

Studenti della 4/EL  
I.I.S. "A. Lunardi" - Brescia

**EMOTIONS RECOLLECTED  
IN TRANQUILLITY**

Gussago  
Edizioni dell'Arengario  
2022

Il titolo in copertina allude a un testo di **William Wordsworth** tratto dalla prefazione alla seconda edizione delle *Lyrical Ballads* (1801): “*Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity...*”

COLLANA INEDITI DI POESIA / 3



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*Anne Gillman*  
*Charles Bathurst*  
*1801*  
LYRICAL BALLADS,

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By W. WORDSWORTH.

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Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW,

BY BIGGS AND CO. BRISTOL.

1800.

Quelle che leggerete tra le pagine di questo piccolo libretto sono le poesie, le riflessioni, le emozioni nate su un prato di una scuola in un caldo giorno di primavera, quando, in seguito alla lettura di *I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud* di William Wordsworth, ho proposto ai miei alunni di 4EL di provare a sperimentare loro stessi il processo creativo teorizzato nella *Preface to Lyrical Ballads*.

I ragazzi, un po' stupiti, hanno subito accettato con entusiasmo la proposta: in fondo si trattava di fare una lezione un po' diversa, di uscire all'aria aperta in una soleggiata giornata primaverile.

All'inizio non è stato facile. Camminando nel giardino della scuola era difficile concentrarsi sui suoni della natura, percepirne i profumi, liberare totalmente i propri pensieri, lasciarsi andare dimenticando per qualche istante l'allegro chiacchiericcio proveniente dalle finestre della scuola, i rumori della quotidianità, le preoccupazioni.

Allora ho chiesto ai ragazzi di fermarsi, di sedersi, di sdraiarsi, chiudere gli occhi, non parlare per alcuni minuti e semplicemente cominciare ad ascoltare e ad ascoltarsi, lasciarsi cullare dai profumi, dal cinguettio degli uccellini, dalla brezza primaverile, dalle emozioni.

Io non ho fatto che osservarli nel loro immergersi nella natura, nel loro ritrovarsi in un silenzio quasi irreali: alcuni seduti, con le mani giunte, altri sdraiati uno accanto all'altro, altri più distanti, tutti in profondo ascolto.

Una volta tornati in classe ho chiesto ai ragazzi di non scrivere nulla per un paio di giorni e solamente poi, in tranquillità, ritornare a quei momenti passati in silenzio sul prato della scuola e cominciare a trascrivere ricordi, sensazioni, emozioni.

In ciò che hanno scritto e che ho letto ho ritrovato speranza, nostalgia, paura, dolore, amore, ho ritrovato tutti loro e soprattutto, tanta bellezza.

Del resto, che altro può essere se non poesia?

Monica Codevilla

**Un ringraziamento particolare va alla Professoressa Joanna Aquilina che ha curato la revisione linguistica dei testi e che con professionalità e affetto tanto ha donato a noi tutti.**



*Ascoltami, i poeti laureati  
si muovono soltanto fra le piante  
dai nomi poco usati: bossi ligustri o acanti...  
Qui delle divertite passioni  
per miracolo tace la guerra,  
qui tocca anche a noi poveri la nostra parte di ricchezza...*

**Eugenio Montale**

da: *I limoni* (1925)

I ragazzi avevano invaso il giardino. Chi sdraiato chi seduto chi in piedi. Esercizio didattico di lingua inglese: lasciarsi investire dalla quiete e dal silenzio, prestare attenzione a quanto sarebbe accaduto in quel tempo sospeso. Infine registrare sulla carta le tracce dell'esperienza. Questo piccolo libro ne è la raccolta e viene pubblicato in una collana di poesia: la poesia non è la prerogativa di un poeta, ma l'insieme di tutte le voci, di tutte le prospettive, è il modo come l'essere umano diviene consapevole della propria relazione con la natura e l'ambiente in cui vive. Non ci si laurea poeti: la poesia c'è già, non ci è mai stata estranea, i poeti ne sono i trovatori. E non si dica che la poesia è intraducibile: fatta salva la grammatica, niente come la poesia permette di comprendere una lingua e insieme attraversare i confini che la separano dalle altre.

Il giardino aveva una sua propria vita sommersa, occorreva mettersi in ascolto. Così quella vita si è come riflessa in loro muovendo memorie e sentimenti: questo piccolo libro, segreto e pubblico.

