

Italy · Allison Funk

Behind shutters, a girl
lies across a bed.
The blanket stretches
a shadow under her.
With a man
in a small *pensione*
she thought she would change,
as statuary discovers sense
and lives. But it was not
the new fit of her skin
that made the difference.
It was the view
from the opened shutter
of men running in the streets,
their buttocks glistening
like stolen purses.