

G I S E L L A F A G G I

Mari Mditirràniu

The promise of life, death, or rebirth
is relative to where you are born.

A woman banished from her home by poverty and fear—

Hers a mouth without words,
lips torn off and eaten like sour cherries.

Her ears tuned to the sound of destruction,
the soft whistle of a balloon slowly leaking air.

Her despair like sand drifting lost
in the crimson sea where I spent my childhood summers.

Hers a sad story that no one will ever know,
that will lie uncovered in murky waters for millennia
to come.

Come
cross the canal,
the imaginary confines of history,
to wash up,
defeated and lost,
on this shore.

GISELLA FAGGI has had her short fiction and poetry published in such magazines as *Emerge Literary Journal*, *Grey Sparrow Journal*, and *The Sand Hill Review*, among others. She calls Chicago, Philadelphia, and Rome home.