

Stranger

A stranger lugs in a sack solitude,
like him she knows the way and carries him with her,
lovers going nowhere alone.
East and west, he bids well with a single word
and people, east and west, move on.
He has nothing to declare as he steps down
the aeroplane, and attracts no suspicion.
Without a passport, without money, with an undated ticket,
he heaves the sack without letting go,
steps up with each voyage the new solitude
and presses it with those garnered before.
Should he ever find anyone to stop him,
he knows how to defend himself
according to the rules of a nomad without relatives,
and without a nation, without a surname, without a name.
The antiquarian of solitudes increases the wealth
at every airport without paying duty.

OLIVER FRIGGIERI