

Only the church is open

Ylenia Baldanza

Italy, countryside.

Even the town got lonely.


Empty shops,
abandoned parks.

It's like 1941 and we are just
two girls who cannot touch
in public.

The air smells of war
and grief for all the words
we left unspoken,
only the benches
remember how it was to hold
two lovers.


Ambulances in the distance,
we must keep distance.

Every tie, even the sky, seems broken
and only the church is open.



Morality, morality, morality
dripping down the sink
as we wash our hands from
all the sins
we won't indulge in
for a while.

Only the church is open
and in this God forsaken town,
you are the promised land,
milk, honey and your bare back.



Meanwhile we spend the nights
we cannot rest chanting, through a phone
a choir of your quiet moans,
a praise for everything
my hands will do to you,
I will be no saint,
but I'll read every
inch of your skin
as if you were Scripture,
because only the church is open.

Nothing left but praying
for a better time, a better day
a glass of wine in a far away field,
cherry sweet profanity, your lips
on me: the forbidden fruit.

...But in the end we are just playing prophets.

We are just whispering into the *bella notte*
and only the church is open.

