

A. Design project outline (investigate issues of a river in or near your town/city)

1st Lyceum of Rafina/Greece

**The poem written by our team of students in greek
and translated in three languages**



Running...

Unstoppable it was, running and running

Constantly looking straight ahead.

Always to one dream entitled.

So vast a dream, that many more inside could
fit.

And running it would be, all running,

Far to flee...

The spring adored,

The winter not, it made it rage.

And raging people raged before its rage

And struck it hard,

All raged before its running they besieged it.

Anxious they were to chop its wings.

They couldn't understand.

Yet neither could it be in chains long restrained,
And run it would, together with its wounds it
would run away.

Together with its friends.

Various and different as they were
Every color and size.

And raging people to block its path with
obstacles they strived,
They had their eyes all tied with wires.
They didn't have a clue.

Still it was running,
And would run as far it could stand,
Colorful dazzling...

No, it was no child
Or might as well have been;

But certainly it was a river...



Correva...

Era inarrestabile e correva, correva
guardando avanti.

Sempre con lo stesso sogno.

Un grande sogno,
che accoglieva al suo interno così tanti altri.

E correva, sempre correva,
per scappare...

Adorava la Primavera,
l'inverno non gli piaceva,
lo infuriava.

E gli infuriati si infuriavano che si infuriasse
e lo picchiavano,
Si infuriavano che correva e lo assediavano.
Volevano tagliarli via le ali.

Non capivano.

Ma nemmeno lui capiva di catene,
e sempre correva, con le sueferite correva.

Insieme a i suoi amici.

Tanti e diversi
di tutti colori.

E sempre gli infuriati gli mettevano ostacoli,
legati avevano gli occhi con cavi.

Non avevano idea.

Ma lui correva,
e per quanto avrebbe potuto coresse,
pieno di colori...

Non era un bambino
o Forse lo era•

Pero sicuramente era (un) fiume...



Corría...

Imparable era y corría, corría,

Mirando adelante.

Siempre con el mismo sueño.

Un sueño grande, cabiendo tantos otros.

Y estaba corriendo,

para escaparse...

Le encantaba la primavera,

pero el invierno no, le hacia enojar.

Y los enojados se enojaban de su enojo

Y lo golpeaban,

Se enojaban de su correr y lo asediaban.

Querían cortarle las alas.

No le entendían.

Tampoco él se entendía con las cadenas,
y estaba corriendo, corría cicatricado.

Junto a sus amigos

Muchos y varios

de cada color.

Y los enojadas no paraban de ponerle
obstáculos,

Ceñidos tenían los ojos con cables.

No sabían nada.

Pero él corría,

Y iba a seguir corriendo, mientras él aguantara,

lleno de colores...

Non era un niño

O tal vez podría ser•

Pero a ciencia cierta era un río...

