

SAGGI – ESSAYS

BEAUTY AND THE WONDER OF POETRY.  
VOICES OF A POETIC EDUCATION  
TO REVIVE OUR TIMES

LA BELLEZZA E LA MERAVIGLIA DELLA POESIA.  
VOCI DI UN'EDUCAZIONE POETICA  
PER RIVIVERE I NOSTRI TEMPI

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Poetry is an epiphany of the gaze, an arousing vision. It opens a passage unexpectedly, where a glimmer of truth is found. The poetic word is a metaphor for this extraordinary time, revealing not only a fear of the other and the threat of death – which has become a tangible presence – but also the beauty of fragility when it is cultivated as a gesture of care for oneself and for the world. A word capable of restoring a look of wonder accords the verses of some poets, bearing witness to a different way of thinking. The text seeks to explore their voices, linked by a word that cultivates the expansion of detail and the beauty hidden between the folds of a troubling time. In a moment of estranging separation, their inspiration promotes an education consisting of listening and receptivity, reviving silence, inviting gestures of devotion and intimacy towards oneself and to others and cultivating an imperishable art of life.

La poesia è un'epifania dello sguardo, una visione suscitatrice. Si apre un varco senza essere attesa, dove un barlume di verità viene ospitato. La parola poetica è una metafora per dire questo tempo "straordinario" che ha mostrato, oltre alla paura dell'altro e alla minaccia di una morte che si è resa presenza palpabile, la bellezza della fragilità quando viene coltivata come gesto di cura di sé e del mondo. Una parola capace di restituire all'uomo uno sguardo di

“in-canto” accorda i versi di alcuni poeti, testimoni di un pensare “altrimenti”. Il testo vuole approfondire le loro voci accomunate da una parola che educa alla dilatazione del dettaglio e alla bellezza nascosta tra le pieghe di un tempo difficile. In un momento di straniante distanziamento la loro ispirazione educa ad una pedagogia dell’ascolto e della ricezione, restituendo vita piena al silenzio, invitando a gesti di dedizione e di intimità a sé e agli altri ed educando a un’arte imperitura della vita.

### *1. The body “lived” in times of pandemic*

No time will remain in the memory of the body like that which has passed. The body does not forget and the pandemic – of which we are now just beginning to see not so much the end but at least its exhaustion, a sort of implosion of the virus, which still continues to manifest its virulence, and its capacity to self-regenerate in many forms and variants – when it has not been lethal to the body has left its irreversible mark, creeping in like a subtle fear, both silent and pervasive. A profound fear caught the entire world population unprepared and dumbfounded; for many months, the radical change in habits, rhythms, rules and forms of regulating interpersonal connections and the relationship between the private and professional sphere, were turned upside down on an unprecedented level.

The mind attempts to rationalise and to conform to the objectivity of scientific discourse, which has also, in recent times, revealed its relativity. Even medical science has proven to be a complex territory, inhabited by questions that have fuelled research but also prompted multiple questions and positions, often contrasting.

The Covid-19 virus has demonstrated to public opinion that no knowledge is guaranteed and that – in the face of events of such magnitude – life and death reveal their mysterious, fragile and imponderable link. Our emotions were shaken to the core, with the deepest layers of our psyche being attacked and our system of beliefs and convictions being undermined from within.

The pandemic challenged a system of thought, as well as bringing the economy and the global health system to its knees, alongside the expectancy of a life which seemed – for the Western man – to be an unobstructed, predictable journey.

In addition to these transformations, the body “knew more” and paid a higher price precisely due to the impossibility that it had, for many, of speaking out, becoming a story, being legitimised and shared. This was recorded by the press, the television and the internet which reported on the dizzying hike in states of depression, self-harm phenomena among adolescents, violence, exponential increases in psychiatric admissions, multiple forms of a discomfort hinged between the individual and the social which has expanded exponentially – like a virus of the virus – its alarming side effect.

No time like that that we have just experienced has demanded such a great effort from the body, asking the body to make itself seen, recognised and heard. The body’s revenge began to take shape from its visceral substratum: tiredness, apathy, alert, fear, irritability, all signs that started to creep in when the outside world was silenced, lowering the volume to such minute sensations, which came to the surface, staking their territory.

