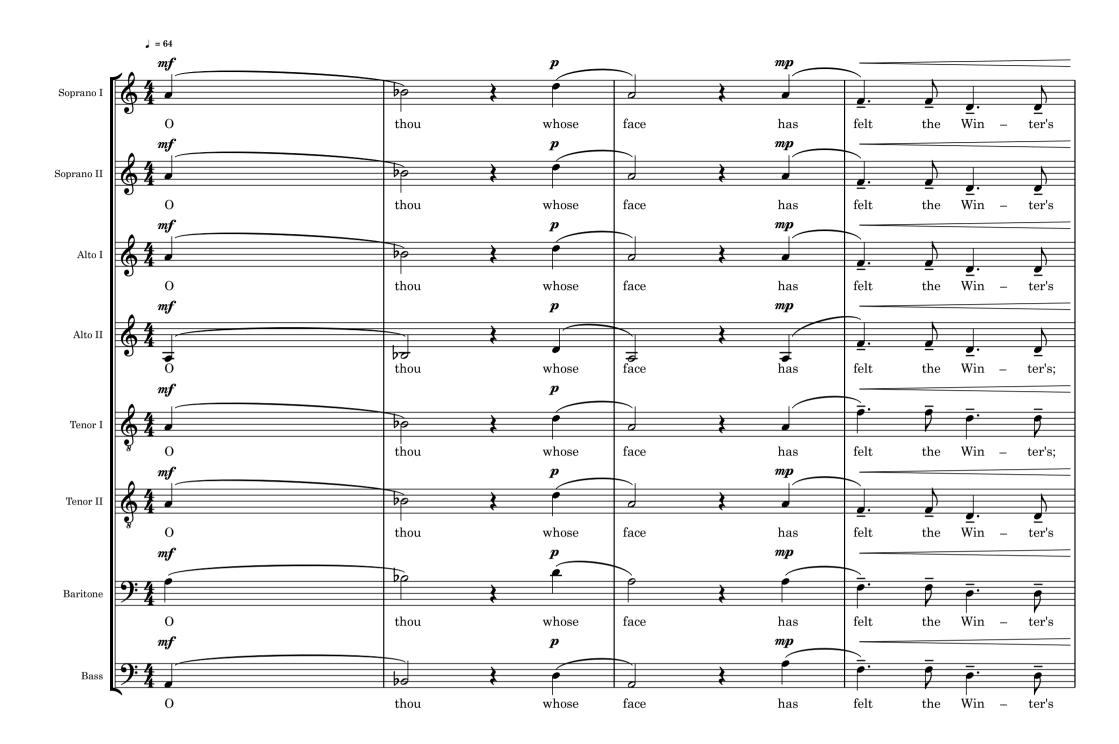
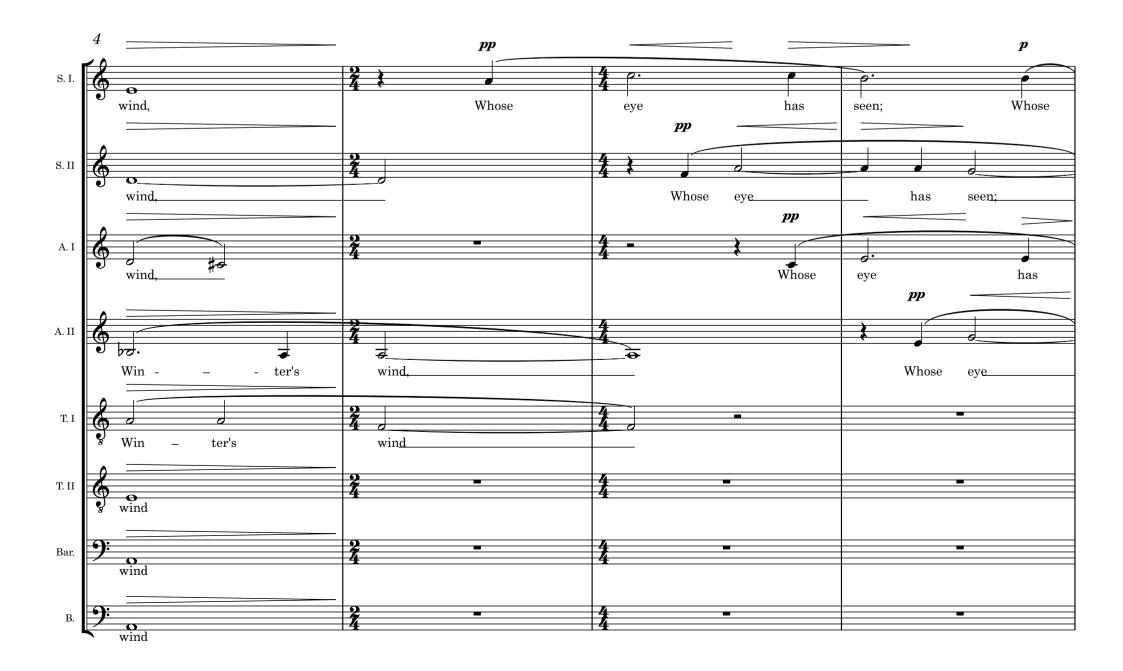
Winter's Wind

