

Per Antonella Zazzera

by Antonia Mulas, 2011

For whom the Etruscan girl weaves
Who waits
Where will she go
Ink on copper
Near the grandfather that weaves baskets
Weaves, not for the kitchen
Not for the bed
Not even for the tent
Searching for a shape
Free from use
When will the texture be unraveled
One night in his hut?
I would like to give her a string of gold
Flexible and shiny
And ask of her a carpet
For my journey.