20260724 - Handkerchiefs over Milan



📣 VittRos Sera 📣

the intelligent periodical

"The investigation into the missing handkerchiefs"

Episode 4: Handkerchiefs over Milan



"There are days when Milan looks up too late."

At first, no one paid attention. There were few of them. White. Light.
The wind carried them over the rooftops like autumn leaves.

Someone said they were bags. Someone else spoke of seagulls.

A taxi driver swore he saw one wave.

Of course, no one believed him.

Then the others arrived.

Dozens. Hundreds. Thousands.

Silent. They weren't falling. They weren't circling.

They were all moving in the same direction. As if they knew the way.

That's when UtoOne Kenobi grabbed his camera.



He took one picture. Then another. Then another. It seemed impossible in the images.

In the Milan sky... a people were migrating.

Marco looked at the photographs for a few minutes.

Then he just said:

"Uto, they aren't fleeing...""they're coming back!"

The sky is empty again. Milan continues to be Milan.

People are looking at their phones. Trams are running again. No one is talking about the handkerchiefs anymore.

Only UtoOne keeps those photographs.

Because he knows that one day someone will ask him:

"But where were they going?"

And he will finally be able to answer.

"To the Andes, I have the notes..."



There is a detail that exploration historians and journalistic investigations have long overlooked, and which instead explains everything: the sandwich. Whoever left prepared it at home. Bread, and inside Bologna — the pink, tender one, with pistachios; in the rest of Italy it has become "Mortadella", but around here it's just Bologna, like a surname.

And the sandwich, invariably, was wrapped in a handkerchief.



At the entrance to the road, crooked on its post, UtoOne and Marco found the sign.It was yellow. It was official. It said:

ATTENTION: HANDKERCHIEF CROSSING

They stood in silence for a moment.

"Crossing," said Marco. "But... crossing what?"

"The road, no?" ventured UtoOne.

"The road." Marco raised his eyes towards the white flock moving away above the rooftops, orderly, confident, heading towards the sea. "Uto. They're not crossing the road."

"And what are they crossing?"

Marco didn't answer immediately. Then he said it softly, as true things are said:

"The Atlantic."



The sign, after all, had never mentioned roads.

Whoever planted it there knew perfectly well.

🎶 “Lyrics”

Dove vanno i fazzoletti

Signori...
questa non è una canzone.
È un’indagine.

Perché nella vita ci sono molti misteri:
le piramidi,
il triangolo delle Bermuda.

Ma nessuno ha mai spiegato
dove vanno i fazzoletti quando spariscono.

Tu lo compri.
Lo pieghi bene.
Lo metti nella tasca della giacca.

E tre ore dopo
non c’è più.

Se cadessero i fazzoletti
le strade di Milano
sarebbero bianche
come il Monte Bianco.

Dove vanno i fazzoletti
quando spariscono così?

Nella tasca non ci stanno
per la strada non son lì!

Forse vanno piano piano
con il vento verso il blu

al paese dei fazzoletti
che han già dato e non ne posson più!

Così una sera all’osteria
davanti a un bicchiere di rosso

e a un panino con la Bologna
– che gli altri chiamano mortadella –

ma a Milano si dice la Bologna
perché è femmina
e su queste cose non si discute.

Ho preso una cartina geografica