



## 4 Poems by Lidia Chiarelli

### Lights in the Rock Garden (Torino “ville lumière”)

*“The footpath lights in the garden were hidden by ferns and roses,  
giving the area a muted green glow, almost like being under the sea.”*  
— Sarah Addison Allen, *Other Birds: A Novel*

Darkness surrounded me.  
At the distance  
echoes came in subtle vibrations  
in a slow crescendo  
a gloomy, confused whisper...

Then the lights switched on  
in the garden of a thousand colours.  
They switched on vibrant and warm  
on the water of fountains  
on the petals of roses  
caressed by the April breeze.  
As I walked  
on the flowered paths  
subtle fragrances  
wrapped me up in the deep silence.

Legacy of magic memories  
that every night come back alive  
again and again  
in my beautiful Turin, “ville lumière”.

(in memory of my father, Guido Chiarelli, pioneer of public lighting)

### WHERE DREAMS DWELL

*So tremulously like a dream ...*  
 (“Clown in the moon” - Dylan Thomas)

In a separate world  
dreams are alive.  
Constellations of lights and  
interstellar sounds attend their birth.  
They creep into our minds  
through a meandering trail  
when the night is darkest.  
Like dancing shadows  
tremulous they enter  
they play, mutate, dominate



are lost in dissociated sequences.  
They plunge into the unfathomable  
depths of memory  
to emerge again.  
And when the first blades of light  
pierce the sky  
they vanish ... crumpled, shattered  
toward invisible horizons  
in echoing silence

### **WINTER SUNSETS**

*that bit of light in a moment slips away  
(from: Ray of Sun, Ko Un - South Korea)*

The short winter sunsets  
take promises of light  
  
when the last hour of the day  
is lost  
between rarefied gauzes of mist.

Fans of lighted clouds  
on the horizon  
fleeing  
where the sky ends.

### **View from the Cliff**

*Portovenere, La Spezia, August 2025*

*A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,  
And the dead tree gives no shelter...  
(T.S. Eliot: The Waste Land)*

Here where gray blends with blue  
where small waves melt into blades of light  
even the rough voice of the sea  
slowly disappears.

Water and clouds float in slow transition  
and we are waiting  
for the evening shadows and  
for a cool breeze that will not come.

In front of us a heap of broken images :



while the late hours of this too-hot day  
inexorably get lost in a dark labyrinth.

In the distance the tide's ebb and flow  
whisper the last call to save the earth.

**Bio:**



**Lidia Chiarelli** (Torino, Italy). Artist and writer, co-founder of the art-literary Movement **Immagine & Poesia** (2007). Award-winning poet. Her poems are translated in more than 20 languages and published in literary magazines and on websites of different countries. Literary Art Medal, NY 2020.

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