



Settembre 2001.  
Arcipelago della Maddalena,  
isola di S. Stefano

Questa piccola isola forata sott'acqua dai sommergibili americani,  
dove mio bisnonno piantò viti e agrumi  
costruì stalle e portò dieci vacche dal Continente.  
I loro zoccoli tremanti sulla barca, il vento sui dorsi  
colpiti fino allora solo dalle piogge del nord.  
Sono ancora lì, le corna miste a sabbia  
gli scheletri profondi, stretti agli scogli senza più paura,  
senza più distinzione tra i pascoli e il mare.

**Antonella Anedda (b. 1955)**

September 2001.  
Maddalena Archipelago.  
Island of S. Stefano

This small island riven underwater by U.S. submarines,  
where my great-grandfather planted citrus fruits and vines,  
built cowsheds and brought ten cows from the mainland.  
Their trembling hoofs on the boat, the wind on their backs  
only struck till then by rain from the north.  
They're still there, horns mingled with the sand,  
deep-rooted skeletons, close up to the rocks, no longer afraid,  
no longer distinguishing pasture from sea.

*translated from the Italian  
by Jamie McKendrick*

*from 'The Faber Book of 20<sup>th</sup> Century Italian Poems,' 2004. Reprinted by permission. Until 2008, Santo Stefano was used as a US naval base. A submarine ran aground there in 2003.*

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*John Lewis Partnership*

