



## Gabriella Garofalo

Sometimes pictures get under your skin  
In a most peculiar way, right?  
Let's tune our song of praise, then -  
Among the walls still time,  
It tastes of wild roots and loss  
As light grabs your seeds, what's over there?  
Blind alleys on the moon, scant faith on the table -  
Of course, of course she can't make life  
As long as fathers swirl words or stain breath  
And God in the background skips parties, smiles,  
Or chances snow, the abysmal fruits of silence -  
Oh, but he'll see to seeds from gelded seasons,  
You said, winter will see to it -  
Will he keep the promises he made? No,  
Just look at those thin shapes, clouds:  
The city fast asleep is yours, ready to show  
Shadows if other rooms put you and light to sleep -  
Desks, chairs, windows, you never cared,  
What really matters is your whiteness who begs  
For lymph to flow, to breath in trees, how nice,  
While fathers shadow thoughts,  
While children smile and conquer -  
Father, while souls throw  
Swearing words around  
Or yank you, forgiveness a far cry -  
Know what? Rooms kill, all of them,  
Only trees rise their branches

To shelter maybe brushwood, but not you -  
'Cause the room is dark, you see,  
And two fathers in a corner  
In a gloomy frenzy-  
Well, of course their children  
Are going to tie the knot.

Few letters encase a still life,  
Yet kind souls wish you a nice day:  
The hearts are white, a bad omen -  
Beware when clematis, lost kids and missing stars  
Are waiting for their past -  
Has she ever shown up bare handed ?  
Please do come along,  
She'll give us chilly breezes, friends, thoughts  
Lovers too, evening, right?  
Lovers who tiptoe, lovers who don't make much noise -  
Some hope, here, how many stares  
Deserted grass, how many died?  
Please do come along,  
Sweeter than answers sourer than wine -  
Remember?  
“Nope” to Mother’s words you shouted, soul,  
You wanted him to stay, that’s why -  
Remember?  
Weren’t my swears lucky,  
You gave abode, you called them  
“Forever young and rebel prayers” -  
Not that it matters now, clematis, soul -  
Yet so you said.