

## Petrarchan Sonnet\*

In Roma—*'Hannibal ad portas! Aie!'*—

I flared between blinded cats, through cobblestoned  
 streets, Chianti-red dragon, classically stoned,  
 tripped until dawn, bearing purple tie-dye  
 pants, shirt, black beret. 'Cry  
 -baby, Mama's Boy,' my untuned  
 body scolded; black coffee intoned  
 Latin prayer in the hotel restaurant. I

didn't want to advance on Russia, see

*The Motherland Calls'* horror, the Kremlin,  
 care for the Soviet controllers' reign.

The Cure's 'From The Edge Of The Deep Green Sea'  
 was devoured by my Walkman's gremlin,  
 Aeroflot's winged hammer and sickle scoured black rain.

*Stuart Barnes*

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\* this poem is a companion piece to 'Ghazal for The Sisters of Mercy' published in *Transnational Literature* Vol.10, no.1, November 2017

[https://dspace.flinders.edu.au/xmlui/bitstream/handle/2328/37575/Barnes\\_Ghazal\\_for\\_The\\_Sisters\\_of\\_Mercy.pdf?sequence=1](https://dspace.flinders.edu.au/xmlui/bitstream/handle/2328/37575/Barnes_Ghazal_for_The_Sisters_of_Mercy.pdf?sequence=1)

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<http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html>