

PATHWAYS

Old Europe remembers
The relief of our footsteps on the cobblestones.
The dust of the roads and the stiffness of the pavements
Keep the outline of our linked hands.

Placid steed of the wind, the echo of our voice
Rides in the mornings of metallic blues
And greyish frizzles,
In sunsets with squinting eyes,
In adolescent dawns
That lift up their glimmering, full of light.

We sail open-heartedly,
Sometimes free, a smile on our lips,
Sometimes with effort, lost in the fog,
On an ancient sea
Where they nest, like birds of passage,
Millenary certainties and uncertain horizons.

We will understand, at last,
The cold expanse of winter
And the impassive monotony of the clock,
The darkness will return us to mother earth
Which we will fertilise with our footprints
And you will water with the humidity, serene and silent,
Of your resignation

"Here again, wherever the Wind Takes us" (2014-18)