

1-1-2009

## Love Eccentric

Patrici Fagnoli

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### Recommended Citation

Fagnoli, Patrici (2009) "Love Eccentric," *Yalobusha Review*. Vol. 14 , Article 4.  
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol14/iss1/4>

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*Patrici Fargnoli*

## Love Eccentric

The cow of my heart is mooning again,  
hooves clicking together  
like a Spanish dancer in red lace.

Over there, the lush field sets off bells,  
releases the passion of daisies. Wind presses  
the flanks of the cow  
who is munching her way up the slope.

Miles from the sea, I taste the brine  
in my coffee, hear sun rattling  
its high ribcage on the mountain.

A crow arrives on Mt. Monadnock  
& will not be driven away.  
O love if you leave, I will never  
jump the cheese-faced moon again.

Once, an old Italian woman in a black shawl,  
met me in the hills north of Naples.  
She handed me three red wildflowers & a gold horn  
to ward off the curse of loneliness.

I travel west toward you  
all the time in my dreams  
and sometimes in my waking life.  
When I arrive at your station, the train  
stops with a screech & the conductor shouts:

*But that's how it is you know—the ironclad  
door of despair.*

I shout back: *You're wrong. Here's the secret—  
the crow will tell you all of joy you need to know  
from his singing branch in the olive tree.*