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| They shut me up in Prose –  As when a little Girl  They 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 Bird  For Treason – in the Pound –  Himself has but to will  And easy as a Star  Look 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 uccello  per tradimento – in un recinto –  A lui basta volerlo  e libero come una stella  guarda dall’alto la prigione –  e ride – come ho fatto io – |