

## MRU's "Altitude Rise" student article series



### A Christmas Poem

Translation of Ungaretti's poem "Natale" from the Italian Language  
(excerpt from Intermediate Level coursework assignments)

December 24th, 2006

by Sara Angelucci<sup>1</sup>

(1) [sara@lasara.it](mailto:sara@lasara.it)

<http://www.mruproject.com>

#### Introductory notes

*Hi Marco, this is a pillow's letter after the famous "The pillow's book". It's midnight and I send you for the second time the Ungaretti's poem. I hate my PC, it has lost my wonderful translation. I make it again, I hope in better fortune and I'll cross my fingers...*

During the last lesson I told you the right information about Ungaretti and this poem. He wrote it in Naples when the poet was on leave: he was a soldier and this was the time of the First World War.

This poem is included in "Allegria", so it's called a group of poems written in this period and printed in 1919. In "Allegria" the poet develops his fundamental point of view and he builds up the main concepts of his research. He always speaks about universal experience, something different with respect to D'Annunzio's poems or Pascoli's apologies: the former is an aesthetics warrior who researches the fanatic action, and the latter writes about loneliness and his personal emotion. Pascoli is an individualistic writer. Ungaretti wants to speak through the concepts of assolutism: he's the father of "hermeticism".

## The poem

### NATALE (G. Ungaretti)

Non ho voglia  
di tuffarmi  
in un gomitolo  
di strade

Ho tanta  
stanchezza  
sulle spalle

Lasciatemi così  
come una  
cosa  
posata  
in un  
angolo  
e dimenticata

Qui  
non si sente  
altro  
che il caldo buono

Sto  
con le quattro  
capriole  
di fumo  
del focolare

### CHRISTMAS (translated by Sara A.)

I don't feel like  
plunging  
into a labyrinth  
of streets

I'm so tired  
there is too much weight  
on my shoulders

Leave me like  
a thing  
that  
is left  
in a  
corner  
and so it's forgotten

Here  
I feel  
nothing else  
than the good warmth

I remain  
with the four  
somersaults  
of smoke  
of the fireplace

## Final comments

The poet lets us see a domestic world where the simple things, such as the good warmth or the four somersaults, become the reassuring reality. The soldier wants to wipe war and death off his mind. He has just one solution for surviving: feeling the goodness of things around him.

*Goodbye.*  
*Sara*