

*The
Lemon
Rainbow*

to Luigi Aceto: master citriculturist

Natty Mark Samuels

*The
Lemon
Rainbow*

to Luigi Aceto: master citriculturist

The Lemon Rainbow

to Luigi Aceto: master citriculturist

Take me on the lemon rainbow,
To where the yellow arches
Bless the skin of the fruit;
And the skin smiles back
In glowing appreciation.

Take me on the lemon rainbow,
On the Arc of Aceto,
To a region on a southern coastline.
So I can speak with a master farmer:
The octogenarian called Luigi.

Onward to the valley where Luigi lives,
Where air movement celebrates God,
And there is perfection for what will be grown.
Let me sit under one of the lemon trees,
And listen to the one that knows.

While life goes on below us,
The constant hum of our humanity;
I shall sit and listen to the older one,
In the aroma of *citrus limon*,
While looking out to sea.

When drinking limoncello,
Remember Luigi Aceto.
When lemon is the cure,
Organic and pure,
Remember Luigi Aceto.

So let the beautiful spectrum in the sky,
Coloured shades of yellow,
Take me sunshine toboggining,
To sit in a grove of generations,
With the evening talk of a patriarch.

As I give thanks for Luigi,
So he gives thanks for the land
And the abundance of gold it has given him.
I marvel at his endurance
And I smile when he grins and laughs.

Up and down the hillside he goes,
Like a man half his age.
Suspended on home made scaffolding;
He has looked after the fruit
And the fruit has looked after him.

Take me to celebrate ancient skills,
Where tradition has its root.
Let us go and honour wisdom,
In the Orchard of Homage,
Amongst the old stone terraces.

When drinking limoncello,
Remember Luigi Aceto.
When lemon is the cure,
Organic and pure,
Remember Luigi Aceto.

As yellows interact with yellows,
Reflecting the sun,
Transport me to the groves of Aceto.
To hold the Amalfi lemon,
Accepting the gift that's been given to us.

I hope he's mentioned in the local museum,
That there is a street named after him,
That he gives talks to children and youth groups.
Let knowledge not be wasted:
Let the younger ones be inspired also.

Take me on the yellow phenomenon,
To all the places of healing,
The heights of culinary pleasure.
But let me go first of all,
To a meeting with a hillside sage.

Take me on the lemon rainbow,
To the places of green and yellow:
Take me first to Amalfi.
For I have a rendezvous there,
With a custodian of citriculture.

When drinking limoncello,
Remember Luigi Aceto.
When lemon is the cure,
Organic and pure,
Remember Luigi Aceto.