

## Chapel in the eucalyptus woods

*Pietro Grieco @ 2005*

Throughout my eucalyptus woods  
countless nights, tornados, seasons  
and years I never knew went away.

I like to go there in summer when  
the shade is tender as the pampas,  
and walk, lay, sink into the pale sky.

Such dense light, the horizon  
whitens the fields with false snow,  
slamming the eyelids to seal  
opening the songs of birds  
and the flight of our thoughts.

At one place I never stop.  
Broken branches entwined  
a roof at two waters  
forming a chapel of endless prisms.

In that spot I bow and pass

On tiptoe.

This is the place

Where the wind and the birds

Go to pray

