

FOR MY FATHER

Early morning.
Four I think - still dark.
Alone thinking that the kitchen is cold.
Black coffee seals the stomach
robs the habit of sleep from the eyes.
Brown hands grasp the mug
with "Buy Australian Made" on the bottom.

Mio padre, il tuo spirito mi chiama. Dove vai?
Quali sono le ombre nei tuoi occhi?
I've seen Etna in your eyes and
watched your face move as you weave
a tongue that's only half-mine.
Do you know you have grown old in
a strangers' land and your children are
now half-deaf to you?
How have you lived so long, not seeing
the black olives blistering in the sun,
with the wind drinking the warm oil,
the yellow lemons stinging the air,
making it lazy, lying in heavy pools
slowly swirling under the dozing trees;
purple grapes bruising the ground?

Yellow afternoons and
sometimes in mirrors of morning,
I have surprised Etna in my own eyes.
My spirit has called to the centuries
behind you but felt strange there.
to-day when the centuries and you are
buried parts of me,
non mi lasciare le ombre delle tue lacrime.

MARIA FRESTA.

"Mio padre, il tuo spirito mi chiama. Dove vai?" My father, your spirit
calls to me. Where do
you go?

"Quali sono le ombre nei tuoi occhi?" Who are the shadows in your eyes?

"non mi lasciare le ombre delle tue lacrime." Do not leave me the shadows
of your tears.