

the Road South

stretched out beyond the Heel's end
lays the imagination of North Africa,
glimmering beneath the Mediterranean's blanket
her haze excites to dream the flesh
breasts of fluid flesh, rolling under the fishermen's loss
like all reflections

the road South brings shore bleached ochre
and gray stone land and fences
that cut red earth and measured olive silver
stone pieced buildings, along way warn cobbles
curve into similar histories,
one braid in the road after any other
each litters with constructions begun, then abandoned
as things are left behind, or cast about undone
the evening's wine half drunk
a wife's rosary for dwelling on
as sometimes relationships, or days are endured
in incessant sirocco

old patriarchs lean out from memories, more than doorways
hands clasped behind, knit at some unforgiven regret
always severed from the sea by walls of stone
and endless duties served to Regal Olive's precious virgin press
these southern cities are like deep buried knots of lethargy
tangled tight through patient forgetfulness,
where hope coagulates into rivulets,
humble roots bound to the deep rock
which runs everywhere, below
like blood

when the bell rings, and the piazza floods with eager faces
fresh for gossip and the rendezvous –
wonder, ever will these young escape this maternal twist?
for seizing their moment's rose
often behooves its little let of blood –

Como vuole Dio –

for soon, all flees across the rocky night
where the long sleep of fishermen will toss again the net for flesh
and the wind swells the Adriatic,
and whips wild praise with the ancient olive limbs,
as the Masters of Age coil their will about the mystery