

Thick air swings silently.

She slightly moves her head,  
staring at her feet, kept united as a shy schoolgirl  
thinking about the future,  
a future which is not much longer than a day  
or so...  
she stays, her hands on the knees tidily posed  
her back a bit curved  
for the heavy thoughts slip slowly down  
to the stones of the pavement  
escaping the glow of a ray of light  
just posing there,  
near her, still...

as the wind gets colder  
through the dense green of the mountain  
all around,  
and it moves her hair delicately,  
there's no human sound touching us,  
the voice of the breeze, at times,  
refracted by the shadows,  
suspended on the blue horizon  
falling down the slopes to the

brehtaking  
panorama,  
is the only voice catching my eyes,  
danced between the marbles of the sanctuary  
and my mother,  
as a little creature  
immobile at her seat,  
still looking at her shoes,  
her lips curved, she almost forgot the  
tears.

She's feeling cold,  
she sees me from a distance,  
her eyes stop quietly,  
while resigning a smile.

