

## COINCIDENZA

*To the house of death, to my father*  
(Seamus Heaney)

Il 30 agosto del 2013,  
mentre i chirurghi fermano il mio cuore  
e deviano il mio sangue in una macchina,  
in un altro ospedale, oltre duemila  
chilometri distante, in questo giorno,

come saprò più tardi dai giornali,  
si è fermato anche il cuore del poeta  
Seamus Heaney. Attraversando il limbo,  
durante l'ora e mezza di non vita,  
magari l'avrò visto, con il volto

da contadino e la camicia a quadri,  
scendere alla stazione sotterranea  
tra il viavai silenzioso delle ombre,  
là, dove da due mesi è già arrivato  
mio padre, nella casa della morte.

## A COINCIDENCE

*To the house of death, to my father*  
(Seamus Heaney)

On the thirtieth day of August  
2013, while the surgeons stopped my  
heart and channelled my blood through a machine,  
in another hospital, that same day,  
over two thousand kilometres away,

as I would discover later in the  
papers, so too stopped the heart of the  
poet Seamus Heaney. Crossing limbo,  
during that hour-and-a-half of not-life,  
maybe I would have seen him there – with his

farmerly face and chequered shirt – alighting  
at that subterranean station,  
with the silent bustle of the shades:  
there, where two months ago my father  
had just arrived, in the house of death.

VEROSIMILE BIOGRAFIA DI MARCANTONIO RAIMONDI  
INCISORE (1480–1534)

Nato, qualcuno dice, in queste terre  
di argini malsicuri e di villaggi  
insidiati dai fiumi, fu dapprima  
abile niellatore, poi divenne  
un maestro nell'arte del bulino.  
Intagliò sulle lastre di metallo  
scene bibliche, miti, allegorie,  
spesso imitando celebri pittori.  
Contraffecce a Venezia certe stampe  
di Alberto Duro (come era chiamato  
all'epoca), perfino il monogramma,  
e da lui fu citato in tribunale.  
A Roma venne incarcerato, quando  
raffigurò i modi dell'amore,  
in seguito illustrati dai sonetti  
licenziosi di Pietro Aretino.  
Dopo che la città fu messa a sacco,  
fece ritorno, povero, a Bologna.  
Dove pare sia morto, forse proprio  
nel borgo dove nacque, con la sua  
*melencolia* di nebbie e di paludi.  
Non è degna di credito la voce  
che afferma che sia stato assassinato.

PROBABLE BIOGRAPHY OF THE ENGRAVER  
MARCANTONIO RAIMONDI (1480–1534)

Born, some say, in these lands of perilous  
riverbanks and villages ensnared  
by rivers, he was first an able  
blacksmith, then becoming a master  
of the art of engraving.  
Upon his metal sheets he would engrave  
biblical scenes, myths, allegories,  
often imitating famous painters.  
At Venice, he counterfeited a few  
prints by Alberto Duro (as he was  
called at the time); he even faked  
a monogram, and thence was summoned by  
him to court. He was imprisoned in Rome,  
where he depicted the ways of love, then  
made illustrations for the licentious  
sonnets of Pietro Aretino.  
After the city was sacked, he made  
his return, penniless, to Bologna,  
where, it would seem, he died, perhaps even  
in the small village where he was born,  
with its *melencolia* of mists and swamps.  
The rumour that was spread that he was  
assassinated has no substantiation.