

The poems of Teresa Mundula Crespellani

Teresa Mundula (1894-1980), wife of Luigi Crespellani and mother of four daughters, left university to take care of her family. For her pleasure she wrote poems and, only at an advanced age (in 1973), published a first collection.

But where did these poems come from? (1)

These poems

These poems sprouted like mushrooms
Like the evil herbs and the "Japanese-green" (1)
I needed them for amusement and delight
And they invaded everything... it was meant to be.

Whoever wrote them I do not know:
one was dictated to me by a little devil,
another for the opposite a little angel,
another, however, is written by a child.

Most of them were tossed by the wave
Along with mussels, sea snails and clams
The ones I wrote most fiercely
I wrote them with Teresa's hand.

These poems sprung up like mushrooms
that suddenly cover every place
Boiled in my head like a fire
And they found a way out... it was meant to be!

(1) *Chrysanthemum coronarium*.

Born no one knows how the poems emerge from the intimacy of the author and fly off to become the heritage of readers.

To the reader

In the endless flood of Time
Which in its bosom drags all things,
I cast trusting and fearful
The varied collection of thoughts
That I have fixed in so many of my poems.

I greet them forever. They set out
So far from me, that grasping
By now I can no longer, nor can I change.
For though ideas are born and die...
Like all things thine and mine.

Having fixed in them the inspiration
Has enabled thee to know me, thou who
Chose from among so many; if thou hast me
In sympathy, I am grateful to thee from my heart.
Listen now to the singing of the poems.
March 19, 1973

But why does the author choose this language to write her poems?

Writing in the language of Cagliari...

Writing in Sardinian represents for me
a real enjoyment of sincerity,
the rhyme seems to come by itself,
the idea is born enjoying freedom.

It is to me like playing to a child,
like laughter to the young man,
as the boyfriend to the spinster,
as to the old man the cookie.

It has been a great fortune for me
To know a cunning language
That allows you the witty banter
With the richness of the phrase that surprises.

Therefore, I wrote many rhymes
For sweets tempt to be eaten,
I felt joyful with each writing:
satisfied the urge to joke.

Always following the idea that flashes through my mind,
Staring at what I hear and what I see,
without realizing it, the vein grew
And the rivulet became a river!

(1) We present the poems according to the spelling Su Sardu Standard, SSS - the standard Sardinian - with some poetic license, mainly the paragogic (you cannot shorten words) and the 'd' turned to 'r' according to Cagliari usage, to leave the reader with the sound the author intended.

Sources:

Iconusa: poesias.it/poeti/mundula_crespellani_teresa/mundula_crespellani_teresa.htm

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Sa poesia sarda, http://web.tiscali.it/i.pilia-wolit/poesia_5.htm