

La giostra

Gianmaria Testa

I had a strange dream,
a morning dream,
a weird and truthful dream,
that I woke up and was still a little boy
and was setting off, my bed a sailing-ship. On one side there was the sea
and on the other practically nothing
a storm was puffing the sails,
I was flying over people's hats,
I was shouting to the world, and the world was a carousel
tell me if you believe me,
and if you believe me, wait for me because
if I ever come back
I'll come back to you.
Tell me if you believe me,
and if you believe me wait for me,
that way, if I come back,
you'll already be here. A cannon's mouth
was spitting cannonballs and fire,
and there was a red cat at a window
almost as if it were a game, he was watching
people falling off the carousel. They were falling into the streets
but without making much noise
like leaves in the November wind,
and the red cat's heart grew sad,
but he stayed at the window, as always.
Tell me if you believe me,
and if you believe me, wait for me,
that way, if I come back,
you'll already be here.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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