

A letter of love to Positano

They never come or return to Positano by accident.

Every time it is like an appointment with a wonderful creature: we begin to adore it already in our unconscious. When we find it again or know it for the first time, we recollect the verses by Dante to mind: ... And through the eyes a sweetness comes to the heart, which can not be understood by those, who do not feel it...

We ask ourselves with unsettled thoughts whether it could be possible that this beauty is there, just awaiting us and what we have done to deserve it. Even love, felt by the others, is strong like ours, being far from giving free rein in our heart to resentments and jealousies, or far from increasing moreover our pride and our haughtiness of lovers: "if everybody loves it, it means that it is beautiful".

Why do we love it so much? Why have many people loved it? And why do they come as far as here from every places of the world to delight this love? Better I would answer:

Why could or would someone desire not to love it?"

We have never known another place in our world, in which the big elements of Nature have joined in a so exemplary way, arriving to a harmonious and total perfection.

For example: the sea, the great mountains, which go down, skies, which offer in every moment astonishing favourite colours, the man, who is so very nery, that man was able wisely to join up with Nature, entering discreetly and lovingly in its ancient picture. This man, who has built his houses, whatever they could be, or his gardens, which follow the folds and the steep and rocky places of valleys, obtaining a perfect harmony of form and beauty.

Then, everywhere there is this ancient air, as it was when humans do not still exist, as from the period of the legendary times, who have continued to modulate their irresistible temptation and nevertheless a very sweet and gratifying temptation and nevertheless a purity and its enchanting innocence.

Positano. Please, hasten to go there! See and know it, then



call till to these difficult days, enchanting our senses. This man, who has built his boat, in order that it could not fall into their temptation: sin, which is not a sin any more, even if it has all its inspiring

your life will become richer and happier.

Franco Zeffirelli