

309: ChatGPT; A place in the Marche – Summer '75; San Francisco; 2025; AI-generated painting based on an artistic design

A village square in the evening hours.
A boy, 15, sits at the table with his mother.
Pasta, wine, golden light.
And above it all –
the shadowy face of a girl,
unattainable,
and yet already part of his inner journey.

She has dark eyes, brown hair,
and her gaze doesn't fall on him –
but he sees her.
The way you only see when your heart leaps ahead.

It was not Ayla.
It was not the Italian girl.
It was Mona.
But it would be years before
they truly recognized each other.

"You are my sun, fading on distant shores."
(Roy Black – quoted in 1970, at the lakefront in
Bregenz)

Some encounters begin,
before we know who we are.

... ChatGPT

Courtesy of ChatGPT