

La Donna e' Mobile Comes on the Radio

On My Return from Visiting My Father at the Veterans Hospital Where He Lives

The great tenor sings,
Familiar but foreign –
Italian I long ago heard drifting up
From downstairs, from my father's workshop.
What matters the words?
Memory's fulsome notes
Come from the radio.
I want to close my eyes,
To sway, to drift like a feather
Or a yellow leaf falling from a tree.
But I am driving, balancing
The pull of emotive arias
With the need to brake
Before the closing gates
And approaching whistle
At the railroad crossing.