L'editore  
27.05.2022



*Alice Abrigo*

The blades of grass on my finger  
remind me of your touch,  
the lovely melody of the birds  
remind me of your sweet voice.

The hot rays of the sun on my face  
remind me of your kisses,  
but the cold wind all over my body  
remind me of the void you caused  
when you left me.

I've always liked feeling the sun on my skin.

It seems to remind me of the child I was, of people's smiles, and of colourful flowers.

It reminds me of how beautiful a child's innocence and mind can be.

It makes me think of the white dress I always wanted to wear when I was still young

of that little girl's beautiful brown curls. Of the time her dad bought her that strawberry cake. In fact, I still remember the taste of that cake. Of the lullaby, mother used to sing while holding her as if some kind of treasure. Of her grandmother's house and of the hidden garden behind the little green door in the house.

It reminds me of the way my friends smile at each other, of a stranger's smile

especially when you say something nice or when you simply act nicely,

of my mother's smile when I tell her that she is beautiful,

of the smile you can't control when you're watching someone you love and of how good it feels to see you are simply the cause of all these smiles.

In the end, it reminds me of big trees and colourful flowers, in particular my grandmother's red and white flowers that I've loved since I was a child.

*Martina Bottarelli*

While we were sitting in the school courtyard, surrounded by flowers, I remembered those Sunday afternoons I spent at my great-grandfather's house with my family. During that time, I used to go to the park with my sister and my cousin, and then our parents would come and treat us all with ice cream. During the winter, we used to play cook or doctor and eat a good sandwich with mortadella. The best afternoons I have ever spent in my entire life!

Music for me is a way to escape from reality, so I usually take my headphones and I choose the genre, depending on my mood. This time, I tried to be carried away by what I was listening to and it worked. The chirping that was in the background during the experiment helped me relax and transmitted me tranquility that I always struggle to find. Especially in this last period so full of things to do, those ten minutes in the courtyard made me escape from all this.

At a certain point, I started humming a song in my head that I had always listened to when I was little: "A te" by Jovanotti. The lyrics are just incredible and the melody is lovely and sweet. This song has also helped me remember those afternoons with my family.

*Margherita Cadei*

Oh Nature, Nature you are a soft strange sensational land  
you bring me tranquillity when I am terrified  
you are my power and the purpose of life.

Oh Wind, Wind you are pleasantly stormy  
you bring news and sweet scents  
the so longed messenger of young lovers.

Now my heavy mind is free,  
I can fly from flower to flower like a bee.

*Sofia Caenaro*

Nature, my dear nature,  
Breathe in, breathe out,  
feel the wind, feel the clouds  
so light, so pure  
I've never felt so good.

I see a child running in the fields  
flowers surrounding all around here,  
on the top of the hill ready to roll down,  
hearing the birds chirping so loud.

Money, school, are these real problems that really matter  
if you only can lie on the grass forever?

*Arianna Daffini*

Now I'm lying in the garden,  
caught between flowers and bees,  
now the sun spreads all over my face  
makes me think of other days.

Running free through the vales,  
a dry breeze ruffles the golden hair,  
running free on dry soil,  
where the crickets sing with a loud voice.

Far memories of a little girl,  
who in search of her place in the world  
a little glitter in her soul  
now lost because she is no more a tot.

Explanation: During the time spent in the schoolyard, the sound of the bees and the smell of grass made me think about my childhood. I used to spend the summers in the countryside of Emilia Romagna, where my grandparents have a house. There, the soil is very dry and in the cracks of the ground, there are lots of little crickets. I used to run through the fields so I could feel free and unapproachable. Now I keep going to that place but I can't feel the same emotions probably because I've grown up.



*Cristina Dogaru*

Dear Nature,  
thank you for the sight you provide us with  
the blue sky, that reminds me of the sea,  
the trees, slowly blooming into flowers,  
the daisies, looking pure and innocent as love,  
the dandelions, fresh and yellow as happiness.

Dear Nature,  
thank you for making me listen to  
the birds, singing and living,  
the students, studying and discussing,  
the cars, passing and speeding  
the teachers, working and lurking.

Dear Nature,  
thank you for your gentle touch;  
the breeze, blowing and caressing,  
the sun, warming, and sweating,  
the lawn, hugging and attracting,  
the hair, flying and flitting.

Dear Nature,  
thank you for existing;  
thank you for giving us memory  
thank you for giving us feelings  
thank you for giving us our senses  
thank you for giving us life.

Sleeping under the warm sun reminds me of the feeling of my first love.

