

## Shellac "Agostino"

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She walks with shuffling steps  
Alone, although surrounded  
For the first time in weeks she can see beyond herself  
The blue in the water is not after all  
The same as the blue in the sky  
And the sound of repute(?) is frivolous  
Things seem behind her finally  
Things she was told were foolish  
They're not foolish at all  
She can laugh at herself  
And she does  
The wind pushes her clothes against her skin  
And she feels fine  
Enjoying the \_\_\_\_\_ of the air  
This canal is no special canal  
And these ducks are no special ducks  
But today with them is special  
I'm genuinely happy

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