SAN LORENZO : FLORENCE

Misshapen, lonely people come and go,
Light candles, cross themselves and say a prayer
In the surroundings of a Christmas mass.
Cold comes off stone as old as God
And rain will chill them yet again,
The altar still on fire with gold.

REMBRANDT'S PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAN

I love this portrait most, the wisps of beard
And quietly folded hands, the hint of cloak and chair.
At least two thirds is background and it's black,

Most of the clothing too. Some of his face,
Faintly skeletal, the eyes rheum-filled and soft,
Has been lost in the dark, the curtain nearly drawn.