(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

Guido Comin PoetaMatusèl

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