

## FOR EVER YOUNG

*Poem to Marisa on the day of her retirement*

To pronounce your name, Marisa,  
Is to open a window to the world  
And to contemplate it from a multicoloured perspective:  
Cascading words, rushing streams of Semantics  
Flooding the fertile banks of communication;  
Multilingual landscapes where the other,  
The different one, feels the warmth of reception,  
Sailing the oceans of respect and dignity.

Today, Cinco Villas Secondary School,  
The one you used to arrive at (do you remember?)  
Every morning, rounding the corner,  
Serene, expectant, ready to face  
The challenges of adolescence and education,  
Thanks you for your effort, your commitment, your critical eye.

Your family,  
Your WhatsApp's buddies,  
Including those of "We Are The Best, So What?"  
And their umbilical cord,  
And the rest of us celebrate your retirement.

From the balcony of the future we will toast for you  
With Murakami, Nicole Kidman and Adrien Brody,  
While on the horizon they burst  
Like portentous hymns,  
The ballads of your beloved Amy Winehouse.

**"For the eternal dust of the roads" (2022 -)**