

## Les Hirondelles

Rome

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