

FOG AND SUN

For my granddaughter Elia, soon to be five months old.

The morning is misty.
How sad the morning is!

Through the cradle a cry peeps out.
The car rolls,
The teddy-bear sings,
The rose looks with mermaid's eyes,
But Elia is not comforted.

Dad and mom rock her, they lull her to sleep.

Hush, my child, sleep, princess,
The clouds are silver.

Oh, the fog won't go away!
Alas, it's so stubborn!

The sun comes through the window
And everything lights up.

Elia crawls, smiles and plays.

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