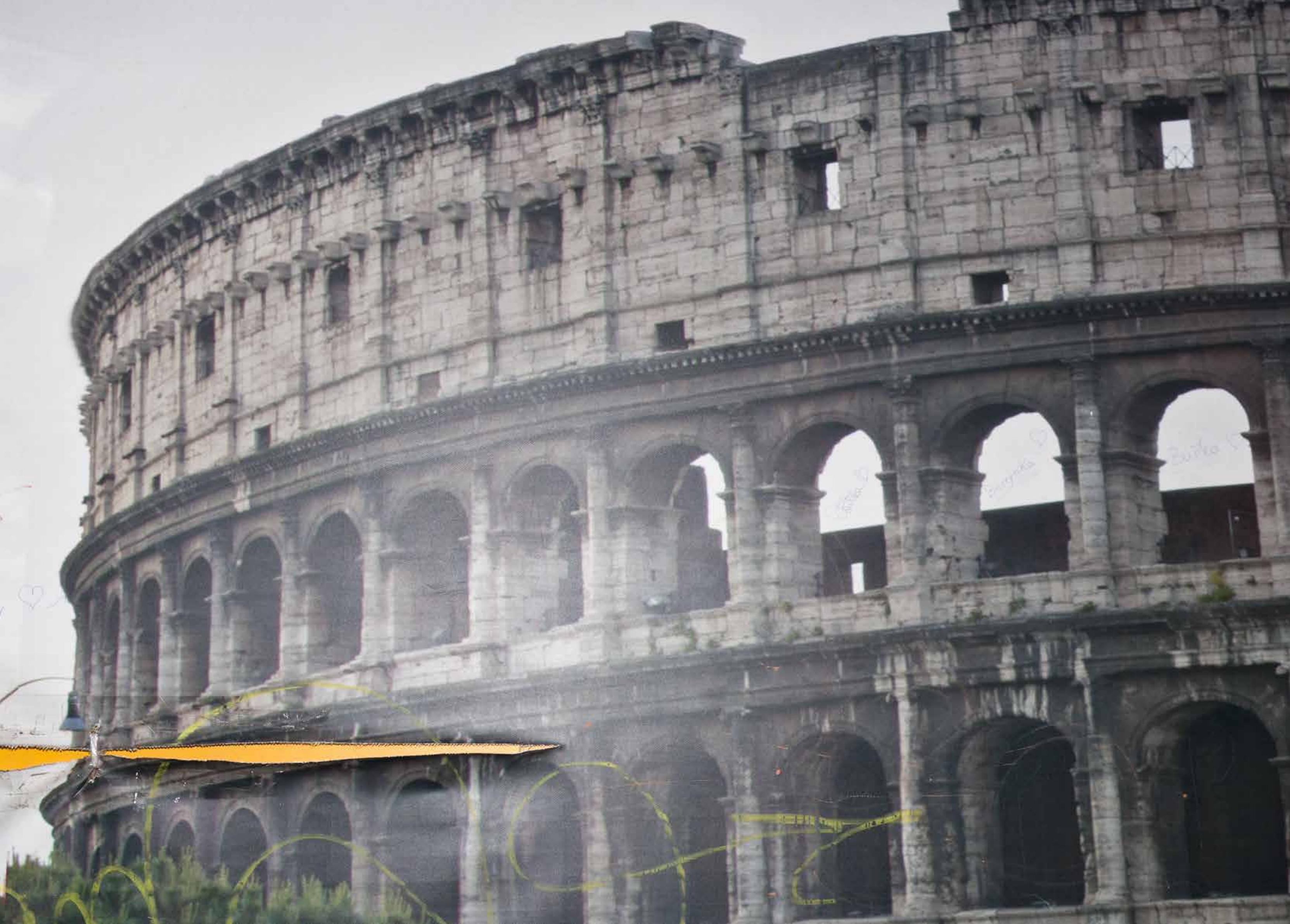


CAPUT MUNDI
SANTOLO FELACO



ancora dolce la sera. Ai loro rioni,
alle loro borgate, tornano su motori
leggeri - in tuta o coi calzoni

di lavoro, ma spinti da un festivo ardore
i giovani, coi compagni sui sellini,
ridenti, sporchi. Gli ultimi avventori

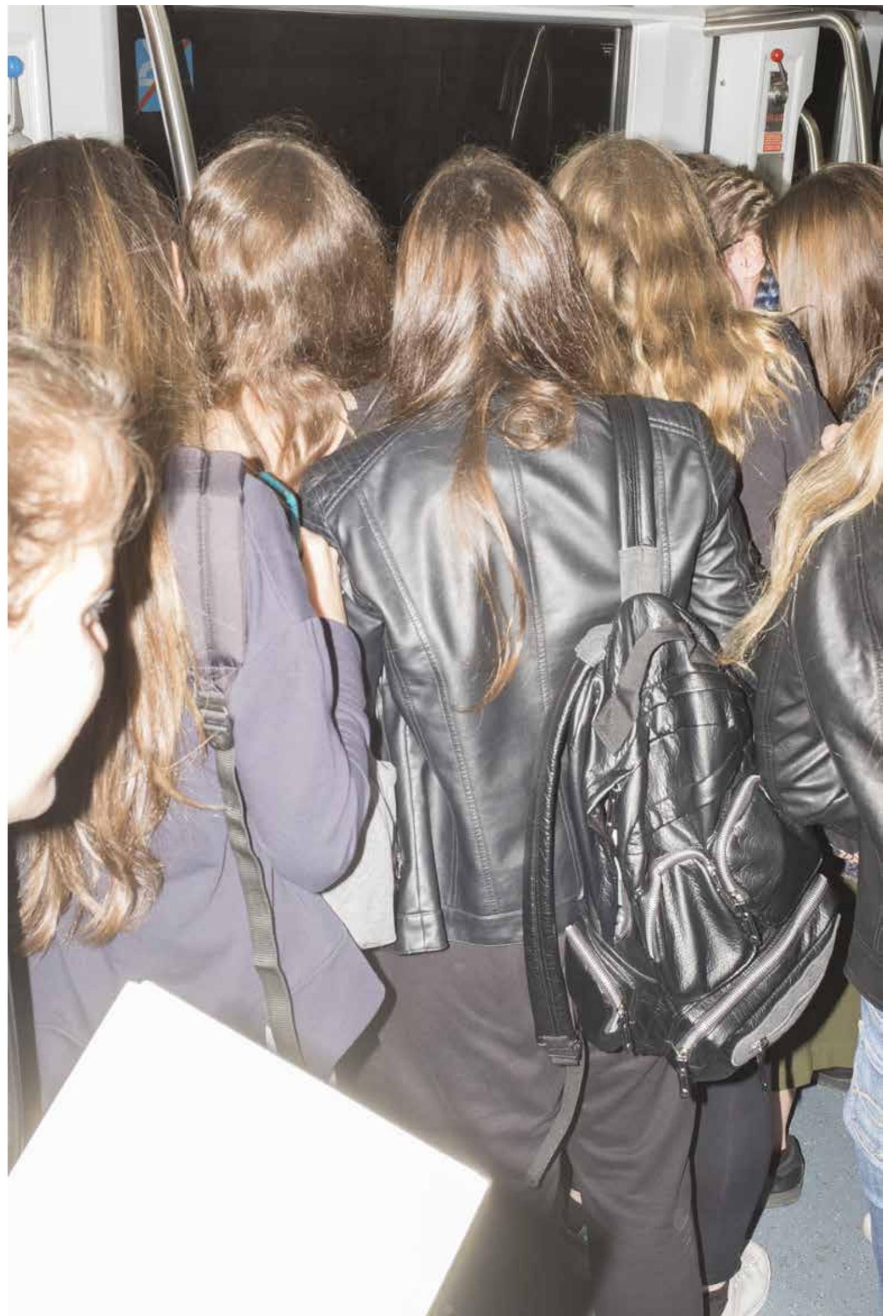
chiacchierano in piedi con voci
alte nella notte, qua e là, ai tavolini
dei locali ancora lucenti e semivuoti.

Stupenda e misera città,
che m'hai insegnato ciò che allegri e feroci
gli uomini imparano bambini,

le piccole cose in cui la grandezza
della vita in pace si scopre, come
andare duri e pronti nella ressa

delle strade, rivolgersi a un altro uomo
senza tremare, non vergognarsi
di guardare il denaro contato

