

# Bill Bowler

## OH, ITALY

Oh, Italy!  
land of sunshine  
and of song. You lovable  
old boot of a country, you. So very laid  
back when it comes to timekeeping that the  
strictest punctuality is a social crime.  
Ah, how I love you for your characteristic  
procrastination, dear Italy. You're  
quite a home from home, you know.  
Such a jolly earthy country, aren't  
you, eh? Mothering your sons by  
feeding them up with mounds of  
really luscious pasta in  
long lunch hours which  
-s-t-r-e-t-c-h-  
out lazily so as  
to fill an entire  
afternoon with rich  
saucy perfumes and  
strong flavours to be  
savoured languidly  
upon the palate. I  
felt at home with  
you from our first  
encounter, I must  
confess. The fact  
that George Gordon,  
Percy Bysshe, J. Keats  
and a myriad of other  
compatriots of mine  
had fallen victim  
to your hot seductress  
charms before me only  
increased my ardour.  
Land of Dante, Gucci,  
Michelangelo, Mafia,  
Mussolini, and  
Martini,  
how I  
adore  
thee!  
Goddess  
of the  
brown-  
baked  
flesh:  
ample,  
and so  
warm!