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Trastevere

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Trastevere

Natalia Martinez

The flower tips and leans and blows through
the *vicolo*.

Rome, busy, hustles across the Tiber.

A man rides his tattered bicycle, its aged
squeaks and shrieks

Sounding off the walls.

A boy, dirty, whistles down the pavement
coming home from

A day's hard play, clothes ripped, arms
tanned, shoe missing,

A white grin under those opaque eyes.

Edmma sits outside.

Her chair half in half out. Afraid the balcony
floor will fall

From under her, she weaves colors into one
another,

Patiently tugging at the thread.

She pricks herself, cursing her old eyes, and
scares

The doves across the street into a frenzy -

A white mantle against the darkening blue
above.

What is it about an evening amid these
densely-packed buildings?

And the clotheslines hanging across the alley?

And the friendly windows, open to the warm
afternoon air?

What is it about Trastevere and its patchwork
of streets?

Roman, authentically, purely and essentially
Rome.