## **Distances**

## **Novembre**

This dreary darkened sky in which I float benumbed into my Enola-gay filled with ambitions failed and when it will collide with the towers of madness I'll fall off to the ground hope will flow out from my wounds some unfit dog shall spell a tear of grief

Far at east, by the silky way the mirage of a forgotten town rescuse me in storms religions lost and empty sanctuaries I let my body being slowly buries along other fools

To the silence we belong, and the silence in this wilderness throve the Via Crucis across the Dead Sea then caught in Samarkand bazaar dream

No, don't search for me at North where the nonsense of my frienzied notes lead as now I am the Czar

In sleep I spread my veils as day is much too harsh to sail while dream are bright and manifold