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## ELEANOR'S LAST JOURNEY

Maturity of Time
is a right of Thinking
of the Past
that is like a fragile leaf

Maturity of Thoughts is a right of Choice of Destiny that is like a Song of nuns

Maturity of Hands
is a right of Touch
of Feelings
that are like a Chestnut in a pocket

Maturity of words is a right of Meanings that are like Thoughts against Hands at the same Time

Jamestown, NY, January 1990.



I came to build a temple
doesn't matter
I never heard of
religion it should serve
that all I remember
is a smell of a wooden building
I used to go to on Sundays
and pray to be away

I'll start with the glass
I have fived through
then the belfry
- my words of Babel
at the end I'll make the door
to wonder about the gods behind

I'll build it so they should believe me I'll name it so they would trust me I'll forget it so I could move on

Montreal, October 1992.