

If it's
Italian to laugh when no one
else is laughing or to whistle
at the wheel, I qualify.

One
murmur in Italian soothes
the Florentine in me that French
confuses, German contradicts,
and Spanish misses by a hair.

One murmur, and I feel
what Goethe felt when Florence
wounded him with Italy
for life though Goethe spent
not quite three hours there.