

**AZB**

## **Tridente, 10th September**

With domes at our backs—  
the city ragged like old  
lace, all behind us.

Your jeans were rusty  
red, too short. I could  
see the whites of your ankles.

Lunch was hard, strong cheese  
taken amongst the bums  
in the silence of exiles.

No surprise at sundown  
when it rains great, warm  
Mediterranean drops.