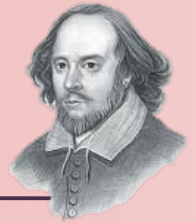


## The Poet's Corner

---



(by Francesca Mazzi – 3L)

Noise is drumming my ears,  
I can taste saltiness in my mouth,  
My heart is beating due to my fears,  
I can't feel my legs both.

Wind is whispering, it's skimming,  
My hands are touching blood,  
My nostrils are perceiving gunpowder, I'm still breathing!  
Begging for not being hurt, God!

I close my eyes, I see only black,  
I remember my old life, when I didn't hate,  
No points, no stripes, I can't go back  
When I only loved my sweet Kate.

Just my soul, just my mind, I see a light,  
Just a relief up to the core, no pain anymore. It 's bright.