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That Coat from Via Cavour

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THE COAT FROM VIA CAVOUR

Dallie Clark

I am wearing the coat you bought me in Rome
where we walked all those cold nights, the coat
I saw on a hundred Italian girls –

but those girls are not here
on this ice-laden Texas morning when I wear
the coat from Via Cavour
and walk the backyard with our old dog.

Nowhere do I see
the Italian girls in our sleeping
tattered garden, no where in this ice
drip-dripping place around me.

I spy - and then touch – tiny ice orbs
on an outside table. In my bare hands,
they are like slippery Cantaloupe seeds
carved from a summer I can't remember

when the sun roared and there were
no ice orbs, no ice drip-dripping, no coat from Rome,
only a very loud sun that Italian girls love.



DETAILS Donna Gors