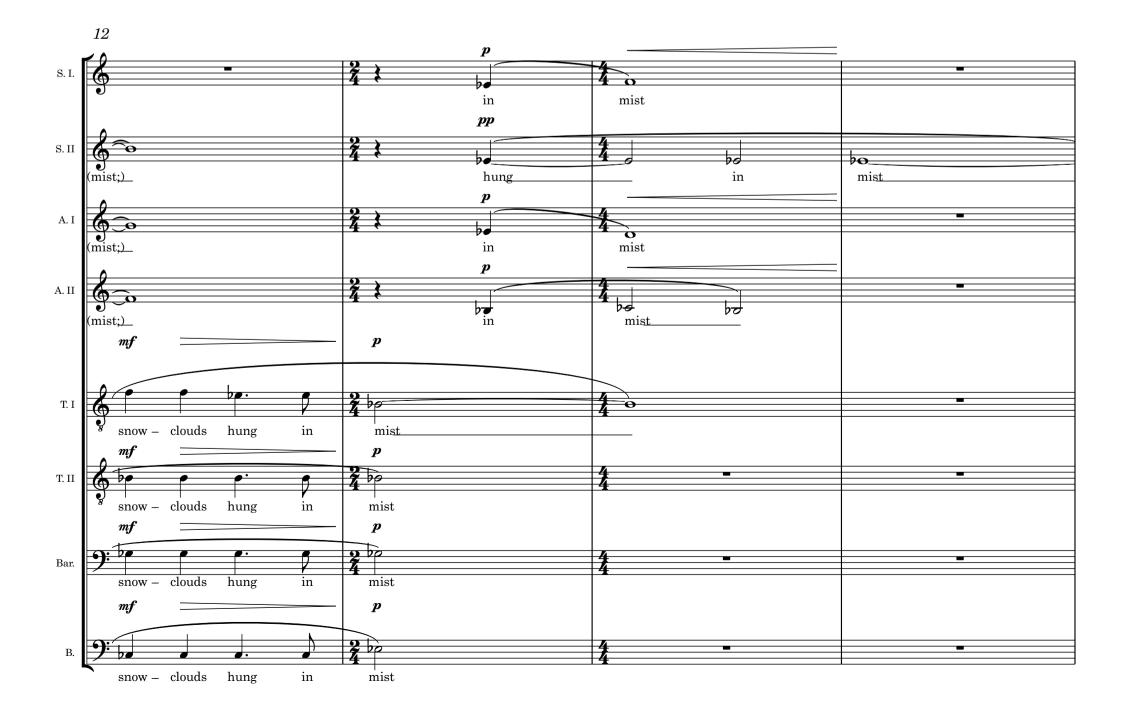
Claudio Ferrara





Winter's Wind





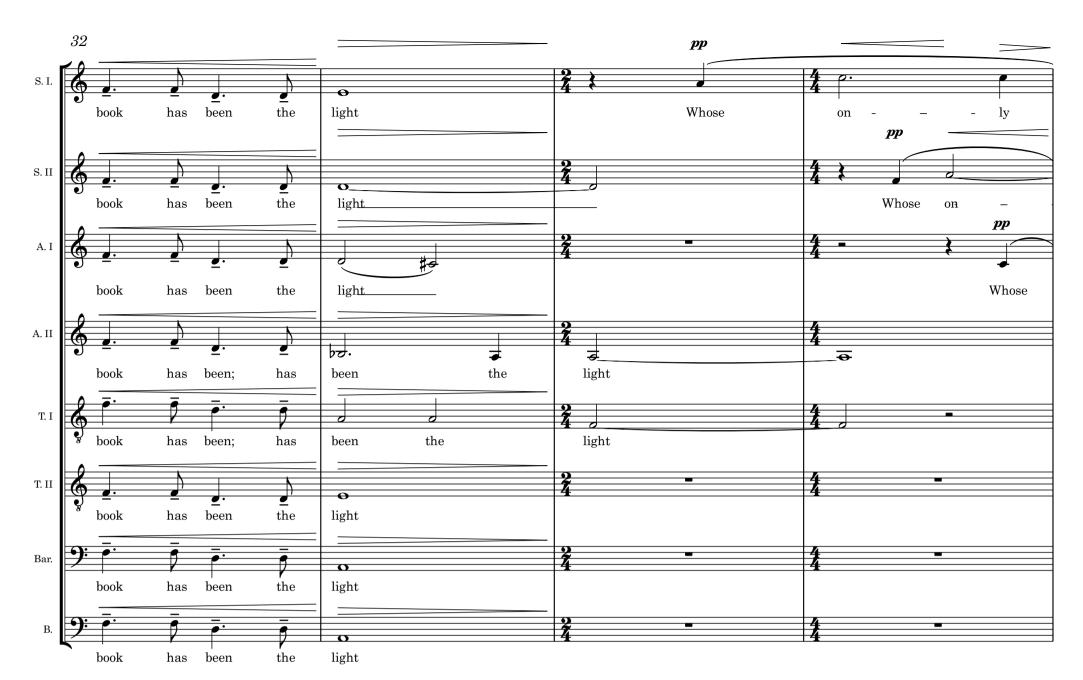
