

Poetry Series

Paola Degli Esposti
- poems -

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Paola Degli Esposti(22/03/1962)

Born in Bologna (Italy) and still lives there. I love literature. Italian, European and American ones. I like watching Tv programmes, cinema and Theatre. I have the passion in writing poems and novels since I was twelve. Still I am writing. I am a mum and a worker. I love also being an housewife and I enjoy singing and dancing some times.I think that nowadays the 3 F. are important in life.3 f is for Family, friends and fans.

2018 Bye, Bye

A year has passed,
the hope has been fulfilled each day of my life.
I am a seed in a desert, sometimes.
A year has passed and ideas have been in my mind.
Hopefully, my love has increased.
Through affection shown by my dearest ones and the pretty words expressed by
the persons next to me.
Thanks to humanity,
Thanks to the Universe.
Thanks to the revelation and to the calm.
I have reached.
2018 it was the year.

Paola Degli Esposti

A Song For Dreaming.

Elephant's,
underground,
I am alone in the road.
Nothing else matters, no one else,
except my presence and my mind.
Hello,
Goodday,
I walk alone.
The precious aim,
real is not a tale.
Hello, hello,
a tear and a drop,
the memory runs,
I do not anymore.
Ocean is not a sea,
like I have always seen.
Regrets, is no patience at all.
Go, fast, go fast,
far from me.
Go fast, go fast,
run away from my dream.

Paola Degli Esposti

An Zukunft, Schnell.

unbeeindruckend, war es zu mir!

Schlimmler, reicht, gehe ich and der Zukunft schnell.

Eigentlich, muss ich an der naechste Licht aufwachen.

Gute Reise, gute Blissen, zeichne ich das Autumn Landschaft. Wohnlich. Wobei bin ich.

Geradeaus.

Als das Tree vor mich.

Paola Degli Esposti

Bore Dom

Bore dom,
it stays where the privileged some
have lost the sense of its main duty.
In between the multitude or
a group of guys,
rarely that symptom
finds its nest.
More vivid is the presence
of tolerance or arrogance, I might suggest:
'improve the word then.'

Paola Degli Esposti

Catenina

Catenina

una catenina, un dono di un giorno che fu.

Un ornamento, con un bel fiorellino al centro che indossavo, fiera.

Un sorriso che era il meglio del mondo.

L'ho persa mentre cantavo.

Due occhi vivi, che ispiravano fiducia.

ed io incantata avevo un vuoto di memoria

Arriva l'artificiosità e tutto il buono scompare.

Paola Degli Esposti

Chanteuse.

The love the love the love the love
the love the love the love the love.
no rage no rage no rage no rage
no rage no rage no rage no rage.
Conceit conceit conceit conceit
conceit conceit conceit conceit.
Bring the voice upon a desk
ponder words in the head.
Clarify the willness.
Neutralize and comfort.
This is a choice.

Paola Degli Esposti

Chestnuts.

Chestnuts, the Autumntime.

A bunch of chestnuts wrapped in paper,
people who come and go.

Children, hurry up, the war is over!

Outside in the street,

the affection arrives from the speeches of the others.

Also the blasphemies.

The artificial lights and the light of the simple acts of gratitude
of the gentiles.

It is not bitterness,

it is not sadness,

it is not illness.

It is life in a moment of now that I don't want to ignore.

A picture in which I may be in, too.

Hurry up, the weather will be colder.

It comes out the idea of Wintertime.

Paola Degli Esposti

Christmas 2018

Christmas time,
I am a passenger in the twentyfirst century.
Lights, colours, boxes and people who has practise
of the urban life.
Far from the sounds, there are trajectories of habits.
Myself thinks of a globe without wars
and I rest in peace wearing a smiling face.
God have mercy of me in this Christmas time
in full consciousness.
Be always alive in the heart and have a good thought in mind.
It is Christmas time.
Again.

Paola Degli Esposti

Cinema

Cinema

a message for everyone and

the immediate thought of it

Nightmare or dream?

Whatever comes out from mind, body and soul

is just a surprise and

that is at the start.

Then a prediction may be made

of the scenes that follow.

It is not a suggestion,

only an happened situation that I tell.

Cinema

nowadays one can have at home,

in a big screen,

in a smaller screen.

And if the soundtrack has a stronger reach

this is the pillar of everything!

Paola Degli Esposti

Cold

Cold.

The night is a dark colour upon my head.

I dream the hot days.

I know they will be back,
and I shall enjoy the nearest sun.

Again.

The brighting stars are like pulsing points,
that are enchanting me.

I feel small with my feet on the ground,
but I am here to stay in the quietest of the way.

Cold.

Paola Degli Esposti

December

December,
A main street,
asphalt and people that walk up and down,
the arcades.
December, for someone this is
the time to run for gifts.
A small whirl of snow,
it shall not change the course of the day,
but it will slow it.
Last month of the year,
time for a balance,
for apologies,
time for chants.
There is a lot of everything,
complaints, responsibilities,
it is no time for closeness.
Hope is the message for today.
For yesterday and for tomorrow.
I think of myself in a better existence.

Paola Degli Esposti

Desire....Being Honest.

Desire,
vanity of myself,
vacuum of freedom,
inspiration of nothingsness.

Desire,
it is absurdness, it is an incomplete matter without a subject.

