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Three Poems

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Turning from the theatre, senior Jean Duncan discovers that her tour of Europe stimulated her to write . . .

THREE POEMS

BY JEAN DUNCAN

Venice

An inviting sun
Inspects a small walled garden:
Thick glistening greens
Suspended by a saint,
Imperfect in his marble mold,
But set to fascinate the sun.

Innsbruck

Our street, a Gothic cavern
Many arched,
Thick, damp and populous.
Our house, once home of Mozart
Reached by uninviting stairs
To the clean inside.
From high windows
The sunset sang
To clustered rooftops
And distant mountains
Enclosing our city.
Where below,
In small shops
And ancient hotels,
The market masses
Echoed deeper notes.

Darmstadt

Montage in silent darkness:
Hollows of empty cellars,
Holes of forgotten frames
Where fragmentary fences hesitate.
A street paved with shadows
 And reflections
 And memories.
The silence
Of what is silence
 Now
 And forever.