

I want to...

I want to see
the people I love,
to hug them without gloves,
and devour the world
with my beloved.

I want to smile with
my mouth uncovered,
without feeling smothered.

I want to take the hand of my lover,
to feel that I hover,
forgetting the suffer,
and to go out on the street
detaching myself
from my bed cover.

I want the night
with its old attributions,
that in the air
dance the illusion,
disappearing the reclusion.

I want the world
to trust again and
turn without spreading pain.