

Late Snow

Autumn's yellow is the brightest
as we trample on the leaves in the wood,
when the brightness of summer dies
we discover a new season.

A season, I say, with no engagements and no troubles.
After a whole life together, the children gone, time belonging only to us,
we feel our mutual love.

Poetry by Montale,
a black and white film,
you sitting beside me, while a play De Andrè,
a sunset in Lisbon,
enjoying our wine at Pessoa's bar.

What an easy game to play
we thought life was.
As if each coming lead at cards
could cover our losses.
But years went by among engagements and troubles,
calling relatives in every situation
Tania's dress for the Communion,
being forced to work hard, to work for a status.

But who ever runs the game, keeps on deceiving us, and our children's smile isn't
enough.

The scent of spices along the streets of Damascus,
and taking breath on the Cliffs,
and being alone in the park on Christmas evening,
late snow is the whitest, you know...

If the end of the book is the best part of it,
we left too many blank pages and wasted too much time,
to follow mirages constructed for us, by charlatans of dreams.

we are alone in the park on Christmas evening...
late snow is the whitest, you know.

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