



GIACOMO MANZÙ

## LONELY GOODBYE

*for those who, wherever, have to die lonely*

Chilly the room  
the white walls

audible only  
the echo of loneliness.

Not a tender word anymore  
no warm embrace

just the time,  
a leaking tap,  
ticking.

None knocking at the door  
nobody you expect,  
no one, except death.

**GERMAIN DROOGENBROODT**

Altea, 2.4.2020