

Extract of love

I would meet you by chance during the sunset,
when your routinely thoughts on the world are fading those pure
and consciousness grip your heart...
and when our sights are intersected, identify ourselves for what
we really are and for what we will be together...
and not missing any single moments of the time we already know
it won't be greater than the infinity that will pervade us a bit
later...
and I would like our legs may lead us towards that shelter where
only something really spontaneous as nature along with our most
frightening fears may offer us...and I wish I would fall asleep
with you, holding you tight until I may feel your heart beating
over mine...
and then wake up and explore with you the way to live over all
predefined/coded rules and being happier not to have succeed/to
have failed knowing that looking for something greater we will
end up meeting again and again forever...
and later wake up and dream surprisingly to believe of dreaming
my dream ... and ... finally ask you your name.

Alan Gallicchio
(October 2002 - Corse, France)