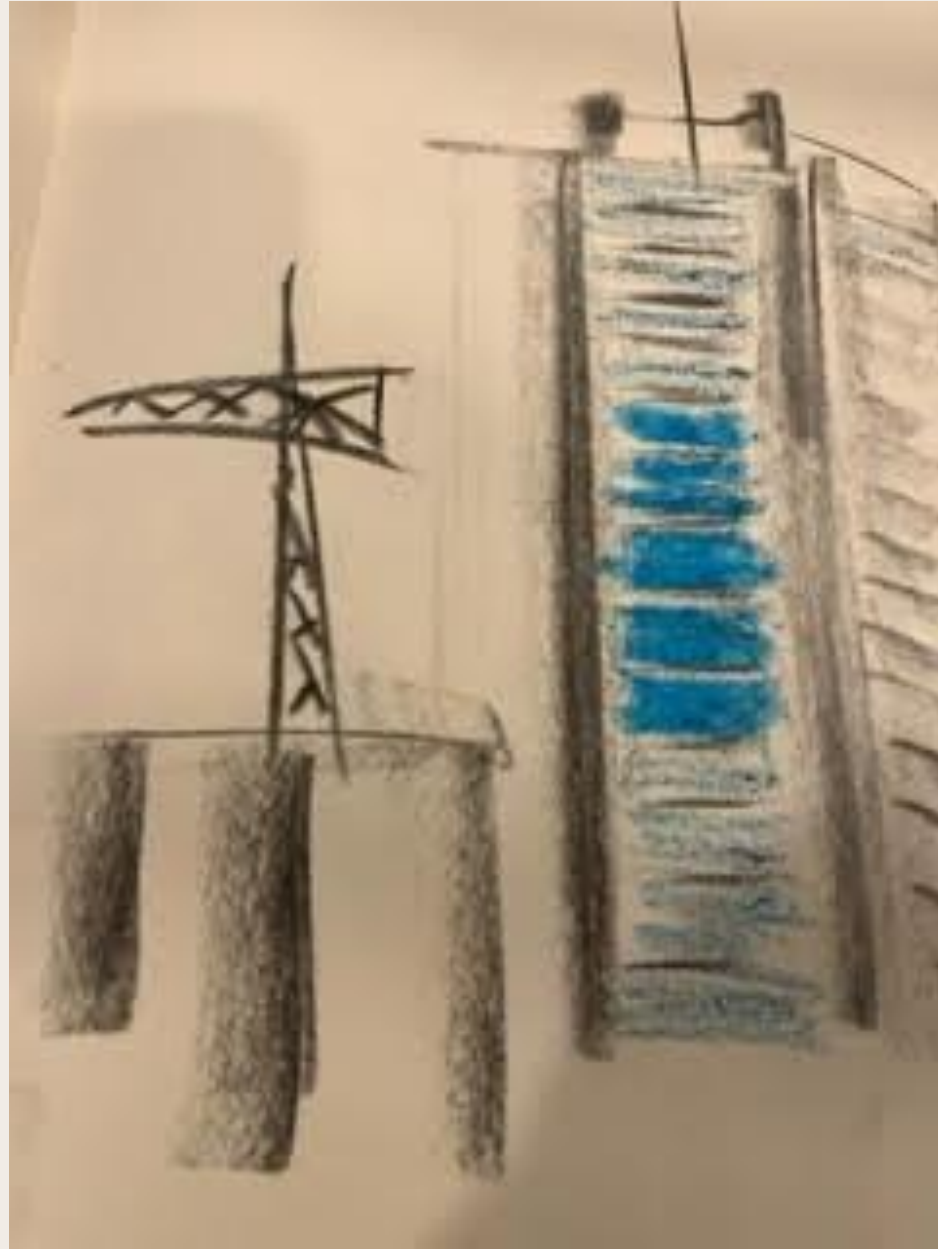
















































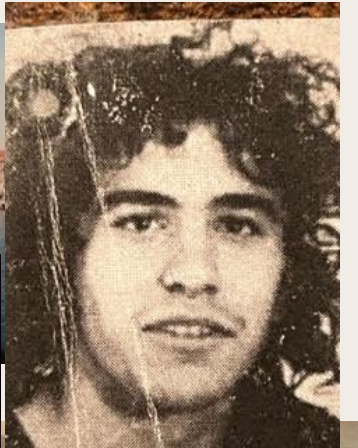
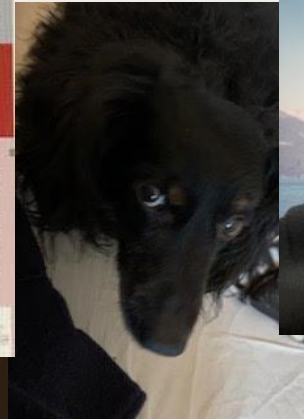




Playlist D'Artiste THE ATRE ON CALL
with **Corrado Paina**

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 dlr.rsvp@gmail.com



POETRY READING AND BOOK PRESENTATION

Un brivido alla malattia in a story of affliction with cancer

The Italian author 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 a story of affliction with cancer

A long history and at the same time a physical and psychological photo that himself that makes the journey as a man seems to see every aspect of the world through the lens of his life in a specific space (decades) in 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 Authors @ Culture | 10th Floor, 361 King Street West | 416-977-1000

