

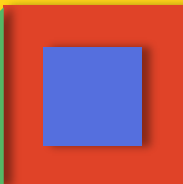
# Flicts

testo liberamente ispirato al libro di Ziraldo Alves Pinto

“Flicts”, Emme Edizioni, 1969

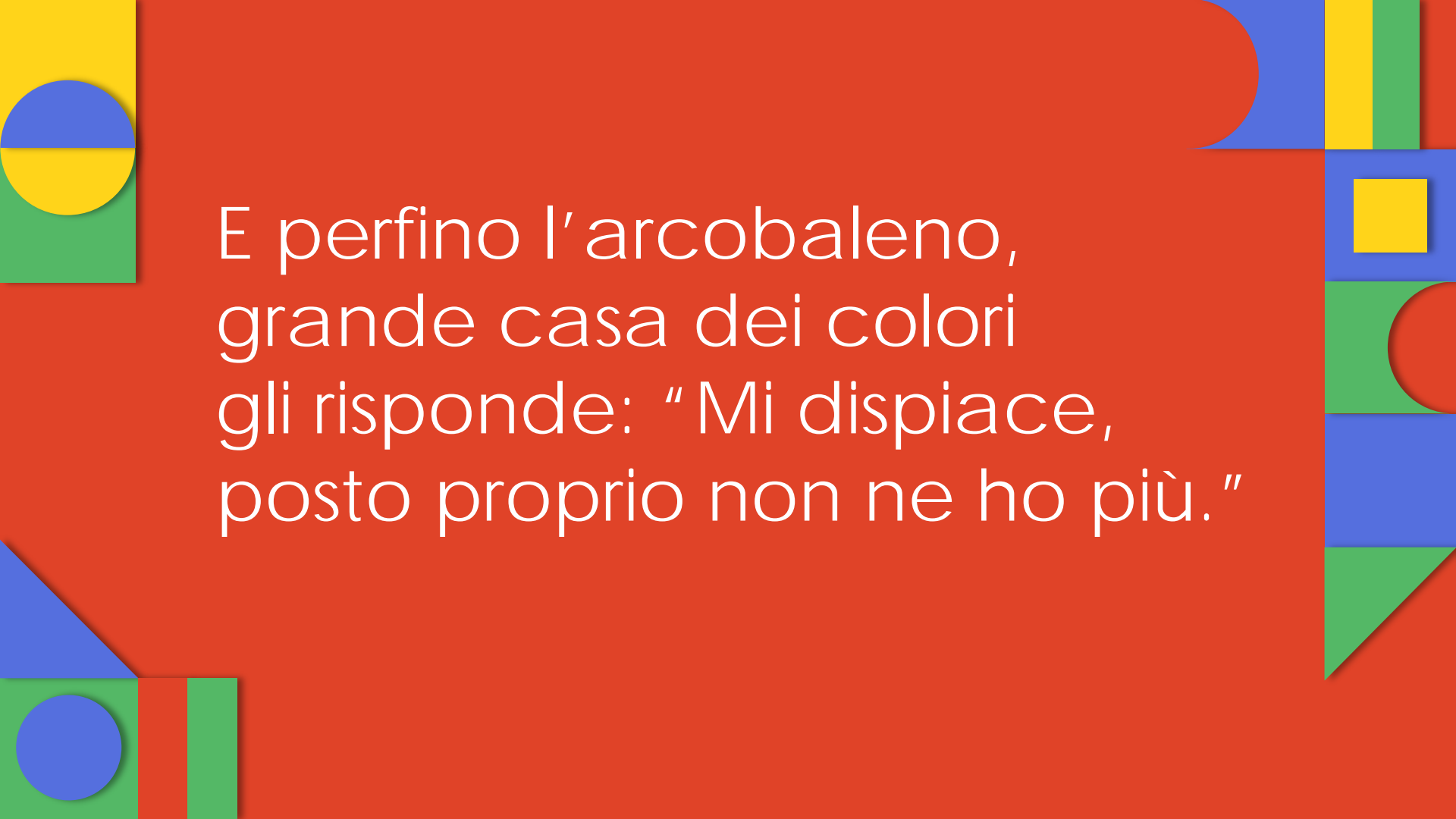


Era fragile e triste Flicts  
senza amici né città.  
Una casa, un sorriso cercava  
e niente più.

