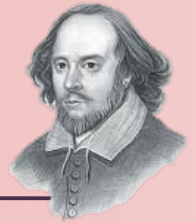


# The Poet's Corner

---



(by Matteo Marchioro – 3M)

That cold winter day, at the station,  
between all the passengers of the train  
and between all the drops of rain,  
I saw her... I felt joy and no more emotion.

That wonderful hair, so wavy and so soft,  
like a dark wave under a stormy sky,  
seems so light that at any moment they can start to fly;  
I dreamed of their perfume since the day I felt.

Her red lips that hold her perfect smile,  
that smile that radiated joy everywhere,  
that smile of which everyone envious were,  
that smile that I can recognise from a mile.

Finally she was hugging me, finally she was smiling,  
finally I could say to her "I missed you, my darling".