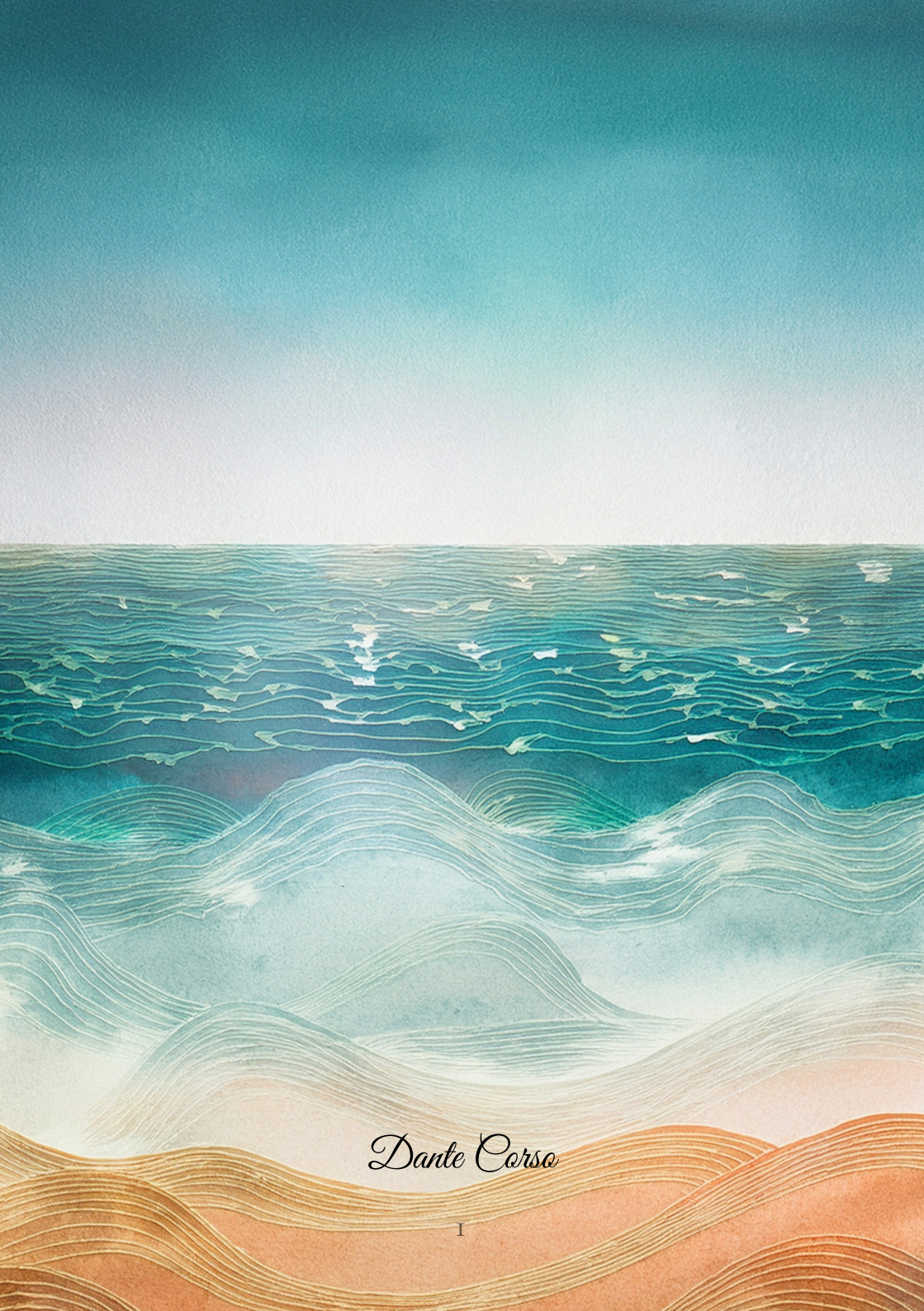




Where silence breaks

Dante Corso



Dante Corso

Prologue

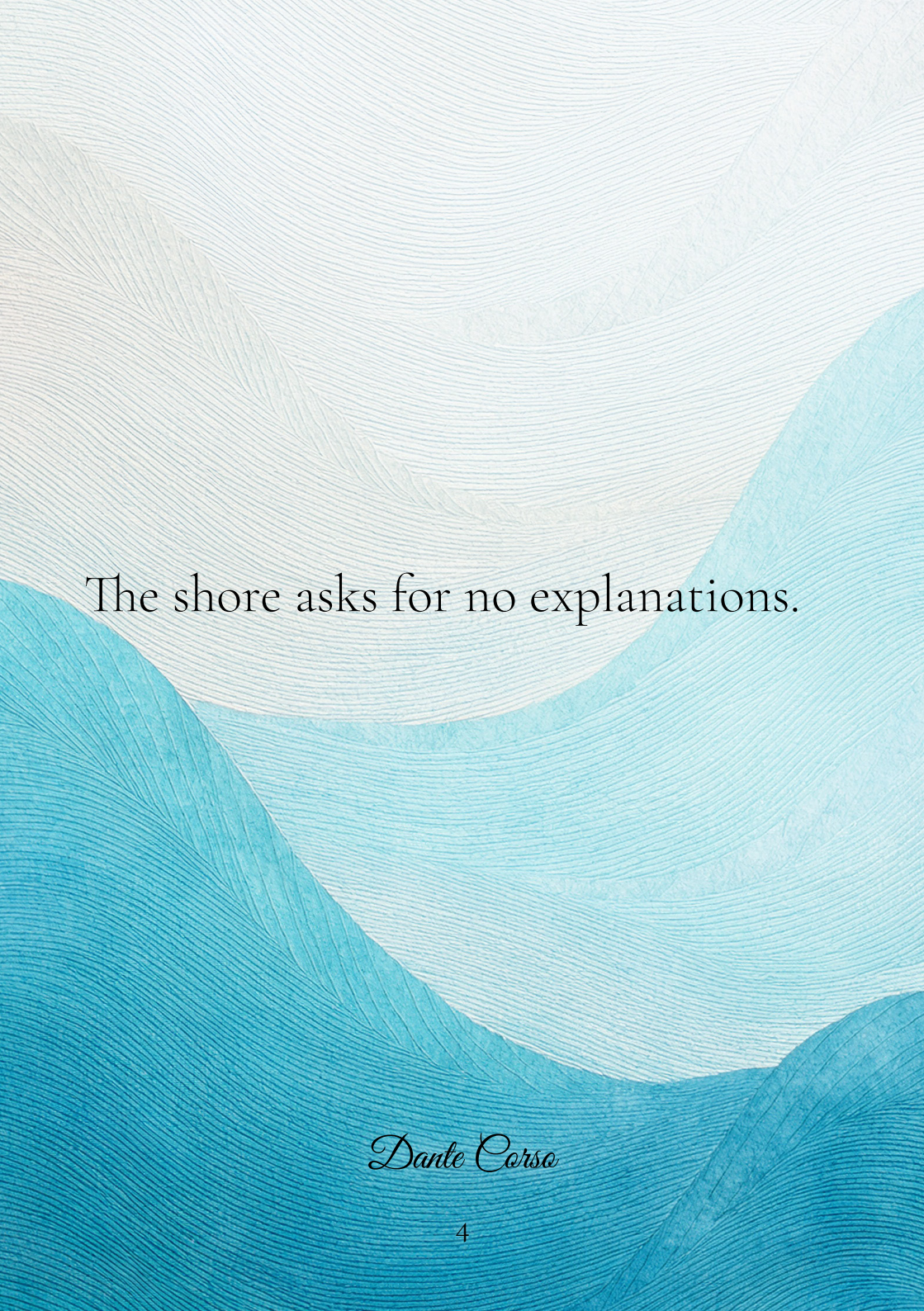
Some write to last,
others walk to disappear.
I write like someone leaving old paper on the shore:
knowing it will ripple, rust, fade.
These words are soft footprints on wet sand —
some will remain, others will be swallowed by the tide.
If you're reading this,
it's because some wave carried you here.
Welcome to the edge:
where the body falls silent
and the salt says it all.



Dante Corso



Dante Corso



The shore asks for no explanations.

Dante Corso

I. Salt on the Skin

Salt on the skin and someone else's sweat.
I'm not sure if it was yours or mine,
but it burned.
And it stayed.

Dante Corso

2. The White Dress

I saw your white dress in the water.
I didn't want to touch it.
It looked like it was praying.
It sank without a sound.

Dante Corso

3. Where Silence Breaks

There — where the sea falls quiet,
I shout what I never said.
And you hear me late.
That's where the echo waited for you.

