

Trip to England

Alle professoresse Pugliarello, Fedrigucci e Spilinga, alle accompagnatrici e a tutti i compagni di viaggio.

A week ago we set off for a trip
That would make us in English culture dip.
I thought it would be great and I was right.
We took a coach in Genoa on Wednesday night.
We got to the airport in few hours then,
Where we realized the dream of every man:
As birds and clouds we in the air could fly
And so we went as high as our blue sky.
As landed and on English soil then walking
We heard the people one another talking
In that nice language we were looking for:
We had to stay there seven days and more.
Then we got to Winchester in two hours:
The fastest vehicle there must have been ours
As our curiosity was moving it
And mine was great, I have to admit.
There under a big statue a man was waiting:
He was our guide, who then was illustrating
To us the city monuments, the squares,
I have to say, with lot and lot of cares.
We did not have time to well see the city:
Alas, I must complain, it was a pity.
As all the others, then, I met my host:
This surely was what worried us the most,
But mine, a lady, after all was great.
I got to her house with my good room-mate.
Our house was very close to our small school
And this, I must shout it, was very cool.
Our room was on the top, which was quite fine:
We left our luggage there and then could dine.
We found out our host was quite a good cook
And so with joy what she cook'd us I took.
And then we went upstairs and could well sleep:
I have to say, my sleep was very deep.
When we woke up quite cold I found the weather
And after breakfast we went all together
To school, which was in truth an English club.
In its great hall with tables like a pub

Before the lessons usually we met
And someone could a tea or coffee get.
The lessons, which in four groups we attend,
Were focus'd on where our lives can now bend.
In the great hall we had again to bunch
Then after lessons to have our pack'd lunch.
And after lunch to work I had to walk
And there we could to English people talk
Outside the school, in every day real life:
We needed this as English is so rife.
And after work we could have two hours free
To go around and so the city see.
And then at home to dine with fine cuisine:
This for a week was our good day routine.
On Friday night an English film we saw,
The Uni Saturday for when we grow.
All these good things we did in small Winchester,
But then on Sunday we could see Chichester
And Rottingdean, which seems to be on a cloud,
And Brighton, where the youth is very loud.
I had those white cliffs still in my poor mind
When we came back: they made me almost blind.
On Tuesday night we had a farewell party;
The morning after then our host so hearty
I thank'd as properly as I could do
And said: "Again I would love to see you!".
We left Winchester and on our way back
We could see Oxford with our mood so black.
We flew again, but now the sky was dark:
When we got home we almost heard the lark.
But to whom should I dedicate this song?
To our three teachers, who, if we went wrong,
With lot of patience bore us and forgave,
And to Irene and Gaia, who help gave,
And finally to all of you, my mates:
I must stop, as my pen now hesitates.

Luca Verardo