

12 Labors of Life

Emily Diaz

Family, we are not here to celebrate this life,
but to mourn.

Today, we all are reminded of death's power -
To draw the last breath of life;
To clutch the heart until it the last pulse echoes in the chest;
To have the organs exhale one by one;
And to take love away from all of us.

Oggi in figura, domani in sepoltura.

Death humors and humbles,
It humors us to believe that because we have love,
it can save us from pain and hurt—
Death laughs,
Love is the reason we die.

Dei morti parla bene.

We all loved this person buried beneath our feet,
We remember the few warm suns and summers of Sicily,
The filthy streets of New York City,
Moreover, this is how they died.
They loved this city, but the city did not love them.
The city hated the jet black hair and freckles
Smattered across their cheeks from summers long ago.
The city hated the people who made the city.
When the people were beaten down, they stood up.
They became a person for the people.
They were surely criminals by many standards, but not by ours.

They were our protector, our guardian, and our family.

La speranza e l'ultima a morire

Our family wasn't perfect, it was cruel under their reign,
But our family made the money that Uncle Sam would take.
Our family made the cities safe when the cops couldn't care
less,
But when they were caught between a bullet and a hard place—me.
They stepped in front of the bullet
that causes blood to pool out of their chest
and onto the ground that they called heaven.
Sadly, we all knew this was going to happen; they knew it too.
The city had finally kicked us one more time, just one more time
to just one more of us.
Italians.

Quando veni u nd'hai beni, o mori o peri.

We are Italian, we knew our worth -
They didn't. They still don't.
Now, we have to use death's reminder to us all,
We aren't invincible, we are Italian.
We swam across seas to find freedom;
We formed new ideals that are killed for;
And we became the mafia that we are respected for.
That's what they believed at least,
So why shouldn't we?

*Tutto ciò che nascondi sotto terra il tempo lo riporterà alla
luce.*

Oggi in figura, domani in sepoltura. - Today in person, tomorrow in a grave.

Dei morti parla bene. - Dei morti parla bene.

La speranza è l'ultima a morire - Hope is the last thing to die.

Quando veni u nd'hai beni, o mori o peri. - When you start to feel good, death is nearby.

Tutto ciò che nascondi sotto terra il tempo lo riporterà alla luce. - All those who are hiding underground will one day be brought to the light.