

GIOVANNI MALITO

That Summer in France

I used to listen to chaotic jazz
drink Chianti (only 12FF) straight
from the bottle, wipe my face on my sleeve
and smoke rancid Gauloises cigarettes.
And I used to read a lot of Nietzsche,
the absurdists and dada da
but I read Hemingway and the Beats too.
The physics of cooking was dispelled
as I fished hard-boiled eggs from a pot
on the stove where I used to light
my cigarettes and throw shells to ground.
And it all used to go so well.
I didn't own a TV but I had posters—
Marilyn, sexier dressed
than anyone else nude and
the Absolute Whores, a garage band
that sang "Killing an Elvis song for you"
and "I'm an asshole for your love."
I was a rebel, a cynic, an anarchist
approaching the noble status of savage
speaking in a new blood language
but then it all fell apart when I met her
and when I started to weaken and feel
something like sentiment coming on ...
I actually thought I had fallen in love.