

New Translations from the Abruzzese Dialect By Gil Fagiani



Abruzzo is an Italian region, east of Rome, with an Adriatic coastline and the Apennine Mountains. National parks and nature reserves cover much of its rugged interior. It also encompasses hilltop towns, dating to the medieval and Renaissance periods. The regional accents of Abruzzo include Teramano, Abruzzese Orientale Adriatico, and Abruzzese Occidentale.

Today, we're delighted to share with you a few new translations of poems written in the Abruzzese dialect and translated by the accomplished poet and translator Gil Fagiani who specializes in translations from surviving Italian dialects.

And remember, in September and beyond: read and share your best-loved translated poems. We hope our picks will become your new favorites.

—*Claudia Serea and Loren Kleinman*

**Original poems in Abruzzese dialect by Cesare Fagiani
Translated by Gil Fagiani**

LA GENTE

-- A monte nen ci i': ci sta lu foche!
A destre nen yutà': ci sta lu vente!
A manche truve l'acque che t'affoche!
Soltante arrete va o puramente

statte 'nchiuvate proprie addò ti truve! --
Cuscì la gente dice se ti smuve.

Ma tu ne le senti' che la campane:
sinte lu core, ride e va luntane!

PEOPLE

-- Keep away from the mountain: there's fire!
Don't turn to the right: there's wind over there!
Over towards the left there's water, you'll drown!
Only go backwards or even better

stay nailed to the spot where you find yourself! --
So say the people if you try to move.

But it's best not to listen to those bells:
listen to your heart, laugh and travel far!

LANCIANE

Bande e campane!
Ecche Lanciane:
sopra tre còlle
tra sole e stelle
nche la Maielle
quase vicine
e nu strapizze
all' atru pizze
fatte di mare.
Ecche 'sta care

Lanciana mé
proprie addò sta.

Bomme e campane!
Ecche Lanciane:
orte e ciardine,
chiese e funtane,
genta frentane,
cante e camine,
core a la mane,
cipolle e pane
ma... coccia 'n terre!...
Pure la guerre!...
Ne j' tuccà'
la libbertà

LANCIANO

Bands and bells!
This is Lanciano:
on top of three hills
in between the sun and stars
with the Maiella
almost near
and a drop
to the other side
made of sea.
Here is
my dear Lanciano
exactly the way it is.

Fireworks and bells!
This is Lanciano:
gardens and parks,
churches and fountains,
Frentane people,
songs and walks
heart in their hand,
onions and bread
but...head to the ground!...
Even the war!
Don't touch
their liberty!

**Original poem in Italian by Carmelo Aliberto
Translated by Gil Fagiani**

LA VERA LIBERTÀ

Finchè
miseria e ricchezza
ti terranno in catene
tu non potrai sognare
la vera libertà

REAL FREEDOM

As long as
poverty and riches
hold you in chains
you'll be unable to dream
of real freedom

About the author:



Gil Fagiani is a translator, essayist, short story writer, and poet. His latest book is *Logos* (Guernica Editions, 2015). Gil co-hosts the Italian American Writers' Association's monthly readings in Manhattan. In 2014, he was the subject of a *New York Times* article by David Gonzalez, *A Poet Mines Memories of Drug Addiction*.