

## Hilary Sideris

### How Many Vincenzos

The lights are off.  
Vincenzo must be home

saving his energy  
or in a sea of woe —

*mare di guai* in his language,  
which has no W.

Inside our wardrobe —  
*guardaroba* — parkas,

duffles, puffers, pelts  
have hung for months

in *scuro, tenebroso*  
gloom, the bulb *guasto*,

the change to happen  
on Italian time.



### Vincenzo on Church Avenue

It only took the two-block walk home from Calogero the barber, who snipped the white hairs from his ears, to feel the sadness of Cortelyou Road — the lone, immobile pigeon breathing hard, the rat on asphalt, cartoon-flat, a bald man with no hat selling his paintings for five dollars — unicorns, hearts, flowers — the art always the saddest part. Vincenzo knows it's Vincenzo he's sorry for. He's bringing home a bag of walnuts in their shells, a present from Calogero — expired, though possibly not rancid yet. He tried to give them to a panhandler who said *No, man. Not those nuts.*



***Respiro: Spring 2020***

Vincenzo's son  
won't speak to us.

We know he lives  
& breathes because

he texts a link  
to Kimberly Clark's

N95 Pouch  
Respirator Mask.

