

Marriage Feast

And when we go to Venice,
me with my crown of invisible white
butterflies
and you with your
bluegreen
stained glass
heart,
the tidal waters will rise ~

I will carry your cloak
well above
the wet
and darkening cobbles.

Ermine
flecked with paint ~
pulled by
your lion's tread
over the Rialto.

The people offer you
golden eggs,
golden beer,
mead and honey,
honoring
radiant fortune.

A namesake Celtic Goddess
presides in a crooked room
full of orbs and light.

What of my
fleeting glance?
Giant bronze doors:
chalky dust and onyx
bathed in cool church light;
a baptismal font.

But the lesson eludes me,
lost in the
personal ephemera
of St. Marks
and the labyrinthine streets.
Wisp of a memory
inhaled for good
pressed
like rose petals
between golden-edged pages.

Merchants, gondoliers,
princes
assemble for
la bella vita.
The bells of Venice are inescapable
noise and riot
peace and quiet.

All is music in this
jeweled lagoon.

When I enter the temple
behind your eyes
I am surprised
by the energy there.
It is green and full
like grasshoppers chewing grass.

On the delicate architecture of
the bridge of your nose
there is an altar
drenched in color.
The silence hums
and the black stone floor
is littered with dragonfly wings
glinting like fish scales.

The vault of your forehead is
quilted with moss.
I would like to sit here
a long time.
Soaking *you* in
basking in
your energy
and stillness.

Slowly rooting to the spot.

There is a rush of sweet light
over the stones.
Pure, it illuminates
the dark
corners
and slowly fades.
I realize you have just
looked at me.

I sit both within and without
illuminated
in the glow of
your light:
radiant fortune,
my Lion of Venice,

eager to return your offering.