

SMILES

Shy, childish, rascals, crafty, accomplice, authentic, loyal,
warm and fats,
these your smiles always come with us:
while your mother accidentally finds hearts made of every
shape and material: beach stones, bricks, asphalt, water,
flowers, clouds;
when your brother feels himself protected from his
carelessness and feels himself stronger against life
adversities, and he always hopes to meet you again,
maybe in his dreams, while you go on arguing as you did
on your childhood, and you smile at him when he reminds
every place you saw together;
you smile at me while you send me your messengers in the
form of colourful ladybugs and beetles, which I see always
in the wrong season and remind me the freckles on your
impertinent nose.
Thanks for your presence which reminds us that it is not
true that you've gone ten years (!) ago, but remembers us
that you are always here with us.

Farewell, Cla!