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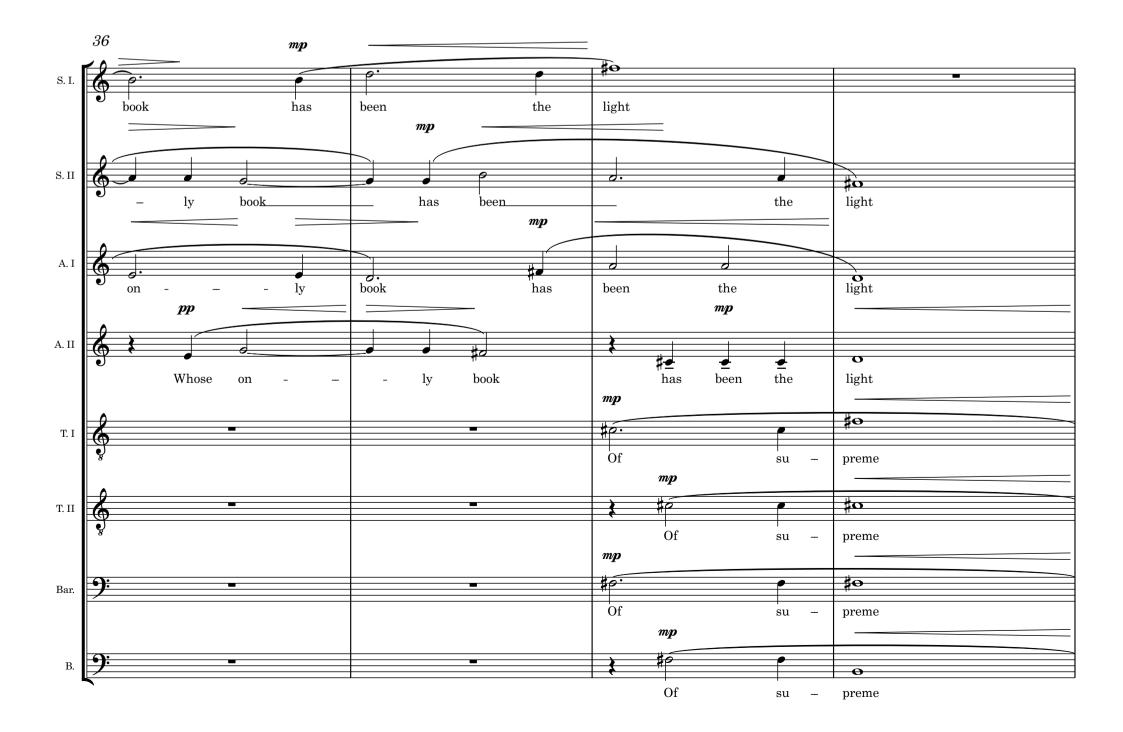