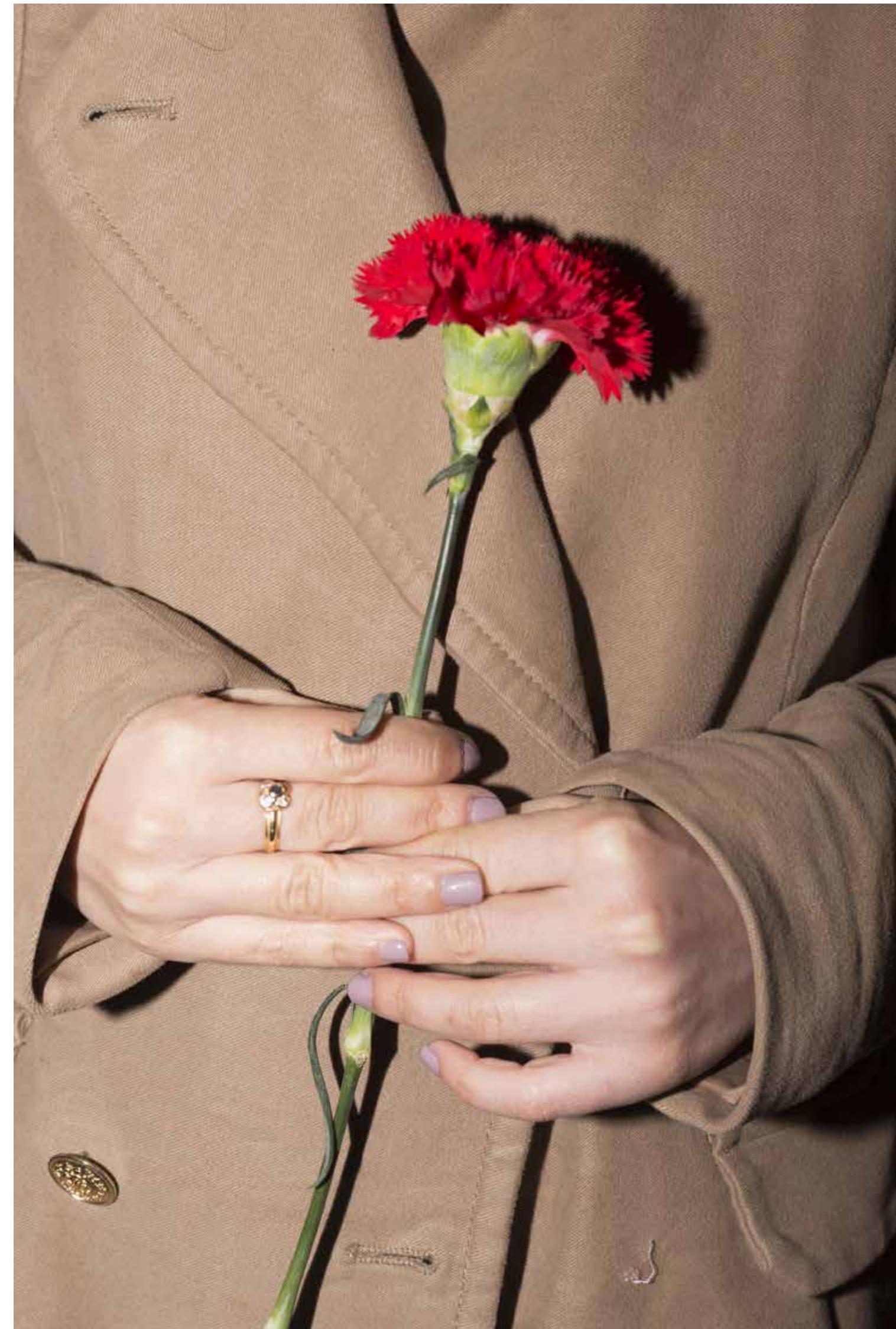




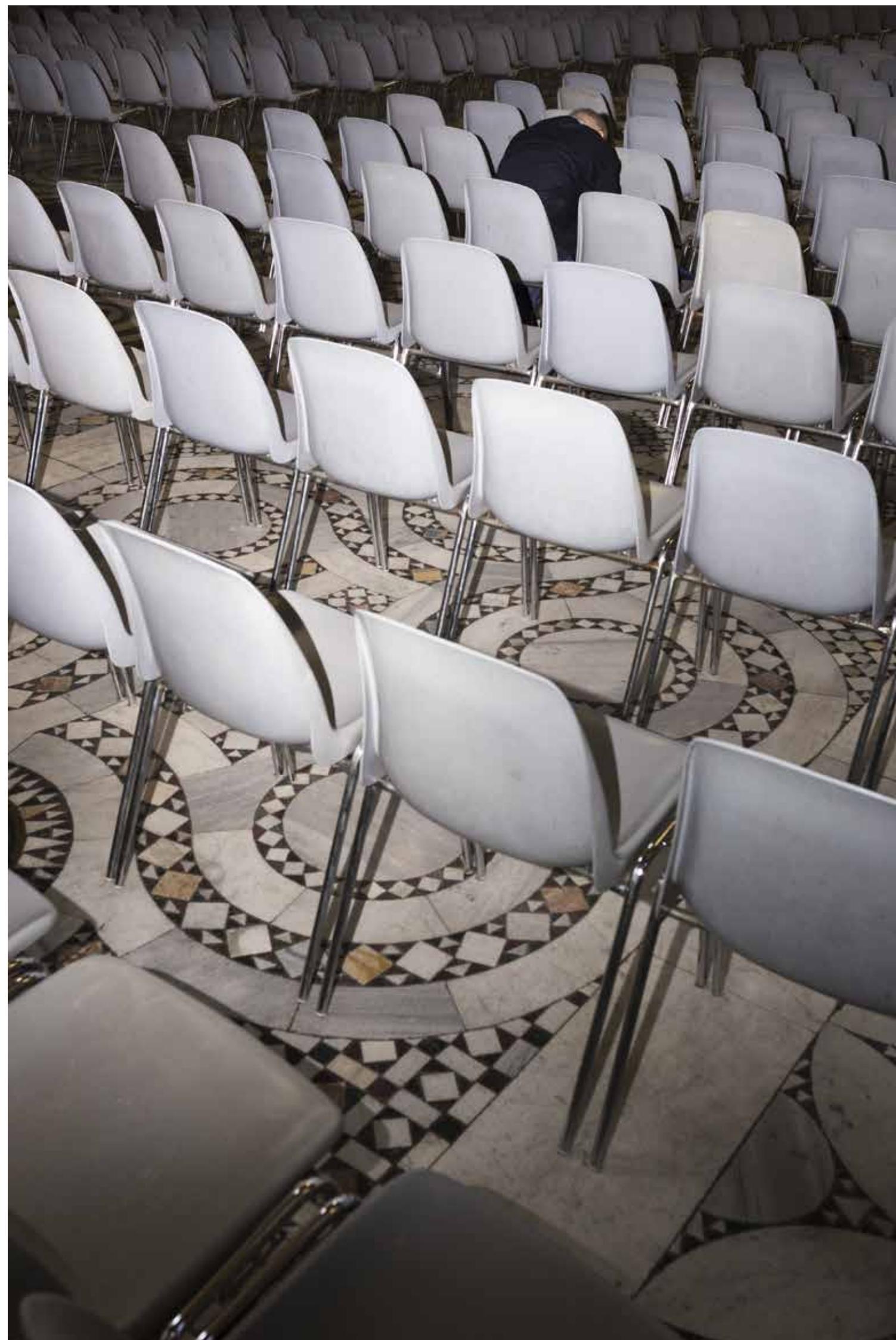
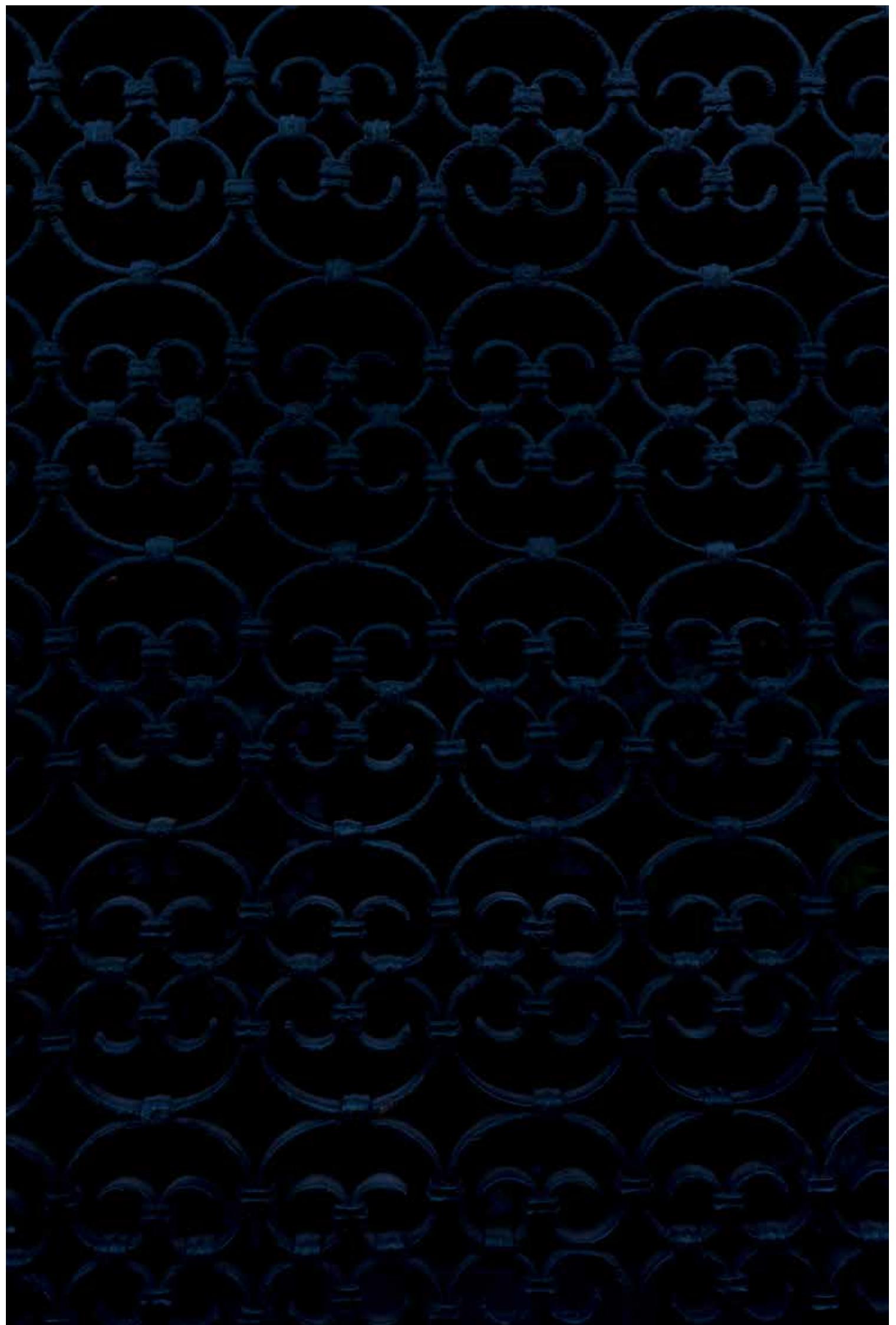


