La Solitudine

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss1/8
The plaza was alive. Alive with the sound of a thousand voices filling the air. A sweet blend of languages and laughter emanated from the crowd milled around the fountain. The ancient Roman gods, Neptune foremost among them, stared down from their lofty marble perches, seemingly judging the crowd below. The crowd shifted around the fountain, some standing in awe of the fountain's size and beauty, while others frantically avoided the pursuits of over-zealous merchants peddling roses. The sky was dark. Distant stars shone palely above. The plaza itself was lit by hundreds of flashes. Photos of loved ones, memories being captured for eternity.

I looked around the crowd more closely. Scanning faces, noticing details more clearly. Young couples laughing and hugging. Old couples sitting hand in hand. Ahh, to be at this place with the one you love. What a feeling that must be.

As I sat there, alone, I wondered what happened. How do I go from bliss to this? My life was fine, how could sitting where I am sitting not be incredible? But it couldn't fill the hole. The hole in my life. . . in my heart.

Slowly, silently, I rose from my seat and made my way through the crowd. I couldn't sit there any longer, thinking of what now was and what had been. Glancing back one more time, I realized this may be my last time at this fountain, but I could not appreciate its magnificence as I wondered if the last time I would be with my love had passed. Arrivederci Italia. Ciao, il futuro incerto.