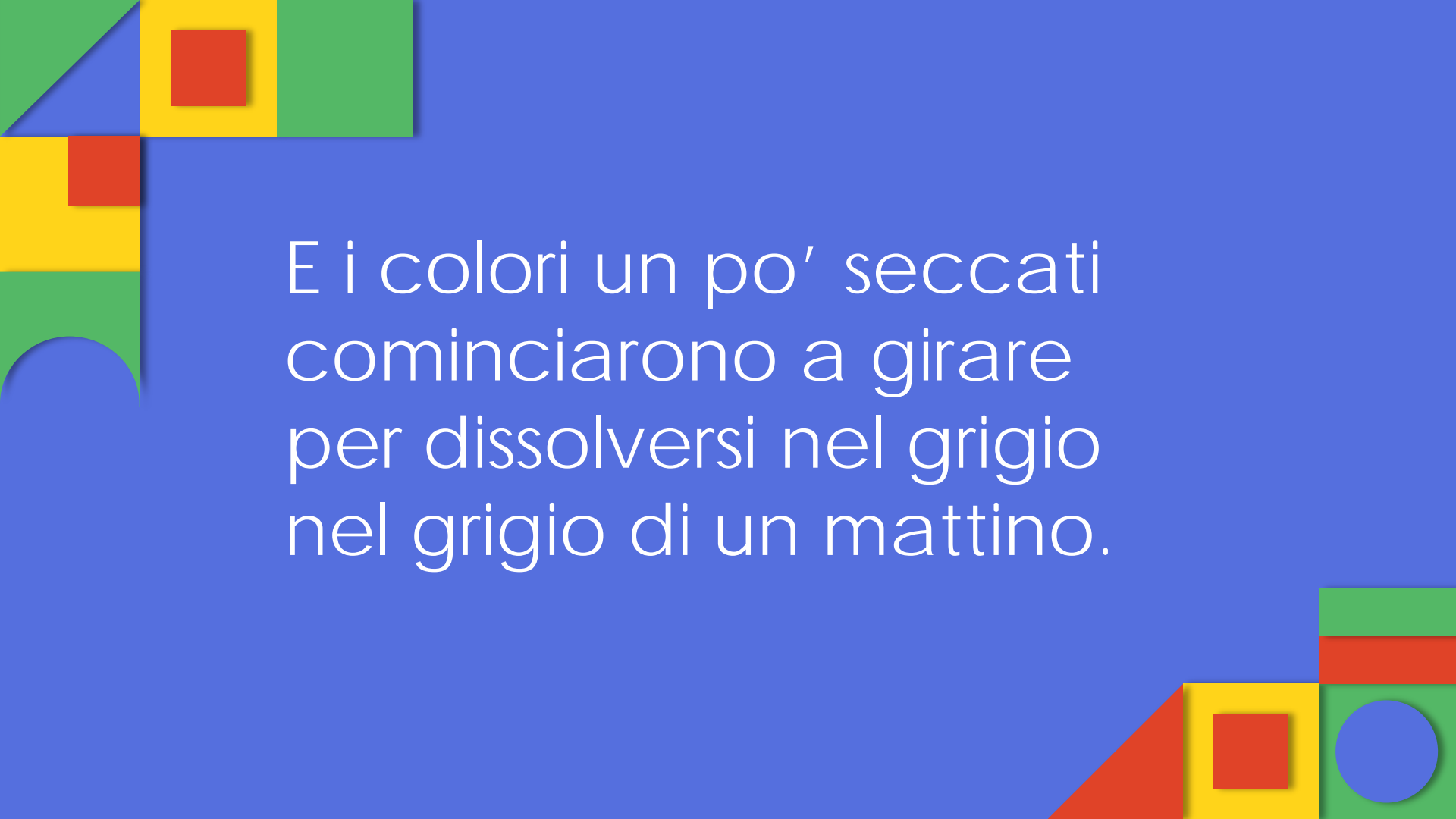


Urlò il rosso: “Via di qua,  
non sei forte come me!”  
“Né sereno” gli diceva  
sussurrando il blu.

