

MA BLESSURE

what we should remember,
what we should forget

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I WONDER IF THE FINGER POINTS AT THE HORIZON
AS A WARNING TO PREVENT FUTURES MENACES
OR TO INDICATE THE LIQUID BURIAL OF THE THOUSANDS







WHILE VISITING THE NORMANDY AMERICAN CEMETERY IN COLEVILLE
I WAS CAUGHT BY THIS CALM AND TIMELESS VISION,
A SORT OF PASTORAL PAINTING INVITING TO REFLECTION.



STILL WANDERING THROUGH THE CEMETERY, TRYING NOT TO CONSIDER
THE USUAL IMAGES ONE CAN TAKE IN THESE PLACES,
I WAS CAPTURED BY THIS GORGEOUS BUSH OF WAVING GRASS
AND SUDDENLY CAME TO MY MIND A POEM I HAD IN MY SCHOOL'S
ENGLISH LECTURE BOOK: "*GRASS*" BY CARL SANDBURG



Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let me work—

I am the grass; I cover all.

And pile them high at Gettysburg
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.
Shovel them under and let me work.

Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor:

What place is this?

Where are we now?

I am the grass.

Let me work.

AS FOR SOME PRECEDING PICTURES, THE CONTRAST BETWEEN
THE REMAINS OF THE WAR AND THE NATURE'S REPOSSESSING
IS RATHER INSPIRING AND SOOTHING



A CONCERNED VISITOR CANNOT ABSTAIN FROM PAYING VISIT TO
THE MEMORIAL DE CAEN, A RATHER COMPLETE REPRESENTATION
OF MEN'S MADNESS.

DURING ONE OF MY VISITS I STUMBLED INTO AN EXHIBITION OF SOME
REMAINS OF 11/09 ATTACK: I WAS CAUGHT BY THE IMAGE
OF A FAMILY REFLECTED BY THE GLASS AND OVERLAID TO THE REST OF
THE TWIN TOWERS STRUCTURE.
SOMEWHAT RECONCILING.



THE LAST IMAGE, TAKEN AT SUNSET ON ONE OF THE LANDING BEACHES,
SHOWS A KISSING COUPLE AGAINST THE REMAINS OF THE "BEETLES"
(CONCRETE PONTOONS).

A SIGN OF PEACE, IN THE END.



MA BLESSURE (MY WOUND)

A PERSONAL RENDITION OF THE FEELINGS CAUGHT
WHILE WANDERING ON THE D-DAY SPOTS.

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