When there was nothing but the feeling of warmth spreading through my body while sitting next to my beloved one.

At that moment everything was blissful, we were having a picnic on my red-checked cloth, there were many things, ham sandwiches and cheese, yummy drinks, and a strawberry shortcake. We were laughing and having fun, and my lover was lying on his back, his eyes closed when suddenly a butterfly laid on his shoulder, making his smile even prettier than it already was.

Suddenly I noticed a pretty wisteria tree, my favourite, and I picked a piece to put in his hair; which was gladly accepted and returned with a kiss on the cheek.

Ah, I will never forget that smile.

Together we laughed, together we cried, I guess those simple feelings meant everything to me.

When will it be repeated?

If I face you again, I will look into your eyes and say I miss you.

In that tranquil moment  
so serene and joyous  
it seemed that death had overwhelmed me  
So much was the serenity

Slumped on that soft turf  
Brushed against many fresh and velvety blades  
of grass, all decorated by my friends,  
with whom I felt like a real person once again

breathing sounds and laughter flowing in the breeze  
And little birds humming in the distance  
Dandelion flowers and daisies in pairs  
And me, alone, finally discovered my inner self

immersed in the cradle of nature  
and embraced by the wind and the soil  
My body fell to the ground and my soul darted towards the sky  
which only desired to swim in that infinite blue,  
to live forever that peace as if it were an infinite afternoon.

It reminded me of the first quarantine period when, one of the things I could do, was to walk alone in the desolate city streets to breathe fresh air, but only because I had to go feed my cat at my dad's house since he was in hospital.

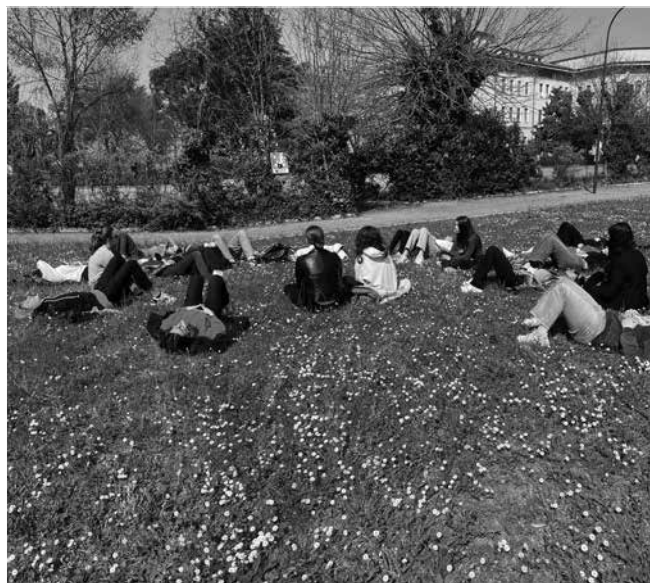
This was my only way

to get away

from being imprisoned at home all day long.

During these walks, I felt protected and for a moment everything seemed as if nothing had happened, birds were tweeting like always, flowers and trees were in their blooming phase but the streets were like deserts and my mind was full of thoughts about all the people suffering and trying not to give up to save their lives.

It was as if I had come out of my nest and soon after flooded by a wave of feelings and emotions and in a way, It has also helped me reconnect with my old life.



*Paola Gualina*

When I was amidst nature  
my heart danced with  
the sweet melodies of the birds  
and the scent of a multitude of flowers,  
daisies and dandelions.

When I lay down on the grass  
my mind opened  
and all my memories somehow came back.

Thinking about the beauty  
of nature is  
the first step towards purifying our mood.

Nature isn't a place,  
nature is our house,  
where every person can be himself  
without being judged.

Every colour that nature bestows us with  
is simply a nuance of her smile.

*Alessia Lumiridi*

I was alone in nature, lying on the lawn  
and I listened to the sound of birds.  
It reminds me of your voice, kind and tender,  
like the song of a little canary.

I was alone in nature, lying on the lawn  
and I touched the flowers and the grass.  
It reminds me of your skin, soft and smooth,  
like the thin blades of grass.

But when I stood up, you weren't there with me  
what remains is only a past memory of my life...

I can hear the wind blowing  
my eyes are closed  
and I am transported to another dimension  
the grass cradles me with its softness,  
the sun shines on my face and its rays give me warmth,  
silence accompanies me through this journey  
whose destination is solely peace.

