## (III) breath

dry the wind
plays with leaves
of an amputee maple
tree cursing the steep path
carter of burdens of voices
on backs
hunched over cobblestones
that empty words wear away
heavy footsteps
left to lull themselves
on wings made
of nothing

Guido Comin PoetaMatusèl

Questo/a opera è pubblicata con una Licenza Creative Commons

