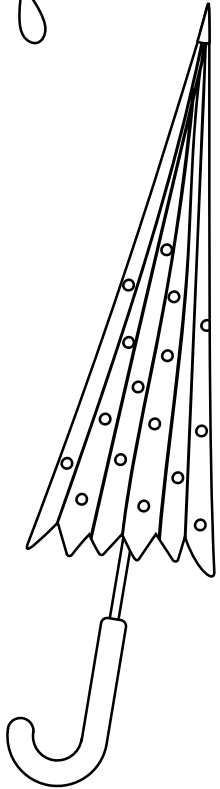
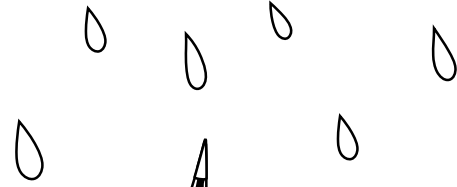
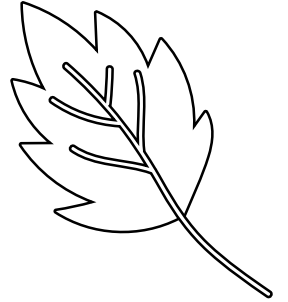
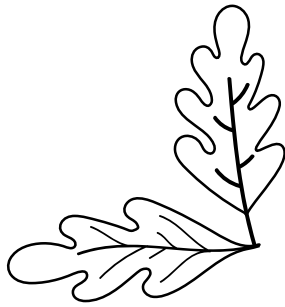
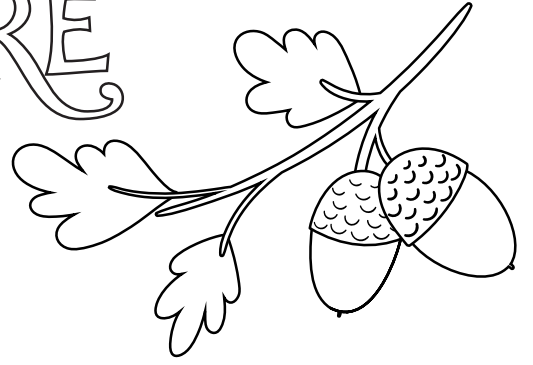
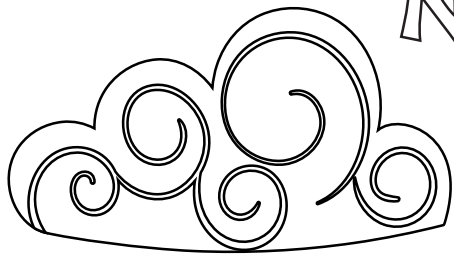
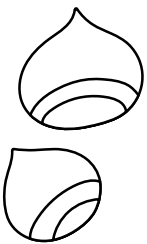
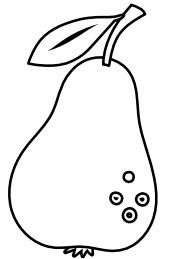
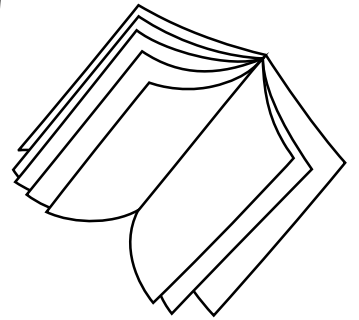


# NOVEMBRE



A NOVEMBRE IL SOLE SCENDE  
E C'È NEBBIA OLTRE LA PORTA.  
SFUMA GRIGIA FRA LE TENDE  
LA GIORNATA TROPPO CORTA.  
A NOVEMBRE SI STA IN CASA,  
LIBRI, CHIACCHIERE, TIVÙ.  
QUANDO ARRIVERÀ DICEMBRE?  
PROPRIO NON NE POSSO PIÙ!

Roberto Piumini



Maestra Mary

