



Giorgio Bolla

CLIMBS

Falls of the moon
dry up your eyes
when I hazard journeys
gliding over sweet
climbs.

I am afraid more than
You do,
after all,
I claim the sense
of the world and
I cross hidden thresholds
but You secure your
need for me
in ardent suns
of benches
attached to expected
climbs.

Como es lindo el mi gato

improvisado sobre la madera
del mundo

las alas a comentario
del dia ,
como vuela el mi gato ,

a rociadas la libertad
del tiempo
acudie la noche .

NE KOPIRATI

DOLCEACQUA

Why I must say
if I don't say

Life must occur
and which is the close
where I am a cipher?
I cannot sight you
inside the narrow roads
that rise
to flowers coloured of water
and that turn before the air
just respired,
between the occasions.

I cannot seek you,
although I should like it,
and then I should like to love you
but I don't know
if I will be good at it.

NEKOPIRATI

HAIKU

Assaults of moons
into the light of violated
noons,
embrace above the ridge .

NE KOPIRATI

I will send to you my heart
of whitish lion
in a evening of august,
over the mountains and the grasslands
of my lips
above a carpet of dewy
tears.

NE KOPIRATI

La petite fleur
cherchera la lune
et viendra sur mon pas

piccolo fiore
ti corre dietro la notte
vince
vince il sogno
piccolo fiore
hai aperto il cuore,
ora non più.

Pas plus.

NE KOPIRATI

Like shadow
on opened cutters of sky
the snow leopard was arrived,
on its rocks
and absolute dream.

NE KOPIRATI

METAPHORS FOR NOTHING

You had been at me
I led you
to see the river.
Where is the water
of your run;
we go together again,
rosy domes
tonight
beyond our
images
sweet by azure sugar,
like the angelical
wings.

Every time at the end of the day,
and then I don't know if the night is
more fine than dawn,
its verity is a land
without paths.
Bizarre angel,
you march over the roofs of dreams,
I picture to myself your
run was wearing the time
of wish.

PASSAGE

What Orpheus does not know, Eurydice's beyond knows .

NE KOPIRATI

SUPPOSED DREAMS

The rise of heart
in ravines above afternoons
on parvis or crests
of hilly swellings
white into the reveries.

Like shadow
on opened cutters of sky
the snow leopard has arrived,
on its rocks
and absolute dream.

NEKOPIRATI

Vado nel cuore del mondo
e guardo Ange che sale le sue
lune,

vado nel sogno del mondo
bordo a bordo negli altipiani
assaltati dal galoppo
delle tigri dipinte da bizzarre
menti .

Assomiglio al peregrinare
di svagati personaggi,
nel solco di capelli assetati
nel vento
opere perse e
piramidi di nubi .

NEKOPIRATI

Winter

I am going to enter
the yellow leaves

but without light
inside the green
hills.

NEKOPIRATI

With petrous wings

You will put in
my hands
your belt of
young girl;

then incense will go,
to lead the scents

NE KOPIRATI

TEMPI's SONG

The river of stones
will go out
but your silence
is landing
into the veins
of my horses.

NEKOPIRATI

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