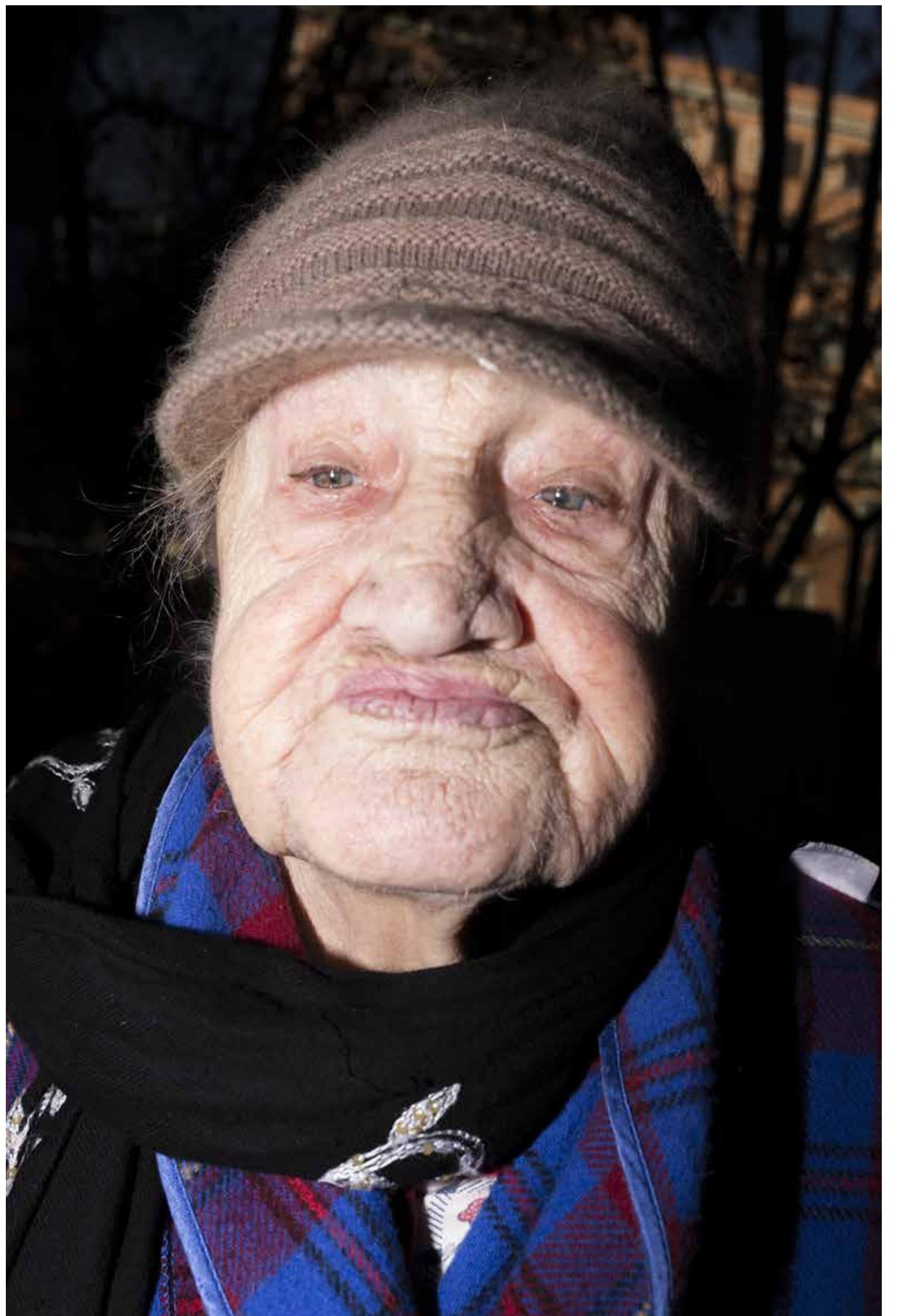


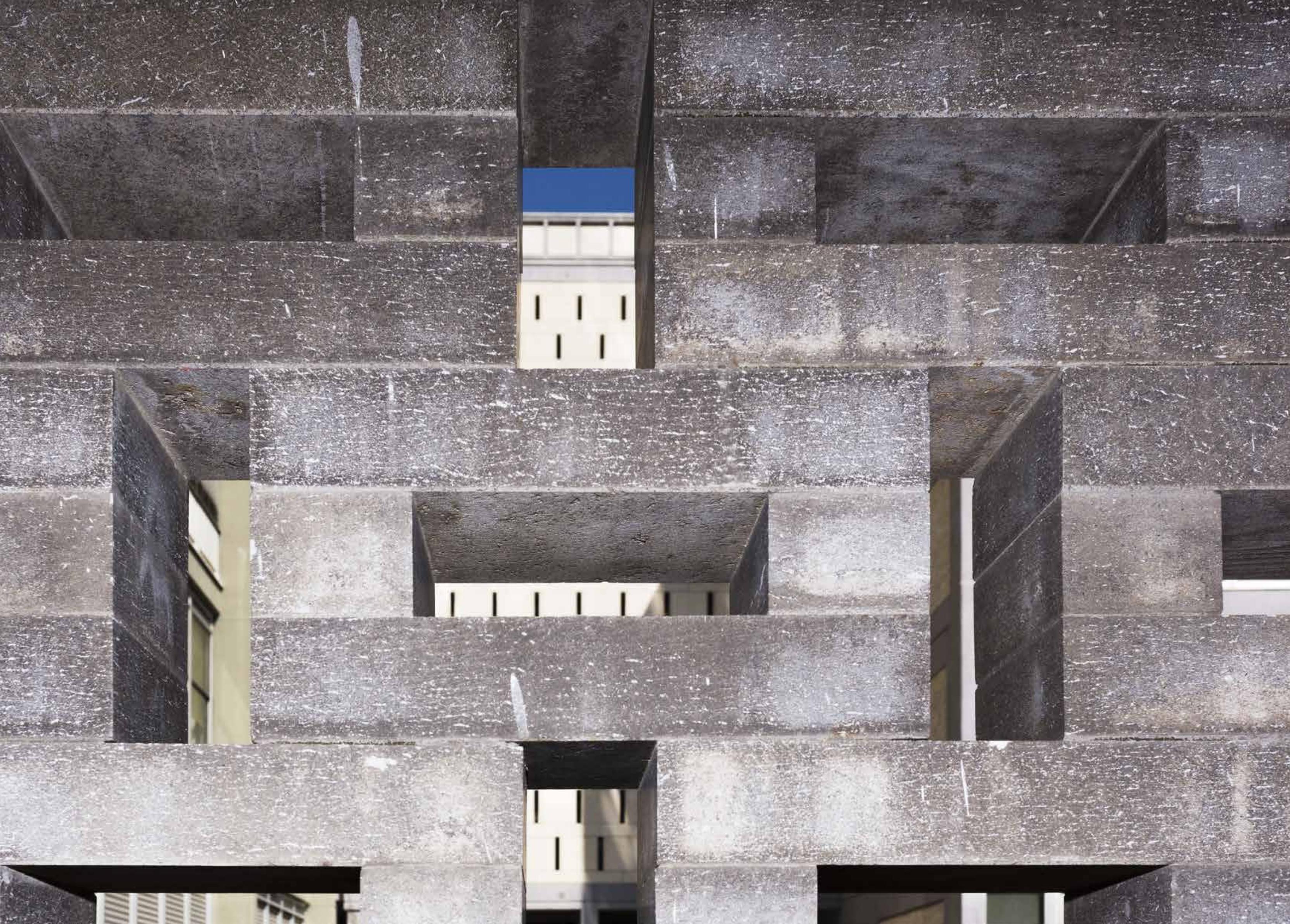


