

Poetry

The sun kisses the prettiest

by Serena Piccoli

The sun kisses the prettiest.

It's an Italian saying

he says.

3 euros per hour, 12 hours per day

The red-gold burning in his ears

between the toes, up the ass

Picking tomatoes 7 days a week

bent and burnt

crashing in the shack with a stroke.

The red-mud boss' boots

pushed him down the creek at noon

before stripping his poor pendant.

The sun kisses the prettiest.

Lucky you

he said.

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