

"Campo"

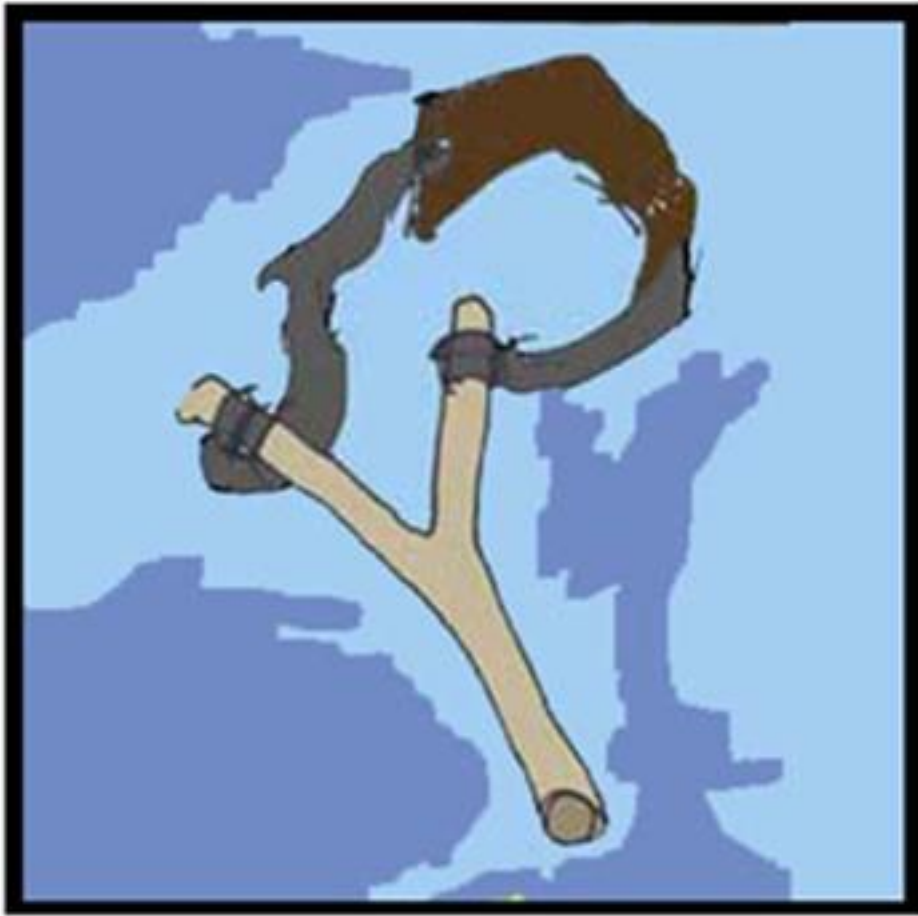
(Open field)



Dedicated to my childhood friends in Italy.

I was always grateful for their friendship.

Franco and Pino befriended me after my family moved into the town of Ionadi from an isolated farm life.



