

### *Roma mio*

Crossing your gaze and *Roma* falls upside down;  
day-sleeping and watching the night rising  
in your hair; feeling your body thrill  
— at my hands caressing you, perhaps.

A glimpse of you and *Roma* dazzles in the mirror;  
a unique moon and thousands of your shadows  
leading me through the tiled streets,  
grazing my lips that you astonish.

Kissing you and I taste *Roma* head down;  
walking on the palate of your mouth  
between the aromas of caper and garlic;  
licking your fingers until you lose it.

Singing you and *Roma* sounds from above;  
amongst the statues, I hear your laughter  
teasing the Colosseum's ragged clothes,  
solemnity that your lightness overthrows.

Writing you and you read *Roma* in reverse;  
never telling it to you and away with bad luck,  
always making it to you and the miracle again:  
*Roma mio*, till death do us part?