

INFINITY





This lonely hill to me was ever dear
this hedge, which shuts from view so large a part
of the remote horizon.



As I sit
and gaze, absorbed, I in my thought conceive
the boundless spaces that beyond it range,
the silence supernatural and rest
profound; and I am calm.



And as I listen to the wind, that through
these trees is murmuring, its plaintive voice
I with that infinite compare;



And things eternal I recall, and all
the seasons dead, and this, that round my lives,
and utters its complaint.



Thus wandering my thought in this immensity is drowned;
and sweet to me is shipwreck on this sea.

Maria Porcu-Ginevra Scardigli

III E

Rome,

Donato Bramante secondary
school