

I.

Leonardo Dreams of his Flying Machine...

Tormented by visions of flight and falling,
More wondrous and terrible each than the
last,

Master Leonardo imagines an engine

To carry a man up into the sun...

And as he's dreaming the heavens call him,
softly whispering their siren-song:

"Leonardo. Leonardo, vieni á volare".

("Leonardo. Leonardo, come fly".)

L'uomo colle sua congegiate e grandi ale,
facciendo forza contro alla resistente aria.

(A man with wings large enough and duly
connected might learn to overcome the
resistance of the air.)

II.

Leonardo Dreams of his Flying Machine...

As the candles burn low he paces and writes,
Releasing purchased pigeons one by one
Into the golden Tuscan sunrise...

And as he dreams, again the calling,

The very air itself gives voice:

"Leonardo. Leonardo, vieni á volare".

("Leonardo. Leonardo, come fly".)

Vicina all'elemento del fuoco...

(Close to the sphere of elemental fire...)

Scratching quill on crumpled paper,

Rete, canna, filo, carta.

(Net, cane, thread, paper.)

Images of wing and frame and fabric
fastened tightly.

...sulla suprema sottile aria.

(...in the highest and rarest atmosphere.)

III.

Master Leonardo Da Vinci Dreams of his
Flying Machine...

As the midnight watchtower tolls,

Over rooftop, street and dome,

The triumph of a human being ascending

In the dreaming of a mortal man.

Leonardo steels himself,

takes one last breath,

and leaps...

"Leonardo, Vieni á Volare! Leonardo,

Sognare!" ("Leonardo, come fly! Leonardo,
Dream!")

Charles Anthony Silvestri, 1965-present