

Martin Bennett

IN PIAZZA DEI CINQUECENTO

Outside Stazione Termini
the trees electrified by migrating birds,
as if each swallow north of the Alps had got word
of the Giubileo, then with pinpoint telephony

followed a flight-path down to Rome;
so densely lodged are they amidst the branches
you might mistake them for mere bunches
of shadow, here their overbooked home

from home. At least until, farting fumes,
the next ton or two of orange bus vrooms by —
Time for take off! Within a blink the sky
all weft and warp, flickering blue-black looms —

Those clumps turned loop and swirl, “or tondo or
lunga schiera,” pace Dante Alighieri
one winged troop swooping like some atomised Ferrari
above the traffic lights along Via Cavour.

