

## MY ITALIAN HUSBAND

Feeling sorry for myself, I thought of the husband  
I might have had, if my mother had never left  
the land of olives and ruins for sugar and distances.

His touch would recognise mine, we'd speak in symphonies.  
His words I'd know sweet as lemon juice and old honey.  
"Amor' mio" would enfold me swimming in warm tree shades.

"Bloody dago" would not tear like fingers through  
blady grass as I watch fair forearms  
smudge the yellow beer rings on the laminex.

His eyes would not be blue as oceans and as violent.  
His hair would not be blonde, falling straight sharp  
as a fist lifts to block out the light a moment.

I wake, shake away the shadow knowing  
he is over there somewhere, ageing too, drinking café,  
wondering whom he might have loved if his mother had ...