

THAT PICTURE OF YOURS

Mamica, I look at you
and you stare back at me,
no words exchanged;
yes I'm repeating myself
because I want to prod you to ...
to what? Do I have to explain?
Just your smile, that magnificent smile
which is the envy of every woman,
that broad smile of your eyes
would melt even the hardest man's heart;
no, it's not seductive, you don't like to play
that type of female game,
though otherwise, you can be a real trickster.
How many times have we bowled over
with laughter and hiccups
because of your sharp sense of humor,
because of your lightness of being,
even when you yourself are full of pains;
how does one describe it?
Inside out, from within, transparent?
but it is so patent, so clear,
nobody can doubt it;
it comforts, it invites confidence,
no, not the gossip type,
you can't stand that;
there's no irony, no mockery either,
nothing that could hurt anyone;
it's a smile even animals bow to,
they would lick your face.
I know, you don't like dogs
licking your face,
but that's what they want to do,
and as for cats ...
Who gave you that name
Pussuccio? One of your
three children, but who?
for you do have that lovely
feline look of a Cheshire cat,
smoothing its whiskers.
Oh Pussuccio, give me
at least a meow, a muffled one,
if you refuse to speak;
cracky Moses! (your expression) give us a sign
so that we know you are still caring for us;
I know you do,
but we're so used to hearing it,
again and again
and now ... purr please ... purrrrr

HOW SEPARATED?

Since you left us, Mamica mia,
a void has filled my heart,
it is unfathomable,
as if a volcano has erupted,
burning everything in its way,
and it hurts, oh how it hurts!

But now you are reunited
with your loved ones, especially
with Papacci, your dear parents,
your two brothers and two sisters.

But tell me, I hope the people
who were so nasty with you,
who made our lives a misery,
I need not mention them,
don't bother you anymore.

There, where you now reside,
you must be free to ignore them,
or maybe you will never have
to meet these people again,
for surely they must have been cast
elsewhere, not in your vicinity!

You know I am an agnostic,
still I shall mention the words:
you, Papacci and our loving family
are in Paradise, whereas they, they
certainly weren't allowed to enter it
so, tell me, tell me that they
will no longer, ever be in your way;
yes, now I believe in discrimination,

where good and evil
are forever separated,
and that they do not share
the same space as they do hereunder,
reassure me, for I want to know

that you are surrounded
by love and beauty, uniquely,
which you have deserved
all your life, but which unfortunately
you only got when you fell ill,
it was very late, much too late!

You were blessed with the care
and the proximity of Shelly,
that daughter of yours who
saw through your eyes
and felt through your body,
and by our own regular visits;
but you were already suffering so much,
and still you smiled that unmistakable smile
at your other children and their families,
making them feel more important than your own pain.