

Laura Cimetta

Poems

Opening the window

I plunge
blind-folded
into the blue
fleshy
voiceless
empty river
of virtuality

Soothing sand

Splashing of seagulls
Against the soothing sky.
I absorb the heat
Remembering distant voices
Touching the black fur
Of my childish self.
Sparkling sand
Saving my solitary soul
From its scattered splinters.

Tidal

Sms for salvation.
Sunny shorelines
Swept away. No shelter.
It's Tsunami devastation.
Send money
To clear the debris
While tourists addicted to images
Sunbathe.
Waves of viruses among
Crashing coffins.
A child cries
Buried below
His muddy terror.
The tourists try to
Tackle their tapes.
Addicted to images

Send an Sms
To silence your soul.
(14/01/2005)

Screensaver

Water images
Flash upon the monitor.
Photographic memories of
Sunsets, beaches,
palm trees, waves
All blurred against
The metal hard-drive rustling.
Rocks turned to ironchips;
White sand bleached into the
Gray Acer frame;
Red sunsets melted into
The red mouse-light;
black clouds rained
On the gray painted walls;
You powerful crest waves
Lash this cold computerised
Brain of mine and
Toss me wave trough.
(22/02/2005)

Vacancy

She felt crippled
More alienated
Than a song
More elusive
Than fiction.
Happiness is just a habit.
But she felt lost
Broken by duty.
-Isolated-
Swimming down
Surfacing.
Dull at dancing her dreams
Fool at fancying her clouds.
Longing for bliss
Another language
A ghost sailing
Downstream.
(29/11/2005)

Laura Cimetta si è laureata in Lingue e Letterature Straniere a Udine con una tesi su Sylvia Plath, è insegnante di inglese al Liceo Scientifico "M.Grigoletti" di Pordenone. Da un anno risiede con la famiglia in Irlanda, a Dublino, dove frequenta un corso di Creative Writing e si dedica ad un'altra sua passione, la fotografia digitale.

<http://homepage.mac.com/lacimetta>