

Italy

At night, the city fills with laughter,
As liquor sweeps through the streets.
It's heartbeat won't slow even after
The clock chimes 2 or 3.

In the morning, a warm blanket is laid
Over every rooftop and plaza,
Mind the cold streetside shade
Where a dew drink steaming hot java.

The small shouts between workers
And haphazard beeps from a truck,
Slowly seep into my mind
As I realize how tremendous is my luck.

The windows to my soul calmly open,
And the green shutters soon follow.
A warm ocean of sunshine rolling in,
So magnificent, I am far from hollow.