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An Italian Live Poem

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An Italian Love Poem

She'll be a Mediterranean town
with perpetual blue oceans,
loud, rough, and all covered in olive oil.
I'm only awake enough to fuck and buy fruit
from a corner market . . .
and this old man - my new best friend -
he understands me,
even though I only know one Italian phrase:

Tu sei una bellissima ragazza!

I let her buy the fruit this morning.
Watch her out of open bay windows,
white curtains flapping against my arm in the sea breeze.
I see Zeus fly down in the form of a swan
and fuck the shit out of her.
She is quite taken and never comes back.

by Terry Smith