

privileged exile
day after day wandering around
wondering
changes so extraordinary and quick
are not going to last
reduced to the thoughts alone
eyes closed to the external world
that precise emotion, unreasonable
desire
to go backwards or to speed up
only engaged in the illusionary
game of memory
trapped
in the same life of a different time
deprived of the future
impatient with the present
gentile to the past
disturbed in the habit,
clueless of the disease
continuity to give priority to
personal emotion
forced to be productive in a world so
still.