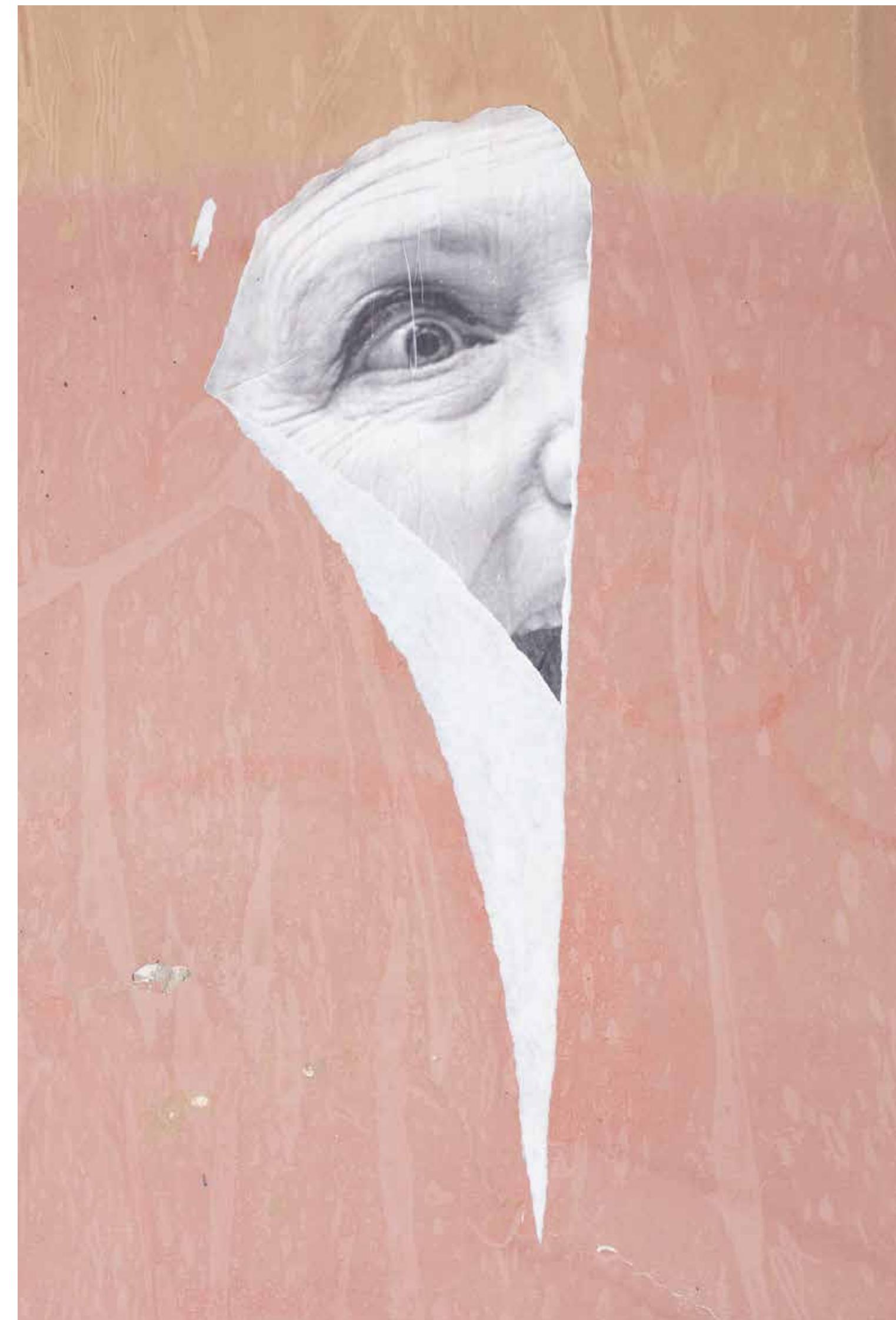
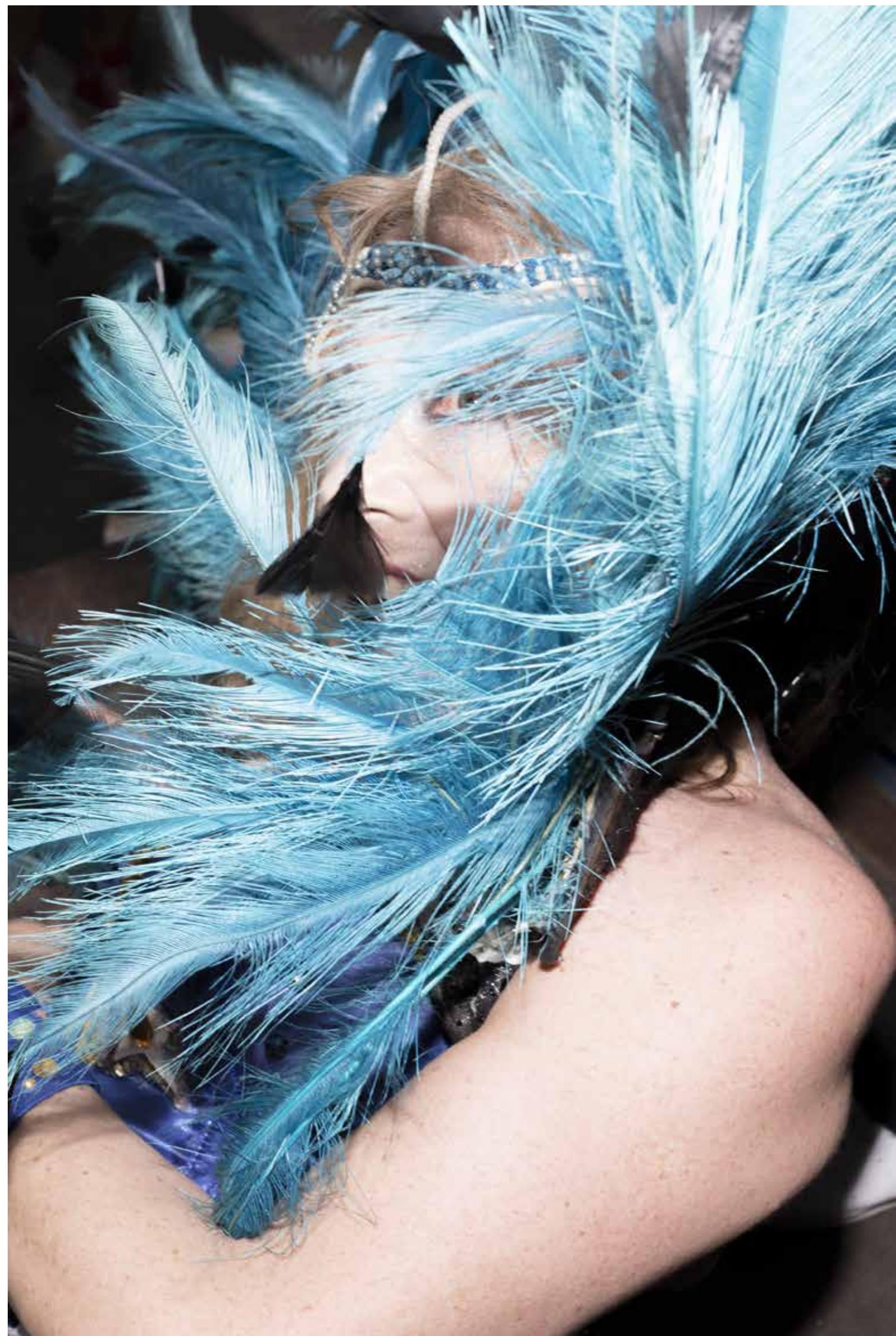


