

Edward Mycue

A VERSION OF PASTORAL

I think I might have liked to be a person who
could write some version of pastoral, but my way
has been different. And still I love the high valley.

Once I walked for weeks from Tübingen in Germany
south into Switzerland — to Winterthur, Lake Constance,
Zürich, Luzern, Lugano — then hitched a ride to Genoa,

then south to La Spezia to a place where Shelly stayed
in Italy, San Terenzo, and nearby where in my visit
an old mistress of a dead Mussolini-count reigned

in a fortress-become a youth hostel. (Lord Byron
was said to have swum to it across La Spezia Bay —
called therefore "The Bay Of The Poets" — from the Cinque

on the north side. And I went further, further. But in
that place next to San Terenzo called Lerici, I met
a Hungarian-Frenchman who did things because the flowers

were beautiful and a German poet Dieter who later died
in London on a conference when a passing lorry's
wing mirror snapped his neck. So much for pastoral.

