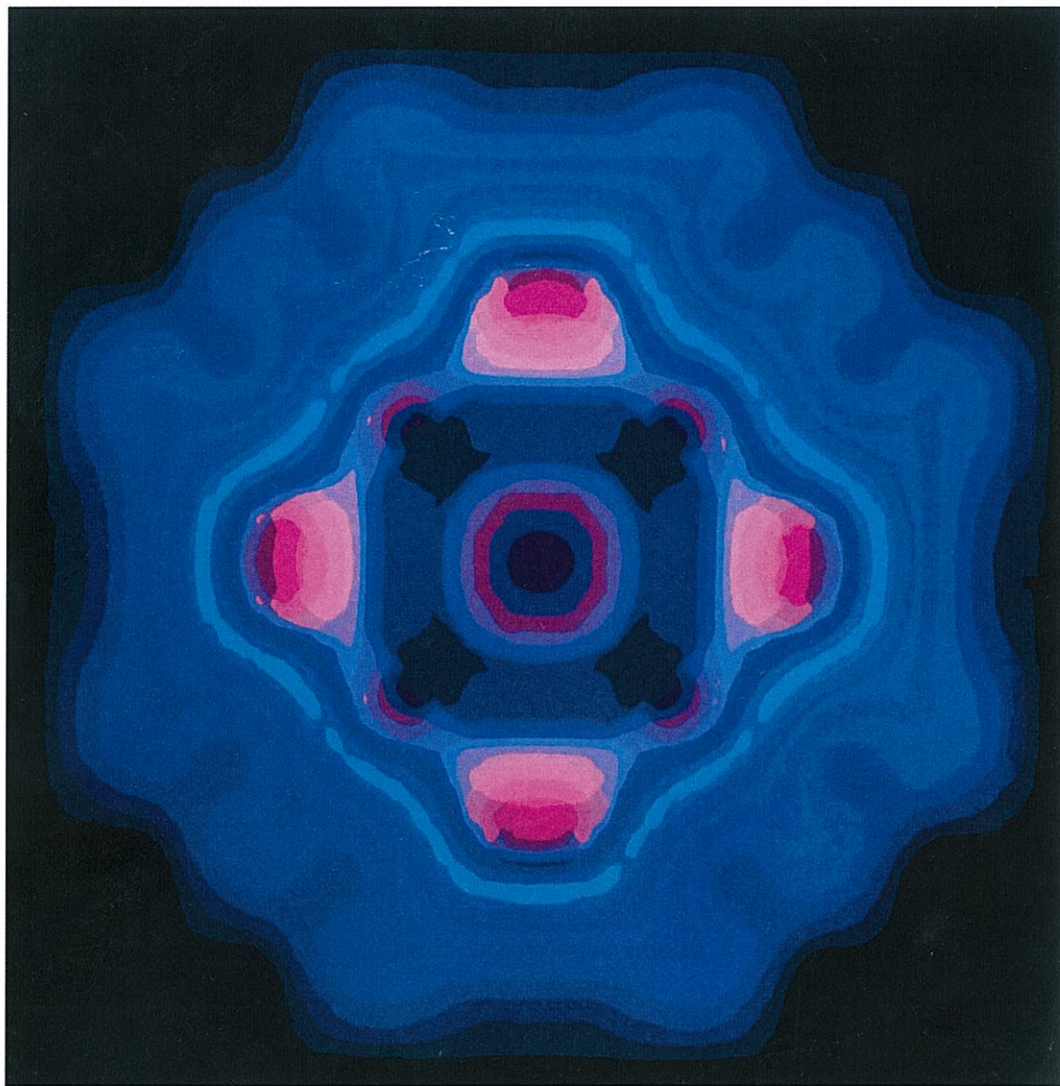


T H E B L U E H O U S E



I L K A S C O B I E

Praise Poems, the Book of the Dead, Damien Hirst, God is Art and viceversa and verses' vices. Striptease, astronauts, La Mama and what to wear to a demonstration - this is Ilka Scobie's big world in a poem, a salon with the duende, a twirl through the Museum of Life. For her, the world may have been discovered by mistake, but it was no accident. When the Goddess demandz, it's Ilka who spreads the word. A gift. These poems.

Bob Holman



Ilka Scobie's work appears in Italian Marie Claire, Artercritical, Artnet and small press publications. She is a native New Yorker who teaches poetry in the public school system.

All

Actually, do you know how to draw?
That concept's no longer relevant.
And to what is the purpose....
For me, it is metaphor, never meaning.
Do your hands render, sculpt, sew or saw
Short nailed, square spatulate fingers
Do your hands or heart impact these furred,
felted, plasticized, dangling creations
Ironic replications of fame, fauna, ferocity
Is your art assisted, pansophic, digitalized or dead?
Veracity was never my quest.
The fixed laws of gravity remain unbroken

Tutti

Ma poi, sai come disegnare?
È un concetto che non è piú rilevante.
E che ne è il proposito...
Per me è sempre stata la metafora e non il significato.
Le tue mani creano, scolpiscono, cuciono o segano
Unghia scorciate, dita a spatola, squadrate
Le tue mani oppure il tuo cuore incidono queste creazioni
penzolanti, impellicciate, inguainate a morbido,
Ironiche repliche di fama, fauna, ferocia,
La tua arte è agevolata, onnisciente, digitalizzata, morta?
Veridicità mai è stata mio traguardo.
Le infrangibili leggi di gravità rimangono intatte.

translated by Cody Franchetti