

The Decree

It arrived one frosty Friday, in the green heart of Umbria—the blow that landed me in white rooms. The blow, smooth and cold, had come from my beautiful Italian husband, a linguist based in Perugia, a frost-loving man. I, a poem-loving Americana, green apron knotted, tending a field of roasted poppies, slept for ten years, dreaming nightly of the recently divorced. Recently divorced, I have since returned to my beloved blue land, a tuft of poems underarm on lemon paper. I know now Tiramisu and coffee without accidents, the pleasure of reading Keats without kicks. I watch the frost on my bay window burn, sit before the aproned fire, cry hard for those dreaming nightly of me.