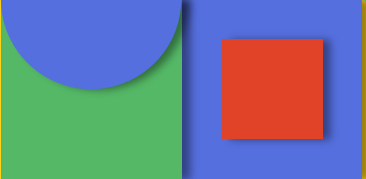


The background is a solid red color. It is decorated with various geometric shapes in yellow, blue, and green. In the top-left corner, there is a yellow square with a blue circle on top and a green square on the bottom. In the top-right corner, there is a blue semi-circle on the left, a yellow vertical bar, and a green vertical bar. In the middle-right area, there is a blue square with a yellow square inside it, a green horizontal bar with a red semi-circle on the right, and a blue horizontal bar. In the bottom-left corner, there is a blue triangle pointing down, a green square with a blue circle on top, and a green vertical bar. In the bottom-right corner, there is a blue horizontal bar and a green triangle pointing up.

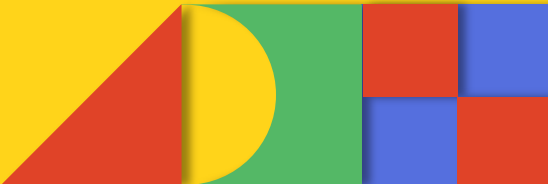
E perfino l'arcobaleno,  
grande casa dei colori  
gli risponde: "Mi dispiace,  
posto proprio non ne ho più."

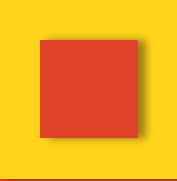
The image features a solid blue background. In the top-left and bottom-right corners, there are decorative clusters of overlapping geometric shapes in primary colors: green, yellow, red, and blue. The top-left cluster includes a green triangle, a yellow square with a red square inside it, and another green square. The bottom-right cluster includes a green square with a blue circle inside it, a red square, and a yellow square with a red square inside it.

E i colori un po' seccati  
cominciarono a girare  
per dissolversi nel grigio  
nel grigio di un mattino.

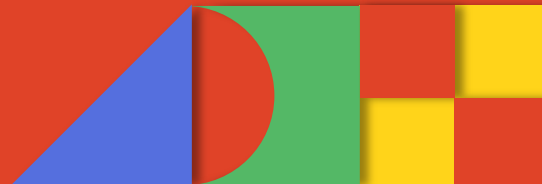
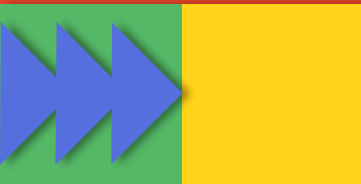


Se ne va girando Flicts  
ma chi poi lo aspetterà?  
Il mar Nero tutto solo  
o un cielo senza blu?





