

LE POESIE VINCITRICI

1. Unconscious Man

Unconscious man
who violated nature
destroyed trees and forests
source of nutrition and shelter for all living beings.
Stupid man
who polluted the sea and all the waters
reserve and fount of life for all humanity.
Selfish man
who molested the environment
for profit and stupidity
and now leaves to future generations an impoverished and tormented territory.
Carmen Pirri

2. Like a Blade of grass

Like a blade of grass
Strong as a tree with solid roots
I wake up every spring
with the chirping of birds vibrant with life.

Superb for lush leaves
I look up to the sky.

A small worn out blade of grass
from the heat of summer
brings me back to reality.

I am myself a grain of sand carried by the wind,
a clod of earth trampled by an indefinite footprint,
a small ant greedy of crumbs.

Everything around belongs to me and I belong to everything.
The swarm of life that I ignore deaf in the daily noise it's part of me,
it is the place of my departure and
of my return.

Aurora Puliafito

3. (Ex aequo)

My sweet tree

Like every day, I wake up in the morning and I look out the window,
I admire you dear tree, full of leaves and branches, that resist wind, all the thunderstorm and storms...

How much I would look like you,

I would like to be strong and indestructible as you, enduring every difficulty in life...

How much I would look like you,

being really bright and able to adapt to all the changes...

How much I would look like you,

having the ability to grow up and become old, chasing my dreams, but always maintaining the most important thing, my roots.

Oh man, that destroy the world

and hasn't respect to the nature...

Oh man, that kill brothers...

Oh man, that do wars...

Wake up, think about yourself but also protect your family and others people!

Sabrina Bavastrelli

4. (ex aequo) **A Rebirth of Nature's Beauty**

Leaves of gold, trees of green,
a silent whisper of a dream,
a breeze and a stream,
a symphony of Nature's beauty, it seems.

The forest fire rises high and wild,
the smoke and flames reach the sky,
the air is heavy with sorrowful sigh.

The leaves have been scorched and the wood is bare,
the future of the forest is also unclear.
But nature will be resilient and will rebuild,
and the leaves of gold will return in the field.

Aurora Molino