In a culture that celebrates the body as an object to be moulded and forged, a double of oneself, used for putting on the mask of social pantomime, that “possessed” body began to lose consistency and vigour (Gamelli, 2016); as in one of the most dramatic scenes of Luchino Visconti’s famous film *Morte a Venezia* in which the star, the famous composer Gustav von Aschenbach, sees the hair dye – used by him in an attempt to create an elixir of eternal youth – drip slowly down onto his face. An entire culture of appearance falls apart along with his face, of which cholera is the dramatic metaphor, bringing to the surface – from the murky waters of the lagoon – the contagiousness of diseases of hypocrisy and avidity that contaminate the world and consciences.

Despite being set in a central European atmosphere of the early twentieth century which renders the images distant from our contemporary era, the film retains its extraordinary evocative and

topical force: the “pestilent” death that arrives slowly and inexorably like a laceration, striking through the decomposition of the faultless social body, brings to the surface the vulnerability, the crumbling strength of the body which the old protagonist attempted to submit to the laws of the spirit, of aesthetic sublimation, ignoring its calls, the disruptive force that links life to the Eros-Thanatos binomial. The film, in an incredible play of mirrors and doubles, tells us that our life is primarily a body that demands an ear and dignity in its fleeting and vulnerable presence, exposed to mortality.

With the world retreating, rendered inhospitable, threatened by the presence of another “harbinger of death”, the need to stay locked at home was primarily a challenge for the body: to follow different rhythms, to be heard in its dilemmas and to live with the fear of death, the threat of global cataclysm, the fear of the unknown and an uncertain future, fear for the safety of one’s nearest and dearest. All this “poison” passed through the body, a virus that touched the tip of the real, to indicate perhaps where humanity started to go wrong; a beginning of division, of the loss of an original connection with nature, which – protracted over time – became fragmentation, incessant and specious exploitation of the environment and, at the same time, distancing from a primitive way of being.

How can we look at the world from another perspective and not be overcome by the scenario of death that this pandemic has displayed so pitilessly, with the number of mortalities rising day after day and spreading like wildfire, striking the most vulnerable sections of the population in every part of the world, only to become a global humanitarian catastrophe? How do we give meaning to a pain that has touched everyone, albeit in different forms and proportions, but that has brought to its knees the illusion of self-determination and the freedom of each individual in favour of being part of a social bond, where the responsibility of individuals determines or endangers the safeguarding of others?

A «poetic education» (Mustacchi, 2020) is certainly a *farmakon* that can allow its recipients to transform their gaze and that, in the

words of Bertolini, recovers: «a living subjectivity that is not closure in singularities but constant and problematic opening to the world and to other subjectivities, passionate about conquering a truly worthy life» (Bertolini, 1988, p. 48).

The words of the poet Arminio are eloquent in this regard, when he writes, during the pandemic:

A man arriving in hospital is not a man, he is a world. To cure a human being means to cure a person immersed in the world and the world that is immersed in him. To cure a man means to take care of everything that is in everyone. A good doctor should also be something of a philosopher, a poet and a theologian (Arminio, 2020, p. 15).

A treatment that recovers a pedagogical *telos* to return to the sick person his presence and history that goes beyond any diagnosis and to re-establish the sickness as an event that is non-random and also not ascribable to purely objective logics; in fact, it «comes from the roots, from the deep murmuring that feeds the life of the organs. In hospitals, breathing should be considered before everything else. A body breathes the world and is breathed by the world» (Arminio, 2020, p. 15).

Poetry is homeopathic and it emerges where there is a wound only to transform it into an opening from which the light can start to enter and, patiently, cure the wound. At times when pain is caged, a presence that silently screams, poetry offers itself as a body for another word, thick and dense which retains all, without discarding any waste, a word that sees, a «wise» posture (Mortari, 2017), capable of imagining that invisible residue of suffering and pain that could not be grasped, in its truth, by a purely intellectual order of discourse.

