

Across the courtyard I spied her  
Her red mane of hair falling  
across broad shoulders  
She stood before the stove  
Her over-sized Tee shirt  
slipping off her right shoulder  
and riding, enticingly, up her left hip  
She was oblivious to any onlooker  
as she dipped her fingers into the pot  
she pulled up a big bundle  
of "straw and hay" as the  
Italians would have it.  
A great fistful of pasta,  
and then threw her head back;  
that great red mane of hers  
flowing down  
She dropped the pasta  
into her mouth  
I longed, in that moment,  
to be that pasta  
to have that final moment  
to know where I would go  
to go into her throat  
I still miss that  
now