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A witless weather bustles through the bare
Urbino streets that flash as flat as metal
drawn from a sheath and hunching townsmen
goad themselves along the steep and narrow
ways and won’t glance up so that we’re forced
to yield the wall until we find

our restaurant and dart in to feel the crazed wood
raging in its grate like some wild beast

that maddens at its fate and bangs against
the bars. Old wives’ tales say “Eat rabbit and
grow shy,” but here the hare is savage
too like all the countryside where posters
everywhere advise the poachers to
forebear. Few warning signs are wanted

where the sins are few. Thank God to brave
our lepre grilled with bacon and sage we find

a Corvo bred on tough Sicilian
vines and for a moment in
a moonstruck world two vandal joys combine.