

## Count Grassi's Passage Over Piedmont

The Divine Comedy

Below the Po rolls slow from Alps to Adriatic Sea  
Blow old bellows, blow  
Take us where you will  
Padua, Genoa, Corsica, Catalonia, O Segovia  
O unfathomable firmament

That we should set a course between the two  
Clinging only to our orb of blue and red  
Like Romanovs to a Faberge egg  
Push Sisyphus, push  
Heave our sphere into the heavens

If I'm to die then let it be in summertime  
In a manner of my own choosing  
To fall from a great height  
On a warm July afternoon  
Liverwurst, Battenburg, Emmenthall, Syllabub, Muscadet  
Throw it all away  
We need more height  
O Newton, release this apple from its earthly shackles  
And live to fight another day

Go back from whence you came the swallows cry  
You've corrupted and befouled the ground you walk upon  
And now you come to poison the skies  
Please friends, forgive this brief intrusion