

# PoeTries: I tentativi di Poe

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# Making poetries is the new making code!

This is the first book of poetries here on **GitHub** written in **Markdown**.

Please take a breath from coding, relax and read some poetries. Making poetries is the new making code!  
You need to be: - essential - versatile - elegant

## Here it's me

My name is rabolas, but people call me rabo.

Every bio - as it should be - contains a series of personal information. In preserving this dubious convention, here are mine:

- I walked through endless stretches of bluebells blooming in Oxfordshire and with ducks along the Thames. Maybe it's trivial but for me it's a good memory
- I was in Kensington, not London but Cape Town, where white people are 0.3% of the population. I felt observed, but I was in good company
- I like numbers. Isn't funny for someone who thinks to be a poet and a writer?
- At a park in Montreal a squirrel stole my lunch
- I'm used to reading newspaper articles from the end to the beginning
- I like listening to people and I like hiding myself into the things I write

## Support or Contact

Having troubles with all this mess? Check out my blog Litteratti or [contact me] at rabolas at gmail.com and I will help you sort it out.



# Chapter 1

## Reflections

Shattered mirror reflections  
seeded down the street along the night.  
Tall trees branches bare  
beneath my feet run clouds.  
And like a flower that opens the night  
a swatch of sky in a ray of sunshine:  
a sketch of light melts down the street  
turns into a shadow, a Flash  
of elsewhere. And I, who are just a reflection  
in this nothing copyright, another  
myself. An image skewed.  
A pebble thrown among puddles scattered  
my circulars horizons.

### Riflessioni (the Italian original version)

Frantumi di specchio seminati  
per strada lungo la notte.  
Alberi altissimi dai rami scarni  
sotto i miei piedi corrono nuvole.  
E come un fiore che si apre la notte  
un ritaglio di cielo in un raggio di sole:  
uno schizzo di luce si scioglie per strada  
si trasforma in un'ombra, uno sprazzo  
d'altrove. E io, che sono solo un riflesso  
in questo nulla d'autore, un altro

me stesso. Un'immagine obliqua.

Un sassolino gettato tra pozzanghere sparse  
i miei circolari orizzonti.