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Beautiful Rome

An endless walk

Proud statues of gladiators and hawks

Food rich in taste

Nothing in my plate, to waste

The sun is close

Yet shoes feeling the cold

The beautiful experience of it's ruins

Both dark and light doings

Joy in it's alleys

From small ponds to big rallys

Enjoying gelato at it's corner

Like every other foreigner

A simple backpacker

With happiness and a touch of nerve-wracking

Footsteps aligning

And the streets of Rome still shining

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