

Laura will be remembered of

the limoncello was cremoso
until that the transubstantiation it was not regulated within.
It has rendered all steamy
in order to see the change to begin.

Innaffi in wine. Lemons while still alive.
240,000 miles to the moon (in average)
and seven miles in the deep one, like vinegar in olive oil.
Someone has thought to drown the W in it?

Therefore, where we will go, hour that we are here?
But as we know where to begin?
"the star to the beginning, goes to the extremity and the arrest," has
said Alice.
It follows the beat of drumbone or dobro or the stritch.

Who is I? and - why they are here?

The answer is not dreamy
and not there is sin.
Except the seamy
(wished the frittura with that one)
Or the something cremosa one?
Not, hardly one pinta of gin.