

Sorèl sussurra (EN)
Ines Marita Schärer, 2024

Two eyes, one mouth
Lo spirito di Val Bondasca
Sediment, scree
The sunlight, left out of the wooden chest²
Smell of sulphur
Bees buzzing
They, they, hum a song
Yellow clouds¹
The river holds back the water
And the stones fall silently onto the moss
Voices of the stones
From the innermost
Behind the mountain or in the chest is the sunlight
Locked in, so that the moss can continue to grow
Weight on the eyelids
And the fish wear long moustaches³
The sun forms a second, luminous ring³
Swarms of bees travel through the valley¹
The wind, or a voice
The stones, the skin
The stones scrape against each other, the smell of sulphur
The skin is open
It is the moss that is missing
The humming like the sound of a mandolin¹
Listen carefully
The antennae stretch upwards
The wound, a rumbling, loud wound
Don't let the sunlight out of the chest or the moss will stop growing!
Gorge, throat, tight, still sore, inflamed walls
How to soothe
Still scree, still

1 In the story “Die Bienen von Plurs” the author Silvia Andrea (1840–1935) tells how the bees took flight four days before the devastating rockfall in 1618. “The bees of Plurs were smarter than humans, with their keen senses they felt the movements of Monte Conto and evaded being buried alive.”

2 “Il sole nello scrigno”, Elda Simonett-Giovanoli, *Leggende delle Valli, A goccia a goccia*, 1968, p. 155

3 Annetta Ganzoni, *Bündner Wirren literarisch: Vom Schauspiel über den historischen Roman zum Film. Variationen eines historischen Konfliktes*, Quarto, 26, 2008, p. 16

Lo Spirito admonishes, says:

Sing

A little more every day, the moss grows, a little more every day

The air, golden yellow, a breeze, *la breva*⁴

Let me see, which rocks?

Staying

Only the priest has gone

Fear in the bones, fear in the stones, no

An alliance with the moss, an alliance with the forget-me-nots in the gardens
and all the others

Gorge, throat, ravine

Singing, sensitive trembling

the antennae stretch out

Listen, the bees¹

The stones grind in the throat, gorge, sore throat

Where does the wind end and where does it begin?

A stone forms from the dust

The tissue contracts, trembles

I stretch out my antennae, I hum

What does *il Sorèl* whisper?⁵

What can be bought with the chestnuts?

What can one ask the bees?

What happens to all the dust from the stones?

What does *la breva* say?⁴

Where did the priest go?

Why is the wind blowing into the wrong direction?

And why do the fish wear long moustaches?

“This is me, smoothing the land

My breath that sweeps through the valley”

4 *La breva* is the name given to the wind coming from the south

5 *Il Sorèl* is the name of the fresh air coming from the mountain