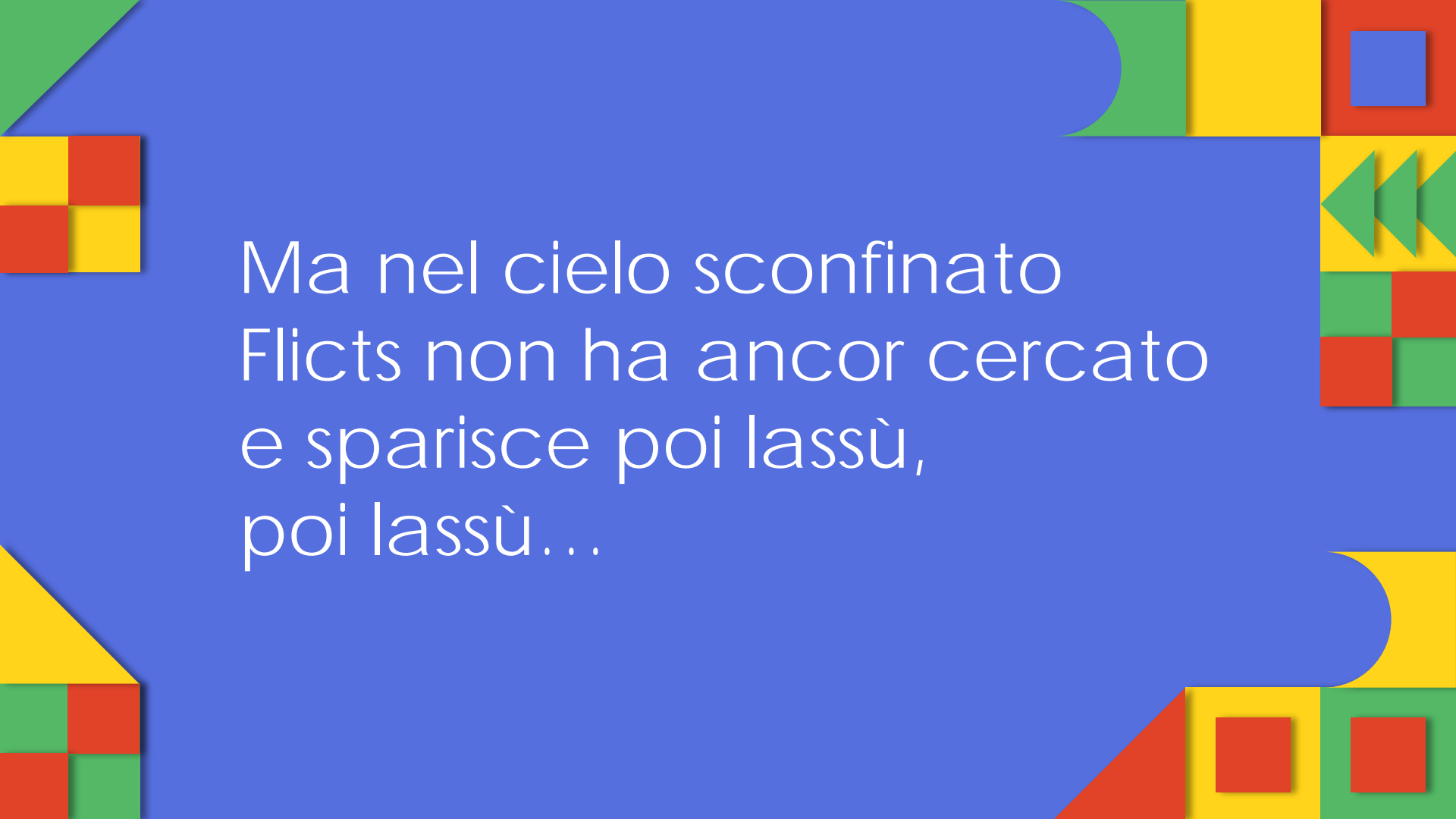
E un semaforo all'incrocio  
gli risponde: "Sai com'è?  
Siamo stretti, siamo tanti  
Siamo un, due, tre.



