

WHILE WAITING

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While waiting

for the night, we decide

we must go now

while we can.

New York is sinking,

we go to Pompeii,

itself a reminder

for nothing is permanent.

Vesuvius erupted yesterday,

volcanic ash blanching

the air above Naples.

At the Airport, we rent a car,

and suddenly we can smell

the sea, feel distended light.

We seek God in the vortex

of ocean and sand, find

grandmother's hills.

Twisted olive branches

twine with chestnuts

in the valley, arcing

to the sky. The disc of sun

falls from heaven

into the city of ghosts.

Like us, the horizon moves

but never really disappears.

We finish where the sky begins.

Donna Pucciani

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