

A Giampaolo Bizzi

-,

.

Ogni volta che muore un ribelle è sempre primavera. Il tempo e lo spazio non esistono e vedremo le persone che non possiamo vedere risorgere ogni mattino alle prime luci dell'alba.

Do not go gentle into that good night,

Old age should burn and rave at close of day;

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,

Because their words had forked no lightning they

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright

Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,

And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight

Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on that sad height,

Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.

Do not go gentle into that good night.

Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

(Dylan Thomas)

A Alison e Virginia, e a quanti lhanno conosciuto e amato, il forte abbraccio del collettivo del

manifesto per la scomparsa dell'amato Giampaolo, splendido ribelle.

© 2021 IL NUOVO MANIFESTO SOCIETÀ COOP. EDITRICE