Dante Corso

4. Eyes of Sand

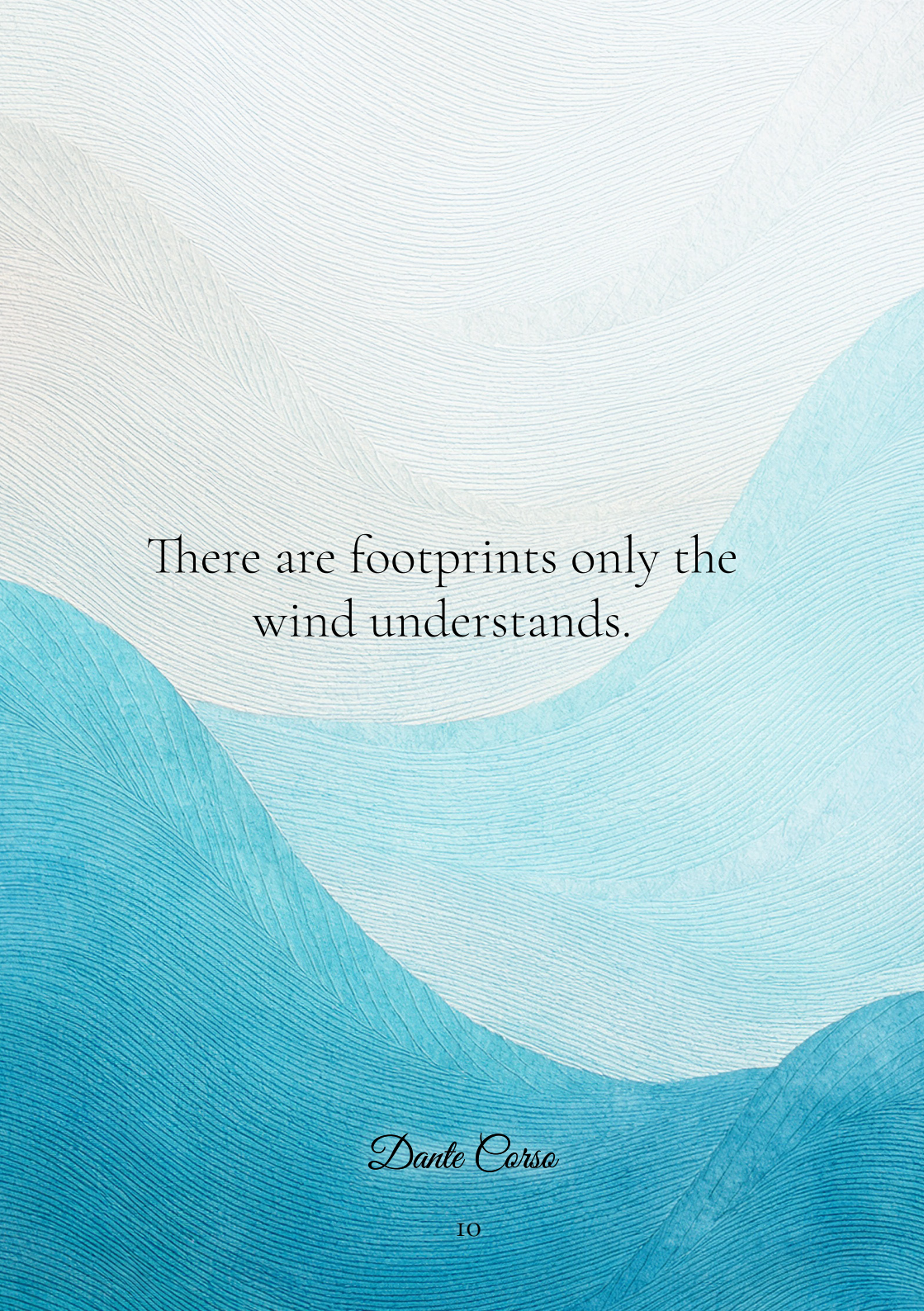
You had eyes of sand.
They looked slowly.
And they crumbled.
Until no gaze was left.

Dante Corso

5. Crosswind

I told myself I wouldn't return,
and yet the wind carried me back
to where you still smelled of salt and fury.
Your name was still written in the foam.

Dante Corso

The background of the page is an abstract composition of flowing, wavy lines. The lower half is dominated by a vibrant teal color, while the upper half transitions into a lighter, pale blue. The lines are dense and textured, creating a sense of movement and depth, reminiscent of water or wind patterns.

There are footprints only the
wind understands.

Dante Corso

6. Under the Foam

I hid beneath the foam,
as if it didn't burn.
But salt forgives nothing.
What doesn't float, burns.

