

Federico Federici
The pause of the wake
«Sand» (n.10), Berlin (2014)

sometimes I tend to speak
to that half self leaning
to myself, as seeming
as the skin on my bones,
hanging to the sleepless
body by the thinnest nerves
and always in my reach
as the glance in my eyes

that half staring through
my darkness into the empty
corner of the mirror,
restlessly emerging
from the other side of the self,
like an inward waning moon
of which I am neither one
quarter, nor the full

for I cannot say how deep it will
fade under-skin or beyond
when it catches my last breath
in struggle with the air
and whether that is what
some call soul, whose sleep
is the pause of the wake