

Gabriella Garofalo

To Mattia Schiavina, on his birthday

Maybe you took them for granted,
Maybe you slighted a life of twigs,
But why don't you ever look
At children playing or smiling lovers?
My soul, if we ever head for bruises, anger, seeds,
If they ever ask at the border 'only sunsets to declare?'
Just hush about dawns of shots and scrapes, OK?
Let's see how things shake out, while a mad sky
Is ranting 'wait not for them, hard times
Will blast you with shouts, cider, or twigs'-
So, stop the blue, stop it
If you long for light to feel
Days of winter, and birth,
For comets to haunt you-
Listen, they might even give life
To those burglars of silence,
Names, venues, the green,
Just a sec before you cut them dead,
Yes, Father, you, the body, and your sky-
And you stop biting, my end,
As light's long time gone,
As dawn breathes life on her time-
Snatch her wherever she hides,

Maybe the trees, maybe a silence
Breathing to anger when stares
Get green, but won't scare your sky,
Just these two girls hustling
For a scrap of light or grass-
But why the hush, why the silence?
Easy now, easy, they're playing,
They hush, they keep silent,
Your folks just off the game by now-
So run, my soul, run or fly
Down the road, against the wind,
Let no apple slow you down
As that wretched Greek huntress-
If you really must, an extravaganza
Of candles, books, Quality Street in lovely tins-
Call it quits now, c'mon-
Why not? Methinks that might do.