

## CASAMARI

On the bridge between Brush Ridge and Highway 23  
I slip into 1953, and hear Casimari Iacobucci play the accordion.  
Handwritten sheet music is spread out on the wood floor,  
His eyebrow creased and lips pursed, and between them,  
thick black-rimmed glasses on a fat nose, and behind them,  
sharp eyes staring down at the floor in concentration  
as he waits for the next chord to come.  
And, faintly a lullaby is heard in Italian  
As a baby boy cries back in the bedroom.

But I can't hear anything before 1984,  
and the cracks in this wall feel like an old man's hand.  
Last night's dinner was a vending machine pepperoni roll,  
and what I'd give for a homemade steaming calzone.  
I squint at tiny gray faces with noses shaped like mine.  
These walls are prize-fighters late in the third round.  
They lean into each other's shoulders,  
clamped in time by someone's flashbulb.

Now the sidewalk snores in the drizzle,  
and I walk on its surface and start to whistle,  
and T-bone comes by with an electric bass.  
We'll take my car.

We'll find a place to drive to and the sky will close its eyes  
and we'll move by sounds.  
*Cerco il languge di mio nonno.*  
*Voglio sentirlo stasera.*

The car will scratch its belly and roll over,  
so we'll leave it to sleep, and start walking.  
Our bare feet will fling droplets onto the street  
as we dance to accordion music and a faint lullaby  
sung in a language a small part of us understands.

—Anthony Iacobucci