

- I Looking after an empty house.
- II The limestone rocks evokes an arctic sea.
- III From the window, the binoculars split in two before proud Spica.
- IV The sheets are green, intertwined with ferns.
- V I feel the immensity of the iron sea rising up in dark strides.
- VI The river flows sensuously under my feet and I feel the lava, which, long ago, ran down the volcanic stones.
- VII Calcareo Carbonica.
- VIII The schist rocks wait patiently to the crackling of the burning calendar leaves.
- IX The call of the stones long-engraved in the names of rivers.
- X Arnica Montana.
- XI The possession of green words.
- XII Multiple coordinates.
- XIII The clouds drift by and the wind beats against the temples of the house.
- XIV An abstract axis dissolves toward the mountains.
- XV The chestnut trees spread out in a circle.
- XVI It's raining outside and in.
- XVII Arranging objects in keeping with an ancient language.
- XVIII Inability to distinguish what is perceived from the world implicitly created.
- XIX Belladonna.
- XX The salicornia's crown.
- XXI Each stone has sat on your lap before me.
- XXII The moon has never been as close to the earth.
- XXIII When I see you, I picture a white lily.
- XXIV And the blue of the sea laced with white crosses.