

EMOTIONS 40

Free Tribune of Poetry & More (September 2025 / June 2026) -

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EAST -**

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A SMALL OFFER WOULD BE APPRECIATED – Thank you -

THE FIRST THOUGHT (S)

SA(Salerno)	Satiety
Saturday	SB (Bovine Pig)
Sack	Scabies
Saducees	Expiration
Lightning	Shilling
SAF (Women's Auxiliary Service)	Nonsense
“Saggitario” (SAI Division	Scenario
(Italian Insurance Company)	Sheriff
	Skepticism
SAMANTHA	SCEVOLA Muzio
Sanniti	Skiing
Hall Sào PAULO (Brazil)	Ski
Soap	Pickpocketing
Shutter	“Sciré” (Italian submarine)
Stone	Split
Satire	Scythians
SAUL	
Savignano S/Rubicone (RN)	Slip

(Continues)

Chelonia mydas

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On the tropical coasts of the Atlantic, this giant turtle lays its eggs by burying them in the sand.

Exhausting operation , given the morphology of the animal, it , / to which the labor is added
is particularly painful

Lightened like a kite / brasileiro

But will you have the courage?

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TEN YEARS LATER

Lower – middle class / moderate culture
with some ideas / still pleasant.

Survived / Transformed (You did NOT barely die)
gaining some space / even outside the bathroom
sometimes even saving the couple / (despite MAY 12).

Philosophy / Sociology / Psychology / Picio-logy / Anthropology and sometimes even Theology
intellectually justify personal problems and situations / sometimes "transgressive" ·

But tell me:

Will you ever be able to compare yourself with someone you consider "different"?

Gianni Donaudi (Turin / Imperia)

With some variations the two poems were published in the literary magazine “ “ of **Logos**
Paderno Dugnano (MI) directed by TERESIO ZANNINETTI (1947 / 2007), in a supplement of “Frigidaire”
directed by VINCENZO SPARAGNA of Rome and in a booklet
printed by “ SiderurgiKo Project “ by PINO DI LUCCHIO of Rionero (Potenza) -

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UNTITLED

In a bath of light on the white gravel that decisively cuts out the violence of the emerald green into shiny areas,
the pink and noisy race of children passes (and there is a game of goldfish in the translucent canal) towards the
large aerial pine cups distributing stains of wine-red violet on the green. The shouts rise and explode in a flight of
joyful rockets while in the background an old beguine fountain isolates itself and gurgles soft gurgling litanies.

In front of my serenity passes the clear
charm under the red dress of two long, thin legs, small, restless, fused behind a circle of Air: they brought
distant , you in front of a fresh, ·

bright Japanese painting Julius Evola (Rome, 1898 / 1974) ·

GARDEN D ' WINTER

All the slowness of green velvet touched by a pale yellow.
From the cobalt-colored breath the languid sun pours on the walk of the adolescent who
the spiteful lawn at the bottom of the melancholic garden frames in the rosy cheek.

The suspended spheres of three clipped trees on the twisted rings – shadow plays of path
lights – and the period roses projected everywhere.

A muted minuet trembles in a cold harmonized with the curves of the distant hills .

In the mirror-like pool of water the pink, green and gold charms of the
landscape.

And the teenager's hair that is almost the light of the sky:
his great astonished eye animates the landscape.
Some slender corollas are humble syllables forgotten in the greenfinch

Julius Evola (Rome , 1898 / 1974) - Written in 1916 -

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SABEMOS QUE ESTUVIMOS

We do not meet above these pink parias / between the hands dislocated in the group sed .

nocturna We see shadows where life is double / in the contemplative sights of beseeching the lejania

When abandoned in preludes, / the songs regress like alcatraces in guttural silabarios social mandates .

Sinàmbulo in the density of intransitive voices , / lujurias amazónicas,

traveler

growing up as foreign flowers.

Elucubro temporal geometry / abstracts of positive furies.

I hold for instants torpes gritos, / instructing the lovers of the office .

Jaime Kozak (Madrid (E)) -

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LOOKING FOR A CARABINIERE?

For years I've been wondering where the Carabinieri of the past are anymore?

THOSE SAME CARABINIERI / who every day

they served / and protected;

those little citizens who dreamed of living free

in this cursed / land ;

and to hear for the first time;

on their skin / the wind of a new life .

Vanessa Falbo (Cassano allo Jonio (Cosenza))

AUSSERSEIN

Dante smolders

where Aleph

dipped accused

Squeezed spirits

wagged where

U nibbled .

David Stone (PO Box 16235 – BALTIMORE – MD 21210 (\$. UA)) -

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IN THE TEMPLE OF 'SOUL

**In the Temple of my Soul / your sacred altar stands:
shining in the gentle light / of my radiant ecstasy**

to you he raises the immaculate gifts / which among the thousand first fruits
of the heart and spirit / my Despot, for you
supreme elect.

Pure with sweet sensations / is the atmosphere that appears before your eyes
when you receive from my hands / the fruits of my veneration...

Everything seems unreal to you, but it is from the unreality of dreams that the 'I' is born Love,
that Absolute love / which when it turns into a fairy tale
he sees the colorful flowers sprouting within himself
of the most magical Poetry

Postremo Vate (Fabrizio Legger) - Pinerolo (Turin) -

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SOMETIMES I NOTICE A LACK

Sometimes I notice a lack / that is, something that is no longer there
in some well-known place
and not by his choice
on destiny

but through someone's unwillingness and bad grace / through someone's hostile bad will
In short

However impersonal your gaze
unconditioned by your own history
precisely for this reason this absence grates / weighs

A breath of earth / the sky without appeal
You swear to yourself / by the power that is given to you by being a Man
that in your home / in the places you protect
in the places you love / this must never happen

**Alberto Rizzi (Lendinara (Rovigo)) -
ONLY ONE WOMAN**

I am that thorn in your heart / that you can't throw
away I am that woman / that you bitterly regret
in indelible memories I .

am that woman / who will take away your sleep •

Every place, every scent / reminds you of me I was

that woman / who you threw to the ground without ,

. any mercy.

A woman who saw he was struggling / with his soul on fire
Alone, / in an attempt to mend the heart .

Liliana Veri (Ventimiglia (Imperia)) -

