

## Primavera

By Emilia Filocamo

It's a weak crackle of winter,  
an icy breaking of pacts between the  
snow and the ground.  
Under the mountains  
the virgin season is magma of  
red puberty.  
But our time is at the end,  
such as the cold, disuse  
nests, the black twist of wings  
of the last migrate.  
And we are in the  
middle of the hybrid passage,  
beyond the frazzled tail of days  
in which  
we believed to last lovers until the spring

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