Poetry encompasses the residues of the intimate labour of the body with its unspeakable emotions and its profound sufferings which fuel the visceral craters hidden in the depths to make them gush and radiate them with a beauty that brings out the purest spirit. The poet Candiani writes: «when fear comes calling, open up» (Candiani, 2018, p. 84), uncovering the taboo that inhibits the

expression of the darkest nooks and crannies of adult life, in a society oriented towards positive thinking, which reduces every experience of the incomprehensible and the arcane into the consolatory perimeter of *ratio positiva*:

The fear, of an adult, is often shrouded in shame. Not only one's own personal shame but also that of others; we do not want to know that adults are fearful, that they can be afraid, as, somehow, we know that if a human being is afraid we are all responsible...not all personally, but all together, because we are brought to book for our connivance and coverage not only of the facts that generate fear but of the words that tell of them and that cannot be spoken and shared, as we are working together to silence the fear that is inexorably covered by a dense network of social complicity (Candiani, 2018, pp. 84-85).

In this time of segregation, loneliness and forced closure, fear has been the most insidious companion of days that may have seemed to be interminable, suffocating and darkened by fearful, insistent and repetitive thoughts. Thus, for some time, nameless fear remained a fluctuating state to which poetry could offer relief, a lively home during the long nights and days of imprisonment in which the walls of the house seemed to close in on spaces, day by day, made more cramped by being forced to inhabit them.

Associating with the poetic word is a remedy and a path to new births and to make of fear an interrogating ally: letting oneself create images capable of lightening the narrow weight of thoughts, expanding, through the imagination, the restricted limits of segregated living, letting go and surrendering to a sentient thought that welcomes and accepts the negative and transforms it. Poetry is a call to defy boundaries so that the mind and the heart can come together and create a duet, on an immense scale.

A home at the latitude of infiniteness was that in which the poetic compositions of Emily Dickinson lived, who, with the narrowing of the confines of her own living space, created the launch pad for creativity in verse. As her closure to the world gradually became more pervasive and obstinate, her creativity became in-

candescent, full of ardour and light. Thus her garden was transformed into several gardens, an expression that alludes:

To the actual spaces where Dickinson cultivated her plants and flowers, the imaginative realm of her poems and letters wherein flowers were often emblems of actions and emotions, and the ideal Garden of Paradise, which – in earnest, incandescent language – she sought to envision beyond the limits of her own grounds (Farr & Carter, 2004, p. 1).

Emily Dickinson had learned the art of gardening from her mother and she knew all the species of flowers; she had learned the art of cultivating life which is nourished by attention to the rhythms of the seasons, day and night, of producing a poem like a flower, after watering it in the moist earth of a bodily emotion:

Just as her poems were uncommon, some of the flowers she chose to grow are unusual, gorgeous and complex, requiring the grower's knowledge, prudence and insight. Others like gentians and anemones were wildflowers, associated for her with simplicity of mind and heart, with youth and humility, fresh imagination, and the possibility of everlasting life. All were indices of her own spiritual and emotional state, while in her letters and poems, she continually associates flowers with herself and making gardens with making poems (Farr & Carter, 2004, p. 4).

Thus the great American poetess indicates to us the qualities to which poetry refers: just like life, it is fragile, carnal, exposed to metamorphosis by a moment of wonderful amazement, transient and at the same time eternal, colourful in its shades and nuances and in the musicality offered by the range of its expressions. Poetic life is fragile like a flower: just as the gesture of «breathing alongside a broom» (Arminio, 2020, p. 95) produces an encounter we have forgotten regarding the value of the simplicity of secluded living yet in profound communion with the world. The advent of the pandemic was not only a warning but an invitation to regain possession of these spaces-times of absorbed solitude to «discover the interpretative force of one's own experience» (Madrussan, 2020, p. 62) and «curb the hysteria of this world» (Arminio, 2020, p. 95):

A peasant girl hoeing, a drop of sweat that falls onto the earth forms a mineral dough which we later find again in the bread. A quiet word, a low-pitched pain makes you talk to the cats, make friends with the roses. [...]. Our gestures are beautiful even if they do not bring fame and power (Arminio, 2020, p. 95).

Educating oneself to «inhabit the world poetically» (Bobin, 2019) was an invitation to look with different eyes, to welcome – with a receptive attitude – the change of direction that the pandemic period imposed, overturning our daily priorities, routines and consolidated mental habits.

Just like the art of *cultum*, poetry offers itself as a gift to a re-treating gaze, to a body that knows surrender, to a perspective more capable of contemplating than of grasping the fruit to taste the flavour of the pulp.

As Pasternak wrote: «in life it is more necessary to lose than to gain. A seed will only germinate if it dies. One must live without tiring, look ahead, be nourished by living resources developed by oblivion in collaboration with memory» (Pasternak, 2007, p. 70).