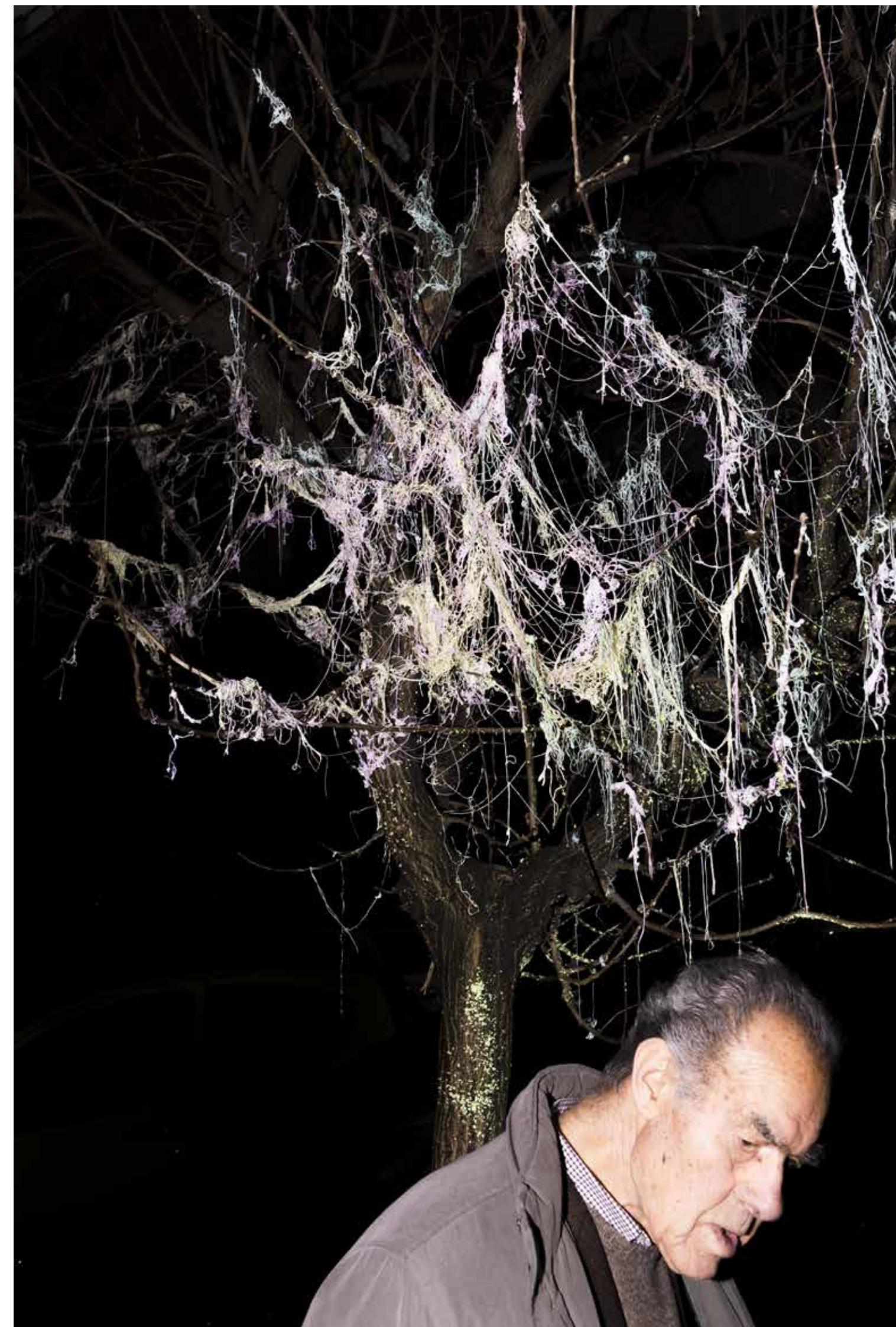


















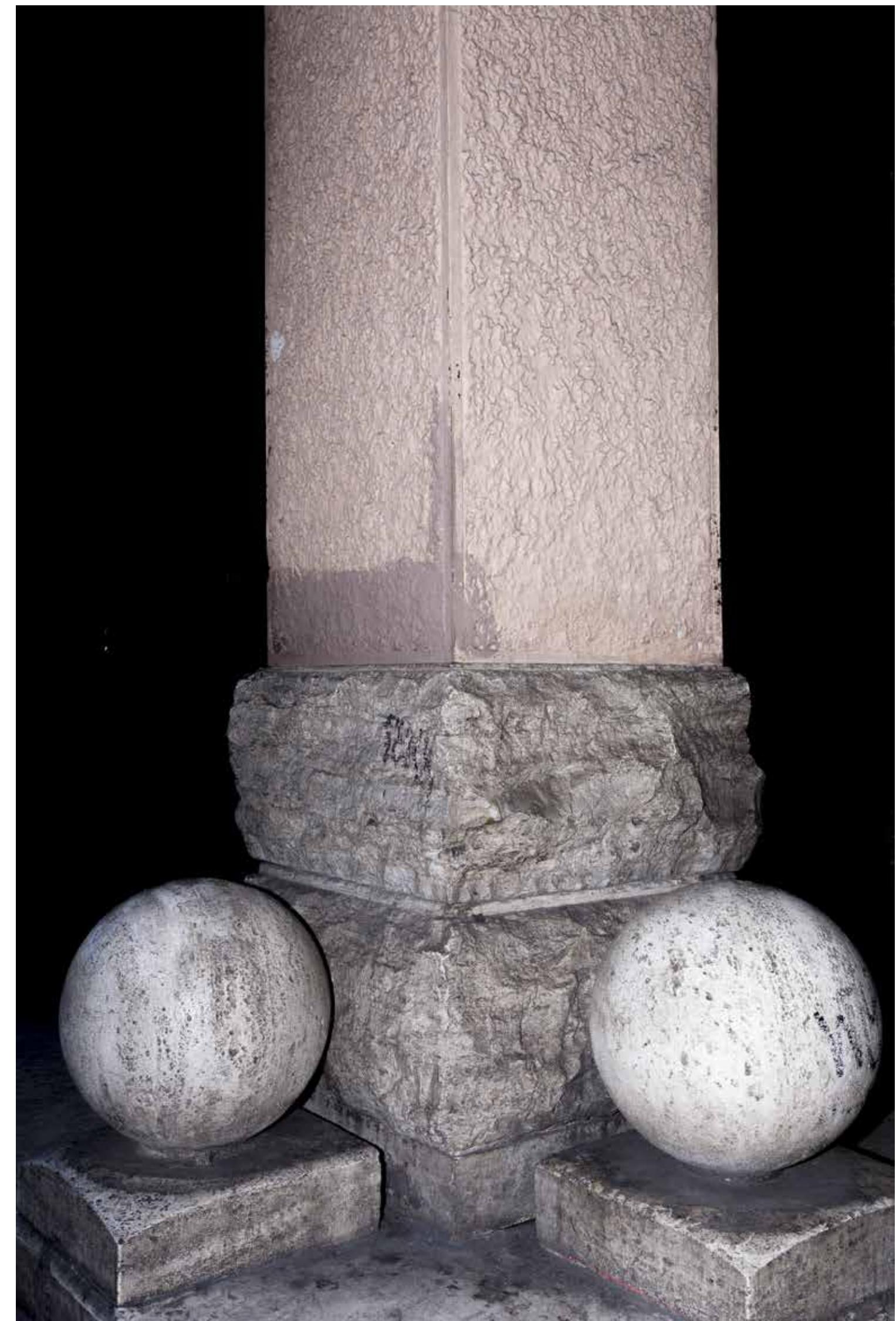
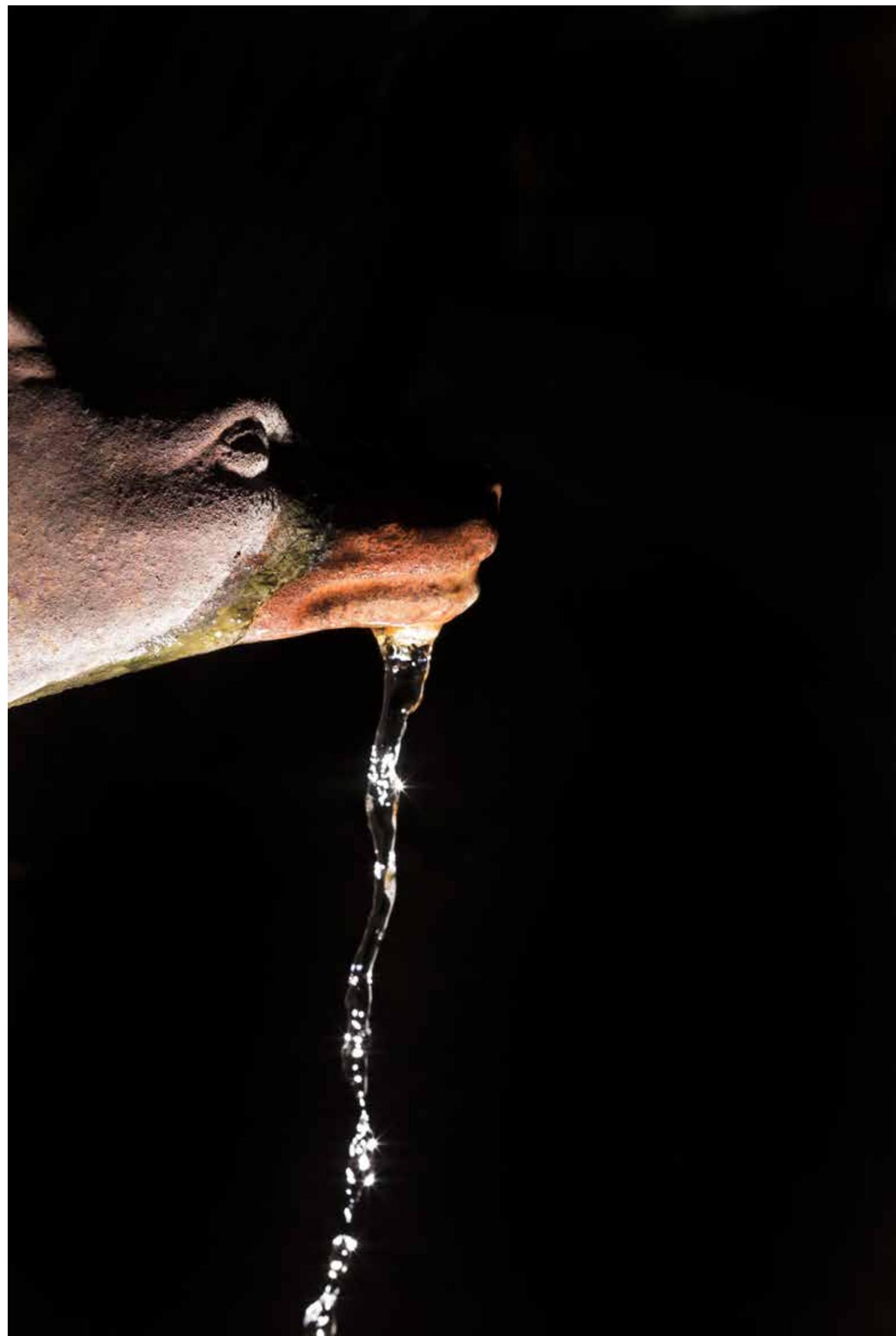


