

Poetry Series

Alan Ingranazzio
- poems -

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Alan Ingranazzio(3 May 1966)

After my university grade I began to look for job, that answered my vocation, considering

myself most suitable to be computer programming designer. I appealed to the place, that I liked most and already knew, when I was making my thesis.

- Currently we have no positions, and we don't know, when they will be. You may do tests now, and before we shall appoint we contact you.

Easily I passed all the tests and stayed await for appointments. Then I had a contract, and my boss was very kind to me.

- Here you are. You have to study the subject properly.

He let me use his library. To my surprise I comprehended it too quickly and returned to him joyous.

- What have I to do now?

- You have to study.

- I already grasped it all.

- Excellent, but you are new here. Just experienced researches have here their own research, beginners duty is to be their assistants. You have to associate with other colleagues, to study their needs and to find your own duties.

I began to associate with colleagues of my department, doing research in their areas and suggesting my proposals. They all were intelligent people and looked at me sympathetically.

- What is the matter with you, fellow? - asked the most pleasant of them. - Are you overtired?

I did my best to find my duties, and my boss organized workshop of all research institute's areas especially for me. I sat at the table near my boss, and all institute's colleagues, talking one by one, represented their results. Knowing almost all this, I listened with satisfaction though. After each talk a talker was sitting down in armchair, and after all talks were finished, all talkers turned their faces to me and began to watch me, like consultative group of doctors watches the most hopeless patient. My boss raised.

- I suggest to praise this rather outstanding young fellow and to advance him. Objections? None.

All my colleagues congratulated me heartily, I was really moved, not understanding though, how I deserved it.

- Here this is, - said me boss, when we stayed alone, - You worked hard and may be pleased now. You have position and good salary. Be happy.

I went out the building for a breath of fresh air.

- How awful it is! - thought I, - What is it going with me? !

At work I associated with nobody any more, sitting in library all the time.

Sometimes I preferred to read classic literature, that I brought from home,

rather than scientific paper. Reading Shakespeare I considered, that, if Romeo lived in our city, he may be advanced also for his inability to love Juliet. It was not funny at all.

Two years later I was appointed to position at that place, where I earlier passed the tests, and there was no end of my satisfaction. I was introduced to my new boss.

- This is not scientific institute here. You need to work, - he said, - Everything we produce, we sell. When we'll sell your product, you will get salary. For the present get what you get.

Next day I got my table and my computer. On my table were aids to few programming languages and pile of almost thousand printed pages.

- Here it is, - said my boss, - my new program. I wrote it in three months, but it doesn't work yet. Our company needs to sell it, and this is your duty to make it work. Do you know any programming languages?

- No.

- I guessed it, - said he seriously, - and this means, that you must have it all worked out. I am busy by dealings of our company. I have no time to help you. I worked with real delight. Having no comprehension of any programming language, I studied them all simultaneously, deliberately choosing syntax, that suits my purpose. I dug enormous program, creating my own syntax style. I didn't notice, how weeks, months and seasons fled. It seemed to me, that just yesterday I was frozen in my office, when spring passed and summer came. My colleagues began to take vacations, and my office emptied. Weather and my ecstasy became hotter, and I felt this, working in my suit. When I finished, I took off my jacket, left it in my office and went to cinema to cool myself. Next day I called my boss.

- I finished, - said I.

- You made it just in time. Let me come and take a look.

Watching screen he said:

- Your program works very well, and we shall sell it.

He opened small safe and laid out on the table my salary for the whole year.

- Take, - he said, - It is your month's salary now.

I was horrified. I have never seen such money.

- Why does he give it to me? For what? Who can believe, that it is my salary, if I don't believe it myself? What have I to do now? What will be with me?

I remembered myself reading classic literature in library of my scientific institute and realized, what an idiot I was!

- And now, - said my boss, - give me the text.

I handed him my program's printing on approximately one hundred pages. His face went red from anger, and he muttered:

- I gave you one thousand pages and get it back on just one hundred pages. You mean, that most of my programming is nonsense. Something new on earth!

He raised and put all the money back into safe.

- Consider today as your last workday here, - concluded he and went out.

I was so grateful to him for taking away the money, that I was completely indifferent to my being thrown out. I waited for my dismissal document, when Head Manager came.

- You complied all contract conditions, - said he sympathetically, - but we are not able to do the same, because your boss openly contradicts that. Vainly we tried to convince him. He is one of our paymasters. Your salary will not grow significantly, because we have to demote you.

