

Arrivals//Departures

Distant shores

Beneath my feet staves, the boat
yet moored
rocks rhythmically
the oarsman awaited
Night hastens

Crypts and catacombs

jars of oil, jars of ashes
All roads lead to Rome

Departures//Arrivals

Turbulence
fasten your seat belts,
Change is in the air

Once rooted things fly through the night sky

WATCH OUT

A cluster of time zones inhabits the soul //No two kisses
are ever the same

My dear Flavia
I hope you are well
and safe
my heart
torn by unknowing

Neighbors flee in the night
in empty rooms doors swing
altars stained with useless tears
faithless the gods
departed

I beg you, send word

if you can

From Republic

to empire: to ashes

to dust

men with knives gather on the porch
It won't take very long. It never does.

Hail Caesar

Arrivals//Departures

Turbulence

Change is in the air

Take the Air Train

Terra Firma // Despite the hour, the car was waiting
We sped past ghostly monuments
“on your right...” and “up ahead...”

In the campagna, near Paestum,
we ate bufala mozzarella which
was fresh milk the day before

Time steps into daylight. They called it Magna Graecia,
the clash of armies never far from Homeric wanderings.

WATCH OUT!

Hold steady

UP the coast

and DOWN

Watchtowers ablaze with warning People on the move

Argonauts and armies

Arrivals//Departures Turbulence People on the move
seeking//fleeing

floods//fires//droughts//too many
lost//footsteps spill from the sea//

breath emptying on a shallow shore

But my trip, you ask,
How was it?
Rome is vast
its layers beyond counting
its beauty beyond reckoning

Time fills your eyes
gets beneath the fingernails
clings to your shoes
grips the Amalfi coast
villages vault vertically
islands offshore unfold
in mist and myth

the new city, Naples,
warm to the touch
no matter where you stand
under ravishing blue sky you see
you feel the darkness
Vesuvio
ever looming
never sleeping
only waiting

Ahoy,
Boatman...