1960

Sunny Island by Rafael Heliodor Valle

D. M. Pettinella

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“And you’ll write and tell me about it?”
“I’ll call you as soon as I know anything.”
“I love you,” she said quickly, looking away, starting the car and jerking it into gear. He slammed the door and she backed out, turned the car away from him. He watched as she drove out, and just before she turned the corner around the building, he waved goodbye. She was gone and he stood in the freezing dusk, seeing that the light was already dropping, feeling the night wind blowing at him.

Savastein started back to the company, carrying the package like an offering to his buddies. He had to pack tonight because he was shipping in the morning at 0500 hours. He would share what she had brought him with the others; right now, alone, he wasn’t hungry at all.

Sunny Island

by Rafael Heliodoro Valle

In Capri,

island of sun.

Near, far, in all things
lies love.

The bluest sea
and in the voice
a thin
trembling.

In these belvederes

Virgil dreamed.

Dream Capri
of yesterday and today.

—translated by D. M. Pettinella