Dante Corso

7 – Lunar Trace

We walked on lunar stone.
It was Earth, but no longer.
And our footprints lied.
And no one ever stepped there again.

Dante Corso

8. Still Horizon

I waited for you without knowing,
on the line where the sea grows tired.

And now it's enough to know
that not even the sea waits for you.

Dante Corso

9. Cracks of Wind

I walked until the wind
grew weary of speaking to me.
And then it left.
Until even the wind stopped coming back.

Dante Corso

10. Mute

The mountain doesn't scream.
But when you fall to your knees,
you hear it whole.
Eardrums burst, the heart splits open.

Dante Corso



The salt on the skin is all that
remains.

Dante Corso

II. Scent of Embers

I went back to where you smelled of embers.

There was no fire.

But the air still burned.

It burned even your name.

Dante Corso

12. Moving Desert

The desert moved with my steps.
It wasn't there.
But it erased me all the same.
And silence stepped on everything.

Dante Corso

13. Tide Rising

I write to you again with my feet,
because I have no voice left.

Sand keeps secrets
better than I ever could.

Dante Corso

14. Stone Tongue

You spoke to me in the tongue of stone.
I answered with cracks.
And we understood everything.
Then the tongue broke apart.

Dante Corso

15. The Last Wave

I waited for the last wave.
It never came.
Another one took me.
And the wave swallowed the voice.

Dante Corso



Coming back isn't always
remembering.

Dante Corso

16. Burning the Ships

Yes, I burned the ships.
But before that, I lay on the sand
and prayed for all that
I would never save.

Dante Corso

17. The Night Without a Lighthouse

The night had no lighthouse.
And I had no sea.
But I still shipwrecked.
And the sea swallowed the fear.

Dante Corso

18. Mouth of Volcano

I kissed your volcano mouth.
And the years burned in me.
It wasn't lava anymore — it was memory.
And it spat out what we once were.

