

Wilderness House Literary Review 14/2

Dennis Daly
Cecchino's Death

In a scuffle with Roman constables,
Bertino Aldobrandi fell wounded.
My brother Cecchino, demanding blood
For blood and possessed by pent-up devils,

Ran to avenge the man. With his drawn sword
He slew one, then turned, threatening the rest.
They scrambled off in fear and the contest
Should have ended, quieting the discord.

But, in self-defense, an arquebusier
Fired, hitting Cecchino in the right leg.
Nothing was to be done. He died later

That day, attended by his commandeer,
Myself, and others who loved him. I beg
Pardon, a prayer now needs this narrator.

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Revenge

On my brother's monument of marble
I added an axe to the coat-of-arms
As a precursor of the many harms
I meant to inflict upon the devil

Who killed him, the boastful arquebusier,
My new prey. I watched this man as I would
A true love, a fresh girl from my boyhood.
A pistoian dagger I chose to shear

The culprits head clear off. But on that day
Of execution he turned suddenly
And the heavy blow broke the shoulder bone.

He dropped his sword, sprang up, ran. I daresay
Within four steps I caught him quite rudely:
My dagger found his neck; I heard one groan.