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