Silvestroni comments on the creativity and vitality with which the Russian poet transforms the painful experience of illness, isolation and marginalisation from the literary *entourage* of his time into «a fertile clump that gives life to his poetry, a fragrant and beautiful garden» (Silvestroni, 2012, p. 99). The author adds: «pain accepted, embraced, developed in the depths of oneself, sweeps away all of the superfluous: the desire for success, worldly recognition, material wellbeing. Only pure desires remain» (Silvestroni, 2012, p. 99).

There was an impelling need – in this so troublesome time – for this quality of gaze on reality, capable of connecting empathically the inner world to the outer one of reconnecting the threads of memory to regain a perspective of infancy, capable of reanimating a world that seemed, at times, to be dying, terminally ill with an incurable disease.

A personal and collective memory at the same time will not stop questioning and cannot be forgotten: on the evening of 19 March 2020 when, on television, we witnessed the row of army

trucks taking away the coffins of the many who had recently succumbed to the disease, only the thought of seeing that tragedy end allowed us to bear the torment of those many deaths – people who gave up their identity for everyone’s salvation – and to bear the sense of guilt for not having being able to honour them one by one.

The slow convoy of armoured vehicles moving in line at walking pace celebrated, despite the brutality of the exorbitant plundering of lives, with that disciplined and composed path, a sense of the sacredness of death; in that instant, our thoughts went to Viktor Frankl and to Hetty Hillesum, unforgettable poetic voices, capable of transforming pain into a testimonial sign of resisting life, a feeling capable of accommodating the tragic parable of human existence, continuing to dance life while the omen of death became more pressing hour after hour.

Hillesum writes, with moving poetic prose that is offered as an alcove of light to the pain and prohibitions that restrict her field of action as a Jewish intellectual, during the Second World War: «the only words I want to write are those normally woven into great silence, not those merely that serve to drown out silence and to pull it apart. They should simply emphasize the silence» (Hillesum, 2012, p. 579). Her writing is nourished by a living, empathetic word, filled with compassion and it becomes the receptacle of the torment that passes through the life of a people, celebrating its wonders while the horror is obscuring, day after day, the future, hope, the dignity of a population and the entire human condition.

Life is so bright that death is transfigured and defeated by the words of Frankl who transforms the devastating experience of annihilation experienced in the concentration camp into a search for the meaning of life, transforming a project of extermination inspired by hatred of otherness into a song of suffering and a feeling of deep affection for the inextinguishable transcending value of life: «a thought transfixed me: for the first time in my life I saw the truth as it is set into song by so many poets, proclaimed as the final wisdom by so many thinkers. The truth that love is the ultimate and the highest goal to which a man can aspire» (Frankl, 1995, p. 74).

## *2. The metamorphoses of silence*

The most resounding memory of the long months of lockdown, particularly for those who live in the big cities, was the sudden blanket of silence that fell, like a thick and soundproofed sky, over the days of millions of people who had been accustomed, up until then, to never feeling its presence.

The words of Le Breton are, in retrospect, like a prophecy: «the city cannot afford to stop breathing, even for a second. If the traffic noise were to die out in broad daylight, one would think that the city had ceased to breathe, that its heart had stopped beating» (Le Breton, 2018, p. 12). And so it was: the pulsating and frenetic body of the large cities shut down, replaced by a chasm of menacing silence. Silence was an experience of abyssal profundity, unknown to most, a disturbing and alien presence that subverted states of attention from the world outside to the resonances that were produced in the internal world which, like it or not, felt its presence, strength, irrevocability. A silence that took on many colours depending on the moods of those who felt its presence: the spectral silence of some nights, interrupted only by the sirens counting out – like repeated cries of pain – the number of sick people transported urgently to hospital; the silence that, by night, was populated with ghosts, forcing us into a state of perennial insomnia and vigilance, a silence loaded with feverish anxiety, an omen of an end that crept into the fibres of the body which our thoughts were often unable to intercept and transform.

Certain poetry is filled with silence; it extracts the word from the emptiness and intercepts its presence like a perennial soundtrack. Certain poetry denounces how silence – meaning deprivation, absence and emptiness – is the outcome of a distracted, hurried gaze, incapable of stopping and waiting, impervious to the slowness with which inner time matures.