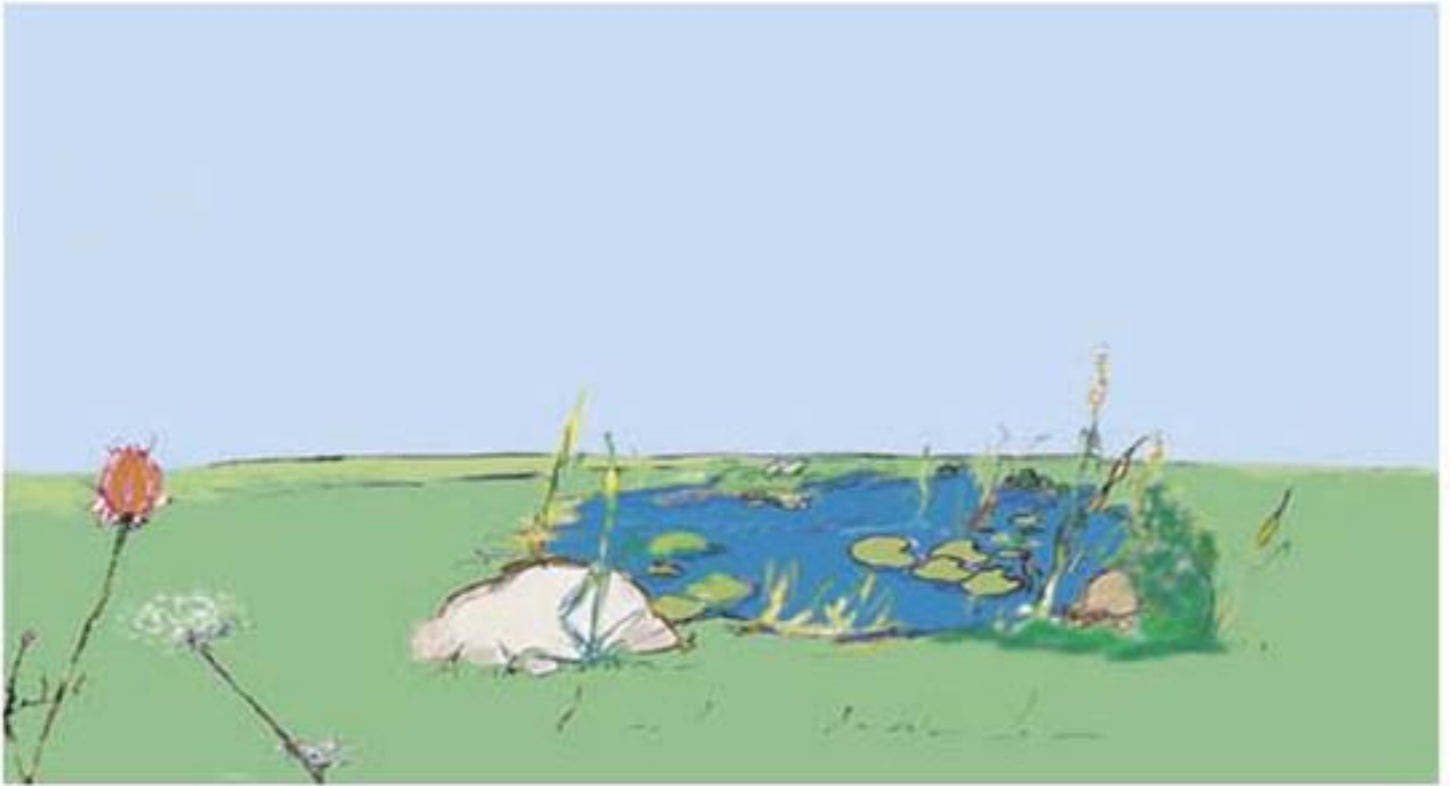
Franco and Pino

Made me a slingshot,
To be like them.
So we could roam the countryside together.

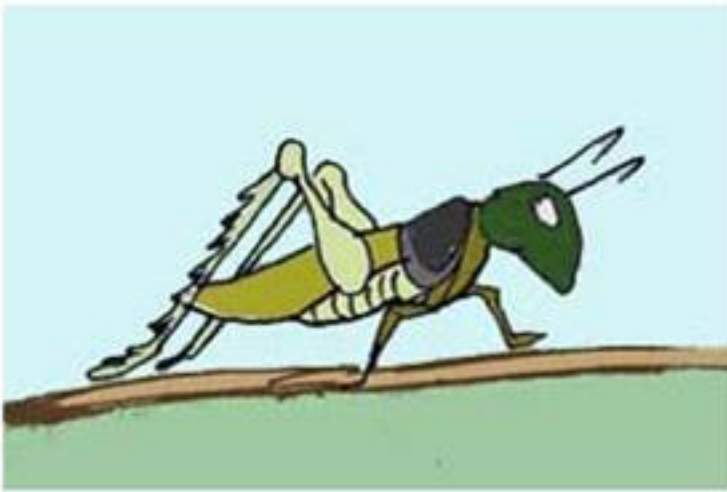
"Campo"



*Our slingshots tucked in our back pockets
Walking onto a field in the afternoon sun.
The woods behind us and a wide open field ahead.
Stopping by a pond to give our time,*



*One by one we three unpacked our slingshots again,
To sounds of crickets and bullfrogs.*



*Aiming and missing large bullfrogs in the pond,
Just so we could listen to noises like music.
Splashing of water, frogs dancing in the pond,*

An empty sky for a stage.

*Rummaging through old abandoned soldiers' barracks,
Where El Duce's soldiers once lived for a while.*