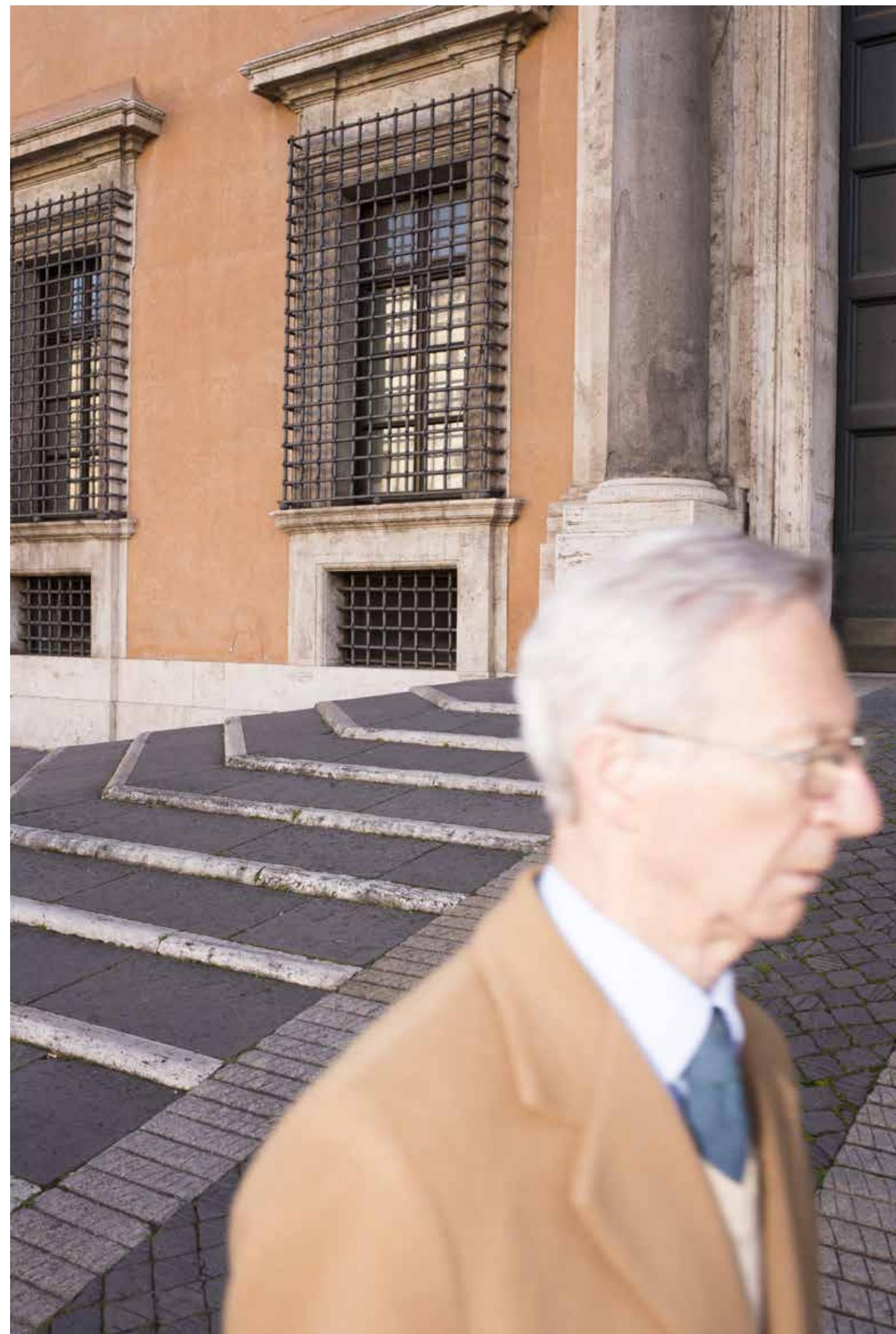


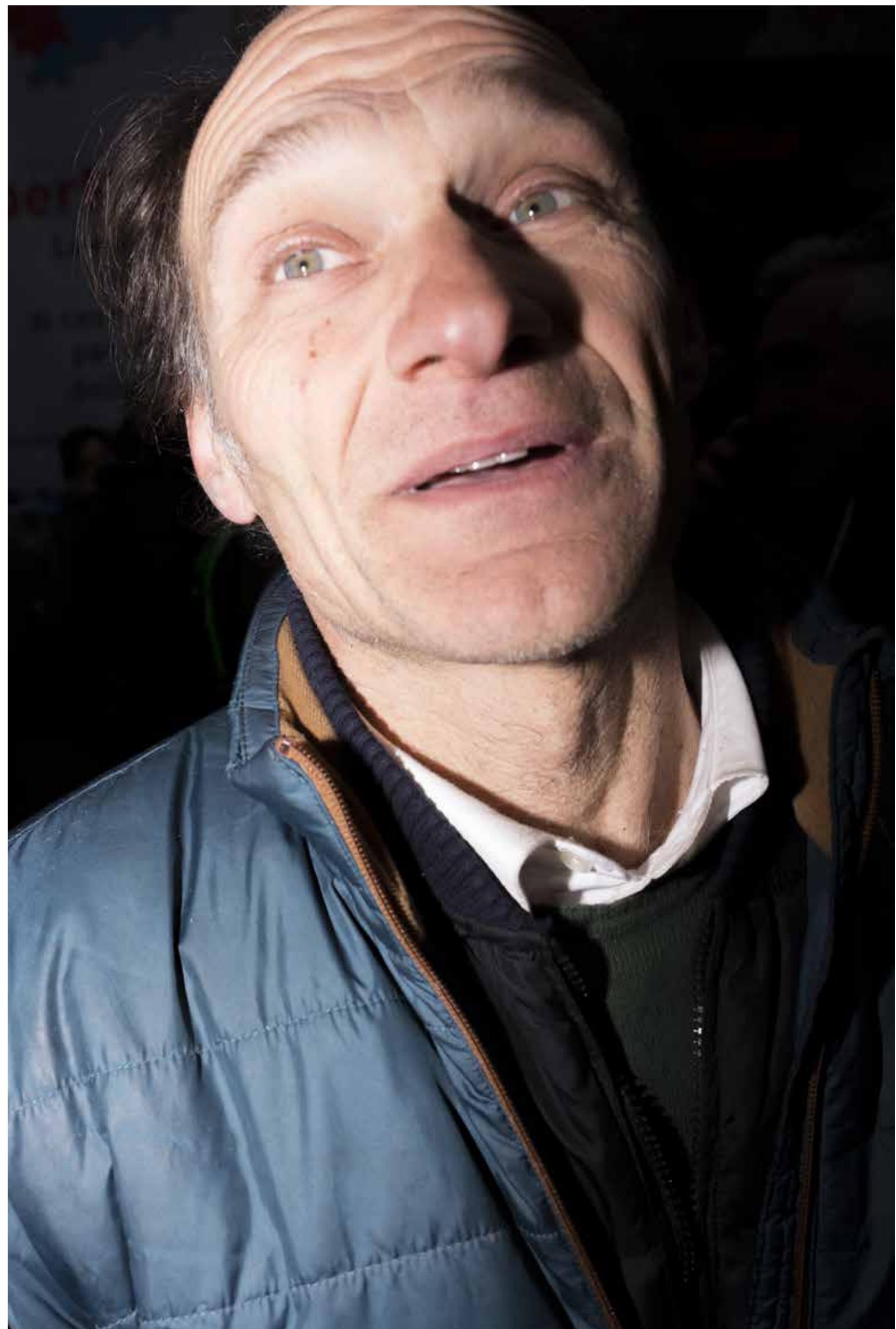




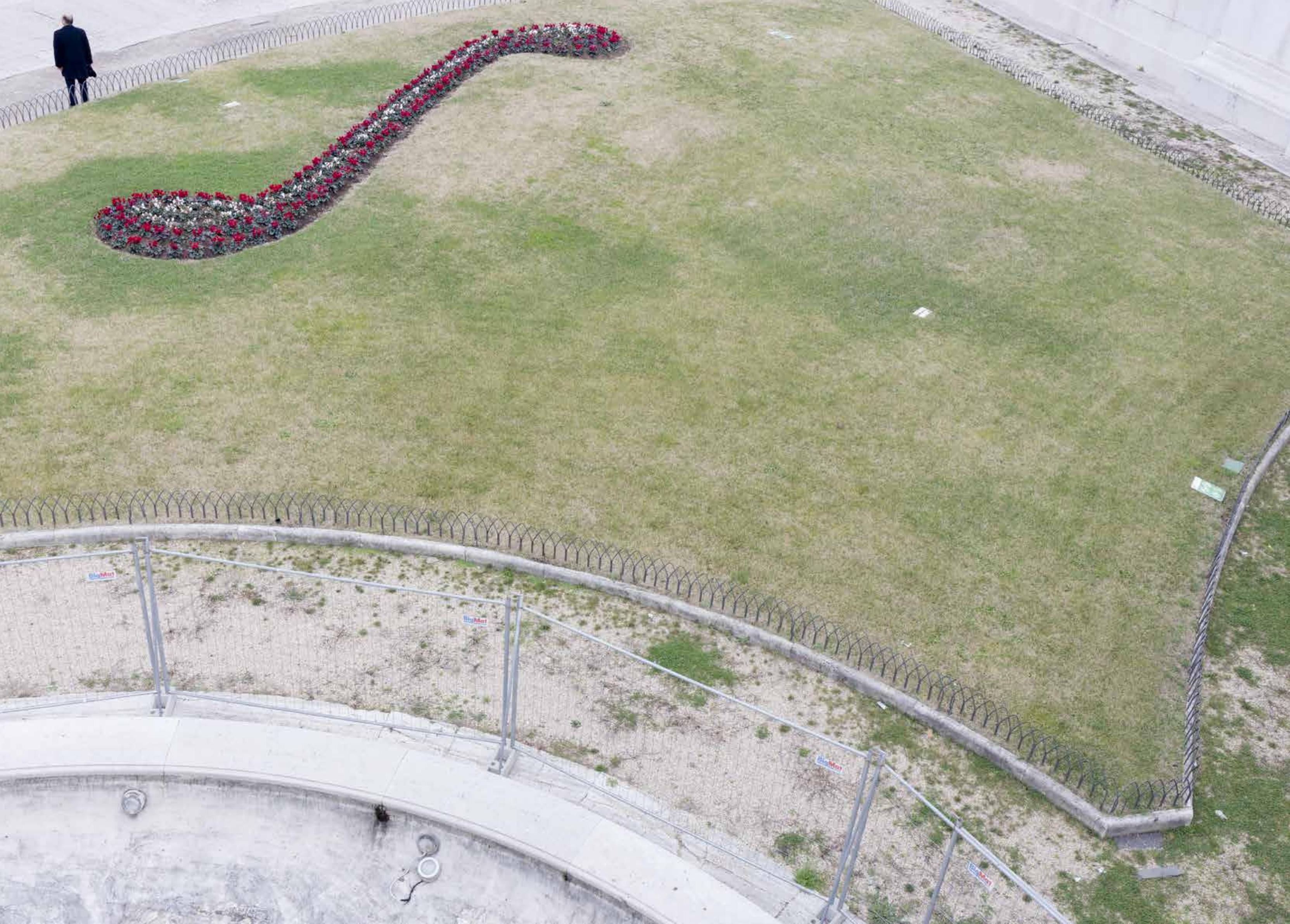