Dante Corso

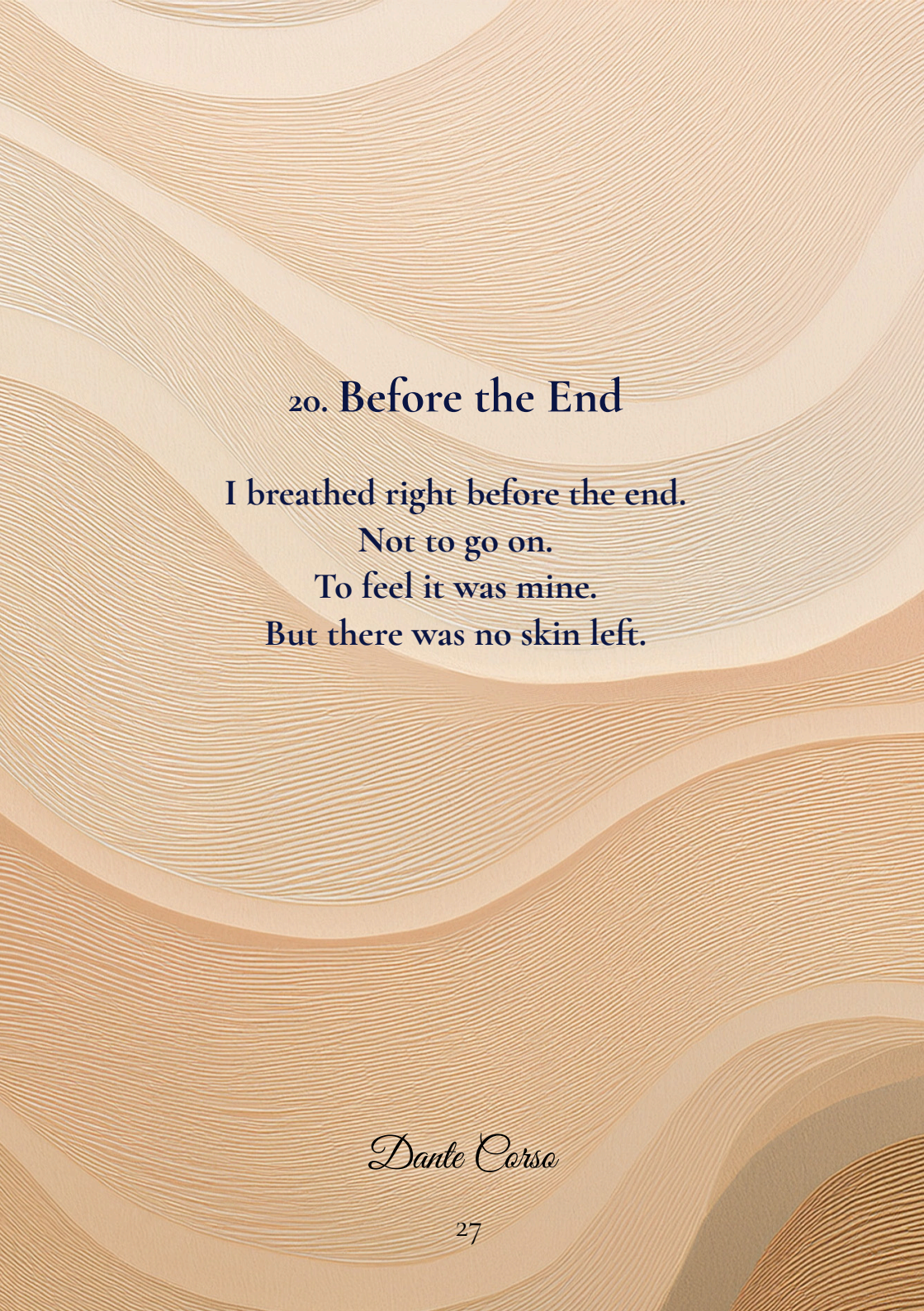
19. Footprints in Reverse

We left footprints facing back,
as if we came from over there.

And no one asked.

And no one knew if we were returning.

Dante Corso



20. Before the End

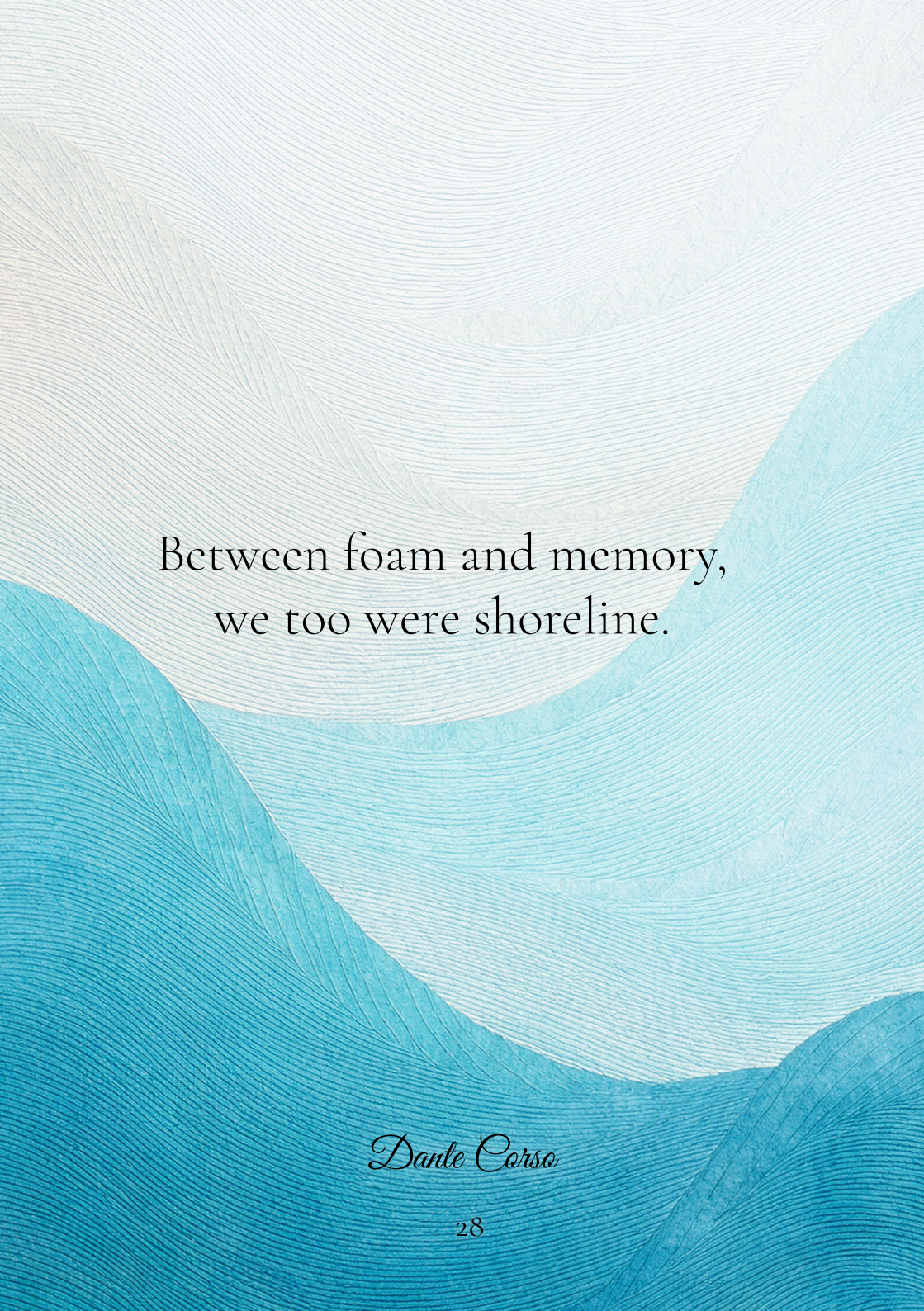
I breathed right before the end.

