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Cypresses not allowed.

Boring movement (12/12/2011)

There was a boy, years ago, having fun to pass time in jokes and night wandering in town. The moment was good for the various intellectual and social activities. Air was friendly and didn't suspect anything about weather, it should arrive, and, tempests, years, past his youth they had programmed for him, for his honour, to proceed without a stop. Because tenacity and virtue are rules never to leave, because the eye mirror of the past, should see its end down to the begin.

Amities as all, in the teen years, are so much and they reduce to a few. Cause of the bad weathers of the life, the false, of the jokes, of the money to catch. Not to laugh as ever, for the several duties that everyone take on, he always laughed while others were talking, and, he understood things that no one did. As you say in our time: a glorious destiny burnt for an evil. Ten years like a century, studies and/or love, who knows what happens whwn you grow up. He never went to school, he preferred to walk around town, realizing always new discoveries. As he was just graduate, around shops, always and constantly full of news, knowing from ever the close reality to the studies, that of work, in his monotone victory, linking also to the idea of light that he didn't like any more because bound to a fascist presentiment. To the days in the parks and in the streets to the open air, to catch cleaned space that there wasn't in the institute he attended.

Some time remains only the instinct, to remember, at school the only one to follow, instead of the lessons to find you truly onwards, to the other side you need to push on the accelerator with your own foot, to procede. At the end of seven years of study he catch a diploma, life is a carnival, because he wanted more explanations, he couldn't procede with studies, in the obscene and fascist time, from the two thousand era modern millennium.

Because time here you look,by side, without steaks, beside and the Law was, he wasn't in the State buildings. In effects cloaca, history that a Mister had just told, but by now dead, he, and without his presence, should continue.

A bit strange time, falsed and arbitrary, for what you can't forget close past. Who wants to know too much in this century is cut off, for this he took a diploma and proceed for two ways, studies, but no one could modify the path of the modern italian history.

As a matter of facts those misters who loved to speak a lot really had done too much earlier, as mental cooking, so to approach the momentary true history.

He to another: why are you approaching in this day? Life has always continued, existence without interruption, why you don't change connotations continually.

Military service done, a true emotional adventure, then, persons, slowly passed under the bridge, with the water of the river so regardless, as the writer writes in his Christmas Tales. Looking for amities he rests, because Sun light search for news of every kind in this beginning of millennium two, thousand by now, of renewal, in rest of his life he perhaps to make it remain behind, perhaps to complete any more and to finish on this Earth that choose to be wet in Winter and dry in Summer time, who knows for how many time any more.

“Cypresses not allowed” by Gerardo D’Orrico

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(*) “The meditative rose” by Salvador Dali