

## **Azzurro**

Are the sleepy afternoons that Celentano sang,  
Many years ago  
The smell of rubber melting on the road,  
Summers were long.

And azzurro is the sky  
Of a Saturday afternoon in Scotland  
It's blue as the sea  
Opening out  
Over the rocky beach at Cramond.

Rays of blistering summer  
Squirt through the speakers in the car  
They warm my heart  
And my bones  
From side to side of the windowpanes.

I do not want to stop the car  
Shall I keep driving?  
Straight ahead of me towards the bridge  
Even if I have arrived already?

The tides go in and out  
Showing and concealing the round pebbles, the broken shells;  
The boundary is not fixed  
But I keep changing,

More rounded,  
Hounded  
Emptied,

Sculpted

*[Azzurro]*

I turn into the drive

Flowers in the window

I've got ice-creams for the children

The temperature on the display

Risen up a little.