But they wouldn't stop, 
kept pushing. From a window 
somewhere, someone played a fugue. 
They tried to dance.

If you'd just take off your cape --
I said. The old men laughed
and spat and swore and pointed
their guns at us.

The idea, as I said, was good, 
a good idea, but in execution
offered difficulties really --
it was the cape, 
the damned red cape and the old men,
laughing and spitting, made it
very hard to concentrate
on what to do.

Sirocco -- Palermo, July 1965

Out on the terrace
a table falls.

The green water in the pool
wrinkles.

In here,
in the air-conditioned bar,
we sip Campari
and
through the window
watch the cat out there
stare
at the pink awning
as it flaps in the blistering wind.

Somebody suggests bridge.
No one answers him.

An old party in a red wig
looks up from her book.

Ah, she says,
her voice trembling
as she waves a thin claw
towards the sulphur sky,

is this, then, the breath of the
wild ass?