L’ITALIANA IN ALGERI

The Italian Woman in Algiers (opera by Gioachino Rossini)

Will she cower, as the servants do, or
the wives who fawn after him,
his ego wearing feathers? She comes
with her own fan but tosses it aside
in this production--she meets him
with no visible props. With a touch
of her hair, a conscious composure, she
turns the corner to face him.

And he sees flesh, abundance, sex.

Perhaps, she mirrors his own deliberate
maneuverings, and don’t we
really fall in love with ourselves?
What we think we need we are

convinced of. And so she flees him and
so he relishes being the fool of her love.

The ship that brought her,
the ship that takes her away.

Donna J. Gelagotis Lee