

## **In the sky**

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Clouds of thoughts fly abandoned in the wind.

White images chase each other.

I would like to hold them back,

Push my hand in the far away beyond

While they tie with unexpected fantasies.

And then to blow myself,

And blow once more to see them change

And change, and change again.

Breathlessly I see them dance

In the moment that fragments the memory.

I let myself lead without peace

By the string that weaves tales of light.

In a long instant the world passes,

Among magical giants and coats of flowers.

Antonella Mei