

C-h-a-i-n-s



I

Ma per noi le catene mai

We drank a glass of cabernet
at every bar you knew and
walked out in the rain

from dusk till dawn, my arm
within your arm, a chain.

II

Sometimes at night I dream
of you and in my dream we
live in Spain, pick our own

grapes, take off our shoes,
stand in the sun within the
magic circle, and step and

stomp and squish and squash
until our fears turn into
wine. Remember when we

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shared a bottle of *Hoya de*
Cadenas, love? Did you
know *cadenas* means chains?

Ma per noi le catene mai

Chains can link and link by
link fetter your heart.
Chains can bind.

Ma per noi le catene mai

Not any chains for us, ever,
never fetters, heavy shackles
or prisons for our hearts.

III

I sit at the bar where we
once shared a glass. It is
empty without you.

In front of me, a woman, the
golden chain around her neck
a token of her lover's love.

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A bright ring on her finger
keeps her grounded, chained
to love. What are these heavy
irons we carry around? My aim
was not to tie, imprison or
secure. All I wanted was your
love. *Ma per noi le catene mai*

