

WRITINGS ON TEN

by **Giuliana Benassi**

(In a Roman accent) To Niccolò! But what am I supposed to write about the 10?
Let me give it a try. Best wishes!!!

Happy birthday, Matèria.

You started out in a nook on via Tiburtina, and like peering through the
peephole of a door,
you set your sights. From the darkroom to the stories of painters and sculptors
scattered here and there,
you chose to venture forth. And then, like on a boat when the sea is calm,
you glided just a bit further, out to open waters: canvases stretched in the wind,
the door always open, the bell ringing, the lights on, night falling on the street.
And you think, it's been ten years of madness.