My computer was loaded by programs, and I had to write user's guide to them. Considering, that users without any computer experience will see it most plainly, I put inside as many screens as it was possible. My boss avoided me all the time. One evening he came to my office being in most bad temper, that I had ever seen him. I approached him and said:

- I am terribly sorry, if I have done something wrong. I really like to work here and I like you more, than all my previous bosses. Tell me, please, what I must do to reconcile us.

- Dear me! - exclaimed he, - It would be better for me to sell cars all my life, than to hear it!

Then he continued more calmly:

- There is just one thing in our relations, that I realized. To succeed, that our projects, that we have worked out, be sold, we need to be crank like you. You are unable to see, that you don't belong here. We are businessmen, and you are not a man, that is possible to have business with. You may stay here as long as you like, but we have no interest in you any more.

A Dreadful Sinner

A dreadful sinner forever I stayed
With curse of Lord and people and myself
And not a bit is easier me to be
In spite of all this never was my guilt.
My life is agony, but I am choosing it,
Only because a death I better see.

Alan Ingranazzio

About God

God gave all us ambitions and desire,
Sometimes a money and a title too,
But, when a soldier hears command "Fire! ",
Believe me, nothing is to do.
In God you trust, and he'll trust in you.

Alan Ingranazzio

Cease Of Love

I saw you in the street when you said "Farewell"
And I had nothing to say
And the first raindrops fell on your forehead,
It was just a beginning of day.
A soft rain covered all
And balmed my heart.
Just a rain ceased to fall,
Sun came out bright.
I heated unbearably in the sun,
Walking on barren sand.
I never felt such terrible fun
And did it without end.

Alan Ingranazzio

Dance Language

Lewis was Turkish man in all,
He insisted on whole,
And his movements, even his laugh
Were part of his love.
He played tricks dancing
On stage
Instead of using language,
He knew to express love or excuse
For being impolite or offending.
Moving his hands he teased his girl
And later was sorry about that.
Circling just on his hands
He used to say "I love you all, friends".
He simply adored his TV going all round it
Moving on his hands with cola can on his feet,
Never using TV remote control, he danced step
Bombarding its buttons with dancing shoes instead.
Seeing his girlfriend in a new car,
He at once rejected unhappy end,
Danced on the road and jumped so far,
That proposed her on the lap of her new boyfriend.

Alan Ingranazzio

Evening Sang

Owre a'hilltops is quiet.
Just have a sight:
Unes an air.
Little birds in woods are still,
Wait fair.
Soon rest ye til.

Alan Ingranazzio

I Am Free

I am free to build of stones in the storm
A cave I longed to stay and to be buried
Where no one could see what I desired
And touch my dream to give it any form.
My spirit never will stand the mockery
And cause contempt of idle curiosity
And no one would judge whether I am right
And once again would try to put me straight.

Alan Ingranazzio

I Remember...

I remember that beautiful night
When a sight of the moon was your sight
When you with coolness of night breeze
Embraced me and my lips freezed.
My heart ran as wind in prairie
And all I have seen was faerie
Reality. I was bodies
Of snakes. I was smell of the herbs.
I was sky and the stars, wild horses
And rivers in canyons.
And the spirits of thought outraged
At me and made me forever bad.

Alan Ingranazzio

Indian Vow

Oh, sacred howe part of winter!
Whose sinful foot would dar
To step and pollute you? !
When you're shining under
Midday sun, neither bes
Nor bird is touching you,
Sun slowly melts away
Snow on the branches
Of eternal pines for
Not to drop it on your
Earth. I keep your way.
I'm called Wise Wolf and I'm a ledar of my tribe.
They called me so for that my wisdom helped my
Tribe to twig divine of their lauch amity,
Of richtwis life in your holy abode. I
Came for your help. Explain to people's tribe,
That you aren't a place for human entity,
But just a paradise
For humans brave in fight,
And all my tribe'll promise,
That none of us
Will seek for their pite
And death from their hands'll
Never scare us.

Alan Ingranazzio

Islet

When a tiny, modest yacht
Slides on calm lake water
I see my reflection in shining
Lake and forget any bother.
I often did it, being young.
Today I am doing
It again though my cloudy days
Have come and we have turned gray.
We moored not once at islet
That looked untouched
With little sandy bank, a glade
And bosk of old pines
And I was charmed.
All this was new to me as always
I never dreamed of it, just felt it near.
Two whims of nature,
Born in neglected land
We were, but to this day unchanged
Just you remained.

