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| They shut me up in Prose –As when a little GirlThey put me in the Closet –Because they liked me “still” –Still! Could themself have peeped –And seen my Brain – go round –They might as wise have lodged a BirdFor Treason – in the Pound –Himself has but to willAnd easy as a StarLook down upon Captivity –And laugh – No more have I – | Mi chiudono nella prosa –come quando, da piccola mi mettevano nello stanzino –perché mi volevano “ferma” –Ferma! Avessero potuto spiare –e vedermi il cervello – frullare –tanto valeva confinare un uccelloper tradimento – in un recinto –A lui basta volerloe libero come una stellaguarda dall’alto la prigione –e ride – come ho fatto io – |