

Brief pOeMs

Pietro Grieco © 2004

I grab the air of the path
it will be my remembrance of this globe

I hope nobody takes notice
if a handful is missing.

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No man is too far away
from his soul

*

Never the sky is out of your heart
Because nobody can expulse
The sky out of himself

*

One day I will go out into the world
To share out silences
Nothing more that silences
That is to say
My bread and my heart.