

From POESIE BREVI

VI

San Gimignano

There is music among these towers
of avarice and enmity.

By the stone well in the courtyard
a flute flutters its utterance.

Under the arch, under frescoed saints
a harpsichord trembles into life

and under spreading canvas
of the *festa dell' unità*

the folk group furiously
sets the feet of the *contadini* free.

1991

TWELVE ETUDES

(Somewhat after Chopin)

1/12

Looking at stars with a friend
you must go a long, long way
from the night light of towns.

You must leave behind glow
of street lamps, the blood-drop
of a railway signal's denial;