Giavanna Munafo: Poem [1]

April 18, 2016 <u>Math Poetry</u> [2] <u>Travel</u> [3]

Twenty-Four Hours

The bracelet strung with beads of volcanic ash is my keepsake. We retrace our steps from the Basilica to the Prato on Padova's worn pavement, dragging heavy suitcases. Back home, snowdrifts collapsed, clematis vines broke their teeth, little trowel tips, their spines fringed and illuminated. Here, in twos and threes, friends cross the piazza until we are twenty, cocktails and spritzes scattered along conjoined tables. We excavate two years: shops closed, custom trousers auctioned off, little girls driven into womanhood. We savor meat and bread, walnuts, later, on crostoni with hot honey. We interpret from French, Italian, English—words getting under our skin. Before parting we sing under the stars. It takes two taxis and only twenty minutes, hair flying, chocolate and olive oil rolled in packed clothing, to cross towntrain catchers on our way home.



Art Information

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