

# Novembre, Distances

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 rescue 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