



Snowflake, snowdrops, and other stories

written by Francesca Piana
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*They whisper
snowflake, at times.
Others,
white bitch.*



Streets of Harlem.

Squinting eyes

wandering,

looking beyond brownstone facades and projects' yards.

I navigate where there's no water.

Diviner for the cradle of life.

An iPhone as a stick.

Homesick?

Always a bit.

Sick of loneliness?

At times.

How many homes.

How many more.

History books do not contain the stories of those who write them.

A pen that scratches,

keyboard that rasps.

Life is craving for nuances.

Balance in the unbalanced.

Acrobat - google says of equilibrista.



Reading the program of the independent party in local elections.

Back home,

the first.

Opening national press

driven by sex scandals.

I feel shame,

transnationally.

When Amsterdam bumps in 120th

it is Manhattan that yells

my daily symphony.

I find familiar cracks in eyes

moist by Brooklyn bourbon.

Wet hasty hands

thrilled by intimacy.

I hear of a mountain train

which doesn't stop at Eboli

after all,

where two christs

make voiceless plans



over an Etruscan triclinium.

Time has come for

snowdrops

and other stories.

New York City, 15 May 2014