

Truths of the mountain

*From drop of water
to overt stone
in silence pass
the truths of the mountain:*

*the winds pass over the high peaks,
the breath of the snows whirls lightly,
needles in the pines shine in silence,
torrents thunder from the heights
rough, precipitating...
the velvets of the mushrooms tear glances,
wooden bridges embrace the banks
and underneath laughs running water life,
water and ice:*

*Living memory that does not go back;
but in the voice of the white silence
Lives memory of a white war...
glances and tears wander - like this -
from the infinite silent stars.*

*From above, (among the clouds, you see?)
the world is turned upside down,
upside down the values and the looks,
infinite the discovery of a god
always silent.*

*Precarious the foot on earth,
stable the heart in the highest love.*