

<p>S. Lucia 2010</p> <p>www.legnani.eu/SLucia</p> <p>by joe ©</p>	<p>Something appears down there, it shines, it smiles at you.</p> <p>It brings a message in its heart.</p> <p>...you look at it...</p>	<p>It is a bottle that floats on the waves.</p> <p>A cork protects it.</p> <p>A sheet rolled up in its heart.</p>	<p>Does it have an addressee? You? Someone else? But where does the flow go? It brings you it... It makes it run away...</p>
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<p>Doing everything to catch it? Leaving it going without remorse?</p> <p>A message written in a hurry? A message meditated for a long time?</p>	<p>A desperate request of help?</p> <p>A message for a loved unattainable person?</p>	<p>The desire to pick it up, to open it, to read it.</p> <p>The fear to pick it up, to open it, to read it.</p>	<p><i>Someone appears down there, (s)he smiles at you. (S)he brings a message in his/her heart. ...you look at him/her..</i></p>
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