Paola Degli Esposti

Eternal Love

Like the small water getting in the big water, Love increases through a renewed faith.

Being unconditional love:

the heart will survive, pure and untouched by greed, easy criticism or violence.

the bird will sing like ever,

the day will precede the night and the night will precede the day.

And I shall sing with my heart a song of unity.

Paola Degli Esposti

Global 12: Neala.

I am in my classroom and I sit near the teacher's desk. This is the last year of the advanced primary school. Our classroom has long wooden desks painted in a pastel colour. We stay two by two. I am the first desk near the window. There is only a long window that covers a wall of the classroom. We are a class of twenty guys and we are in our thirteen years old, more or less months of difference. 8 boys and 12 girls. Our teachers say that we are a class of genuine persons and also clever guys. I like my teachers and I love them, some of my mates criticize them, but I do not, they are perfect to me. I have made friends in between my mates. My name is Neala and my friends are Margie, Megan, Rosie and Florence. I also have a sympathy, it is a love thunderbolt. His name is Dave Regan and he is a muscled boy with a baritone voice. When I hear his voice, my knees have an untying movement. He is polite with me, usually he stays with his friends, but when there is the pause and we go to the machines for a drink or a fast food he makes me questions about the lesson. I feel comfortable with him and the failure vanishes in the same moment he is next to me and starts talking to me. Yesterday for example he has invited me for a walk in the garden and he has asked what I do after the homeworks. I told him that I watch a tv programme or I go to Margie's home. Our conversation are not very long, maybe I am too shy. I am not a loser, neither a winner, I am a girl with ideals, a strong moral and a deep love for my mum. When I look myself at the mirror and I see all those red hairs with a porcelain skin, I smile and I make some visual expressions. I would like doing the actress when I grow older.

Paola Degli Esposti

Global 7

I have no memory of this land, although my parents often talked to me about the origin of our transfer. And now it is due to think of the long history of individuals. Writers have made works around this issue. The future is more flexible than one may believe. If our story in family is complicated, it is something related to our way of thinking. There are persons who do not move for any reason, they prefer to adapt at any real change in their existence. It is not the case of my family, I am here after my ancestors moved away. In truth I like the place, the weather, the nature, the people too. But, my personal story is related to my life. I do not cry today, I am in my room and I am organizing the lesson of tomorrow. The book I have is interesting and out of any condition. I do my job with love and patience, because it is important for the other descendants. I admit, this organization is treating me better than I was supposed it could be. Sue is a girl like no other, she is quiet, splendid in appearance, reserved and an excellent cook. Elizaveta is an entrepreneur, she is talkative. On evenings she asks us if she can tell about her news and we are grateful to her because of the enthusiasm she is able to pass. I go on with no sorrow, I thank both of them for this.

Paola Degli Esposti

Global 8

Meditation after a day of work is what I need. I pick up my force, I sit on my bed and I reflect on myself. Today it has been a hard battle inside of me. Elizaveta likes me. When I saw her first time she was different, but yesterday she was so beautiful! No, she is her that she is communicating something to me, I shall not think of this fact too much. The right time will come for both of us, no misunderstanding, no brain storm. I was fearful of the future, surely I fear in my capacity of being at the height of her expectations. It is life, I shall not be a fish, nor a cat, nevertheless a dog or a bird, I cannot. I am a boy prepared to afford life and to assure affection and responsibility. Elizaveta and myself have to build the flux of our life's interchanges. It is the Universe which claims the union, it is above us and inside of us. What a splendid event!

Paola Degli Esposti

I Have Set The Sail

I have set the sail and ready to scale the mountain.
Behind I have left what I have missed,
now in front of me, another challenge.
this path is veiled by the mistery like a sudden fog in Autumn.
I won't let the details.
I shall discover my hidden soul,
my love and I shall sing a song to my years to follow.

Paola Degli Esposti

Il Divertimento

Danza
sotto le luci strobo.
Danza
la musica ritma il passo.
Danza e
attorno altre belle coreografie.
Che mondo in allegria.
Danza
tutti stanno al passo.
Danza
non è confusione, è semplicemente una
danza.
E la musica invita
al movimento ed è
una danza.
Per molti è un pretesto,
innocente contesto.
La danza, la danza
la notte la accompagna.
E lo spirito rimane giovane.

Paola Degli Esposti

It's Healthy

It's healthy, it's healthy, it's healthy, it's healthy.

A glass of water,

a string of the guitar,

a finger,

an act and the free energy.

It's healthy, it's healthy, it's healthy, it's healthy.

Do not wander.

On the ground,

manage the joystick,

not for hours,

just the time to enjoy.

Think of your life in a good way.

It's healthy, it's healthy, it's healthy, it's healthy.

Do not obsess yourself,

Enough to lead a life in clear, henceforth.

And I say to myself:

it's healthy, it's healthy, it's healthy, it's healthy.

Paola Degli Esposti

Joystick

Joystick, incubus of the day.

How time can go far and us being so slow?

Joystick,

I watch and I quit!

Measurement of the handicraft.

Crazy the time to spend for learning and use it.

Ancient thought.

Joystick, take it away and I shall be alone or if you have the patience I shall learn
and be modern.

A long process,

but to share is to have something to share.

Good work.

