

TWO POEMS BY SALVATORE DIFALCO

Gerlinde

Gerlinde wears pink ceramic earrings
and her hands dangle delicately
from white cool wrists.

Gerlinde, do you know the time?
Her strawberry lips tense for a moment
and relax.

Gerlinde, what day of the week is it?
What day do you think it is?
Gerlinde rests her chin upon her hands.

Her hair is violet, her patent pumps
match the hair.
But what does this matter, eh Gerlinde?

The cafe is becoming of you
swirling in sunshine, violet and red
and nobody speaking.

Why, why are they so silent, Gerlinde?
Are they watching your graceful wrists
as I do.

Gerlinde, are they gazing upon
your tanned, lean ankles,
or hungrily wondering about the lips.

I should stay around and taste them
with everyone else
and sing to you in silence.

