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## Amalfi: 2009

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# AMALFI: 2009

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Along the Amalfi coast,  
lemon trees overwhelm  
the rolling hills,  
no spaces in between.

This morning, Mad Girl wants to sleep a little longer  
and find the Italian blue sky behind her eyes.  
She sees black upon blackening skies:  
another morning to wear her mad-girl smile,  
another morning to repeat a prayer that today  
she'll mean it when she tells Sissy, I'm happy. I promise.

Sissy and Mad Girl stop  
to smell the fruit,  
to consider its yellow  
skin. The lemon juice,  
both sweet and sour,  
stings Mad Girl's tongue,  
a punishment  
she believes she deserves.

Mad Girl thinks,  
*I want to sit under the lemon trees.*  
*I want to sleep*  
*and never wake:*  
*the choke of lemon juice*  
*rotting in my throat.*