

Novembre, Conservatory Resonance

Through the painting and the wite busts
in the corridor of the fountain
from a century I try to find you, I try

The veil, the veil of the night descends
heavy upon our school

Where the music found shelter
from the havoc of the plebeians thirst

And I wonder why
birds are silent now
and our tools of notes worn as your love

A young boy takes a violin
and puts all his dreams in it
and turns towards the dusky skyline, smiling

Smiling, as yet he ignores the minstrels fate
to need for a love vast as sky
impossible to find

Or maybe he'll find flower
on which you'll share some joy
the kind of those
greeting the end