



## ***La Mamma Rocca***

By Laura 'la' Sottile

“La Mamma Rocca dice, si guarda, ma non si tocca!”

*Italian proverb*

**“We can look but we cannot touch!”**

“*No touch, no smile, no breath, no come over to eat, you stay no close! You go!*” Says La Mamma Rocca.

Right on Mamma Rocca! You’re right! It’s a pandemic, or is it a polemic? I am going to take a stab at the latter since it’s the only tool in my possession to attempt to ease the other.

We’re scared. I get it. We’re scared to see each other in each other. Isn’t this the root of racism? We’re scared our fear will be reflected back; the white of our eyes glistening in terror. Isn’t this why the NRA exists?

But, when we interact, human to human, an alchemical spume invisibly encircles us and our auric fields braid like the Aurora Borealis. Wow! It’s beautiful and we didn’t even have to lift a finger.

“But! Did you spray your finger?”

“Yes!”

As magnificent as this transference is there is always risk isn't there? Well, who's responsible? We could just blame it on Mother Earth. We've been drilling her like a whore for oil for centuries. Could it be the Gorgon's power misbehaving and turning us all into stone? Or are we all already stoned?

Maybe this time it's the itzy bitsy bat that crawled off the cave's back and cocked it's hat in combat to fu\*k with our cellular habitat!

The bat symbolizes rebirth. A symbolic death of the old ways of life and personal identity! It just so happens. Could this mean... We have to change?

"Did you spray your finger?"

"Yes, and included four more digits!"

As my detoxified shopping cart limps through the grocery store. Our main avenue of encounter at this time, the store of nevermore toilet paper, I see a human stopped at the mouth of the aisle eyeing me. She is stunned that I'm in the same aisle as she. As if she were a doctor and has found her subordinate stealing opiates in the drug closet.

Skillfully, she adjusts her face mask like a greaser uses a comb. I'm rummaging through...air, mostly, what's left of the paper products. There are only pink party napkins I can use as wipes which will probably clog the pipes. Well, there is always compost. I hear a yodel.

"Yoo-hoo! Don't you dare take more than two!" Says the masked human who's gripping her cart like Bette Davis holding on to Joan Crawford's wheel chair on the staircase of death.

I wave one package of pink napkins at her like a flag of surrender. She points to her hand that is wearing a plastic covering known as a glove. I wonder if she has *the virus* or something different all together? I grab two packets of pink party napkins. I pause and grab a third one and

wave it at her in victorious retreat. She struggles fiercely to yell at me through her mask, arms flailing. But no one can hear her muffled hubris. I skip on and exit the isle.

Once I take away the face masks and the surgical gloves from these encounters with humanity a familiar empty feeling floods me. The connection is that this social aloofness, this arrogance, this disinterest, this egoistic growth pattern has been with us for quite some time now *The culture of unavailability*. Our psyches have been barricaded for decades. It's time, that nature took back the reins. It will without permission.

What lies underneath this alchemical economical biology? Besides the fact that technology has fueled and fooled us to believe that a high speed world of abstraction will grant us an immortal existence. Well, all I know is that we still have to wipe our own butts! Human to the end!

The crowning glory of this corruptive influence could be a way to drop the *American Dream* turd and welcome our global inevitability. To truly re-vamp our purées of purpose and bond again. We don't even have to lift a finger.

“Did you spray your finger?”

“I have sprayed! I have wiped! I have sprung from the dung!”

This crown's thorns has bred a miracle for a second chance; *the virus* is not racist, not prejudice, nor male chauvinist or partisan. It LOVES all of us equally! It even makes house calls to those who think they're in charge.

Temporarily, we will hide behind the crown, a perfect barrier between us. We don't have to pretend we are asleep anymore drowsing in our Reality Shows. We can freely ignore each other like we don't exist guilt free. But, this too shall pass. *Corona Mona (COVID-19)* will take flight.

Will we hold on to our obtuse selfish behavior towards our Earth, towards our differences,  
towards each other?

Mamma Rocca says WAKE UP! But, don't touch or I'll crown you!

Roost!

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