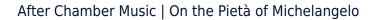


AFTER CHAMBER MUSIC (Una serata musicale alla Villa Fabbricotti)

In a summer's garden long ago, (lute cradled by a handsome youth) young girls gathered all aglow wanting to sing to their hearts' loves there in this villa garden; the flow of floral life frozen in frescoed art (even terracotta of the Duomo) all in a Tuscan summer's blaze of light. And we, stumbled out into night on this winter evening, in topcoats, scarves around our throats held tight, inhaling, exhaling the same crisp air as had trembled there in flute's slight shaft; as had sprung from well-bowed strings, as had made clear harmonies in flight through that throng in the frescoed room.

Fog crept up from the city's womb in narrow streets and sculpted squares, from Arno's dark, past tower and tomb; its whiteness touched our faces, lit by the moon's risen burning bloom and met our outward breathing steam; so down we went in garden's gloom by step and stair with that music's air.

Though still the late trains clashed below our faces coursed with blood alight and music wove us in its loom. ON THE PIETÀ OF MICHELANGELO (Basilica di San Pietro)





Milk for some is a thing blessed: parting lips, you know it's right. Wide-eyed you spy moving leaf cooly blow in the wind. 'Cool leaf,' You think, 'in world so wide.