

Rome

"Les Hirondelles"

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beneath the pitiless gaze of things
we interlock in tight coils
the outbreak of plague a little while before
scorched flowers
beautifully died with blood
the relics of our yesterday
a young beast
quietly waiting
and then with stealthy footsteps
imposing its presence more and more
it disappears when you doubt

the tiredness of the days of indecision
has left us stranded
wrapped in the folds of the rainy season
it disappears when you doubt
it disappears when you doubt

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