

Across the courtyard I spied her
Her red mane of hair falling
across broad shoulders
She stood before the stove
Her over-sized Tee shirt
slipping off her right shoulder
and riding, enticingly, up her left hip
She was oblivious to any onlooker
as she dipped her fingers into the pot
she pulled up a big bundle
of "straw and hay" as the
Italians would have it.
A great fistful of pasta,
and then threw her head back;
that great red mane of hers
flowing down
She dropped the pasta
into her mouth
I longed, in that moment,
to be that pasta
to have that final moment
to know where I would go
to go into her throat
I still miss that
now