

SERA DI VERANO

In the waning light of a summer evening, the extended family gathers. The youngest chase fireflies with jam jars; the adults play bocce, clicking in the dark. Siblings argue over the identity of rising constellations, while the elders murmur quietly in Italian, sipping amaretto.

We are no more,

this village, than a wide spot in the road. Headlights approach, reflect in the windows, and then are gone, red tail lights shimmering in the hot breeze.