Paola Degli Esposti

Life

Life,
it has been the main word at the top of a blank sheet.
Life,
what else?
Life,
important, emotional, precious.
Adjectives.
Species and genders,
what above mean a lot.
Chain of cruelty and love in nature.
The fear is more as adults than as infants.
Life.
It has to be lived.
A tear, a smile, a sigh,
a breath and a look at the sky.

Paola Degli Esposti

March

March,
a carpet of white endorsed the objects.
Something happened.
Where was I?
Present:
violets,
daisies,
a carpet of news.
Around, the silence shows what ever it has been.
Glad as I am.

Paola Degli Esposti

Moon

Moon and a candlestick,
behind drapes of a curly sewn.
Salmon's colour is the cut of the fabric.
I watch the moon.
I do nothing more than that.
And I see those signs on the pale surface.
They are craters.
It is a bit of a time
I see the moon.
The cry of a girl,
The cry of a woman.
In front of a commotion.
Never to regret what has passed through this heart.
Moon,
it shines in the night,
It looks so cold,
Never mind and look ahead.

Paola Degli Esposti

Music

Music,
it saves the day in a moment of panic.
It comes inside our day from the outside
through the chirrup of a bird.
Busy time, if it is not, the music is in everything.
Some sounds in a song are magic for our mind.
They help a lot in the organization of the daytime
and they colour the list of our duties.
Some people say music is a loss of time,
they even hate it.
How can they sleep at night in the absence of silence?

Paola Degli Esposti

My Dear Europe

This is the Europe we know.

This is the Europe we make part of.

Hello, hello!

It is not a trick of mind,

it is all done, and in a meanwhile a song is sung and a passenger may ear

and he walks by.

Bye, Bye!

Me and you are called to do well in the land of the green and blue. I got inspired.

Sunshine!

Paola Degli Esposti

Naif

Naif, being naif as a bucolic scene.

Naif, like

a bunch of flowers,

a slice of cake,

a sunset on a beautiful view.

Immortal,

for a while,

the time to have the reaction.

Naif,

nothing more,

it is enough for my whole,

by the way.

Paola Degli Esposti

November

The thin persistent rain,
a year has left me with a sense of doubt for tomorrows,
except for changes that come too fast,
I mean in the city where I live.
I have never seen that before,
because I am not new of life.
Grey, the sky, welcome is a sign of joy in many faces.
Trees become undressed branches towards the sky,
still birds are amongst the grass, no cicadas, no following insect around.
Soon it will be colder, but it is not the same for everyone.
In these advanced times, more ilarity or more sadness.
I do believe in the long view.
the children walk to the school,
people do their jobs,
ladies are at the markets for the food,
like yesterday.
And I am looking forward to read from the others, again.

Paola Degli Esposti

October

October,

it is like yesterday at this hour.

Except for the invisible other, everything is just the same, even the roar of the road and the cry of the children, I do not know, but I may comprehend.

October, there is hope in the air, that is the change of the weather or a quick merciful laugh on the street.

It is also leaves left on the ground, more.

Paola Degli Esposti

Scandal

The most bitter tears poured out.

The silence.

The sorrow for a wrong behaviour in life.

The eyes talked, the mouth could not. It would have told: Do not do it!

' It is only unbridled fun. It burns and burns and you will only be older not wiser.'

Paola Degli Esposti

Scanzonata

Scanzonata,
ebbene, all'alba di un nuovo giorno che tarda a venire.
Senza pensieri,
no no,
non è la fine del mondo.
Scanzonata,
non lo dire.
Ancora mi chiedo perchè di me si ride,
ebbene, penso la vita come un giorno da leone,
mentro ho paura.
Scanzonata.

Paola Degli Esposti

Scourge Of Souls.

Scourge of souls,
it is not liberty anymore.
It is not healthy anger anymore.
It is rejection of the true world.
Blue, the emperor of the colours.
Gnashing of teeth, cry of despair.
Anymore, is the word which breaks the chain.
The consequences of the isolation are more than one.
Be the change of love.
Peace and love.

Paola Degli Esposti

Sogno E Sono Desta

Sogno

una vita a due.

Sogno

un pensiero a due.

Sogno

un desiderio che è condivisione ed amore.

Sogno

un sole alto,

un albero di cedro in uno spazio libero da ogni cosa.

Sogno e

Sogno di pregare,

Sogno che non sono sola,

sogno che poesia non sia la mia vanità,

sogno di affrontare la realtà,

sogno la vetta della montagna.

Sogno la positività.

Ed ora desta e mesta

la realtà è che nella preghiera

non sono mai sola.

Un cuore solo e un coro di cui non conosco il numero.

Paola Degli Esposti

Sonnet 3

I won't shout,
The ground is under my feet.
I won't shout,
I won't give out any sort of fear.
I won't shout, but the world is falling down and there
are sleepers around.
Please,
the word is in you now,
tell about the facts.
Open your spotlight and tell about the facts.
I won't shout because of the truth in your eyes.

Paola Degli Esposti

Sonnet 4

Being immune and being the creation that is what in young guys dictates the difference, furthermore it will help to have a beautiful day. When nothing is in pocket, but the mind is pure, the first need is to reconcile with the inner world and this happens thanks to whom is beside. Enjoy the day, forget the bad, create a world of peace through clearness in the relations, it will help to go on and to model a behaviour. It is an imperative form, it is not a tough voice. Day by day, age by age, I care for life and I have regards and compassion for the death. First of all the integrity and the transparency, cruelty is not human, but it is natural. Brutality is a symptom, it may be not forever and there are books that teach how to forgive.

