

The Battle of San Romano

The scent of the orange blossom swept through the air and lingered all around, mixing with the fragrance of the roses that stood on the ground and in the hedges far beyond. The air was hot and sticky and the fragrances merged together. Then a sound, a cry, but not an ordinary cry, a cry of battle, a call to war! The clinking of the armour and the clanking of the swords, the sounds of the horses coming over the moor, the clinking of the armour and the clanking of the swords, the sounds of the horses coming over the moor. The horses made their sounds and they galloped and they neighed, and the cry of the battle went on for days. A glint of light that came from the oranges, that shone like lanterns floating up in the sky, their sweet smell, their fragrance, passing on by. The clinking of the armour and the clanking of the swords. But what was this war and who was it for? What were the reasons and where had they been? What was this war and what had they seen? Who were these men who were calling to battle? Up the hill, up the hill, and up the hill, and up the hill, the horses neighed and the horses brayed. Of course, this battle was all about land, what belongs to who, is it mine or is it not? The clinking of the armour and the clanking of the swords, the sounds of the horses going to war. These men on the battlefields they fought for hours, they fought for hours among the oranges and the pomegranates and the flowers. A battle cry, a battle cry, calling out to war, calling, calling, calling out to war. But wait, who is this man with the hat of red on his head, a hat of red and gold and if truth be told, he is the leader of the men. The man who wears the hat so wide, the hat that puffs from side to side. The man who wears the hat of red and gold and if truth be told, he is the leader of the men. Who is just behind him? A Page, holding a sign, a banner that says, we are the leaders of the land, we are the men, the Florentines, who will fight the Sienese. The Sienese, made up from men from all over to fight these men from Florence, these soldiers and these knights. The man who wears the hat of red and gold and if truth be told is the leader of the men, he was not the first one to lead these men. That belonged to a man with the name of, Micheletto, Micheletto, Micheletto! But Micheletto had lost one too many battles and he was called and told, "This is the end of your reign Micheletto, you will not lead the men again! This is the end of your reign Micheletto, you will not lead the men again!" Micheletto fell to his knees and begged, "Oh, please, but please, I beg you, give me one more chance, one more chance for me to prove what I can do!" "No, I have told you so, you will not lead the men again! You will fight from behind with all of the men in a line!"