

As clouds, we go floating majestically in the air.

A slight wind pushes us facilitating our advance.

Below the land seems to go ascending toward us; more and more hills and more mountains arise under our look. The effect is increased by the fact that, for our part, we are descending. It is almost imperceptible and it is wonderful when you think in like a so tremendous mass can float, to move and to descend so smoothly.

To the front, still something far, an impressive mountain range rises with its picks full of snow.

Brilliant white triangles, with their vertex down, define the glaciers that slowly rotate for the hillside, soaking everything.

I don't remember where I was born, but it was a very similar place to this: it was in one of those evenings in summer when the favourable atmosphere produces a strong storm full of passion, forces, electricity sparks and maximum energy.

I know that a storm can mean destruction, but no one better than me to also know that, when a storm is creative, it produces life.

I like storms; as long as in this planet there are storms, the planet will be alive.

It was a mixture of passionate fury, of contained energy. It was a strong tension and, at the same time, a strong tendency to the interrelation of some contrasts in temperatures and existent pressures between the atmosphere and the floor.

It was as if two strong wills wanted to eliminate differences and tensions and at the same time to unite in an individual necessity to stabilize, to harmonize and to create. To create life and beauty through the apparent chaos.