

Hilary Sideris

Liberty Wash

She hauls the bags onto a scale,
speaks Yoruba on her cell.

Our English interrupts, tells her
to write, *No fabric softener.*

Yesterday we set the clocks
in our too-small apartment back.

It's dark in five-pm Flatbush.
Our English says we're in a rush

to swipe our cards, take an Uber.
Between washers & dryers

her children fall down, laugh.
We drop our whites & colors off.

Robert B. Shaw

Forza Roma

Your team lost,
so you give me shit
about my accent,

think out loud —
a stream of *stronzos*
fills the afternoon.

I've never known
the kind of love
for my home squad

that brings you
grief & makes
you practice faith.

You can't bear even
to name the town
that won — *Che te*

interessa? I don't
ask again. I bet
it's a bella citta'

dove si mangia
bene, better maybe
than in Rome.