

august, venice

with weeds,
rooted to the sides of this canal,
and wavelets,
as a goniometric chaotification of interplaying
hydrodynamics,
i *engaze*

i'm here standing at the edge of the sidewalk
but through my eyes i'm down there, underwater
half submerged / half in an absent body

i'm drowning dry
like these fallen leaves in front of me
are wilting in vibrant waters

perhaps the ever-present moist of this city
leaves no space for hygroscopic absolutes

it's sunny, but yesterday's and tomorrow's forecast
leaves no doubt this is a dionysian sky:

tragically, we bloom to warmth
only to be struck soon after,
just when we are most vulnerable

you either leave, disgusted by the dampness
of odours in these streets
or learn to love this,
muddling in the *melan-cholia* flowing here

september, sicily

wild fennel fields - elysean pigmy trees
of yellow flowerets, while solitary thistles
tower above, golden-rusted and dead
of mid september. snails having clustered
to all stems rising, left their shells
like lunar pebbles, crystallised onyx
spiral concretions.

the air is a fresh cup of infusion
from the bleached-lilac flowers of the
archipelago of nepitella bushes
clinging to all patches and walls and interstices
in the chalky ruins of an islamic fort,
copper jots of moss marking
the calcar blocks eaten by
water and wind, blowing off white
dust.

cricket-jumps time my footsteps on
cow shit ground, like frogs dance
in a pond leap-crossing from pad to pad.

sun bounces off the rock to
my eyes as they try scrolling
panoramic-view in the infinite of
hill-tops. who'd ever conquer us?
from here I'll sight any attempt.

october, alps

my dread is the same here
but now it's october
and i can't hunt for blackberries
when i go walk my dog
and allergies still haunt me,
though i don't sneeze for summer pollen
but for dust that slept in my bed,
a more grateful son than i could
of my mother's demands

november, venice

warmth-hungry, i
sun-crave like a
round pigeon
ground perched,
un-bothered by
me passing by them at
the distance of a missed
kick, at a street corner
lit by a forgiving
sun flying too low this
month to hug every
angle of this city, of my
body, and every grass that had
summer-sprouted in a now
miserable position

december, venice: a tanka

as this city hushed,
healing its wounds are workers on
night-risen scaffolds.

of our brick and marble skin.
they lick tender the open cracks.