

Marcella Spinosa: Pieta melata

At dull lucid dawn still sleepy
A restless kid tumbles in bed.
He is pulling his mother's dress:
What my face will look like when I'm dead?

He crumples the warm cotton hip
Gazing into wrinkle patterns
Till honey from mother's lips
Drips down on the buzzing head:

Your face will be alright, you sinner.
Serene patch between doubt and ash,
With a trace of sarcastic smile your face
Will look sweet when you are dead.