

THREE MOTHERS

Tre madri

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Mother of Titus:

"Titus, you're not the son of God, but there's somebody who's dying while saying goodbye to you."

Mother of Dumachus:

"Dumachus, you don't know who your father was, but your mother's dying more than you are."

The two mothers:

"You're crying too many tears, Mary, just the image of agony: you know that, on the third day, your son will come back to life; let us weep, a little bit louder, those who will never rise up from death."

Mother of Jesus:

taken away from me, his skinny arms, his forehead, his face, each and every life of his that still lives, and that I watch fading away by the hour. Son in blood, son in heart, and those who call you "Our Lord", they look for remnants from paradise on your weary smile. To me you are my son, dying life, this blind belly of mine carried you, as in the womb, and now on the cross, this voice of mine calls you love. Had you not been the son of God I'd have you still as my son."

