

Stubbornly good

In the common room there's the jacket we shared
for grand occasions. There's the drawing of a greedy
moon, in precarious balance suspended between the horns
of a stubbornly good ox: with square
eyes looking with no perspective: the square
body with just a few spots of dung
on the haunches. It's the same animal
that was lead to the drinking trough one night and raised
on our land, during the flood;
petrified and without resources in his stubborn
goodness. Many times, I dream of it furiously
ruminating on the piazza paved with fake marble;
square; the horns devoured by the moon; and the resurrected
bellow, more tenacious than all sirens
on a summer midday, asking for incredible
justices for us, who are sitting
with a bowl of warm soup.

Angelo Casè