

Vialetto Hearts

Folks in boots
coloured knits and suits
interchange
as swiftly as the weather
bold aroma; arabica bean
rolls into alfresco laneways
melting with music
and summer
and sidewalk conversation

I walk these little streets
with you fresh on my mind
a call from the airport this morning
and we laughed because
your third post card from Venice
had beaten you home by a day

Now I enter Hardware Lane
where terrace windows open wide
like a warm Tuscan smile
and chalkboards tempt 'Cajun' & 'Baguette'
as a cool jazz band sparks an afternoon set
and pink pots rule the gutter lines, neat
in this umbrella-buttoned street

I keep walking
keep collecting my heart, along the way
once forgotten, it glows brighter in me
than I have ever known before
and it's because
of you
of this beautiful city
and its people

At last we meet!
my valentine waits for me at Vialetto
we kiss hello
again and again
six week apart
an impossible lifetime!

I order a long black and baclava;
almond honey sweet
you order a Greco and biscotti,
swing your chair around next to me
'lo sono la tazza' - I am the cup
then interpretations end
and your sexy european smile
anchors the night.

***Published in a European-themed Zine edition as part of a Valentine's Day launch, 2004
at Vialetto Ristorante, 75 Hardware Lane, Melbourne.***