

## Uncharter'd memories don't fade

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### Poem<sup>1</sup>

A coffee stain spread on the tablecloth

'Twas late morning  
and I had no time to muse

'Twas late morning

And I spent it lost in a wading memory  
The mind map of my brain  
that felt safe

strangely safe

looked like a map.  
A sketch map with many routes  
A liquid chart made of water of colour.

And I began to feel discomfort.

The map I traced overlays itself  
on top of all the old ones  
that my fellows spread on the same tablecloth  
The same  
always the same  
All traces of us  
all routes of us  
overlap  
or divert, sometimes

And my own, freshly made,  
makes me think of the routes we trace

An invisible sea map  
for the blind to see.

All routes leading here.  
No routes leading anywhere.

The lines spread more if you just touch them  
- which I did  
Yes, I did.  
Each line spreads  
across the sea of memories  
runs through like a vein  
becomes the sunshine in my brain

Now it all was clear.

If only we had a map  
- What's the name for maps at sea, Sir?  
Seamaps, can we call'em? -

If it's not on a map then it doesn't exist  
If it's not on a map, it's unknown, unexplored.

I heard a story of a man of the past  
A hero, or something like that, at last.  
He would carry the weight of the world on his shoulders  
As we carried the weight of the water  
beneath us  
or above us as we fall  
crushed under heavy skies  
crushed under heavy lies

If only we had a map  
A clear, secure one  
A sea map that wouldn't drown  
all the secrets  
our brothers won't tell

to get to a place where pain is shared  
and a burden gets a loss of weight.

'Twas late morning  
I was late for work as I showed up  
Told 'em the map wasn't working  
And led me astray

But the missuh wouldn't take it  
No more cash for me that day

"Lift that crate and hold it tight  
Not a single piece must fall to earth  
Take it where you know  
You know the road.  
And since today you came so late  
You'll sleep in the field tonight."

If only we'd had a map  
A map to follow our own designed path  
not by fate  
but by our own will

Uncharted water makes unchartered waters

Obviously I'm misspelling, missuh.

Never knew how misspelling  
 misseing  
 miswatching  
 misbelieving  
 could make the sea feel so deceiving.

'Twas late morning.  
 Every morning is late  
 if you waste it.

It's always late.

It's always too late.

### Nota

<sup>1</sup> Il tema cartografico mi ha suggerito un componimento in versi: il punto di vista di una vittima di quella forma di neoschiavismo che è il caporalato in Italia, che immagina come avrebbe potuto andare diversamente la sua vita se nel tragitto di mare che lo ha portato qui avesse avuto una mappa affidabile e sicura.

I tragitti “not mapped” suggeriscono una possibile mappa alternativa al protagonista, che si esprime in una lingua frutto anch'essa di manipolazioni e impossessamenti personali del *poetic I*.

Tutto parte da rivoli di caffè che si spandono su un piano, ramificandosi come un altro tipo di mappa, la mappa mentale delle connessioni neuronali dell'io, che crea collegamenti e attiva connessioni.

La macchia di caffè nero sulla tovaglia chiara è vista come “acqua di colore” che cerca di farsi strada, di trovare una nuova strada, e si sovrappone alle macchie/mappe lasciate sulla stessa tovaglia dai compagni dell'io poetante: tracce del loro passaggio che gli ricordano i tragitti compiuti da ognuno di loro in mare. Rotte diverse che li hanno condotti tutti in un unico luogo. Un unico luogo che è anche un non-luogo, dove i neoschiavi assurgono a macchie invisibili.

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