Paola Degli Esposti

Sonnet 5

If I could be a character in Harry Potter's movie, I am a Griffon's ghost or a young girl named Hermione. And as I read the script, myself is nearer to Harry's soul. Maybe a fantasy can help to digest the imaginary world in this story. Maybe all the showed scenery inspires me a lot. Nevertheless I cannot avoid to think that persons are always the same, everywhere, anytime and whatever they do.

Paola Degli Esposti

Tale 14.

I am just thinking of my life, it is a brilliant one. Really, I am imagining when in four years I shall sign my first projects. Wow, I want to give light in homes and I want to do more, I shall create big projects of buildings. Functional, airing, luminous and at a lively human's level. I have splendid thoughts, I do not like feeling miserable, because life is full of surprises and some are not the most desirable to know. While I am thinking of these facts, I am at the pub and near me there are my dear companions. ' Oliver, Mark, Antony, Mary Lou and Joseph. Of course we are drinking a beer and having the best time together. Mary Lou actually is having an intricate story with Antony. All has started that day he took her home, but the intrigue is the reaction of the other girl Antony knew before meeting Mary Lou. She has reacted badly, at first she did not understand why Antony stopped suddenly to search her, then she decided to contact him, he was transparent like a glass of water, he said her: ' I have found another girl.' For some hours Antony was sorry for her because she did not tell him a word, the day after instead he was angry because she wrote offenses on the walls of his home. ' Pig pig pig is in love.' ' Strange woman, I just think of that.' I remember when Antony felt in sorrow. He often phoned her and asked her for a date. Now he is visibly in a state of grace and I am glad. Oliver and Joseph are planning to go to a football match. I know it is a passion for them and a way to have fun. Maybe I shall join them. To watch a football match live it is different than watching it at the Tv. First of all, I am sure that most of the people are less pushed to eat. It is an healthy choice then, I am arguing this with Oliver who says I am perfectly right. Joseph is of the opinion that it depends from what a person does for living. He is out of home for twelve hours a day, he makes work shifts so he prefers watching it at Tv, but he is pleased to share an activity with Oliver. Mark on his own he is watching a magazine, a female magazine. He is not embarrassed at all in doing it. ' I want to look at the beauty, at least my eyes are delighted.' ' It seems you need a solution.' I tell him and I ask him if I can take a look. Mark turns the page and what I see makes the effect of a glass of whisky. The most beautiful girl I have ever seen, Mark laughs with a jolt. Immediately I turn my head and I tell him: ' No, it is better that I do not look, but thank you, now I have an idea of my physical attractions.' Mary Lou stands up and makes some movements with the hands. A woman has entered the pub, she is Hazel, her friend.

Paola Degli Esposti

Tale.18.

The time goes on differently when someone is part of a group of persons who has common interests except the work and the territory they live. It is a full time, rich of shades and original is at the pub and she is waiting for the arrival of the boys. Mary Lou is with her and she is making complaints about the service they have just received, the milk is not properly vapourized and the coffee is bitter. ' Add sugar to it! 'Hazel tells her because she knows how Mary Lou acts in the early morning, she does not like eating or drinking at the pub, she does it only for socializing or for the work, so she criticizes each product she tastes and obviously she speaks to the waiter, who quickly offers her the change of the ordination. ' No, thank you, for this time I keep it.' Mary Lou answers him with a supponent expression of her face. This time the situation takes a different follow, the boss of the pub is there, so he is coming towards them and he wants to talk to Mary Lou. Hazel is a piece of stone, she prefers avoiding this sort of things. ' Hello, Misses, what is happening? ' The chief has a wide smile, full of white teeth, he is not a tall man, but full of body's muscles. ' The milk and coffee is more a coffee and milk! ' The chief smiles her and says: 'Excuse me.'He gets the cup and drinks a bit of the hot expression is serious now and he leans the cup above the tray of the waiter, then tells him: ' Bring another milk and coffee to the Miss ', then he turns his head towards Mary Lou and assures her: ' You are right, it never happens twice, you are welcome! ' And he leaves the table where the two women sit, now at the door's entrance they see Oliver, Joseph and is visibly happy, but Antony is not y is working, today is a busy day of work, I shall tell him the results of our meeting.' ' Mary Lou informs Hazel of the reason why Antony is not with us. I come near their angle's accomodation Iand sit down next to Hazel. Mary Lou is the first to talk: ' I have found the place to excercise ourselves, we do not have to pay, we only have to register ourselves as utilizers.' ' Excellent, Oliver says! 'Mary Lou proceeds: ' We have to choose at least three days of the week to meet ourselves and to select the hours.'I understand that it is the more complicated part of the realization of the project. Joseph suggests to write the time at disposal of each of us, then we will add the preferences of Antony and Mark. ' Hazel keeps the silence, she is emotional. I am sorry about that. The sheet arrives at me, too, I write: Monday, Wednesday, Friday, from nine o clock in the evening. till eleven o' clock in the evening. ' I pass the sheet to Hazel who writes the same days and the same hours.I have changed idea, by instinct, but I feel entitled to clear: ' Guys, in caseI do not sing with grace, you must tell me, or you are going to lose me! ' And telling this I stand up and I point the index finger in a circled movementin front of them all. Hazel claps her hands. That is enough for me.