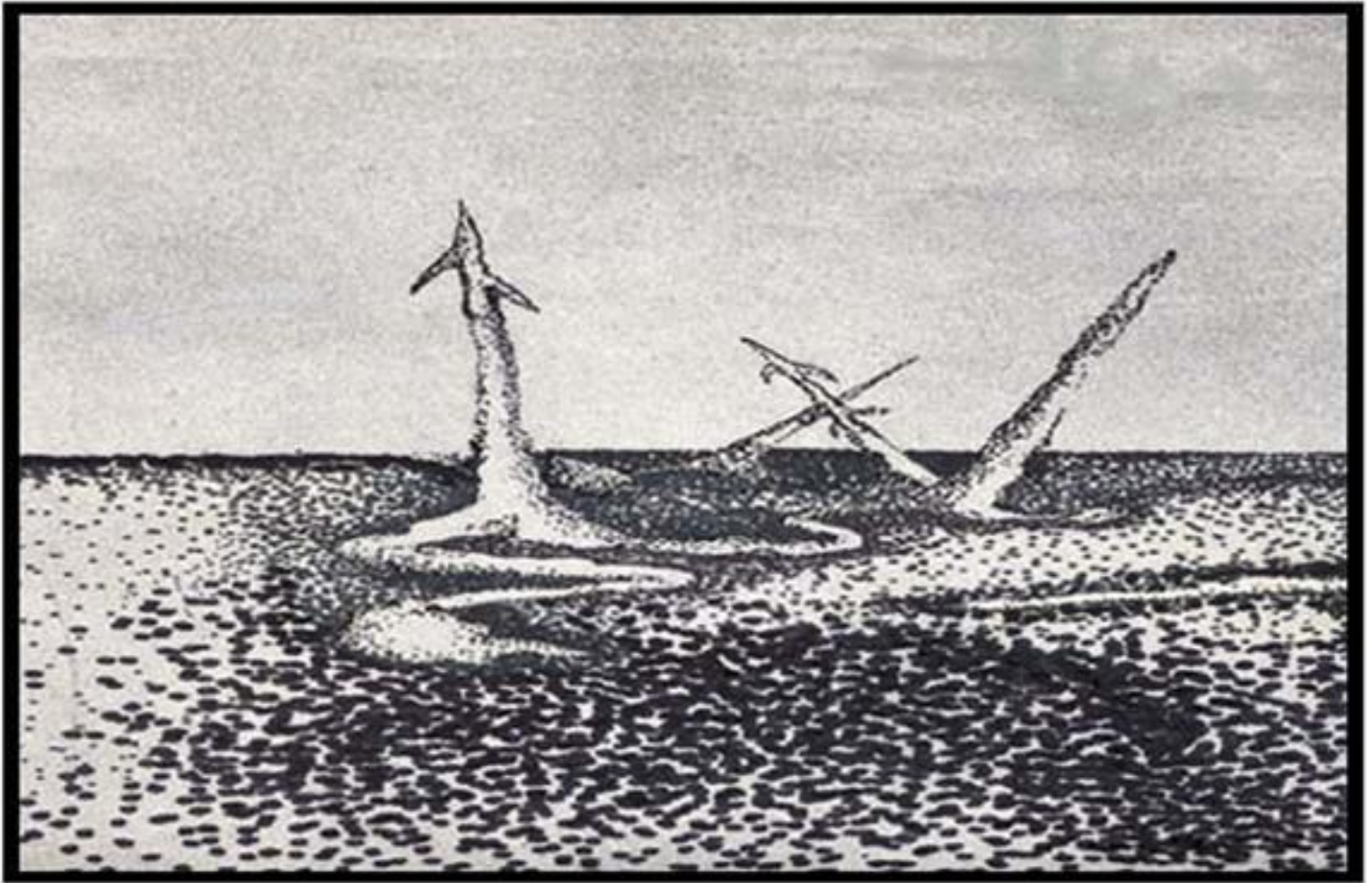


*Sensing remnants of past nightmares that posed as dreams.
Feeling cries of abandoned mothers, wives and children.
Stark images of men scattered in battlefields.
Amidst exploding skies.*



*Here in the remnants of empty shells
Memories lie in midst of lost photographs.*

*In debris of bricks and dust,
Interwoven with blood on remnants of cloth.*



*More stark images rushed through our senses
In the likes of, chirping birds that never had a chance.
Insects shocked and then pulverized to death.
More animals burned in their homes without warning.
Nightingales and wolves silenced to death.*

We three run outside to look for the noises.

With our ears as our guides

We ran ahead.

A soccer game with young adults showed itself.

A goalie they needed so I was the one.

My friends cheered for me and me in wonder.

Avoided the first one, with the help of a close by kicker.

Wondered about mother,



And the ball stung my face.

The ball ricochet away somewhere in the grass,

That left me red faced and dazed.

On that *flat field* with a lonely sky,
The sound of a fountain pulled us forth.
Three white cows walking
With an old man off to the side.
He looked out way with a tired face.
We did not speak but the pouring fountain spoke to us all.
There we shared cool water from God.
The cows, with huge tongues, drank from the basin.

We boys took turns from the spout.



The old man just watched, then gathered his cows.



*I stared into his face and the lonely sky I felt,
He turned his cows and away they went.
We three drank again and un-tired we became.
The sky was blushing so we turned our backs,
With slingshots in our pockets
We walked toward the woods,
Feeling the other side of the sky
On our backs,
As its colors lit our path,
To our way back home.*