

sorella gelateria

c. a. grady, april 2025

a dozen flavors, devoured with love —
the audience savors, the treat its savior.
but between the cream that seems to redeem
 is a familiar taste...
one i cannot quite yet place.

*two sisters wake, morning and night —
 (one sleeps, the other daydreams)
to sell with love, to make with love
 (we see the plater, not the creator)*

blessed by moonlight, basked in sunlight...
tells frozen smiles,
 satiated with delight.

lips form words:
again and over, another, once more,
that it ought to be their motto:

“i taste the love in their gelato.”