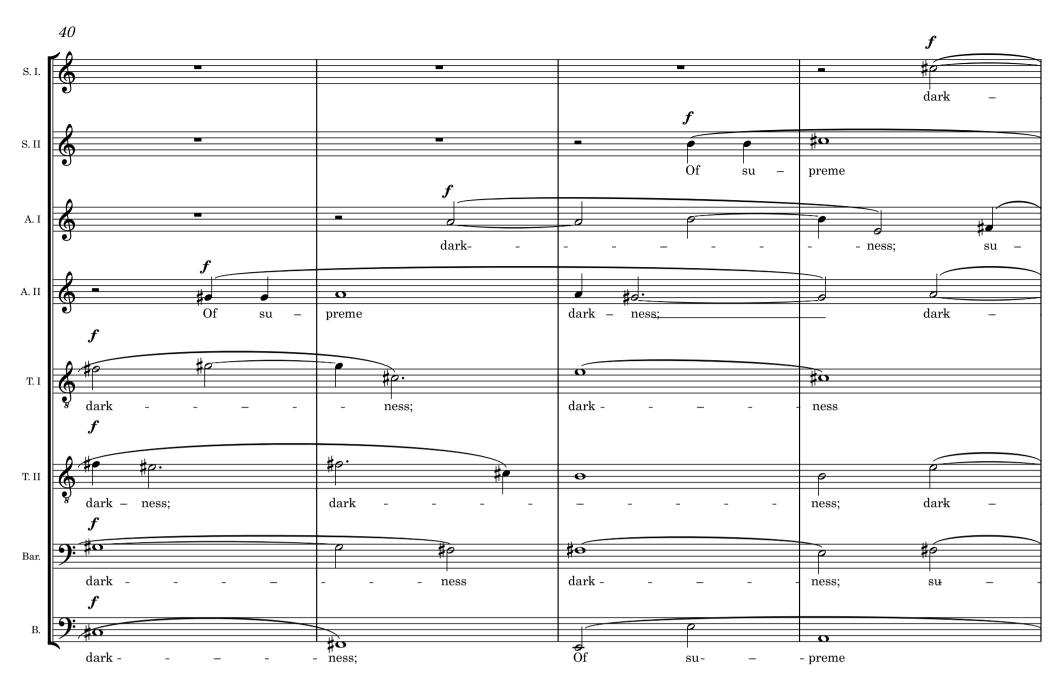


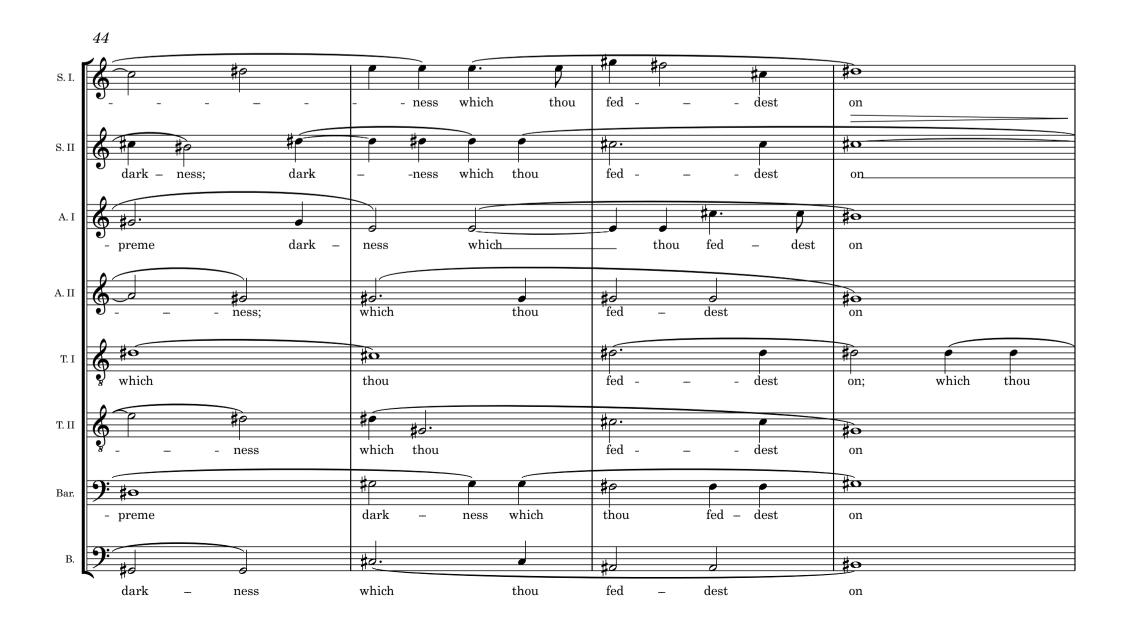


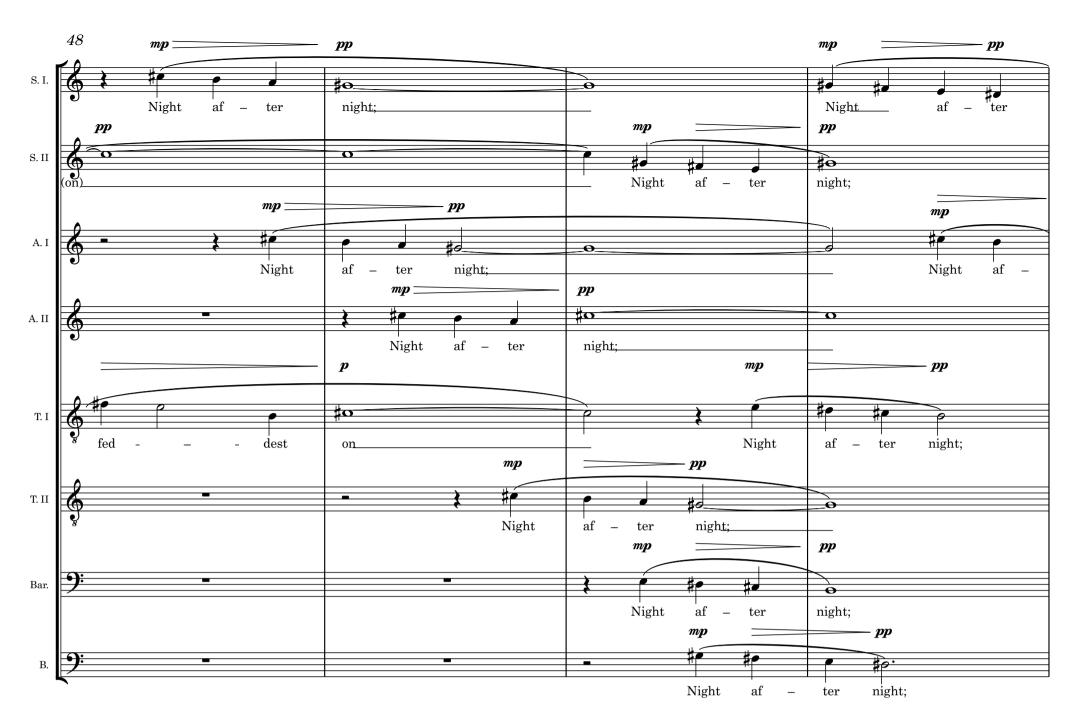






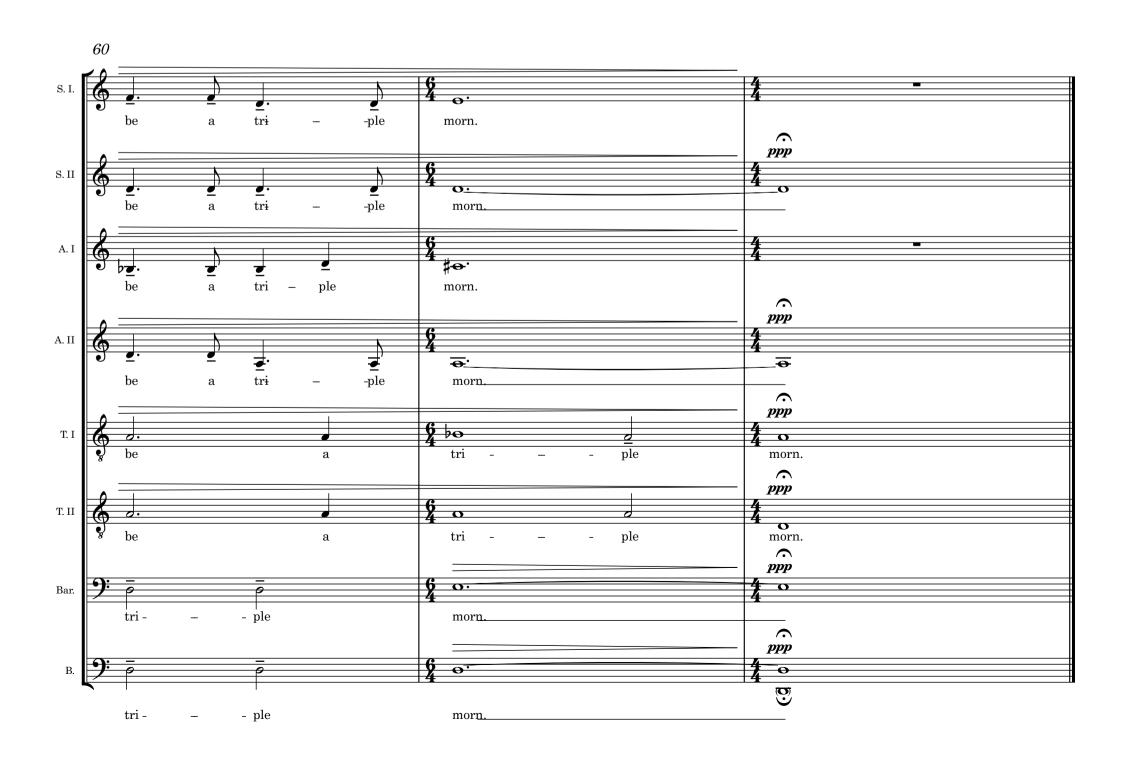












O Thou whose face hath felt the Winter's wind, Whose eye has seen the snow-clouds hung in mist, And the black elm tops 'mong the freezing stars, To thee the spring will be a harvest-time.

O thou, whose only book has been the light Of supreme darkness which thou feddest on Night after night when Phœbus was away, To thee the Spring shall be a triple morn.

[...]

John Keats (1795 - 1821)