

Poetry Series

Allesandra Patti
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Allesandra Patti()

A Day At The Beach

I sit here in my cups
watching fishermen gut their wares
along the decrepit pier.
I sigh with each careless toss and watch
pelicans vie for their share.

Blue and white sails mirror the gray
along the shore.

'I'd like to paint that someday, '
she used to say.

And I'm reminded of the way
the wharf smelled
the day my sun went down:

decaying fish pickled in brine,

and all around the moaning of a ship
far out on the horizon.

Allesandra Patti

A Day At The Pond

The rain came suddenly,
soaking up the picnic blanket
like a sponge.

We hurried from the pond,
papa pushing the carriage;
mama gripped my hand so hard
I cried out.

And no umbrella to protect
baby Maria...

I wept when they took her away
and said I couldn't see her.
You're too young, they said.

I don't know how I understood
why she'd not come home again.
I only knew she never would.

Allesandra Patti

Accused

We'll never know who
the culprit was.

The tamburo
at the Palazzo Vecchio
remains mute with age.

Would Jacopo have cried
in shame while Leonardo
full of rage and grim
with purpose rushed him
through the constringent
alleyways of Firenze?

It's all lost in the sfumato now

though anonymous hate still slithers
through the world's hypocrisy.

Allesandra Patti

Apollo Vanquished

Fleet-footed as the faun fleeing with Apollo,
the hungry huntress stalks her prey,
pressing fallen leaves to her bare breasts,
her taut, lithe movements sparing
the slightest tremor, lest he
elude her... beloved deity.

Panting, her godlike passion exudes,
diffusing into candalabric light
from her lunar aureole -
Silver-footed Diana, breed of
Demeter and Eve, sisters of the hunt.
What can save him now?

With ears to hear, hairy hooves
to hie and hee, the faun quivers
in his fear and pauses, his pounding pulse
the rhythm of an ancient dance.
She strikes! Apollo kneels.

And the dethroned god subdued, disarmed,
is slave once more to Diana,
Queen of the Hunt and Goddess Supreme.

Allesandra Patti

Border Town

The days in Border Town shimmer
with dust that hangs in the air palpable as pudding.
The nights lonesome as a coyote's cry,
and black as death, except for the bright lights
from El Paso, flickering like fireflies.
'You're wasting your time, Johnny, ' Sally says,
pouring thick black coffee into his tin cup.
'Them mines are dry as coyote bones
now that the rush is over and everybody's long gone.'
'It's my last shot. Thanks for the grub.'
Pickaxe over his scrawny shoulder,
dragging his gimpy left leg like a curse,
Jake eyes the Black Hills looming, urging him on...
The day comes along when he turns up
with a diamond as big as a tangerine.
Sally can see her future glittering on a rosy horizon:
her best white cotton dress, trimmed in lace,
her drab gray hair shining like silver satin,
the pastor in his tattered coat.
She can even hear the old organ playing
and smell the wildflowers in her wedding bouquet.
Jake's head is full of snake eyes, poker chips, rye
whiskey, and how he'll get back to El Paso come morning.

Allesandra Patti

Common Time

Common Time

When I think back upon my childhood fears,
Rejoicing that those nightmare years have fled
My soul to dwell in unknown realms instead,
My heart leaps up with joy for future years,
No longer dreaded as a blackened pit
In which all terrors hide. No more the why
And wherefore or lonely nights' woeful lie
I once believed to be a gospel writ
Of gravitas, for you are here with me:
My brave troubadour, hungering for new
Horizons, thirsting to discover blue
Lagoons steeping in music's mystery,
And now conducting love in twinning rhyme -
The measure of our hearts in common time.

Allesandra Patti

Consummation Haiku

Soft snow melting down
the mountain, kissed by the sun -
spring consummation.

Allesandra Patti

Dormant Underlings

gelid banks freezing
incapacitated fields
dormant underlings

Allesandra Patti

Frankie And Johnny (Comic Cliche Poem)

Spring springs late in this neck of the woods
so I think I'll mosey along down south,
even though it can get hotter than a cat on a hot tin roof
and you can fry an egg sunny side up on the sidewalk.
Johnny said this with bated breath, as though he would
buy the farm any second. Before I could even get a word
in edgewise, he continued.

