

(VI) water

It sings the evening rustle
the butterfly that sways between banks
surrendered to the roots
of a sleeping willow
that drags downstream great ships
dead absences of a tatty chestnut tree
against time that won't give in
drowned in a sea that no-one knows
made only of two teardrops from the sky
and bits of nothing

Guido Comin PoetaMatusèl