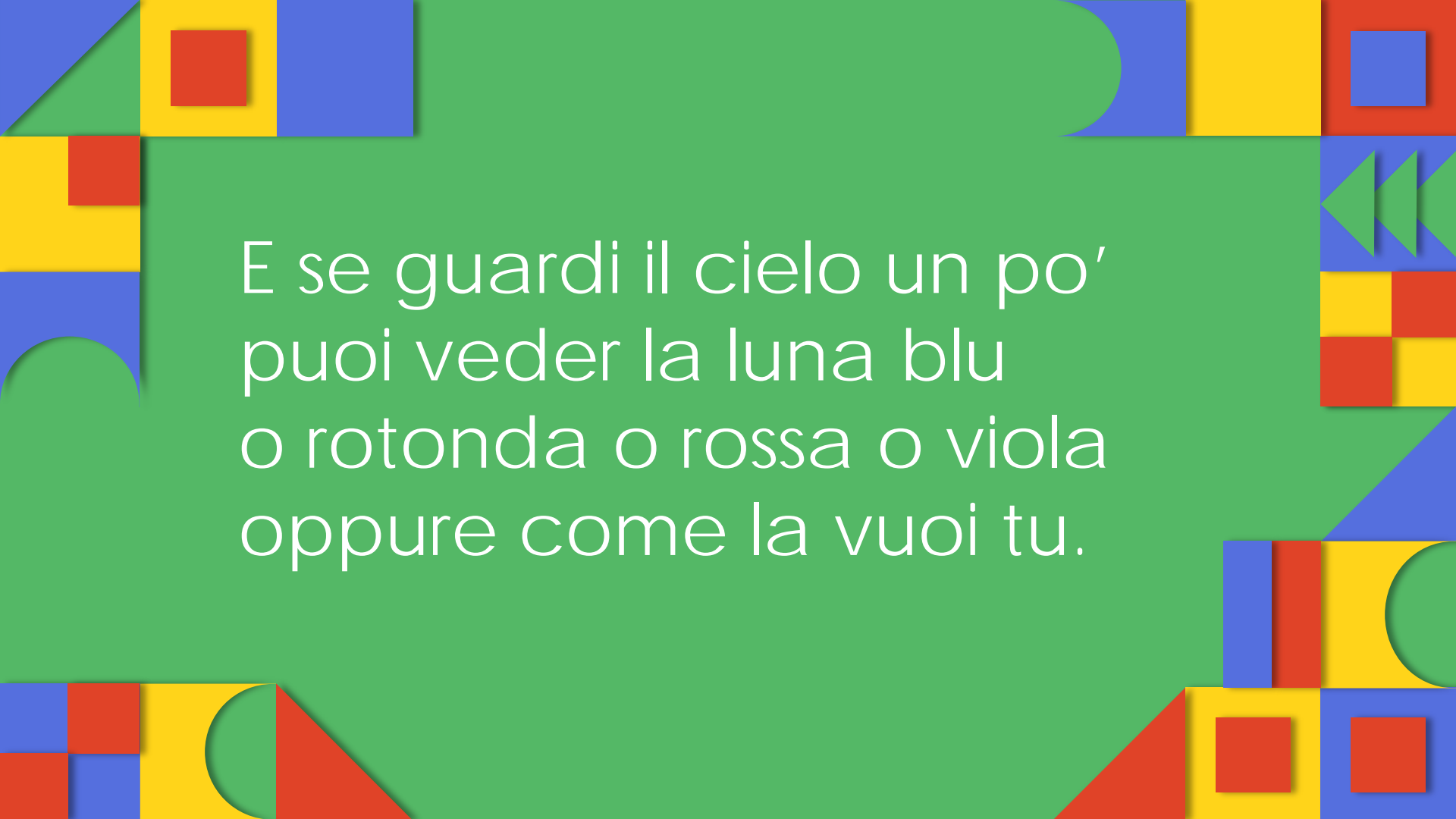
E perfino le bandiere  
chiacchierone ai mille venti  
lo fan stare sull'attenti  
sull'attenti.



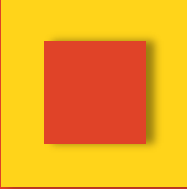




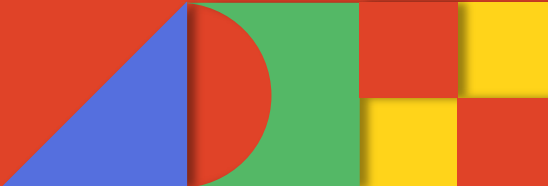


Ma nel cielo sconfinato  
Flicts non ha ancor cercato  
e sparisce poi lassù,  
poi lassù...



E se guardi il cielo un po'  
puoi veder la luna blu  
o rotonda o rossa o viola  
oppure come la vuoi tu.



lo conosco la verità,  
ma nessuno forse sa,  
da vicino, vicino, vicino  
la luna è proprio... FLICTS!





Testo dei ragazzi del laboratorio teatrale  
di Cimetta (Codogné)  
Anno scolastico 1977/78

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