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Italy

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Author Bio

Taylor Andrews is a junior, English with a Writing Concentration and Studio Art double major. Participates in Shots in the Dark Improv and is Co-president of Live Poets' Society. She is deeply indebted to her generous and patient family and friends.

Italy

Taylor Andrews

Coming here was like
falling asleep in December and
waking up in June, stunned by the
hue of the sky but
forgetting your snow-born bones
sweat and slip when soaked
in so much sun.

You are soluble in light, and
you, shadow child, dissolve
like a teaspoon of sugar,
sweet and nothing.

You speak a language that
tastes like fruit and cream
and feels like breathing
underwater, each day acting out
your most pervasive childhood dream-
facing a world full of darkness
unable to scream.

You become a bundle of
misunderstanding, blank-
non capisco non capisco non
capisco non capisco
non capisco
no.

You learn to say
si with a sweet little smile,
since it doesn't matter if you
understand, your
frenetic, thrashing mind
will stand the silence,
and you will leak your
words like a slow-bleeding
animal dragging a gnawed-off
leg through the brush.
Florence was a dream or

a movie scene
and you weren't really there,
breathing in cigarette smoke
that smelled both like
your aunt's sweaters and boys
you tried to rub from your brain
like an oil stain, stubborn and flammable.
You try to exist in this place
or that place: your cells your hair your
blurry profile ducking out
of a tourist's photograph -- your
proof, souvenirs of you
left to the churches and
terracotta roofs.
You fly home sick and cold,
you don't exist in your
room, you don't exist in your
poems, you don't see why
moving from beautiful place
to beautiful place
does nothing to temper
the swelling space that
occupies your skin.