

Over Shakespeare.

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I take the modern pen from your hands, friend in time, to your friends it writes: we who lost land, we who lost goods, we who lose games, we lose fame. If someone gets lost, someone wins. From a play as great as the tragedy of Verona, the well-known one only made the letters, not the ideas. Between cheers and parties, the corrections were of such great help in the first ink, that they exceed them by far. The new letters were set by whom the wine pays, being the honors for the one who collects at the door. Don't be surprised my friend, by the time of the words I copy in my mind in non spinning pieces of those tavern notes made with the same time as the hidden religion of our parents, for his country forced to Lope's lyrics, who worked as a clockmaker. At the service of our Flemish king, the king of the Hasburgos; we sang sadly the destiny of earthy love.

So bizarre is my tiredness my dear friend, that my sword to the wind I would like to show, in order to have a dear enemy give me with his, the answer to my deepest sorrow.

My soul weights not form present pain, but from beautiful feelings, which having been lived, they do sufferings much greater.

Now love is my most solid burden, everything else is static smoke; eating does not call for my attraction and I'm scared to go to sleep, for waking up only makes completely aware of how big is my suffering.

Cry, my child, that your tears of a mature man, sweeten with its paradoxical salt what is clear for you, rest on my lap, for love defeats in the heart what an army doesn't in battle.

It is not much what you can keep from a mother, that your conscience sees what you don't want to tell, that your mother understands what anguishes the heart, just one look on a party night, how fast did she ran among anonymous persons; the destiny of my road was the reason of his existence, how much more does a look can tell a mother than the clearest and perfectly writing. Crying my son, is no

way for me to give you a solution, for against destiny there is no alibi, I just pretend to be a soft pillow where you rest your deep sorrow and can have these moments like anguish, that I didn't forget, at least attenuated.

I find myself in a strange prison, my mother, that the biggest of my torments is the joy I could have if only fate hadn't wounded with its spear what is left of my life. The biggest of my torments is not what I have left, but what I would have, not in my dark position, but the clear illusion, why did fate made me fall into the ropes of eternal sorrow which could have been able to love any other. It must be the one I can only look at.

A strange future the gods have prepared for us, that they makes us enjoy our goods until we can just remember their smells, the moments of joy that in common games we enjoyed in large glasses, and now hidden, they seem to be beautiful jewelry. Why is it that the moments of silence were always better than those of joy, why is it that by your side, my mother, everything was a concert even in complete silence.

Mother, forgive the moments of concern and flattery, battle partners, forgive it weren't you I fought against, it was the oddness of my soul revealing itself to the universe.

Look at what I have in my hand now, the mask that hid his face when she looked at me at the party, I have wanted to extract her smell, but only in my imagination do I manage to bring close to me, the beautiful image of the one who was a witness.

My son, in the boat of life there is no more sorrow than the air you want to give to the sails.

In the turbulence of the storm of emotions, the wind can blow for the shipwreck, the fairies can bewitch the sailors, but what you can set, is the course that without forgetting the storm, can lead you to the bay of peace and serenity.

The love of my life steps away from the road in the Woods in which we used to play without witnesses. Now I only have to wait, like the wolfs of destiny bolt down without grace the happy moments of my hidden happiness.

It is not the value of gold that attracts the saint, but its gorgeous glow, that when it's judged divine, it wants to remove from itself such unworthy owner to give it in a hidden offering to the mother of all mortals.

Life has led me to have an enemy with a bad heart and witty thinking that gives the opportunity of following its bad emotions, it acts with a sublime pen. The fairy shows me the beautiful monster created by such evil citizens, a stranger to the crowd that surrounds her, she grows up beautiful and lonely.

The same fate which tears us apart, leaves us the moments of intimacy that the years of youth had denied us.

Love can only be right when it is blind. The light of truth doesn't really illuminate the ways of love.

I remember how the glow of her presence at night made the confused birds in the sky sang too early.

Rebel moon, changing saint, hides disobedient to the solar rhythms in silence witness of forbidden love. Why do I remember you shining, and the sun in shadows?

Love, why are you always so close to death? Why giving so much we are left with so little? Cruel coin, attached to gold you are coined with dreams and corresponded with fear and deception.

Paris is sweet rain, London is bright fog. Everything is made to serve as frame to this beautiful spring day.

Fertile land that only gives life after hiding it its entrails the seeds you bury, sad land why don't you let us all live in one party, the ones who went, the ones we are and the ones we

will be, like that, in a fleeting whirl we all were and we will always be.

To leave the bed at this early hour is not a sign of a healthy mind, past anxiety anguishes your dreams, it is time for you to complain to the ancient fairies their evil conduct and that the goblins stop harassing your resting hours.

Young love is not whim love it is love that saved in time appears in our feelings.

What does time owe the clock?

Second by second, from one moment to the other, it can last long, it can last nothing, never does a minute last the same as the one we are already living in, accumulating mechanically the movement of one hand to move another; slower, this one moves another one, with even less rush, like life, it passes by, like the trees grow, like so many unnoticed things, things we don't see, they only swing.

Does time owe something to the clock? Would it have something to complain about when at the end of its days stops moving? You were my partner, you were my life, my reason to exist, you can't leave me like this, now that I have to go.

Time, were you my friend? Always quiet, always ahead, if I stopped you kept going, I helped you, when people looked at me, I thought of you. Time, were you my friend? Without you I wouldn't have been born, time, maybe we have never existed, but time, answer me now, were you my friend? I never called you or never heard you did it, but there you were, if there was something I could count on it was everything to continue, if there was something I was sure about, it was your presence, but maybe that wasn't enough, time, were you my friend? Now I say goodbye, my gears are getting stock and my face is getting rusty, the pendulum doesn't swing anymore, time don't go away, don't leave me, aren't you my friend?