

## Venice

Daylight is puffy-eyed  
fog  
rust  
beggars  
trash  
dirt  
sewage and  
some vague smell

you plunge through the narrow streets  
like a pebble  
through slot canyons in flood.  
plunging out into plazas and then  
back  
to  
the  
narrows.

Where is the splendor?  
the Jewel of Italy,  
the Romance of a continent?

Then,  
the sun fades.  
The fog turns pink and lavender  
the beauty has aged but in the  
subtle light  
(light gently rippling through the waterways  
and reflected in the fevered eyes of  
young lovers,  
caressing the domes and marblework)  
the sweet promise is restored

The eyes of a woman don't dim  
(reflect the beauty of her youth)  
as the body and skin decay  
So Venice is restored  
by the night