

My love

What I love in the Italian heritage

is the arrangement of the thought

What I love in the English heritage

is the space between people

What I love in the antic heritage

is the ceremonial of the space

What I love on the present time

is the forged negation of all those reliefs

Like the physiological regression

for the belonging to this former image

Like the self adoption of a facing navel

to a furniture piece

For the collective expression

inside features of a further nil.