

O sweet acacia flower, When its me singing, I sing with joy but if I tell the whole story, It would ruin this company.

O flower of sage: You laugh and joke and act like a saint woman, but your chest is bursting with rage.

O mint flower Hold your tongue There's an innocent among us And it's better That he neither sees nor hears.

O squash flower Once a woman was crazy for this mustache And now that she's lost teh she can't get over it.

O flower of shit I've freed myself from the noose. Now it's another's turn To be his servant

**MAMMA ROMA**

Fior de gaggia, quando canto io canto con allegria, ma se io dico tutto rovino 'sta compagnia!

CARMINE Fiore de sabbia, tu ridi, scherzi, fai la santa donna, e invece in petto schiatti da la rabbia.

MAMMA ROMA Fiore de menta, fèrmete lingua, chè ce sta n'innocente: è mejo che nun veda e che nun senta!

SPOSA Fior de cocuzza, 'na donna per 'sti baffi andava pazza, e adesso che li perde ce va in puzza!

MAMMA ROMA Fiore de merda, io me so' libberata da 'na corda, adesso tocca a 'n'altra a fà la serva!

**THE MASS MUST BE SUNG!**

*Fior de gaggia*

*Fiore de sabbia*

*Fiore de menta*

*Fior de cocuzza*

*Fiore de merda*

**Bari, July 2015**

**Only one survived. Not the usual lucky one but the most voracious, the most timid. It seemed dazed, rusty but fair. It advanced jerkily, up and down. The silence, diluted with boiling air, thundered in its dry stomach and inflated the few breadcrumbs torn away from the recently disinfected earthenware floor.**

**The air bumped against the high mosquito nets, seeping through the thick metallic meshes while the fat children, dressed of love and deception, were not able to catch, silently, down in the courtyard. Probably there had been no time, effort and intuition to educate them at the essentiality of the warm summer silence. Every noise from outside sounded as a roar in the stomach of the little ant. It could contain, at most, only three crumbs of that authoritarian bread.**

**This needed, to be monitored and dragged away frantically before the time when, even the asphalt became crumbly. How heavy is usually a dry breadcrumb that falls mistakenly on the ground? And potentially, in the impact, how many micro crumbs does it fractionate into?**

**In any case, no one was in the apartment that afternoon, maybe they were all on the beach to roast their thick skins along with the unpunished lies. Meanwhile the fatty rice salad was earning flavor in the fridge.**