

Gaia Riva, Winter Falls

Clouds have been
watching me
for five hours and now
sunlight streams
down on you
making heat without sound

On the grass
I have seen someone's traces
still lived lives
younger steps
from the past
and in the cool breeze I remember

Winter falls
on our feet
hands on new walls trace
old fingertip-made tales of people
now silent people
in evening
flowers' scent
a trembling ray of light dances
so misteriously upon your mouth
over all this, winter falls

On the street
this endless day
is like a licking wet tongue
leaves its taste
bittersweet
on my troubled but ecstatic soul
give me a drink
all I need all I need is some help now
to relax
to accept
and face my past
and in the cool breeze I remember