

## Over the big golden field

I was running free, as fast as I could  
With the wind, my lifelong friend  
But we could have no longer withstood  
So our race came to an end.  
We stopped for a minute to rest:  
In the yard we saw an interesting guest.

Under the trees was sitting a man,  
Who was staring at something among the hills:  
He stood up, laughed and ran  
Towards the joyful and golden daffodils.  
His eyes were filled with this sight:  
The daffodils seemed to greet, polite.

The strange man slowly lied down,  
to be part of the golden expanse,  
his new friends were there, all around  
when they started an harmonic dance  
I saw the wind joining them up from the sky  
The man felt blessed, no wonder why.

Meanwhile I was floating like a feather,  
over the big golden field.  
They looked so pure, all playing together  
Nature itself was their shield.  
It was time for me to resume the race  
I hope to see him again with that pleased face.

**Elena De Ponti**