Tale.25.

Hazel is at the door of Kathy's home. Immediately she has an excellent perception of the place. Kathy opens the door and smiles at her, she looks young and a classical girl. Hazel is a post-wave punk girl, she wears black trousers and a shirt with strong images of war printed above. Her hairs are grey and long, she wears many ear rings in one ear, she is small in height and not fat.' Come in! ' Kathy invites her to enter. Then she asks her to sit down on the couch. She sits in front of her in an armchair. ' Tell me, what do you do for a living? ' ' I clean structures.' ' Very good, where does your family come from? ' ' Belgium, I have come here twenty years ago, on holidays and I have looked for a job to stay here.' ' I make you see the room.' Hazel follows kathy to see the rest of the house. It is a comfortable apartment, well handled, they pass a corridor then they reach the bedroom. It is a clean room with a bed aligned on a wall, a write desk and a chair in front of a window, a wardrobe and a small tv upon a shelf desk next to the writing table. ' This is all right for me.' ' Now let' s go to the bathroom for you. After they have seen the offered space, they return in the sitting room. There is quietness, peace, order in that house, Hazel likes the idea to live there. Kathy sits down on the armchair and asks Hazel if she likes a cup of tea. ' Yes, please.' Kathy quickly goes to and comes from the kitchen, the tea is ready, Hazel thinks. Kathy now tells her the requested sumfor the rent: 'For you is 150, all services included except the food, breakfast is given till 9' o'clock. ' Okay.' Hazel says her. Kathy takes out a sheet, it is the contract, she askes her the identifying documents, she writes with a pen all the missing dates and asks Hazel for a signature. ' Now,30% in cash of the first month, then I will register the contract and I give to you a copy of the keys.' Tomorrow afternoon, you will know if it is all regular, otherwise, you will have your money back, are you satisfied? ' ' Of course, I would like knowing your name please.' Have you not noticed on the entrance, it is well stamped at capital letters, my name is Kathy Ash, I am here to fullfill my studies, it is all to be! ' Kathy and Hazel go towards the door of the apartment, Kathy tells her few words for leave-taking. ' Hear us tomorrow then, good day Hazel! ' Good day to you, Kathy' When Hazel is out of the main door, she is noticed by myself being in the yard. Ibecome emotional and call her by name, as soon as I have realized who she is. ' Hazel! ' I comes near the border of the two properties, Kathy is visibly glad, we know ourselves. ' Good day Kent, do you already know? ' Yes.! ' Hazel says and I confirm: 'We play together in a band.' ' Not anymore.' Hazel announces me and I am surprised. Hazel explains better: 'Mary Lou knows all. I am out.' I feel the need to be honest: ' this is incredible, I wanted to be out, too.' Kathy feels the need to inform both of us that she has to go on with her studies. She closes the door, mysefl and Hazel leave the pathway together.

Paola Degli Esposti

The Dandy Posture

The dandy posture,
the hat,
from afar
that was the vision.
The time has been,
I do not want to count the years,
it is not poetic and in ryme.
A profile, which was a step towards the future,
a smile that assured.
A gentleman, certainly an artist.
The encounter, a
special event in the day.
In between the habits,
in between the genuity of the things of the day.
The world has arrived
for being a star to admire.

Paola Degli Esposti

The First Love

the love,
the love,
the love,
the love
in teenage times.
Awful the thought of regret.
Awful the scorn and the sorrow,
of today.
It was the first approach with the other.
There are differences.
The joy of the sight,
the cells are plauding.
Not to be sad today.
Mitic, poetic, explosive,
sometimes shameful.
If it is not eternal, it is embedded.
The early years.
Fantasies from a side,
beats and sobs from the other side.
Really we are similar through minds.
A common feeling of ascent in front of the first love.

Paola Degli Esposti

The House Of. Part.9.18.

Mischievous,
that Is what the character seems to be, to me,
I read from the lines,
envy is on one side,
bad impulse on the other side.
Is it what is supposed to be at the beginning of the path of life?
Mischievous or envious,
two characters,
two samples of the world.
I live for a smile,
but outside the loneliness we have a tail of story.
Transform the burden in evolving circumstances and
Smile with the eyes.

Zak is listening to Shaun who is singing these words and stops sometimes to correct some words on a sheet or to repeat a sequence of words or change the tone of the melody. Zak is at the piano and he tries to follow him or to add another comment. Sunny is there as well and he is playing the bass guitar. He likes what Shaun is doing, but otherwise it would be crazy. Captain Edward is at the mixer and checks the volumes and prepares a machine to help the work of the guys. ' Hello, guys, how are you? ' Zak looks at them, badly, Rosalyn has just entered in the room with Miki and Pete. ' Uh now, you! ' Captain Edward shouts. ' Out please, we are doing something, you can enter the next hour or tomorrow! ' If the sessions are not agreed previously by all the members, no one is permitted to makes him the sign to relax then he is the first to turn back towards the exit. Rosalyn smiles and greets, she takes Miki's arm and follows Pete. Shaun says: Always, late! '

Paola Degli Esposti

The House Part.9.20.

