

Vanguard for the Blind

Embryo

Your voracious mind,
so peculiar to bind
your brain was running faster than the speed of (your) time;
careless of the traditions, a vanguard for the blind.

Far away from the comfortable
habit to learn how to master
all the archaic techniques
of prototyping (with) plaster.

You quested for knowledge and longing for a mind
away from any routine and (from) any still life,
working on evolution, looking for something new,
manipulate the matter as no one did before,
reaching an unknown level, smashing all the boards.

"O Greci, io non penso che miei fatti vi sieno da raccontare,
però che voi li avete veduti. Dica Ulisse gli suoi,
ch'egli fa senza testimoni de quali è sola consapevole la oscur
a notte."*

Struggled within your own mind,
between reputation and (a new) future for mankind;
a fragile equilibrium, stuck between hell and Elysium.

Your brain was running faster than the speed of (your) time;
careless of the traditions, a vanguard for the blind.

*Ovidio, Metamorphoseon - XIII, 13-15.
Tran. Giovanni Bonsignore