

## This Morning

This morning an Italian eight-year old  
With a British accent  
Walked to school singing.  
He was not a normal eight-year old.

Launching stones off a polished shoe.  
He scuffed the sidewalk  
Like little gentlemen were forbidden to do  
Behind the brick walls  
Of the Catholic parochial school.

Distantly grass danced free  
In a field while the crickets  
Played Mozart's fortieth symphony  
(which they composed),  
And feeling drawn toward this unbroken  
Virgin frontier,  
He removed those refined shoes  
And socks  
And scrambled off the pavement.

Ran for his life he ran  
Propelled by the pressure  
From the pavement sucked in  
By new discovery he fell  
Uncontrollably before himself  
While the whirling blades  
Of grass the trees the shrubs the yellow  
blur  
Of dandelions ran just as fast  
In the opposite direction.

But  
The end of breath  
And innocence  
Stopped him in his tracks  
While a tense leaf with its veins showing  
Crouched hideously and desperately  
Over a few pieces of grass  
As if shielding them  
From the shadow of his footstep.

The Sicilian schoolboy watched  
His clear conscience drip  
gently  
Into the muddied puddles at his feet,  
And paralyzed by afterthought stood  
Perfectly crooked for balance.  
One step more  
Would upset the balance.