Not to go on.

To feel it was mine.

But there was no skin left.

Dante Corso

The background of the page is an abstract composition of flowing, wavy lines in various shades of teal and light blue. The lines are dense and textured, creating a sense of movement and depth, reminiscent of ocean waves or a stylized landscape. The colors transition from a pale, almost white light blue at the top to deeper teal and turquoise tones towards the bottom.

Between foam and memory,
we too were shoreline.

Dante Corso



Dante Corso

Epilogue

But it leaves us salt on the skin,
and that salt is memory.

We didn't make this journey to understand it all,
but to get our feet wet,
to draw a brief trace
on a shore that asks for no explanations.

And if we ever return,
we may forget each verse,
but not the tremor with which we wrote them.

Because between foam and wind,
we too were shoreline.

—Dante Corso

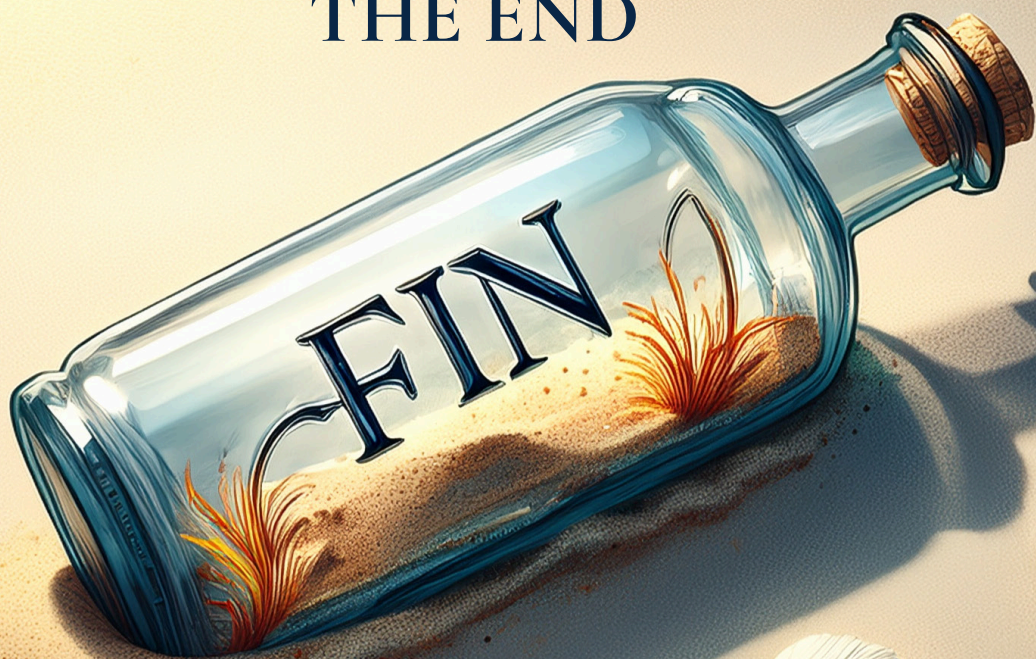


Dante Corso

An abstract artwork created from layered paper. The top section features several layers of light gray and off-white paper, wavy and overlapping to create a sense of depth and movement. Below this, a layer of light orange paper is visible, followed by a large, textured area of light brown paper that resembles sand. In the bottom right corner, a small, white, ribbed seashell sits on the brown surface. The overall composition is minimalist and evokes a coastal or oceanic theme.

Dante Corso

THE END



Dante Corso