

**Estate Italiano '76**

In Urbino, men piss into the streets  
At night, their vicious cats hiding  
Crouch and sniff the filthy shadows  
Slipping down from the laps of sleeping churches.  
Sunday morning, one hundred bells are ringing  
Like so many sacred trains  
Swaying off to heaven, chugging holy holy holy  
Away with the whispered and withered prayers of the old.  
But if you are young, you are Communist,  
And tomorrow the sun will be Red and rising  
Up and into the streets with the sound of water rushing  
Running and triumphant, to wash away the sins of their Pope.