Anything's better than living here in Alaska,
where it gets cold as a witch's tit. Or how about Oregon
where it rains cats and dogs, with real gulley washers
raining pitchforks in the middle of the day? "

I took a big breath and plunged in. I think
we should tie the knot, get out of this bone-chilling berg
and move to the land of milk and honey, where the sun
shines twenty-four-seven but it never gets hot as hell,
like in the heart of Dixie...

Now listen, Frankie, Johnny interrupted,
his eyes big as saucers. I've never been one
to pull any punches, so you'll get it straight
from the horse's mouth when I whistle Dixie.

I tried to tell him he was getting too many
mixed metaphors in the mix, but he rudely
interrupted again with a gaping yawn.
I don't know about getting hitched. That old ball
and chain never held any fascination for me, ya know?
Had a shotgun wedding once, but I left ugly ole Ginny
standing at the altar and got the hell out of Dodge
faster than her ole daddy could clean my clock.

By this time, I was getting so hot under the collar,
blood was shooting from my eyes. Well, I pouted,
sighing like a love-sick puppy, and pulling my fake
fur up around my ears. If you think I'm going to stay
one more day in this freezing hell hole, I'm just going
to blow you away once and for all. I'm tired of giving

110 percent, and I'm getting way bent out of shape over your frigid ball of wax! (pointing to his willie) .

Johnny backed up a mile before he spouted off his steam. Okay, okay, twisted sister, don't get your panties in a twist. You've been driving me up a wall all day with this cock and bull story, and you're really getting under my skin!

Well since you put it that way, I retorted, letting the fur fly. You can take a long walk off a short pier, for all I care. And with that I sped off, with a hitch to my gait, my blood boiling hot as lava.

Johnny came running after me, shouting all the way and begging for forgiveness. Frankie, Frankie, I'm just a sorry son of a you know what, and my bark is bigger than my bite. For Pete's sake, give me another chance to push your buttons, sweetie.

With that I turned, my guns blazing, ready to pop a vein and I decided to give him a good tongue lashing. You're really rubbing me the wrong way, buster. I have better things to do than sit around and listen to you getting all bent out of shape over nothing. So, I'm outa here, leaving on a jet plane, and you can stew in your own juice and, oh, yah; have a nice day!

Poor Johnny, even though he knew he had lost the game, just couldn't resist one last fling. Oh, yah? he spurted, If you think I'm gonna be climbing the walls for you, you got another think coming!

Boy, howdy doody; that sounds like a plan, I shouted, running like a bat out of hell, Just remember, what goes around comes around, and when it rains it pours! And another thing, Mr. High and Mighty: There ain't no such thing as a free lunch!

Allesandra Patti

Leonardo Davinci (Acrostic)

Leonardo deified the Medici of Florence;
Ever the optimist, he defied them constantly,
Overwhelming them with his consummate art.
Naturally, they repaid him with disdain;
Adoration notwithstanding they often withheld
Rewardinghis colossal achievements.
Dedication to his art inspired his
Oath to immortalize Mona Lisa using sfumato,
Daring in its execution of style, perspective
And grace. His explorations in science are
Victorious monuments to our present age and his
Inventions stand today in testimony to his genius.
Nevertheless he is best known for his paintings which
Continue to fill us with awe. His use of perspective was Intuitive as breathing.
The master still lives within us.

Allesandra Patti

Nostalgia In C Minor - Circa 1940

Summer block parties, mama and papa
kicking up their heels to the tarantella-
such happy toe tapping. Signoras crowding in,
twirling their babushkas, and me so proud.
Running wild among the stalls, sampling
a pizza slice here, a pepperoni stick there.
Invented games: kick-the-can, stickball,
Red Rover, Red Rover, send over, send over -
Please, say Maria!

Charity handouts at school, out of control,
sneaking back in line for seconds.
Chocolate ice cream never tasted so good...
Mama's hand squeezing mine in the bread line.
Papa's wheezing as he waited for the truck
to take him to work at the dock,
his yellow fingers, thick as small bananas...

Mama twisting her black hair into a severe bun,
while in the parlor, old crones drone the rosary.

Ave, Maria.

And overall the smell of sweet carnations.

Papa's fragile fingers,
draped by mama's rosary beads,
were white as polished ivory.

