

## (II) dust

And the wind knocked  
on eyelashes ajar  
on that stone face honed by the sun  
caressing the knobbly wrinkles  
of an old drunkard stretched out  
in dark lobbies of forgotten dreams.  
Grinding words  
was the night  
sincere  
breathing a sand moon

**Guido Comin PoetaMatusèl**