A gaze accustomed to the automatism of compulsive life is what characterises our time; alienated and far from the depths of one's most intimate feelings, contemporary man – enslaved by an accelerated time – has suffered a painful arrest. Poetry is a medi-

ciné able to alleviate the most ancestral fears, an indulgent hand, a helpful voice that spreads «the bandages of eternal literature: stories, myths, legends, novels, tales, poetries, prayers» (Bobin, 2012, pp. 23-24) to lend help, to strive to be on the side of those who do not destroy the world but who use every action, even the most commonplace, to repair and regenerate it.

A propensity towards a prescribed and cosmetic happiness makes contemporary man increasingly inclined towards living in conformity with social dictates; in pursuing a future that never fully satisfies, solicitations coming from the regions of intuition, imagination and of affection – which sprinkles life with a warmth that nourishes and quenches – are gradually extinguished:

Most of the time, I look, I don't take notes, I don't write. Contemplation is what most threatens the super power of technology in a strange way. And for a very simple reason: technology apparently makes our life easier. [...]. Who said that life must be easy and comfortable? Is it comfortable to love? Is it comfortable to suffer? Is it to hope? Technology takes us away from these things, expanding an epidemic of unreality that is silently invading the world (Bobin, 2019a, p. 31).

Estrangement and wonder arise from this divergent gaze which moves the fixed places of the scene of reality, subverting the coordinates of interpretation of the world. The unreal is not just the state of forced lockdown that we experienced, as a result of the spread of the virus, as a countermeasure to stop the spread of the disease. Another form of fallacious existence invades the world and expresses itself in the functionalism of a life alienated from its deepest roots, a life of feelings and affections that is dispersed in external roles, in the social value of possessing objects and goods, becoming increasingly more anaesthetised and foreign to itself:

If we consider our life in its relation to eternity, we need to relax our grip and accept what comes, holding on to nothing. Rejecting all on the hand, accepting all on the other: this double movement can take place only within the love in which the world retreats while the eternal draws closer, solitary and silent (Bobin & Matarasso, 2015, pp. 49-50).

Bobin's poetry is cloaked in silence, a mosaic of mottled words, a fresco of fragments that seek to offer themselves with precision – like a gift – to the reader.

His poetry is what is most distant from a literary genre, from a completed art, from a codified discipline. It is the poetics of the gesture comparable to that of a mother who, while covering up her sleeping child as he is cold, is nullifying the space of darkness that exists in the night between the brightness of one star and the next. The loving gesture of bringing warmth unites the stars in a cloth of incandescent gold silk. In its gaze capable of reawakening the inner world, poetry creates an art of educating and educating oneself to be concerned for the world and for others. In a time that has encouraged and extended states of closure, conservatism, fear of change and withdrawal, his poetry is an invitation to reconnect with a universal trust that, like an invisible layer, inhabits the depths of the earth. When the earth shakes and the step becomes uncertain, the trust that certain poetry holds, like the heart of a flower, is offered as invisible terrain, maintaining the link with the driving force of life, transforming the geological fault of fear and pain into a crack that manages to sprinkle the world with a light that transfigures it, returning it to its simplicity and essentiality.

Bobin's poetry is home to this trust which is warm like a ray of sunlight: you only have to hear it for a moment during the course of an entire life, to have felt its warmth in a suspended time, for the body to have incorporated its trace. Listening to the pouring rain with its rhythmic sonority, attuning to the lightness and gracefulness of the compositions of Mozart (Bobin, 2015) are some of the many experiences with which the trust and confidence in a good and sweet life re-present themselves, immediately recalling the grace of our having come into the world:

My first experience of life was white and weightless. I have often heard it pictured for me by my mother. She is coming out of the maternity clinic carrying me in her arms. We are right at the end of April, but it is snowing nonetheless. In my mind's eye it is the wet of the flakes I am aware of first, rather their brightness or their dancing. The rain element.

Whatever one does to shield a new-born baby from bad weather, by swaddling it in blankets and holding it close, the out of door still comes to meet it – the air, the happiness of wet invigorating air [...]. Today when I go out into the street and rain runs down my face, I relearn being born, I go back to the beginning, to that first encounter with the mortal side of life. A mortality that refreshes. Like Mozart. Just like Mozart (Bobin & Matarasso, 2015, p. 67).

