

## 9TH March 2005

There are infinitesimal moments, when  
An idea is born, everything seems to change  
and you think it's possible  
something big is going to happen - you feel it,  
If you turn on  
                  to a country road and the snow shines on you  
It melts and drips from the roofs  
  or if  
You lie on the grass and a lizard climbs over you.

It happens, sometimes, that days pass inadvertently  
The best ones however last a long time and  
Sunday seems almost eternal. It's strange.  
Roads, squares, bars in the centre, tabernacles,  
Around the city and on the motorways, at the toll booth  
Life moves, has a meaning, an unthinkable future is waiting for you.

(on underground trains at the station  
People search ,live, think)

(special thanks to Edoardo .... who translated my poems)