

The cemetery of stars

When the sky, like a sea overturned,
shines brightly with your eyes,
I raise and plunge into the deep,
in the search of blue pearls.

In the vertigo of the coming billow,
the diver weighted of a stone
desperately sinks a breaststroke
like a rhythmical prayer

until, in the cemetery of stars,
two white shellfish become iridescent,
moons under a shroud of sails;

unveiling its ultramarine irises,
the Abyss recognises the sailor
and promises him other shores.