

## Fly Away

By A. C. Zito

"I just want some biscotti that I can dip into my Vin Santo!" I looked at my little Italian lovebird with ravishing eyes.

"You know... biscotti, it doesn't come cheap, you know? You have to *bake* it then you have to *bake* it *again*." My little Italian lovebird slapped me in the face.

"You *know* I'm talking about pancetta, no?" I wanted to slap her back but stopped myself as steam swelled up all along the outer ridges of my forehead.

"You *know* I know you know I know, *il Mio Amore!*" And then we made passionate love. I felt like that silly cowboy off the American movies, you know? He likes to feel silly and call people: *punk*. It's hilarious! Americans are so funny, no? They wear their big cowboy hats and put on their big cowboy boots and flash their shiny, big, cowboy belt buckles.

"Are you still up, my love?" She whispered softly to me as it was dead in the night. I took another puff of my cigarette as I whispered to her:

"I give anything to be an American cowboy like in the movies. I want to wear the cowboy boots and tell bad guys to draw. It sounds like the dream, my little *Uccello di amore*." She snuggled her cheek into her pillow as she whispered to me, softly:

"You are full of crazy dreams, Italian man." I took one last puff of my cigarette before I flicked it out the open window onto the silent streets of Copertino.

"Like the beloved saint of our city, Saint Joseph of Copertino, I *will* fly away from here and head to the streets paved with gold!"

"You are no saint, you cannot fly. Go to bed, my sweet love. I will wake you in the morning with freshly baked bread. It will be so warm to your cheek that you will feel like you are in Heaven with our first ever pope, Saint Peter."

Three hours went and left our small, little bedroom. I looked up at the moon and whispered a prayer of ungodliness to Saint Anthony that she would never find me. And then I left. I had it all planned out. I knew a couple of guys. They were *gonna* get me where I needed to go. Slipping into the bathroom, hoping she wouldn't wake up, I practiced my American accent:

"How's it *goin'*," I began to say over and over again. I had two options: move to the North or to the South. I knew a couple guys in both areas of America. Either or would do. But was that my first and final pit-stop? Hell no! Hollywood, baby; no one would expect I was just an Italian boy with a dream. But I still needed a better American name than the one I currently had. But, of course, I'd keep the surname as an Italian name, I couldn't keep the same one though, however.

"How's it *goin'*," I said again. "Good, how '*bout chu?*'" I had the suit on already. I was ready. I tried to mess with the jacket like I was some tough guy or *somethin'*.

"Who you *lookin'* at?" I said to the mirror.

"Me?" I said back. "I'm *MOTHERFUCKIN' FRANK SINATRA*, YOU PIECE OF SHIT! AND I'M HERE TO WHOOP SOME ASS, WHAT IT LOOK LIKE? THE *FUCKIN' DEVIL* SENT ME HIMSELF! I'M HERE TO CUT THROATS, SCORE SOME *HOTTIES*, AND GET *FUCKIN' RICH!*" And then I left.