Masthead Logo	The Iowa Review
Volume 24 Issue 1 <i>Winter</i>	Article 36

1994

## From 1914-1915

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## **Recommended** Citation

Ungaretti, Giuseppe and John Rodenbeck. "From 1914-1915." *The Iowa Review* 24.1 (1994): 164-164. Web. Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4735

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Out of that unaccustomed, unhappy night And from the depth of my own estranged blood I have brought to light the stuff of which I shall make my own arcana.

[1929]

## from 1914-1915

I have seen you, Alexandria Crumbling on your ghostly foundations Become a memory for me In a half-completed embrace of lights.

Not long since, you eluded me; and I've no regrets For the seawrack thrown up by your tepid surf, Passing upon the sexes its sentence of frenzy, Nor the limitless and deaf full moon Of the dry nights that lay seige to you, Nor, amidst the howling dogs, Under a taut canopy, Cupids and dreams sprawling across the carpets.

I belong to another blood and have not missed you, But in this shipboard solitude More than usually the melancholy Delusion has come back, stranger, That you might be the city where I was born.

[1932]

