

## At Thirty Three Thousand Feet

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Some kilometers under  
abandoning the night  
a sea of clouds widens  
its deserted delight  
fake dunes, fake mountains  
that their mood change as  
an artifice not understood;  
the paleness of the moon  
the paleness of the dunes  
and I cannot face the sun,  
because God only terrifies  
the creature's solitary condition  
and how to avoid being human  
as an unacceptable limitation?  
the east brings the light  
and brightness will obscure  
my obvious reality:  
the stars of contemplation  
I will ignore if they exist  
and shiver in imperfection,  
light sculpts a universe at its measure  
giving us a destiny of waves and particles  
and I do not know who strives: the wave,  
the particle, or none of them for sure,  
at thirty three thousand feet what is right?,  
ambiguity is so real, as in the sky a verse  
this plane writes with a southern course  
escaping from the night and the universe...