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“HE DIDN'T NEED TO

KISS MY FEET”

That is how the story always ended,  
passing into family folklore, how  
she was standing at the heavy white sink  
(now probably feeding sheep behind a hawthorn)  
turned to Bruno, the Italian prisoner of war, squatting  
on the floor, with a carving knife  
splicing the cable to the cooker  
asking

“What do you think about Hitler then?”

With flashing eyes, slashing knife

his dam burst, screaming

“Hitler, I cut his throat”

Instantly seeing her fear, threw the knife

and himself to the ground

“Mamma mi scusi”

pouring from his wracking frame,

He had no news of his woman, his child,

but he didn't need.....

David Smith, Cleveland, England