He is doing a lot with his time. On a train, he sits quietly and looks outside the window. Kurt is moving towards another place. He has the new order and it is to be an assistant by Howard. He will cook or he will help cooking in the pastry shop. There is no problem to move because he has everything he needs and most important of all he has his mind, his body and his determination to do something good with others. There are passengers over the train, but in the compartment where he is, there is only a woman who is in front of him and she actually reads a newspaper. The girl is a splendid female person, with long brown hairs and she wears a cloth in a merry berry colour. Kurt has a tremble, a feeble movement of his arm, the girl changes the page and lets him see the luminous flux of her is a wave of excitement that reaches his mind, perhaps he has had a rich breakfast in the morning. Now, the girl stands up and asks him if she can open the window for a while. ' Sorry, it is better to change the air.' ' yes.' Kurt answers and he would like talking to her more. Suddenly he reminds, he has a packet of cookies in his bag. He takes them out and opens the bag slowly, he is seriously interested to know more the woman. He takes out a sweet and begins eating it, then asks the girl, who follows to read in her seat. ' May I offer? ' and he leans the box towards her. Misteriously, he advances too much with the rest of the body and ridicolously he falls down from his accomodation. The girl stands up and looks at him: ' Need help? ' Kurt coughs and still holds the box of the cookies with one hand. His face adheres on the ground and turns lefts. ' No, no, Now I stand up.' He elegantly leaves the pose and in a while he is upright. He laughs and says: ' Excuse me, it is the train 's movement.' ' Okay, okay, it is okay. I would like one biscuit, thank you.' Kurt smiles and stretches his arm towards the girl. Now he can admire the beauty that he likes of the girl, she has a beautiful face with two bright brown eyes. ' what is your name? ' She asks and soon he answers.: ' kurt and you? ' ' Estonia.' ' Oh, ' Kurt lets this vocal expression go out in a free way. 'It is the first time I hear this name.' ' I admit, it is a bit overwhelming, especially for me. ' Kurt cleans his trousers and sits down again on his seat. Now it is difficult to go on. She is overwhelmed and they have changed only few words and some biscuits. A moment of silence. Then the girl makes the other step. ' Where are you going? ' In town and you? ' ' At a village near town. ' Kurt now feels the strenght to go on: ' Can we know us better?The girl takes away the book from her knees and puts it on the bag. ' Yes, Kurt. '

Paola Degli Esposti

The House Part.9.22.

The place is a well composed wood structure, there are also marquees, but they serve as location for other activities of the community of people here in the country. Mathilde is making a cake for a class of entrepreneurial cooks. There are five of Carol's sons: Philippe, Robert, David John, Matthew and Jacob. They have a difference of more than a year one to each other and surprisingly they are agree in everything they do. Mathilde has two valid assistants: Carol and Artesia. 'Here we are boys and girls, I see you are twenty mates, a good number to start, hopefully next week we will arise in number. Have you got all your ingredients on your desk? Let's start with eggs. Open them like I do. A quick shot on the plastic ware and down on it! One, two, three, f f f (An accident or what other not well identified matter is happening to Mathilde just now. A sort of egg, but it does not break.) Mathilde stops and looks at it better, Carol that she has been smiling to the guys till now, changes the expression in a face that looks awfully grotesque. Artesia still is in her statuary's position on the small platform where they are. ' Sorry guys, I have an egg that does not open or it cannot. Yes it is not possible, it is a wooden egg. It is a false egg! Carol cannot avoid laughing and Artesia laughs as well. Mathilde believes that it is not the case to stay on the matter too much. She takes the next egg and it is a boiled one. She takes a breathe and then looks at the ground, Carol now is serious and she has taken the hand of Artesia. ' Mathilde, Artesia must go to the bathroom, sorry for a while. ' Quickly she goes out of the venue and lets Mathilde on his own, while the rest of the class is trying to stay decently. ' Okay, okay, it is not a chaos, let me see if I can find the other necessary egg. So, she pushes a finger of the shell of another egg and as it vanishes inside the surface and lets a bit of material going out of it, she fast finishes the operation and announces: The show is finished, now we have five eggs in the plastic container that is what we need. Can I go on? ' Yes please 'David John answers and the other mates applaude energetically.

Paola Degli Esposti

The House Part.9.23.

Something wrong is happening in town. Bryan has left home. James has found empty the bed where he usually sleeps. The day before Howard has asked him to study some pages of a book and this has been the result. Bryan is laughing and holds the small white piece of paper from an an angle of it in his hand. 'I go home.' Howard takes the note from the hand of James and reads it. 'Okay, today he will learn how is to travel alone.' Bryan stops laughing and becomes angry: 'How can you be selfish Mr. Howard, my brother has left me here without a word and you only say that he learns how to travel alone.' 'I want to go home myself, then. I am a child, I have all the rights to start screaming, here in this place, in front of you. Mr. Howard. And sorry for the confidence. But but, He is my brother, for the sake of saints.' Mr. Howard keeps the silence and sits down on Bryan's bed. 'Has he got the cellular phone?' James nods. 'Have you got the number, boy?' 'Of course.' 'Call him please and asks him if he has found the street to go home.' 'All right.' 'He composes the number of Bryan's cellular phone and waits. Howard is quiet and waits for the answer. 'Hello, Bryan, where are you at?' 'I am in the railway station. I am going to catch the train.' 'Why?' 'Because I have learnt enough, I don not like cooking.' James now is out of his control: 'And you decide by yourself without telling a word to me. And Mr. Howard, are you a rebel without a cause?' 'Yes.' Bryan simply answers. 'Howard now speaks: 'I want to talk to him.' James gives the cellular phone to him: 'Bryan, I am going to phone to your parents. 'Okay.' Bryan answers. 'This afternoon we are going to leave as well.' 'No. I like cooking.' Quickly James intervenes. 'Okay, James stays here.' Mr Howard? 'Bryan asks: 'Yes, I am here. 'Thank you.' 'No, do no thank me, but yourself, because you have put me out of your life.' James is now crying. 'Goodbye Bryan, we will see at home in a month.' Goodbye.' With this word Bryan and Howard end the conversation. 'Come on Howard, call your mother and father, now it is their round.'

