Conservatory Resonance

Novembre

Through the painting and the wite busts
in the corridor of the fountain
from a century I try to find you, I tryThe veil, the veil of the night descends
heavy upon our schoolWhere the music found shelter
from the havoc of the plebeians thirstAnd I wonder why
birds are silent now
and our tools of notes worn as your loveA young boy takes a violin
and puts all his dreams in it
and turns towards the dusky skyline, smilingSmiling, as yet he ignores the minstrels fate
to need for a love vast as sky
impossible to findOr maybe he'll find flower
on which you'll share some joy
the kind of those
greeting the end

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