

Darkroom

*Another photograph to hang
in the darkroom of my memory.*

*In the red room a web of threads,
from which hang,
like clothes stretched in the still wind,
the images I want to remember.*

*Each memory, with care and attention,
I tie to a sound, a color or a smell.
and sometimes even to a pain.*

*So the image of your eyes
is now indissolubly linked
to the green of the conifers.
Your voice, to the rustle of the wind in the branches,
and your smell, to the acrid resin of pine needles.*

*And I breathe at the top of my lungs
that air that I already miss,
while I hang your photograph,
waiting to feel you still mine.*

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