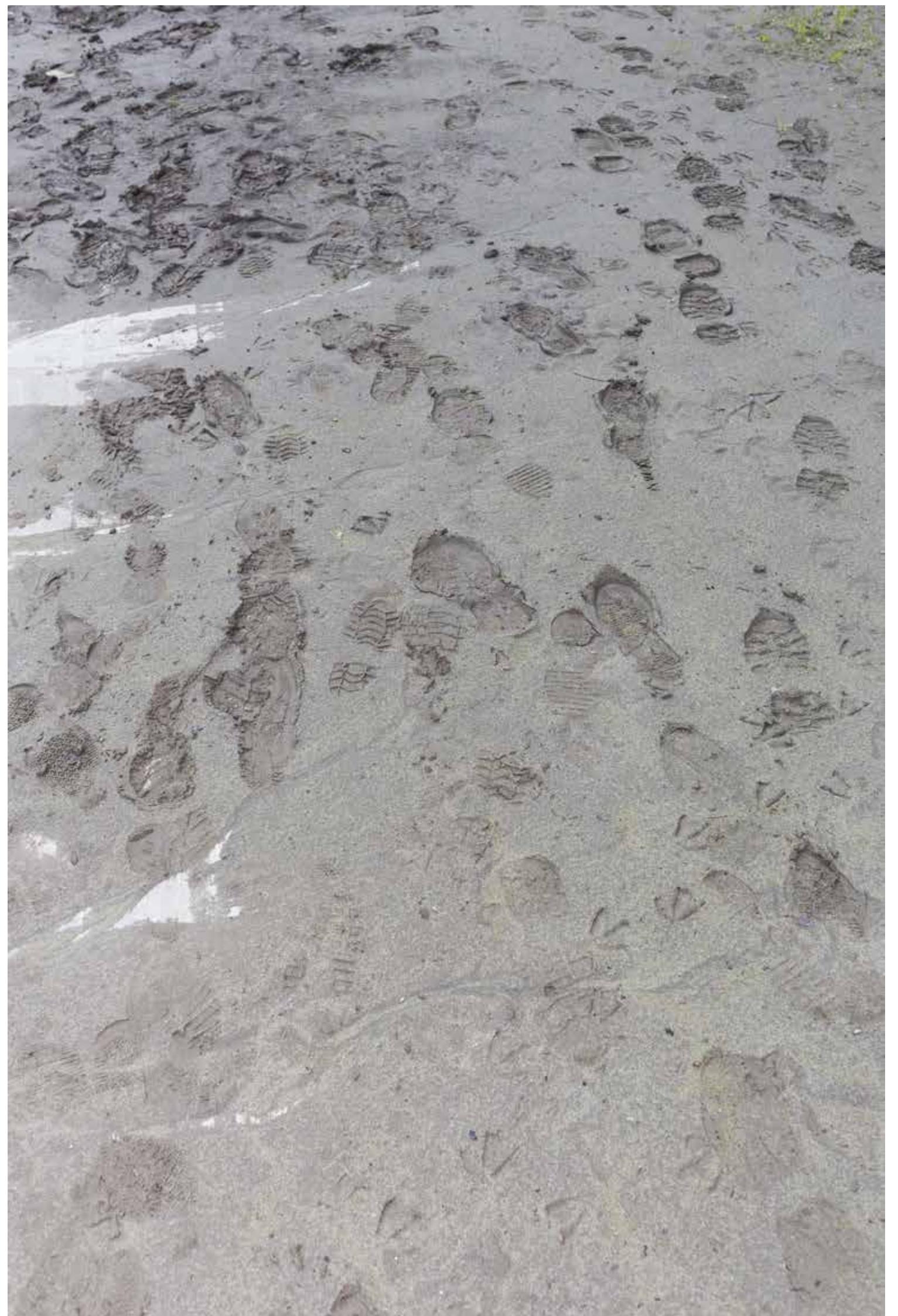






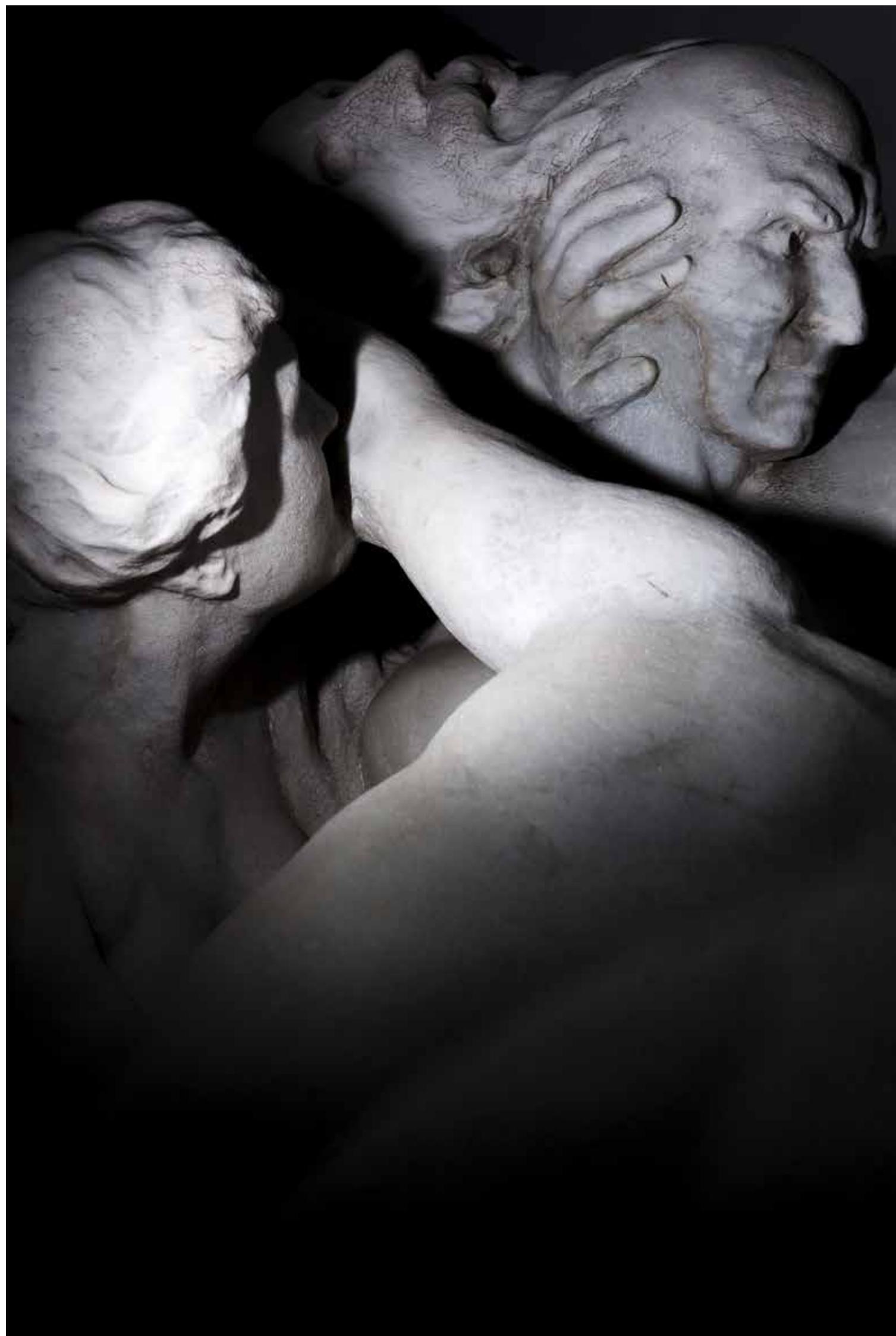




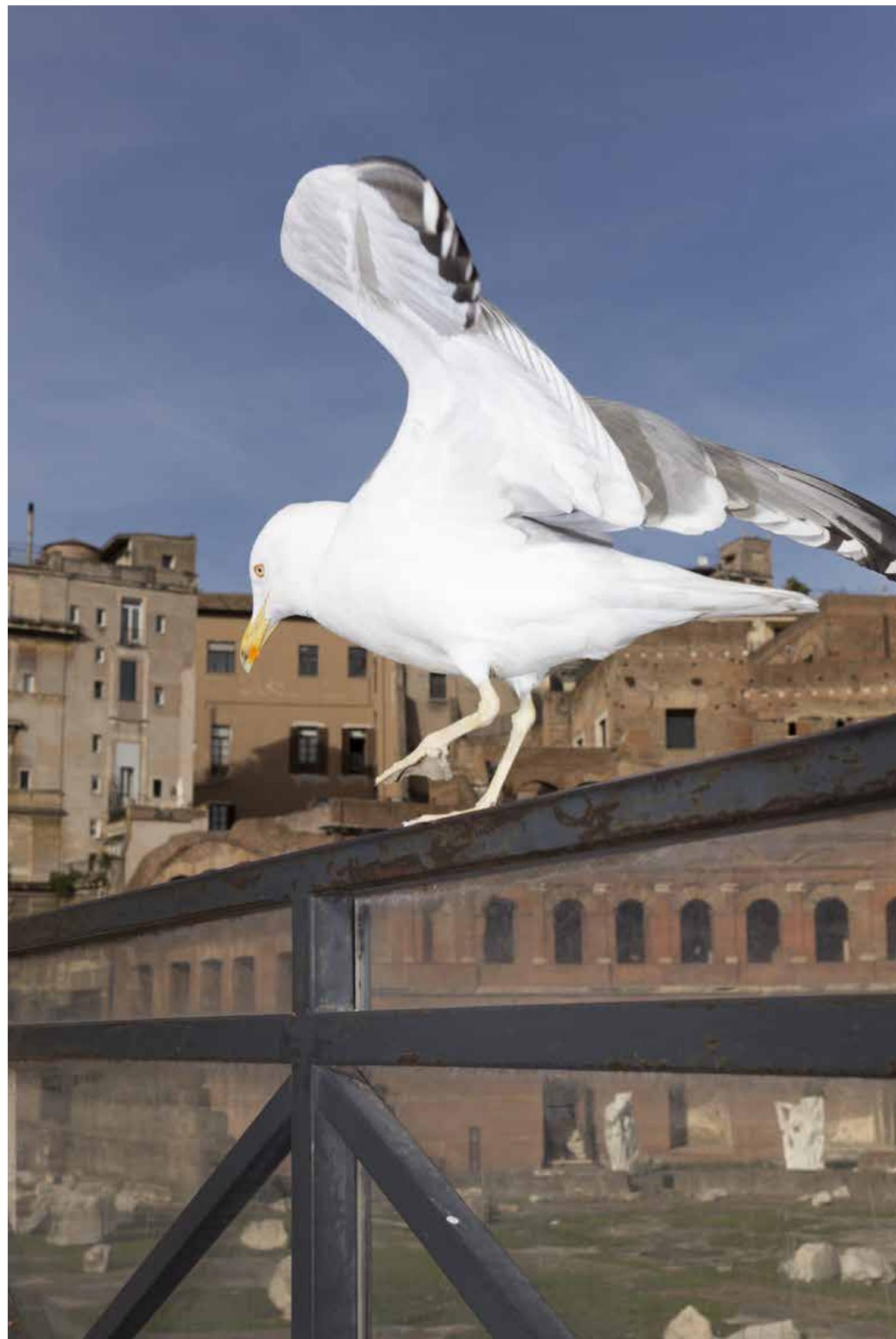
