

Such Days

I think I have been thinking of
Death too much, and the green fields have been talking
to me, and I've stopped up my ears with a drop of
blood; and all this while my shadow was tickling me
half to death and I mistook it for a bandage. Meanwhile
the rain is falling as if to take a poll on the number of
blades of grass that are coming up to visit us; the
result is more air, tremendous amounts of air, ropes
for the lungs, a thousand byways for the gulls that this
morning are going on about the amount of water in the
Gulf; everything is nattering on to be beautiful to itself;
suddenly a thin coffin shoots out of the middle of the earth;
I think it is a mirror at first—then my shadows file into
it one by one, thousands of shadows piled on one another
like corpses. I take a deep breath and blow on them;
this is what it takes to be extraordinary with one's
life. Now I can say good morning; humbly, as if I had not
uttered a word in years.

—*Pier Giorgio Di Cicco*