

## CONFESSION

I tie the poem to the chair,  
try to induce a  
a painful sincerity.

I torture it in all its beauty,  
baptize it with an irrevokable name.

I wish to take this confession to it's limit.  
degrade it on a whitened page,  
make it stand out among all the others,  
hidden inside an illuminated drawer.

Make it speak,  
walk honest words,  
                                show me the path to follow.

Tell me if I should  
sell all my belongings,  
walk away without fear,  
speak with wolves  
and happy martyrs,  
or move to Assisi, Venice or Rome  
like the saint did in his youth.