

## (V) hopefulness

I'd have preferred it a furrow  
left behind as a testament  
printed into the dry sands  
by the rough hands of a man  
who was dreaming new days  
but in people's stories  
I only feel it as a whiff  
fleeting impulsion of nothing  
unknown mark on a face  
for a future of words  
left to the wind, neglected,  
it was only an X - forgotten

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