

TITIAN ON HIS JOURNEY HOME

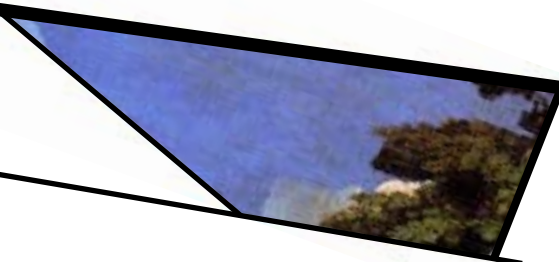
Davide Trame

The rhythm of the oars, the gentle lapping,
wood dripping, in and out, the lagoon
in the dawn haze, you gaze at
the boat bow on ripple after ripple
and above, with trained wonder,
at gulls, geese and ganders,
messengers in the air's irises,
the veins in your skin ready to meet
the shore's bounty, the first
autumn reds and mauves
after the summer heat.

On the mainland the screeching
and whining of wheels, hooves
in rich claps on stones,
on grinding grit and slaps
of squelching mud.

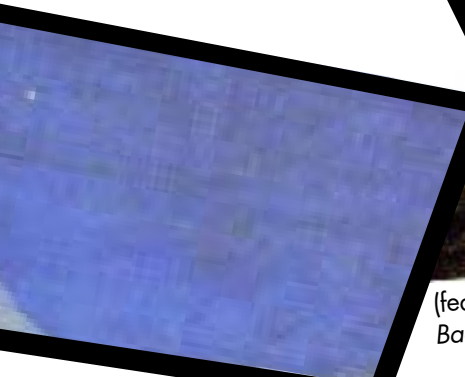
Canvases wrapped on the bottom of the cart,
your brushes breathing whispers of grass.
A road then in a narrow valley,
the pupils of the gravel and the margins
of the rusty brown and red of branching hedges
along eddies of river water,
a bounty of flowing milk-grey
and gorges in vaults of pewter.
You spend the night on the streaming earth.
And wake in the fir trees' severe green.
Canvases ready for a crowd
of leaves' blood reds, your breath
in the threads of the first mountain blades.

(continued)



Tree trunks mounting up
with you on each rise
in the wind, in the sticking
glistening silence of the sap.
Then the higher valley and your village
and the dark, polished brown wood
of your home walls, with foundations
and dolomite, thick pillars
and glances of chestnuts all around
and crimson-blue irises of berries
and above, the honed
silver cheeks of the mountains,
skin of scarred marble.

Now you sit at your oak table
and still feel haunted,
your hand on a goblet
of new wine, the god's thick velvet,
you won't dilute it, you can't,
you will drink it and paint it as it is,
heart red.



(featuring snippets of the painting *The Meeting of Bacchus and Ariadne* by Titian)