POEM

**WATER**

Back in 2024,

right in the middle of the

artificial intelligence era,

the sentimental revolution took place.

The hugs, the looks,

the handshakes, the smiles,

kisses,

transparency, empathy,

poetry,

became life energy.

The world would otherwise have dried up,

would have become a freeze-dried world.

Like a fairy tale,

from the first embrace,

the earth returned to rehydrate,

water even in the driest places

began to gush,

to multiply.

To take it everywhere, even very far away,

all you had to do was turn on some magic taps.

Dreamlike objects, even a little ironic,

but mainly hydronic.

One looked like a dragonfly,

and if you touched its wings,

the driest places on earth,

of virtuous water you irrigate

Then, with a strange pair of scissors,

not only water consumption could be pruned,

but also in the driest countries

water could be transported.

It was magnificent on an October day,

To hear an orchestra,

which instead of fussing,

it started to churn.

People flooding the streets

a merry tarantella began to dance,

accompanied by a thousand Tric and Trac,

that kept spinning.

Water for all became plentiful,

thanks to that hypnotising music.

Young dancers also joined the dances

with their yo-yos,

and thanks to their movements full of joy and harmony

the water rose.

In short, the world had become a wonder,

think that,

to make seawater thirst-quenching,

it was enough to touch a shell.

*Marco Carini*

