

HOURS OF RESTRAINT,

A collective poem

1

If everything passes, the houses remain

There is an intuited living

Not deadly, different

When space gives way, desert act

Empty bell, silence perimeter

2.

Gray with low clouds, perhaps torches

Black ash, crazy lame well

Time seems too long, but it is not enough

Hour of abacus beyond the shutters

Shadow on the blind wall, light behind

In the purple light of black footsteps

3.

And brown the silence opens wide

And it's an ego again

A new self is born, will you say?

And suddenly it's evening, it reminds me

Your verse pierced in the light

Yet it is still valid, banal

It's true and inside your head

How long you haven't sat down

With my heart in my hand

4.
I graceful, new

Clear skies today

Rain inside

Wash old wounds

The heart squeezes

Querulous voices send out

5.

I hear your footsteps

Up the stairs

I'm scared

But I would love to hug you

I would also embrace

Ghosts, yours, mine

I know them little

They don't speak, but I can hear them

They are strong and ruthless

On the pillow at night

Only at night

6.

Maybe I was already with you

On the cover of Sergeant Pepper

But you won't make me yours now

Poets and Credits: Alessandro Scarsella, editor : 1.AS 2.Marta Mancini 3.Giulia Anzanel (1-2) AS
(3-7) Roberta Truscia (8-9) 4.Manuela Morrone (1-5) Marta Mancini (6) 5.Manuela Morrone 6. AS

Venice, Italy