

**TO THE SECRET LOVER
(LETTER/RIDDLE FROM AN OLD MAN)**

I would like to meet you in a chilly winter night - when the bitter cold discourages even the very youngest and strongest from leaving home, but when I feel like a king under the soft and warm blankets of my bed; to meet you in one of those moments when, for some reason, I think to nothing but I feel happy, satisfied by life; or even to meet you when, absent-mindedly, I imagine and dream to be still a real man instead of an old one; a man able to run, while I can barely walk; a man able to love, while I can hardly take care of myself.

Then, in the warmth of my bed, I would hug you, hold you tenderly but tightly, and don't let you go, lingering peacefully together.

Here I am, ready, waiting for you. But you please come at the right time, quietly, without knocking at the door. And, what's more important, don't forget to do what you need to do before, following the correct order in your visits. I'm not jealous, nor I'll be sorry for your infidelity.

And neither you be jealous, my dear friends and family: I will not betray you. It's an escapade that we all allow ourself at some age; a weakness of old people, a date that sooner or later nobody misses. Not even you, who now blame me. Only my body will be unfaithful, but my soul will never leave you. And I promise you that soon we'll meet again all together: it is just a matter of days ... months ... years ... or centuries: someone earlier and someone later.