

Nardolilli's Collection of Poetry

Oceanic Feelings

By the sea, my reflection coming and going
Through the will of the waves and tides,
I work on my collections, taking rocks
And shells from the slimy smooth sand.

The water keeps its salt, but carries it quietly,
The air steals some of it away, the rest
Remains dissolved in the cool waves
Foaming, not pounding, over my red ankles.

I Saw Around

Throw me against myself, into mirrors
Set up in my grand hall of illusions,
I have friends that move with me, in glass.

Drawn in the Company

Some have much and write often,
But saying nothing,
Some have nothing to lose,
And still say nothing,
I have a little, but not enough,
I hope I can say something.