

2. Death in Philly, an Elegy 2018

That's where Italo lived
when I met him.
He introduced me to Bruce
and Marcia.
But before I drop any other names,
I should consult Sol,
an expert on line.
Sol died some years ago.
So did Italo, cooking
dinner for a couple of friends.

Admittedly, I wasn't there.
I just heard it through Larry.
Italo smiled an ironic smile then muttered,
"I don't feel so good,"
and flopped his face down on the table,
smack in the middle of pasta.

A recipe he remembered
from Calabria—
the village of Lago.
pronounced with a short *a*.

Luckily,
linguini
provided a cushion.
And the marinara was
in a separate dish,
still heating on the stove,

So he didn't break his nose,
or knock out his teeth.
And his face wasn't burnt or
smeared with red sauce.
But even if it were,
No matter,
he died on plate of pasta.
That's all,
so
Wait-to-go,
Italo.

