

Pax tibi Marce

Said the pawed book
In the square of the lion
By the sea
Vibrant with late spring reprieves
From work and academe

But they

Slumped alone at her table
Was she in distress
Or just sleeping
Her companion returned
And calmly sat
Unshocked sipping wine
Fondly preening the slumberer
To rouse her
In her own time
To whatever reality she found

Unabashed she woke and wondered
And bumped over the water glass
Adorning the tray with its contents
Neither saw it amiss
The one noticed nothing
Her companion had given up noticing

Then she stood
And meandered about the tiny top
Tumbling the red wine onto the square
The glass unbroken miraculously
And blood and water flowed

While her companion
Prayed into her own wine glass
For an answer
To love unbreakable in the heart
Now unreachable in the mind
The one bereft of memory or sense
The other rich with memory
Now lacking sense

This square of the lion
A reprise of a lifetime traveling
Now the painful ritual
Feigning the joy that was

Til death now parted
But for love
Unbreakable in the heart

--Dominic G. Kollasch
Piazza San Marco