

Pete's Song

Hey there Pete ol' buddy. How they hanging, man?
 Good to here from ya.
 You got me thinking 'bout the old days.
 We had some times. Didn't we?
Remember that time we headed down to Euchee?
 The car had a hole in the radiator.
 We had to stop every five miles.
 And there was that ol' guy.
 You know the one that the tractor trailer
 Took the front of his bathroom off?
 He had that eight sided mandolin. Called it an octolin.
And we didn't sleep,
 Just to see how long it could be done.
 The four of us counted the hours.
That was the weekend of hurricane Camille.

And later,
 We went out to that old bunker,
 Looking out on the Gulf,
 Passing a J.
A Viking ship came over the horizon
 And headed into the Bay.
 No point heading to a pillaged home.
And we did good impressions of bad Hemingway,

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We walked up from the Rialto bridge to Grazzianno's place
 Up the narrow alley.
 The fruit vendors (the ones that sold the blood oranges)
 Were barely visible between the buildings.
 Grazziano was sitting at the corner table drinking absinthe.
 Come in Signore Papa.
 Sit at the table where you wrote
 Into the Trees.
Where is your friend Bill?
 The last time you were here, you were hunting ducks.
 There was ice in the ditches.

Bill's dead, Grazziano.
 Nothing more was said.
We ate cauliflower *al dente* with pepper and pecorino.
And each of us drank a bottle of wine
 Brought in barrels from Lombardy.
Later ... we walked up the narrow alleyways to San Marco.
 Caught a water Taxi.
 The sun was low on the horizon.
 The Grand Canal was tinted yellow.
 The light glinted off the windows at Salute.
We passed the berths with the Black Pilings,
 The ones with red and white stripes
 That looked like Barber Poles.
Only, the red stripes were purple in the yellow light.
When we got to the train station
 The light was completely gray.
