

DAVID KEPLINGER

Near the Amphitheater in Gubbio

From the grown-over stage I dislodged a stone,
then hid my crime away. Later, at the café bar
I watched an older woman fetch her younger man.
His hair was combed up high, unfashionably.
The woman was combing it down with her fingers.
They had drunk a lot. He laughed at the maternal way
she touched her fingers to her lips. So much
is happening in secret, but right before our eyes.
The actor whose foot touched the stone, stood veiled
behind the mask of tragedy, comedy. The young man
reached for more money, to pay off the bill.
The woman about to say something. She was pouring
first him, then herself, the last taste of the wine.