Alan Ingranazzio

Looking In The Mirror

I know how tolerant you were,
Forgave in great. Forgive in little too.
With you accustomed everything to share,
But I could never love like you.
It's clear to all now I was bad,
But wonderful self-confidence I had,
Denied that my insanity was true,
I useless longed and tried to love like you.
You catch me all my life
And you at last succeeded.
I was a dreadful wife,
But only you I needed.
My instincts I considered as love,
Assured that was blessed from above.
Despising any social relation,
My cowardness I took for education,
Through all my human entity and nerve,
Your love by no way I can deserve
And nevertheless your love is true.
Oh! Grief to me! I never loved like you.
For what such animal as me is taking place
Amidst creations of the modern human race
And my conscience suffering from guilt
Desired to destroy that you have built?
I realized your feelings were true
When you have said I never loved you.
Believe me that alive I stayed
To get back all that I betrayed.
Just tell me what I am to do
When I can't be without you.

Alan Ingranazzio

My Father's Epitaph

There was nothing more clear,
Than our love,
It was simple as me,
It was simple as you,
As me listening you,
And I needed no dreams
To feel that.

Alan Ingranazzio

My Life

Oh you, my life enormous like sky!
You never fondled me and so did I,
But nevertheless we are agree
In all that done and ever will be.
You are my only real friend,
We strode together hand in hand,
We will do that up to the end.
You'll never flatter me.
You listened each my honest cry
And I will do that when you die.
We never mixed up thy and my.
The rest of my I leave to thee
Like you would leave to me.

Alan Ingranazzio

Snow Dream

Out of doors high snowdrift lies all around.
Hidden inside could never be found.
This came to my mind in cloudy day,
When hide and seek we began to play.
I hid myself and could thole a shroud of snow
And soon I fell asleep and I saw
Myself at home in parent's embrace.
When I was awoke, was already dark,
And a big dog was licking my face.
I ran after him to the city park
Proposing him to play,
But my new friend had another plan
And decided to run away.

Alan Ingranazzio

The Night

The moon is clear in transparent sky,
And clouds close the stars silver dust.
Cool air fills my bosom in the night
And I feel, that my love is passing by.
Eternal and exciting nature might
To sing a song of sudden blast
Of wind, and I recall another
Country's violet sky, I loved and lost,
The paradise I never shall attain.
Inside me's the cruel winter frost,
And heat of life'll never come again.
Oh, farewell, my lovely little moon
Cheese coloured like gold of the night.
I don't believe, that I'll see you soon.
I don't believe, you are as ever bright.

Alan Ingranazzio

To My Schoolfriend

Don't hurry in the city,
Wherever you walk,
And I shall hear your step
In sound of the rain.
Don't think among the waves,
Wherever you sail,
And I shall hear your voice
In howl of the gale.
Tell us, please,
What we do not know,
Whatever it be,
About sales all over the ocean
And about fish, that you will never see.

Alan Ingranazzio

To My Teacher Of Poetry

Not farewell! I promise I'll see you.
In your home I'll ever visit you.
You know, all my senses live between your words,
I want to see the water meadows and birds.
Grapes on the hills and pure air make me strong.
To your world I never hoped to belong.
I must confess, I see you everywhere,
In snow swirl, storm, darkness, shining light,
And too much time I long to see you fair
Through my eyelids, that somebody had shut.
Permit me, Teacher
For my eternal rest
To be set lower
With your book on breast
And if I sullied your hat
For my sake don't forgive me that.
I know, utter your
Name I never shall dare.
I live with your joy,
I am, because you were.

Alan Ingranazzio

To Myself

You were a part of my dream,
Vivid shadows of past,
You have gone with the first sunbeam,
And your time had passed.
I feel the taste of usual life
In all things, that I do or say,
I do understand a real delight
Perceiving the world in this way.

Alan Ingranazzio

What Thought Jesus, Dying On The Cross, Psalm

Oh! Say "Jerusalem" to take a deep breath
And in all corners of your soul you feel
An ancient stone that forever keeps
A wisdom, love and godlike might
And your heart will strike indeed just near it.
You know Lord, I am just your slave, the last,
Soon just a clay I have to be forever,
But when I love you most I can say just
"Jerusalem" to be yet able to breathe.

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