Another Italian Ruin

The ginger cat
wanders the Agriturismo
looking for access

I close the door
sit in the sun
morning coffee shots steaming with aroma

She purrs and rolls
offers claws that recently
took down a squirrel

The olive press stands proud
historical and wooden
barrel shaped

This rusty display
echoes a former life
when survival didn't require

Tourists to pay for the privilege
of sleeping in the barn
where Carolina cattle bred freely

When the farming life was not
a struggle for existence, and strangers
didn’t need to live on your land.