



Volume 10
Issue 1 *Poetry*

December 2020

Vita da manager: Vita da Uomo

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Recommended Citation

Monchiero, Gigi (2021) "Vita da manager: Vita da Uomo," *Organizational Aesthetics*: Vol. 10: Iss. 1, 48-52.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.wpi.edu/oa/vol10/iss1/12>

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Vita da manager Vita da Uomo

Pierluigi Monchiero

About the Work:

Because we are all in this fight that we fight even without knowing it. We are all in the world, under the stars, we are managers of the life and of ourselves. If not, we are nothing. Manager is not only a work. It is being themselves.

About the Author:

Pierluigi Monchiero, retired civil engineer. His projects have been built in Italy and beyond. He published two collections of poetry: "Poesie tra la notte e l'alba", a reflection on nearing the end and reaching back for the light, and "Volo d'aliante", that builds on the eastern world wisdom to keep moving forward.

Vita da manager Vita da Uomo

Ho camminato
lungo la via,
che sale e scende,

lungo la strada, che attraversa il tempo,
la strada che, senza volerlo né saperlo,
mi è toccata in sorte,

ma che ho amato
e, a volte, odiato,
che ho accettato e, poi, modificato.

Un viaggio fatto a tappe,
fatto per diventare,
e poi, per fare,

fino al momento di sognare
di trascinare il mondo,
per cambiare il mondo,

urlando e accelerando,
assordato dal rumore,
sulla strada senza fondo,

tendendo i fili,
che legano la vita
alle vite degli altri.

Ho stretto i nodi,
senza spezzare i fili,
che la rete impiglia,

per accordare il suono
e caricare il tempo,
per conquistare il mondo.

E, dopo il tratto del fare,
viene il momento di voltarsi,
di guardarsi per considerarsi,

e non si può mentire:
avrò fatto bene,
se avrò fatto me stesso,

riconoscendo il volto
che mi son trovato,
e non mi sono dato,

nella parte che ho recitato,
nella parte giusta,
nella parte vera,

nella mia vita,
che avrà colpito il centro,
se sarà stata sincera.

pim 2020
Pierluigi Monchiero

**Life as a manager
Man's life**

I walked
on the way,
that rises and falls,

along the road, which crosses time,
the road that, without wanting it or knowing it,
it was my lot,

but that I loved
and, at times, hated,
which I accepted and then modified.

A journey made in stages,
made to become,
and then, to do,

until it's time to dream
to drag the world,
to change the world,

screaming and speeding,
deafened by the noise,
on the bottomless road,

straining the threads,
that bind life
to the lives of others.

I made the knots,
without breaking the strings,
that the net entangles,

to tune the sound
and load the time,
to conquer the world.

And, after the stretch of doing,
it's time to turn around,
to look at oneself to consider oneself,

and you can't lie:
I will have done well,
if I have done myself,

recognizing the face
that I found myself,
and I have not given myself,

in the part that I played,
in the right part,
in the real part,

in my life,
that will have hit the center,
if it was sincere.

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