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.