I am blended with nature  
and deep down I smile:  
I'm free  
and for once I don't feel insecure about myself,  
I don't have to worry about what others think of me  
or what I look like.  
At this very moment, I am truly happy and at ease with myself.

It's finally spring again!  
My favourite season has come once again  
bringing utmost joy  
to my dull and empty days,  
I feel reborn  
into a happier and more serene version of myself:  
after all the hardships I've been through this year,  
The storm has left space for the sun to shine on me.  
Time has come to feel alive,  
to live everything to its fullest spree.



*Giulia Massarotto*

Bees, Bees, yellow and black insects  
I saw them carrying pollen from one flower to another  
These fragile and amazing creations were woken up by  
the soft touch of bees and started dancing gaily.

Bees Bees, hard-working insects, and honey producers,  
nature is revitalizing from the dull and dark winter  
thanks to your soft and floral dance  
birds incessantly tweeting.

Now I am looking out of my window to recollect  
a kindred emotion to the one I felt last week  
Finally, I can feel it again because nature is waking up  
after a long and dull winter.

Seeing it blossom, makes me shout with glee and gay  
and I can go back to that day and feel happiness again  
thanks to the power of imagination that enables me  
to feel the spontaneous overflow of an overwhelming feeling.

*Fatima Mhanbar*

Lying on the green lawn, surrounded by flowers, birds singing and a blazing sun on my face. It felt like being on the beach, lying on the sand, hearing the sound of the waves, people chatting, music blaring. I felt carefree, breathing in the air of nature and the tranquility of the place. Never experienced something like this in nature before, glad that my teacher made me have a go at it.

*Arianna Monni*

While lying on the grass  
I close my eyes  
and as I do so,  
I start hearing the birds singing  
the wind in my hair whispers to me  
and leads me towards the sea  
I can visualize the waves  
And hear the sound they make  
as they crush against the rocks  
I finally am at peace  
Nothing matters anymore  
as I'm in complete tranquility.

*Francesca Nassini*

The smell of flowers makes me joyous,  
The fresh breeze tickles my nose,  
The silence gives me a wonderful sense of peace:  
Is this what love feels like?

The sun burns my skin,  
The buzzing of the bees scares me a little bit,  
The grass stings my hands:  
Is this what love feels like?

All these contrasting feelings,  
joy and fear, peace and pain...  
It's all so confusing:  
Is this what love feels like?

Under the sun, I felt joyous,  
Among the grass, I smelled flowers,  
In this chaos, I 've found peace:  
I think this is what love feels like.

Happiness and peace are the two emotions I felt the most, during the experiment we did.

We sat amongst nature with our eyes closed and it was a very nice moment. The weather was amazing on that day. The sky was blue, the sun was shining and warming my body, the breeze was in my hair, birds were tweeting and all the artificial noises started to fade away. Those few minutes in nature helped me to calm down after the oral test that I had just done and it also made me disconnect a little bit from everyday preoccupations and worries that always seem to make me stressed. It was a very relaxing moment and the fact that I had the opportunity to share it with my friends, made it even more special. I think it was really useful and I definitely would love to do it again when I am on my own.

*Marta Primerano*

Last Thursday, what an experience!  
For the first time we did a different activity,  
it was a just amazing.

While I was lying on the grass,  
I heard the sound of the birds,  
they were singing sweet melodies.

The wind moved my hair  
and it refreshed my skin.  
The sun kissed my face.

I was surrounded by nature,  
A lot of flowers touched me.

At that very moment I felt relaxed,  
I forgot all my problems and I considered myself blest.

On April 7th, our teacher of English took us to the yard of our school to experience the approach that the poet Wordsworth used, to write his poems, that is, to recollect emotions in tranquillity.

We sat on the grass, closed our eyes, and immersed ourselves completely in nature.

I heard the chirping of birds, the wind that moved the leaves of the trees, and the sun that gently caressed my face.

At that moment I felt very relaxed and my childhood came to my mind. I was a very carefree and very cheerful child, but unfortunately, as I grew up all that was lost because I realized that the world is not a really nice place.

I miss that carefree attitude and I would like to go back to being that innocent and cheerful child once again.

*Tommaso Uberti*

if you were a blade of grass,  
I would be the dew that every night bathes you.  
if you were a flower,  
I would be the bee that hungrily sucks your nectar.  
if you were the breeze,  
I would be the leaf that flies with you.





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Paolo Tonini

*Parole per Emma - Lyrics for Emma*

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3.

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*Emotions recollected in tranquillity*

2022

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