

Another day I said goodbye to the house

Another day I said goodbye to the house

For ever

And turning the corner

I dropped some shirts I was carrying

After a while I pushed aside many trousers

I continued quietly

Pretending I didn't know what I was doing

And then I abandoned several pairs of shoes

Afterwards some socks and other things

That I thought I would no longer need

After walking a good distance

I thought about that box of memories

Not knowing if it was now time

To leave also that little box

A pain surprised me in the chest

Thinking that I would have nothing left

Living without dreaming what a sad thing

How strange reaching that moment

I thought that walking a little longer
My head would find an answer
But nothing came
It was so hard!
For a while I went on
Waiting for a sign an encounter
Or something
Holding the box close in my hands
Trying not to think of anything
As if life were easy
And people generous
Perhaps not to feel lonely
Even if in that street
There was no-one
And finally to myself
I began not to care
Neither about the colour of the houses
Nor the voices of the trees
If someone were to say to me
"Goodnight"

I would talk to him
About all my memories
But the street was cold and empty
And the night was obscuring the silhouettes around
I avoided waking up
Or being conscious
Advancing even knowing
That the oasis of peace
Did not exist
And that the time they have given me
Is approaching its end
I could speak of my death to no-one
And in general nobody cared
If today you are here
And tomorrow we are here no longer
Because of that I went on walking
More certain, slowly
Smiling calmly
Between my hands
My little box

