

Three Poems by Francesco Levato Oscillations (i)

There is first the attraction then the space
between them,

across that the urges—

they collide, they recoil, they oscillate.

There is a change of form, of motion,

but no real loss.

This is not heat, not force, but when they strike it is
translation,

conversion to vibration, which is heat,

until their heat becomes radiant.

Note: *the text of the poem is collaged from “Fragments of Science,” by John Tyndall.*

An Account From Which Skulls Were Taken (iii)

I saw the implements of warfare,
our hair and faces smeared with grease and wood ash,
we would remain
gashes resembling a sheared pelt—
the house burned down, and the place abandoned,
our custom more honored in the breach
than the observance.

-Francesco Levato

Note: *the text of the poem is collaged from “An introduction to the mortuary customs of the North American Indians,” by H. C. Yarrow.*