

Carmen and Pasquale at Bergamo Airport

by [Donna Pucciani](#) in the [August 24, 2010](#) issue

You stand side by side, *i miei cugini*,
the Italian version of "American Gothic"
bisected by iron security gates, to watch us
snaking in inches toward X-ray machines.
Your eyes glisten like the last buds of autumn.
We carry the luggage of your love.
It weighs nothing. But when the plane lifts
into the night sky, only the moon
has more luminescence, more weight
than my heart