

Luigi Panero Poems

The First Chestnuts

*On the mountains' crest
the day is clear
where it rained before.*

*Gold flecks appear
and silver pearls,
in the fragrant woods.*

*We strip the curls
of skin around
the glistening fruits*

*in the young heaps found
in the grass and leaves
on the damp ground.*

*First chestnuts are best,
in October's peace,
on the mountains' crest!*