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Between Centuries

Leslie Wells
Denison University

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Between Centuries

Hours from Rome,
miles to the South of France,
their train ceases without reason.
Rain spatters the glass.
Weary from the change of stations
her eyes close over dreams
of fountains overflowing
with lovers roaming monuments.
Outdoor cafes bordered by
a Kline blue night.
Sinking in the warm froth,
steam rises.

II. The Dream

Winding streets find her arm linked
in his along the boulevards.
Parades of mink and carnations.
A backdropped Colloseum
cuts out sky windows
to the crescendo of a pasted moon.
As ristorantes mix oregano
with arias, his fingers shape
her lips into a language
that speaks with its hands.

Motioning to the stairs
he pulls her
against the railing.
She laughs. Full
knowing he wants more
than an enchanted evening.

III. The Promise

On the corner between Italy
and Reality she saw herself leaving,
walking back under Roman arches
to the place where she had found
her heart only to give it away.
She can no longer look at him.
Her glance falls to the randomly strewn
colors of confetti before her feet.
Without words he feels her leave.

That night he parks on the highest
hill to look down at the marble city
illuminated by fountains.
He gave her this last gift,
a momento of the centuries
clasping her hand as if it might
vanish into mist.
There, under the deepest sky
his hands unfold her letter
written in broken Italian.
It was the only ending
she knew how to write.

-Leslie Dana Wells '94



-Untitled, Carrie Horner '97