

## Painting Death

Embryo

There exploded a riot to conquer power in Florence,  
murders and treacheries were devouring "the establishment".

A senseless internecine warfare  
was crawling in the streets;  
families opposed in the council,  
blood start to cover the city.  
Swords and knives in the church  
to subvert the authority; ambushes and pitfalls  
to gain the richness of seigneurie.

But when they caught the betrayers  
and showed no mercy for them,  
from the window of courthouse  
deceivers were hanging in infamy.

Despite your thoughts and beliefs you were sitting in the square  
with the pencil in your hand, ready to paint the deaths.

Focused and concentrated  
to catch all the details,  
careless of the tragedy  
you were just seeing a moment  
to freeze in the memory,  
to transfer in a painting.  
Not for historical purpose,  
just for money and fame.

You were disgusted by violence,  
so in love with life and creatures;  
you were completely extraneous to that clash.