

Primitivo

A short walk through La Burra Verde

Andy Piasecki



*Eyes closed, they crushed and savoured wild herbs,
then walked without talk, soothing the mind's noise
and returning to the simplicity of sense,*



*past the olive trees twisting through time,
and past the tiny settlements of youthful pioneers,
who had briefly forgotten their mourning donkey and even their destiny.*



*Then they sat down together in the valley by a stream
where rebar wrapped in briar drew a thin red trace on a white shin.
Old cultivations, old labours and pains.*

*Returning through architectural greenness,
with isolated late spring clusters of defiant scarlet and yellow,
they walked through landscape paintings and felt the faint breeze.*



This was the place

and this was the time

and these were the moments that have past and have their presence.

About Andy

Andy is a translator living in France where he has helped to run OST events in the past along with Alison, Bob and Rosemary. One of his interests is in the power and pleasure of walking.

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