

ken up by the green of the date-palm oasis, kasbehs are all around the landscape, sometimes they look really of a mimic coloration, so that it's hard to perceive the far ones.

We are getting on in a good mood one with the other, increasing our energy connected to the reducing km to the goal.

We don't arrive to the camp by jeep, we arrive on foot, at dusk, when the air is hanging, the sky in a pastel shade, we feel like in a sanctuary.

For each of us it is a magic moment, everyone perceives it in silence. And that sensation will be renewed all the days spent in the camp long.

Days go by in the fullness of strong emotions, everything is perfect.

Dawns, the greeting to the rising sun, our trekking with dromedaries, the savoury banquets on the dunes and the palm groves, our talks and activities in our tents, dances and singing around the fire, the starry nights some degrees below zero.

How to describe the warmth of the rising sun, getting up like a blanket which lights up the dunes until it approaches and envelops us in the light, the environment inside the woollen tent, warm before sunset, then deeply cold when the sun disappears, the pleasure of choosing one's own corner to admire the morning colours of the sky, the joy of sharing, the peace.

Each day we have a new destination: villages, kasbehs, hammada, herg.

14 Days flow different, even being the same in beating time.

Our guests are delicious persons, they cuddle us.

Our stay there is less strict than we thought.

We leave something of ours, before leaving these people so proud to belong to the desert.

Here "The little Prince" loomed out, so we keep in our heart, walking towards civility, a little bit of that image.

We run through the same street of our outward journey, but in a completely different mood.

We leave behind us an experience that will remain in ourselves forever, we have a deeper knowledge of ourselves, we come back slowly to our world.

Atlante mountain fulfils and relaxes me.

I would like to come back and go along it, it is so wild and deserted, so different from our domesticated, but equally special mountains.

The air is wonderful.

Middle Atlante could be worth of an individual holiday, not only a transit stop.

We arrive at Marrakech in the early afternoon, it is sunny, the weather is good.

The impact assessment is hard to bear: noise, crowd, confusion.

We are tired and lost.

We shall need a bit of time in order to find our balance again. A bit of time to appreciate colours and flavours of this peculiar town.

Some of us will not succeed, this hard and sharp change will give rise to a disease.

I was scared of the desert and now I'm looking for it, on the souk in Marrakech

How far it is the stillness of the twilight.

Now I need home, just to work out, to metabolize.

One night, on the camp, in front of the bonfire a Berber boy asked me if it had been the first time I had visited Morocco: "Yes, my first time, surely not the last".

"Inshallah" he said to me smiling,

"Inshallah" I replied, and inside myself a promise was born: "I will come back"

Margherita Fiore

VISIT TO MY TOWN'S CEMETERY

Always, when I pass through the gate of my town's cemetery, I am struck by a tombstone that commemorates seven fellow citizens who were killed in the Italian-Turkish War.

A war of which I have vague scholastic recollections, and if my memory does not fail me, was decided to be undertaken to satisfy the thirst for power, but who remembers how it finished.

I think of the immense pain of those who lost a relative and I wonder if by chance today someone has compassion for those lives absurdly cut down.

Suddenly I drift into meditation.

I look at the photo of someone born in the 1800s and it is as though he is saying to me "please, don't forget us, carry us in your hearts, many of you live in houses that we built with much hard labour.

He also seems to say "remember that there is much space in the heart of a man and much fertile land that is waiting to be cultivated in his mind".

I walk slowly and I bless all the departed.

I am overcome by a phrase that brightens me like a starry sky "Every dusk prepares us for a new dawn" and talking about dawn, the title of a conference comes to mind: "Change has the Colours of Dawn".

I find myself vibrating with an intimate joyous emotion.

I feel warmth towards all the passersby. I send a peaceful thought to the spirits that have concluded their reincarnation cycle, to the spirits in the process of reincarnation, and to the spirits that are not yet reincarnated.

As I leave the cemetery I perceive, using the words of Giuseppe Ungaretti, the sweet fibre of the universe".

Patrizio Chicco