

CONCORSO NAZIONALE DI SCRITTURA LIBERA

"TRE VILLE" SEZIONE JUNIOR

XXVII EDIZIONE – ANNO 2025

1. Sezione A – POESIA

Sottosezione L2

The First Home I Ever Knew

Before I knew the skies above,  
I knew the warmth of endless love.  
A gentle voice, a whispered song,  
a world built soft where I belonged.

She held me close before the light,  
wrapped in her arms through every night.  
Her smile, my first sunrise to see,  
her heart, the safest place for me.

And by her side, a steady hand,  
a man who taught my feet to stand.  
He spoke less words but gave much more,  
he built the dreams I now explore.

She kissed my tears, he caught my falls,  
they stood like mountains, strong and tall.  
They fought the storms, they bore the years,  
they hid their pain, they hid their fears.

The first small bite fed from her hand,  
the first strong arms to help me rise,  
the first laugh shared, the first delight,  
the first long walk into the night.

They weren't perfect, they made mistakes,  
they scolded me for my own sake.  
I thought at times they didn't care,  
but love was always hidden there.

Their silent dreams they set aside,  
so I could dream, so I could fly.  
They wore their hopes like second skin,  
so I could find my voice within.

And even now, while growing tall,  
their love still catches every fall.  
The world may change, the seasons flee,  
but in their arms, I'm always me.  
No matter where the journey goes,  
their hearts remain my first true home.

