



In the heart of Rome they rise,
The Spanish Steps, under azure
skies. A cascade of marble,
history's embrace, Linking
piazza and church, with
timeless grace.



Steps whisper tales of the past,
Of countless footsteps, echoes
that last. Above, the church
bells ring so clear, Their music
floats, for all to hear.



A dance of steps, where worlds
collide, In Rome's embrace,
they stand with pride. A
stairway not just of stone, but
dreams, Where every step, with
history teems.



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