

## **NO BETTER FRESCO**

by Maria Miraglia

The sky clear, endless  
with clouds looking painted  
by renaissance Italian painters  
white and light gray their shades  
some large as just blossomed flowers

All around mountains, majestic  
there since ever  
inspiring admiration  
as in front of statues  
by the best sculptors of any age  
engraved

A light wind caresses my face  
ruffles my hair  
are the divine hands  
letting me feel His presence?

I can hear the clear waters  
of a small brook  
flowing nearby and  
their quiet murmur

The grass under my eyes  
adorned with tiny flowers  
they too enkindle amazement  
due to their beauty and perfection  
here and there bushes  
their flowers of a bright yellow  
lilac and red

The heavenly vault so close  
I can almost touch it  
far away in the valley  
the roofs of the houses  
the birds afraid  
to break the enchantment  
their chirping a gentle whisper

Each element makes show  
of its magnificence

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but, it's the silence  
to reign supreme

There's no better fresco  
I think, to feel wonder