

ARTHUR KIMBALL

LOCAL WARMING. VENICE

Centerba bottle empty, mind adrift,
you recall pausing in the gallery,
taken by Titian's "Bacchanal,"
blissfully animated figures
mingling with your inner glow,
desire driven by dark green incentives
to the centrality of that hungry sea
once a hundred miles away
which now licks at Venetian walls,
and you imagine its warm breath,
but are determined not to drown alone.
Impelled by this centripetal thrust
you imagine distant unfurled sails,
where a hundred green waves
embrace the wind and promise
a ship's arrival with your mythic bride,
Bacchic wand in hand for celebration,
and your dreamy cento flowing wildly now
evokes your whisper, "Ariadne, hurry beside me,"
as you invoke the green surge of centuries,
dark waves of furious uncensored love
that leave The Bridge of Sighs
to a worrying world while you
drown together and the emerald crest of waves,
hearing your wish at last,
complies, opens, offers
its dark, stunning centre