Allesandra Patti

Poets As Conjurers

We have have no need
of disappearing acts
or card tricks
that stun the gullible

Our illusions are ghostly
wisps of ink

floating across the page

spelled by
a magician

waving a magic wand

Allesandra Patti

Tarot Reading

Tarot Reading

You have cursed me
with your wormwood
and now I drift down
The River of Despond
hovering

in a sinking boat...

Now The Six of Swords
pilots me to that distant shore;
I bow my head to its power,
Immured in its fractured prism,

and pray for a philosopher's stone
to release some alchemy
or other magical imagery to transform
this rusting derelict to gold.

Perhaps the Four of Wands
waits on the horizon
with all its promise of freedom
from despair.

But wait, I think I see The Magician
waiting just around the bend,

or is he just another charlatan
playing me along
right up
to the end
of the game?

Allesandra Patti

The Death Of Spring

I saw you walking in the park today
And all at once my world came tumbling down.
You looked as though you had not aged a day,
Although I noticed just the slightest frown
As your eyes blinked against the setting sun.
You raised your hand as though to wave at me,
And my heart, foolish still, became undone.
But you sought the shade of a walnut tree
Close by, and didn't see me standing there.
It seemed to me the birds had ceased to sing,
As though they knew the sum of my despair
With winter's cruel slaughtering of spring.
 Too soon you turned and quickly walked away
 And left me there with one more spring to slay.

Allesandra Patti

The Flower Market

At the flower market
I found spice, holy water,
cobblestoned obsidian dreams,
but no flowers.

The blustery Tuscany day
showed me its underlying graffiti,
incantations of poetica esoterica,
and yet another way
to excavate the mystery.

Nostalgic Roman nights,
Spanish palabras, Sicilian incantations
of idyllic panoramas:
promises enough to purchase the moon.

Such a foolish sacrifice
to fresco up for portfolios
in sanctuaries precious and profane.

Allesandra Patti

The Gardener

Intent on her task, she gazes
at the earth, stooping.
Raking parched leaves, she scoops
them up with gloved hands,
the black plastic bag protesting
against the wind.

See how she removes a glove
and wipes her brow,
the back of her hand riddled with
the sands of time.
See how she turns her weathered
face to the warming sun:

a lover's kiss.

Wrinkled as the leaves
beneath her feet, she tells the tale
of a life well-lived, wise eyes
blinking against the noon-day sun:

A day of bliss.

And now her eyes scan
the horizon and back again
to her precious garden, pride
in her achievements shining through
like an emerald crown,
lighting up the orchard:

too keen to miss.

Watch as she walks
to the nearby shed,
dragging her heavy black burden
over the pebbled landscape.

The years have served her well:

strong, still willing to carry on...
marching down her golden days...

and more like this.

Allesandra Patti

The Light In Your Blue Eyes

I grieve that I may be the first to die,
To leave you here alone to see
The break of day, the setting of the sun.

Since one of us must stay behind to cry
Out in the night, to see love's shadow flee
Through anguished dreams, let me be the one.

Better to depart than live the lie
Your life would be without your soul's trustee:
So life without you – life without the sun

If one must ache forever, asking why
The price of loving preordained to be
So dear to pay, I should be the one.

This purchase – dear as life itself – is high
Heaven's cursed and doubly blessed decree:
For one deprived of love – two undone!

Let it be I who grieves to say goodbye
To the light in your blue eyes breaking free...
Soaring toward the setting sun.

Allesandra Patti

Vino Rosso Della Guerra

I

My father spoke of eating rats
to stay alive in World War I
as he lay in bloodied fields
while in the distance
he watched the vineyards glinting in the sun.

His mother had wailed as she watched him go
while his father's bony finger
traced a purple cross

bare feet wedded to the grapes

marching
marching
marching

to the beat of the drums□

II

My mother said Mussolini was good
because he made everyone
throw their pigs out
of the house and made sure
everyone got pasta every day
but no meat.

By then the pigs had all been slaughtered
to feed the army.

In the garden behind her shack,
broccoli withered in the hot Sicilian sun,
water doled out like vino rosso to dying alcoholics.

'One liter too much and Il Duce's soldati
might die of thirst, ' the peasants would hiss,
rolling their eyes, while huddling in dark cellars
where wine presses used to dwell.

The purple grapes that once graced
the countryside had all been razed
the culls remaining
just so many
rotting raisins.

Allesandra Patti