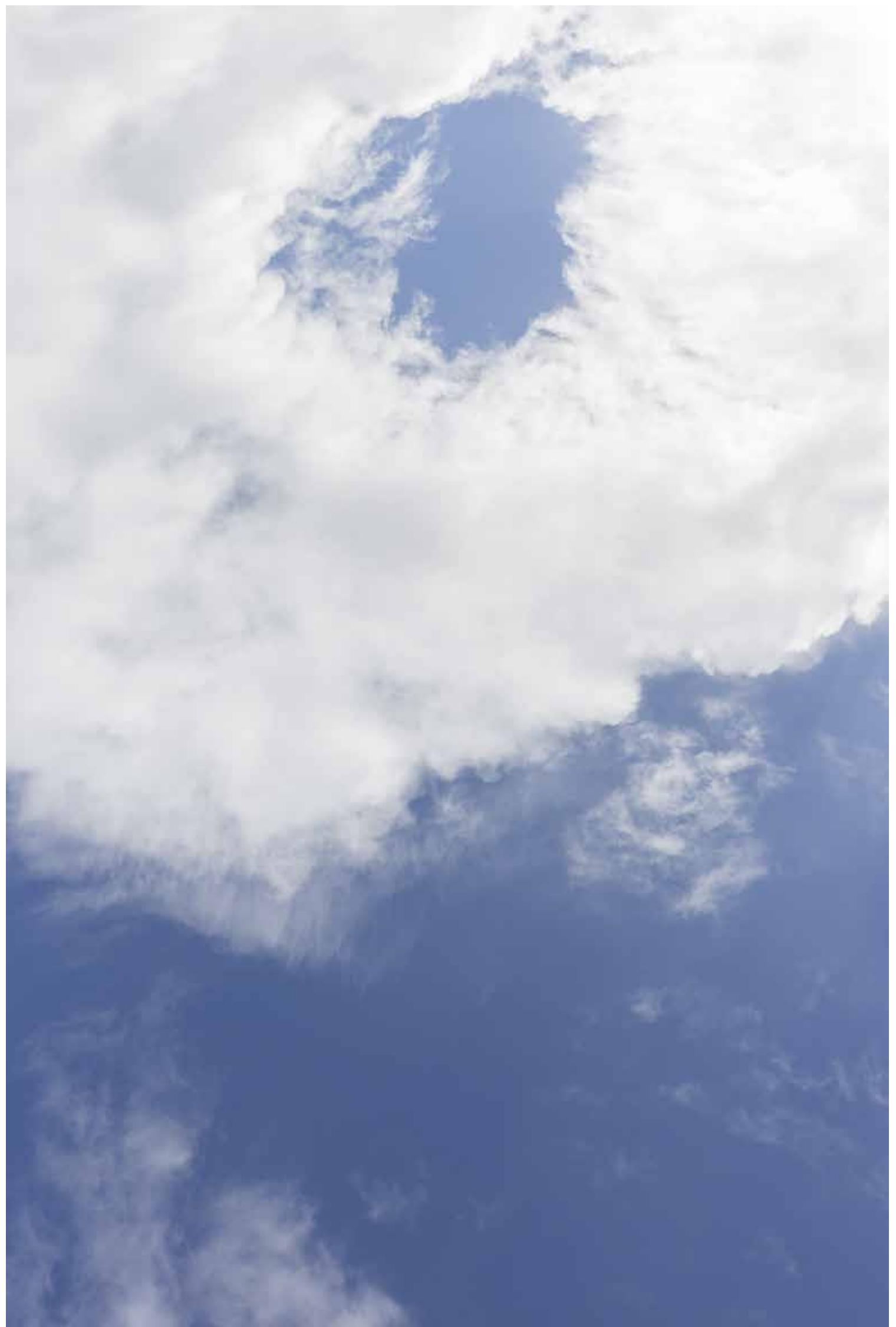










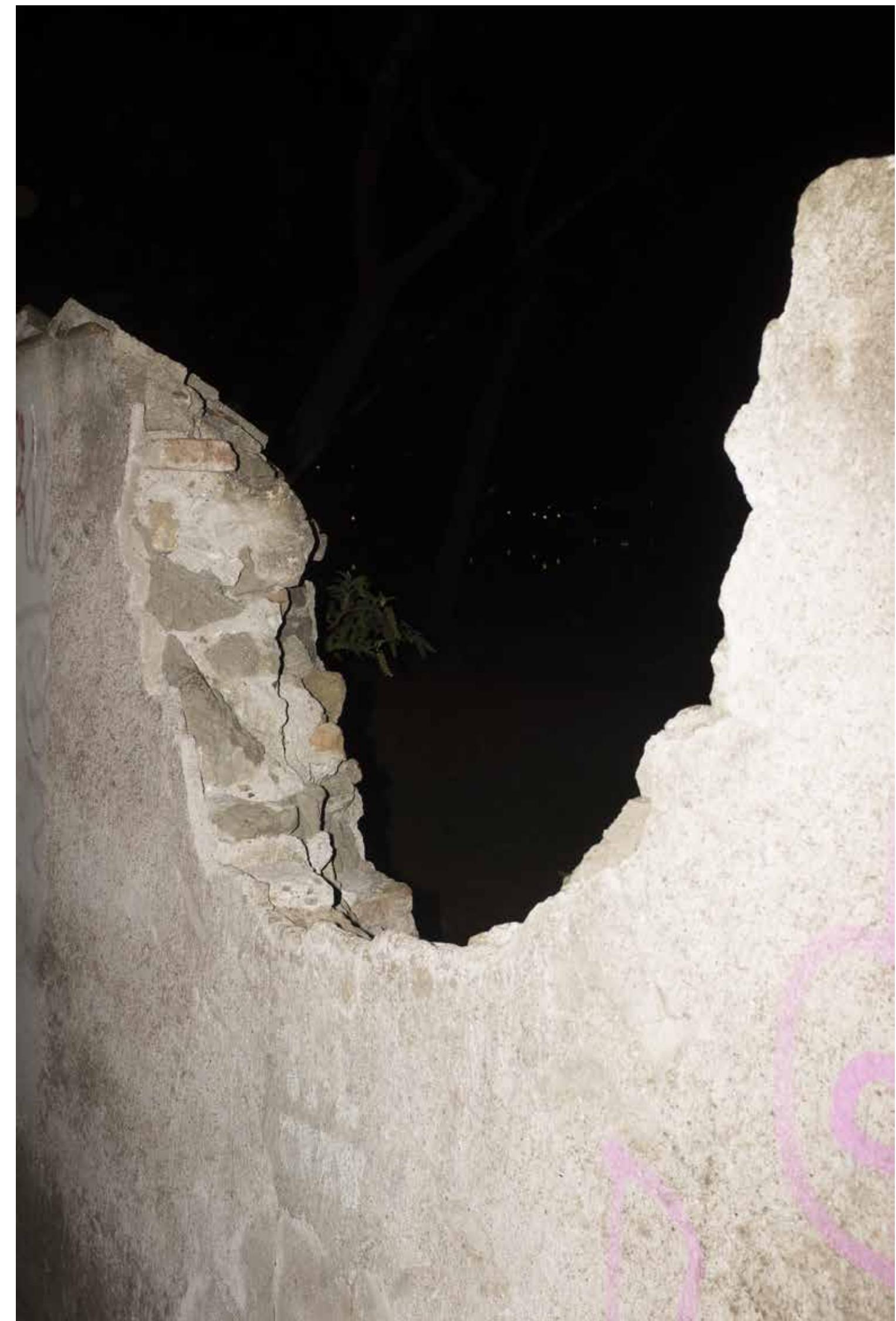
















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