Paola Degli Esposti

The House Part.9.24.

Sophie and Tony are at the platform one, they are waiting for the train in which Bryan is arriving. They are aware that the boy has made his first important choice. They are keen, modest and brave persons, but they have always been descreet with their boss. Luke is their lender of work and they had the best of work's relation. Howard is a severe boss and a big owner of properties, he can do a lot. They could miss something if he is pride. These are thoughts they share just as married couple. A whistle of the train from a smaller distance announces the imminent arrival of it. Tony smiles at Sophie and she holds on his arm with the head gently accustomed upon his shoulder. The train comes nearer with its regular movement. It stops. The doors open, they look with trepidation and emotion and they see him, he is getting down of the train. He is seeing them, quietly he walks fast towards them. Now both they are embracing him, he is between them. ' Bryan how are you? ' Mum Sophie asks him: 'Perfectly arrived, safe and grateful of your welcome! ' Oh, excellent, you have learnt how to react properly.' Tony gives a small pat on Bryan's shoulder. ' Why have you come back earlier? ' Bryan looks at the ground. ' Can we have this conversation later? ' ' No, now.' Tony answers him: ' All right, a new assistant has arrived two days ago. ' And so, what was wrong with that? Sophie asks again: ' A story that hurt me, the boy lost the memory, but furthermore he smelled badly and he insisted on personal questions.' Tony and Sophie now are worried.' Oh, poor guy, which is his name? ' ' Kurt, they call him with his name, but it is not in real. The problem is that he stinks.' Tony now is visibly nervous: ' Do not say it again. I shall call and informs him of the fact. Maybe they had problems with water or it is a personal problem, you are not obliged to stay near persons that compromise your status. You are young and you have to learn a lot of things, also compassion and comunication. Let's go now at home. There is a lot to do there! Sophie now has a surprised glance and he takes Bryan by hand in silence.

Paola Degli Esposti

The House Part.9.25.

A pub in town. Rosalyn and Sunny are in a place in the dimlight of the shop. They are having a breakfast time, a time of a coffee and milk and a cup of tea with a delicate tray of small sweets. Their relation is going at a high level, they are agree in everything, they do not even need to talk, just have a glance and all is clear after. Precious jewels for Captain Edward, a strong support for Zak and a pain in the ass for Shaun. Francis is with them in these days, his passion for music have led to a collaboration with the other guys. But there is more, now they are working on a sample of tracks. The Captain told them: Mr. Goldfire has been with us recently and has brought this incredible sequence of notes. Do not worry the musicians who did that will never complain of the rewards. It is a good thing and you will work with that in the next two weeks. I recommend to listen to it and enjoy, that is a fundamental process. Rosalyn and Sunny have quietly accepted the commitment and they try to put down some words which can be the perfect fulfilment of the music. ' we are not in a hurry, Rosalyn, we have to be present in this work. ' I think we can try to give our contribution, personally I shall let go my sensations where I find my reflex.' She says. Okay, Rosalyn, we can argue later.' Rosalyn smiles and drinks his coffee and milk. ' Excellent Sunny, here it is amazing to stay and to recompose ourselves. ' Yes, Rosy, yes.' And he comes near her and gives a kiss on her lips. ' But I am just happy to be withyou.'

Paola Degli Esposti

The House. Part.9.17.

The bus is ready to host very important people for the country. Candy, Francis, Sunflower and Moonflower, Shaun. They have just put their baggages in their empty spaces. Everyone is quiet and looks for their seats, they changes few words of greetings with the other ones. They have been hired by Luke for different jobs. It is interesting how this community have evolved. Mathilde, Carol and some of her sons are with them, Artesia is beside Carol. They are relaxed, but very energic, Mathilde now knows how is to lead an healthy life. First day she has felt a bit exausted, but in a week things have been improving in a way that she feels excellently actually as she isa teenager. ' Fantastic, Artesia, are you happy for daddy that leaves us for an amazing job? ' Yes, mother, a lot, daddy will send me messages everyday! ' ' To me also Artesia! ' Mathilde has even known two ladies who work in a food shop, they cook take away food and they need a person to help her in the kitchen. ' I am here to work and help, first of all, is it all right if I begin tomorrow, early morning? ' It is fine! ' One of the ladies answers, she is a lady with long black hairs, perfectly combed in a braid. She wears a long yellow cloth and white trousers that underline the sinuosity of her body. Carol has to think of the house after that event and only in the afternoon she will have two hours for her. Usually she goes in the room of ' everything that might happen' as Shaun has appointed it and there she reads or she makes some conversation with friends, parents or sons. She writes sometimes, when there is the sun that comes in a ray and she watches the fields from the window in front of her writing table. It means she has the inspiration. She plays music instruments or sings in the presence of Shaun country has many buildings now, but the central one is the direction of the main public assistances. Each activity for the society is registered thanks to the big clock that everyone has to meet with a card at the beginning and at the end of their personal lending work. It is a system that works and brings success. It will grow thanks to trust and good sense.

