

I crossed a sky stitched in gray water,
with a suitcase that hummed like a held breath.
At eighteen, the wind knew my name:
it pushed me forward, even when I leaned back.

Streets spoke in a language I wore like borrowed
shoes, too tight at first, then suddenly mine.
I learned to walk without a hand to follow,
learned the quiet weight of choosing.

Now I watch you linger in softer light,
roots still curled in familiar soil.
You bloom slower,
like a flower that opens only when no wind insists.

I wonder if I was braver,
or just more alone.

Matilde Billi