

At The Italian Bar (Reflections of an Immigrant)

by *Silvano Zamaro*



**W**ill these dark-eyed people overshadow my horizon?  
The crystal ball gone into pieces  
Myself too  
"Gino, un espresso"  
New yellow ties on flowered jackets  
They move like Caesar's warriors  
Through the crowded smoky pool-hall  
Will! these bearded people be my very last horizon?  
Lost celestial scented seasons  
Years gone by  
Will I ever get them back?  
Or should I try once more to fit  
In this undefined alien mosaic?  
"Gino, un altro espresso".