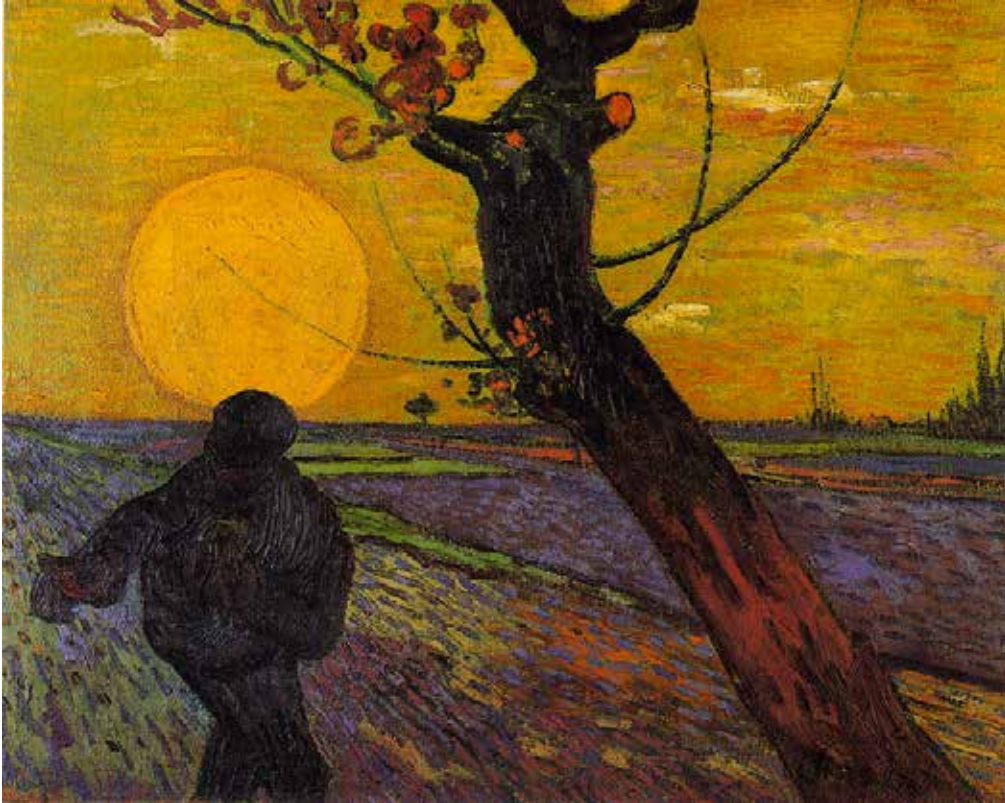


POEM



67

STILL

When I'll turn away
from myself, to live
the silence of the shadow,
the thunder of light,
the prayer of the grass
and the sun,
the sun that frees itself
in the gift
you will be able to find me
in a dream,
to laugh together
still,
like two youngsters.

Sergio Guarino