L'Alte Torri

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L’ALTE TORRI

A mountain built of turrets trembling tall,
yet none of them dwarfed nor lacking ornament,
weakened, but established on a marshy quag,
a slag which oozes from beneath the towers—
those gloriously latticed and colorfully arrayed
structures which the mind connives
resting on a damp and dangerous muck,
which does not crash them down the ground.
The land is loosely based, braced
as it makes the towers tilt or sway,
but always retains the turrets tall.

But tumbling towers come pushed by more
than one, crumbling, crashing in a
caecophonic roar, that shocks one to horr’r,
despair, and anxiety to regain it all.
But it’s lost; and they did stand upon sand.
They were trembling but always there,
tall towers; now the cold truth
they were not towers tall.

The new looks aright, landed
on unshifting turf and no dread that
these towers are mere phantoms, hollow shells.
Though they be meager, meaner
stuff they’re made. The worker worked them all,
turrets standing a smaller tall.

—R. Wahl, C.S.B.

RED-BRICK BUILDINGS SHATTERED

Red-brick buildings shattered and broken;
White-cloud heavens severed asunder;
The peace of daydreams all destroyed,
By sudden lust of strength and power.
World-reflections in quiet pond
Quaked and rippled . . . a boy-tossed stone.

—David Callahan

ROBIN-REDBREAST OF RUBIED SPRING

Robin-redbreast of rubied Spring.
When reddish skies with sun arise,
In ruddy dawn, these red-birds sing;
When buds of red are summer’s prize,
Among red barns the roosters bring
Red-eyed men from slumber’s wake
To see the joy of rustic morn.

—David Callahan