

Echo

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What comes to mind when you talk of echo:

Are the abandoned buildings emptied by the noise of wars;
Lofty buildings for the tourists and their guides in years to come.

Are boys searching for the voices of their missing parents,
Under the heaps of dead bodies, hungry heads.

Are the girls who are scared to sleep, for their echoing dreams,
A dream that unclothes their horrible memories.

Are mothers cuddling their mangled children before their last breath,
Before they say goodbye to the land of owls.

Are confused immigrants roaming the streets of Lampedusa,
Where they are coming from is fading and the country ahead holds no hope.

Echo is the voice of cold market, the sound of churches with lean rats,
The symphony of cricket in dry mud;

The cry of a lover searching for peace in the imaginary body of a distanced
lover

The howls of hungry vultures on the plain of Sahara.

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