Paola Degli Esposti

The Nest

My nest is where,
I am in peace with myself.

My nest is where,

I look for the sky and my feet and nothing more I need.

Today it is different from yesterday, the silence is no absence or torment of my mind.

What it makes the nest is the warmth inside of it.

That is the difference from home.

Paola Degli Esposti

The Path To Be Chosen.

Ought to be hero for a day. A liar I do not want to tell. I have heard stories for many kind. Just to be listened in full. Let be nightdreamers, but for a while. Otherwise, the journey is eternal. I do not want. The path has to be chosen. Under my favourite star, I must not change my ideals, neither I need is to understand my walk.
And to recognize the roads I am in.
Good health!

Paola Degli Esposti

The Prayer

The prayer and
the chant and the celebration of a feast.
Together is louder and
it sounds stronger,
the faith improves.
All is a prayer in time.
Spiritual.
And the meal after the ritual is
the thanksgiving to God for everything that
has been. Especially in times of crisis.

Paola Degli Esposti

Thought 1

Lazyness,
a liar finds its cushion.
Fatigue, hypocrisy runs away.
the big need is to dream again,
clean and in brackets.
Righteousness is far from the real thing,
near the splendour, more.
Be not anxious of anything,
Liberty when small lights around are visible at a nude eye.
And the fireflies?
Fearless.

Paola Degli Esposti

Thought 2

hope is the meaning
in a life of sorrow.
Flowers are the beauty
in a life of little things.
the stars that I don't watch every night,
they are the mistery of life.

Paola Degli Esposti

Thought 3

Mentality,
it worths losing affections for that.
There are sure individuals of this.
A question may alter a situation.
It is better thinking of the present.
If it is okay, let pass by the moment,
If it is wrong, change the course with an assurance.
Mentality,
it is a big baggage.

Paola Degli Esposti

Thought 4

idea of the world, constant renew is the idea of the world I have.
Perfect is the peace inside
and I wish to bring peace where ever I am or I go.
I don't want to be superficial of the other's view.
Neither being intolerant,
But I need clarity and esteem
and if I stumble I shall not be embarassed.

Paola Degli Esposti

Thought 5

Mirror,
the big chanter, the big deceiver, the big seducer.
It takes time.
Senses are more helpful for an amazing life.
Also common decency.

Paola Degli Esposti

Thought 6

Match,
there is the right place.
Athletes are well educated for that.
It is vivid the interest in the games,
both parties, the athlete and the public.
I have been between the public,
it is emotional when the point is gained,
that is the game in itself,
the rest for the spectator is to keep the attention,
it is not for everyone,
but for the real passionate!

Paola Degli Esposti

Thought 7

Moon,
glimpse of a night.
Moon,
sleep come fast
as a lightning.
The day has been busy
and I have shouted my disdain
to whom may listen.
Moon,
embrace my dream.
Moon,
take away the bad thoughts.
The dawn
will put everything at its place.
Good night.

Paola Degli Esposti

Thought 8

Stray cats,
a leaf craddled by the wind.
the high sense of freedom takes aways from cleansing or tidying up.
It is not a shame, it is only a behaviour.
Let not run in that way.
Too much is too much in any sense.
Not to bother but only to contain.
oh happy days.

Paola Degli Esposti

Thought 9

A sudden movement may open the door to it,
I do not want.
Rage,
hidden behind a thought of splendour,
covered by a cover, the best commitment of tomorrow.
I do not want it,
anymore.
Rage stay far,
I shall reinforce my attention,
to dismantle any glimpse of it.

Paola Degli Esposti

Vendetta

La vendetta non è la mia parola,

né farà parte del mio mondo.

Il pellegrinaggio è più il mio destino,

non il gatto randagio o il cane randagio.

Questo è un altro mondo.

La parola che è diffusa per sicurezza o sollievo.

La mano che viene data per aiuto non viene prestata

o fuorviata. Questo è il mio caso.

La saggezza prevarrà soprattutto.

Paola Degli Esposti

Vintage

Vintage,
nothing has changed.
Pick up the fruit, appreciate the colour.
Silence for half of a while.
Vintage,
nothing has changed.
Glorious the hand that works for the benefit.
Not for the self, neither for the shelves,
it is for ever.

Paola Degli Esposti

Wind Mill 2

Wind mill,
it is not only air to be moved.
Nothing stays where the air is not.
It is emptyness.
Here it is not the case.
Strenght grows in timelife and commitments
are miliar stones.
Wind mill,
it does its job and it is not to be undervalued.
The speed, it makes the difference.
Good energy
for brave purposals and brighter future.

Paola Degli Esposti

Windmill

windmill, windmill,

don't let my hope vanish.

oh windmill! Prodiges of the mind, study of the man, work of hands, hope for many. Windmill. Pride and strenght, nature and the land. The power of the future is on us.

Windmill, windmill, I tune a melody on my own and I am conscious of my doing.

Paola Degli Esposti