Often the memory is not aware of retaining those initial moments of amazement when the joy of the mere fact of being alive is perceived; they are, rather, a bodily trace giving rise to a posture to inhabit the world with enchantment and wonder. That place of the soul which offers itself as «pure presence» (Bobin, 2019b) is a form of refuelling that allows us to endure even the most severe winters of life. Usually childhood is the time of these ecstatic and timeless visions that come to the rescue particularly of those who have suffered a serious trauma, those subjected to radical tests as in the case of severely mistreated children or adults exposed to grief, loss, sickness or separation. A supply of trust is deposited in our submerged area which, like an invisible grassy meadow, kept in the depths of the psyche, conserves «the aurorality» (Paolone, 2018, p.15) of living from defeat and disintegration. These reflections are reminiscent of the research by the Hungarian psychoanalyst Ferenczi who, to explain the phenomenon of the resilience of severely abused children, resorted to an *orpha* image-myth, to allude to that vital place chosen to store “the true self” to which the child entrusts his hope of salvation; a concentrate of life salvaged by the infantile imagination in the womb of earth or heaven and to which the child clings on so as not to die (Ferenczi, 2004; Olivieri Stiozzi, 2013).

There is emptiness and different emptiness, silence and different silence. Emptiness and silence as experiences of deprivation can reconnect with painful experiences of exile, abandonment, neglect and lack of recognition.

From this memory of “guilty” silence, the writing of Chandra Candiani – a past as a child filled with deprivation, stony faces and

questions that fell on deaf ears – takes flight. Poetry’s rescue manifests itself as a visionary capacity that allows her to transform a «shattering childhood» (2018, p. 84) and to inhabit another skin of silence and emptiness, the soft skin of the encounter with an interiority illuminated by the acceptance of one’s own wounds. The result is meditative and sober writing, unadorned like a bare foot on the harsh ground of its own history, which transforms into a boundless territory, into a spiritual path in the desert. Silence is the source of life at its point of maximum mobility, an experience capable of keeping check of all crystallised visions of oneself, the attachments that harness the vitality of a childhood gaze, up to the experience of the “change”, the change of skin in which the damaged past crumbles; childhood is brought to safety in the grateful gesture of «bending down to the ground, bending and bending/until becoming dust. There, you are saved» (Candiani, 2020, p. 39).

Ordinary life is amplified because emptiness is a voice that puts the inside in contact with the outside and produces a correspondence that strips us of all egoistic ambitions; in a boundless internal space, childhood regains its eternal spirit, an inspiration to let itself be transported away by the beauty of the present, a moment that will never be replicated, that manifests only to an astonished and defenceless gaze, aware of its vulnerability and of everything «that cannot be said» (Bruzzone, 2016, p. 65).

Candiani writes:

Dear silence, help me not to talk about you, help me to live in you. Train me. Disarm me. You teach me to speak. Here I am, enthrall me. I leave nothing behind, no stone unturned. I am here. In you. Art of leaving to find again. Art of starting anew, teaching you to let yourself be written. Silence sows. Words collect. Silence is a living thing (Candiani, 2018, p. 50).

Her word is kneaded by silence just as presences stand out from the voids of a place; objects are points of attention that you become used to looking at without grasping the surrounding space from which they emerge, a boundless sea on which the eye never

lingers, attracted only by the “solids” in which they sail, like boats on the horizon.

Teaching oneself poetry is a divergent path of patient deconstruction and restructuring of the gaze; it is «an art of life» (Bauman, 2008), an itinerary that, by upsetting certainties, sometimes opens up an existential turning point. Teaching oneself poetry is living the responsibility in this time affected by serious emergencies and avoiding the loss of the empathetic encounter; that for which otherness is not expelled from identity but is subsumed by it and constitutes its foundation. It is an education to see from another perspective the polarisations that form part of our culture and orient the representations and models of intervention of those who work with fragile and suffering people. Suffering has affected everyone and asks us not to disperse its best spirit: exiting from the habitual opacity into which we relegate daily gestures, taking care of the innermost part of ourselves on which our balance and the intensity with which we experience the inclement weather of life depend, moving closer to a richer understanding of ourselves and of others. In the glow of our shining absence, there is the inexhaustible source of knowledge that can awaken us in a more human world, as soon as the risky night we are experiencing has elapsed, if we are able to handle it, to the very end, with extreme care.

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