

Lele

Testa, Gianmaria

Lele looks at herself, satisfied,
Even though everyone thinks her lost,
And the mirror sends her face back to her:
Even it didn't recognize her.

Her mother worked hard
And certainly didn't die for love;
She remembers nothing of her father,
Just a distant idea of rancor.

And then she had wide hips
And four mouths to feed
And, at night, not even dreams,
Only specters to forget.

And now she looks at herself and laughs,
And her eyes lose their color.
Surely she would never have hoped
That death would take away her pain.

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Even though everyone thinks her lost,
And the mirror sends her face back to her:
Even it didn't recognize her.