

The Dragonfly

Little libellula, where are you soaring to,
leaving me fastened back here on the ground?

 You take to the wing like a Spirit unbound,
king of the spring time, cerulean blue.

On beyond olive groves, parched fields you cut through,
whirling up skywards and wheeling around.

 I envy your ribcage transparently gowned,
the feeling of flying; the lightness, the view.

Those columns of air once hot have grown colder
now that the light has passed over the top.

 People start homeward as evening bells ring;
old Signor Bacchi with a child on his shoulder,
stopping to pick up some bits from the shop,
spots on the ground a lone dragonfly wing.

The Lizard

Lucertola lucertola

I watch you there,
sitting belly to hot concrete,
absorbing the sun, melting into the background
like an outlaw
—you take in the hot, still air
with your tongue, heartbeat
almost stopping, while the sound
of dogs barking and a handsaw
trimming the dry hedges
disturbs such stillness

Lucertola lucertola

I see you skirting the roadside,
looking for a crack
in which to dive
when a shadow darkens your sight
—a pebbly palace, your rocky hide
decorated with patches of tarmac
here and there, and alive
with moss all parched, near white
from too little water
and too much sun

Lucertola lucertola

I croon as I lean on the window ledge,
my mind calm and motionless
as the lake in the distance
—she, rich and blue, daughter
of the hills that surround me, homespun
patchworks of leaves and branches

only I know about your existence
—your stock-still basking and sunshine dances
Lucertola lucertola