Arche di Scaligeri, Verona

Tombs. The Scaligeri here are tucked up into monuments rinsed by rains that make their marble points gleam like gems. For a fee we get the message, stand among the lovely dead damping our hunger together. We're tired. It's getting late.

Catspaws and crime raised them to their noble pitch. Great families breed on greater sins, blood begotten, spilled, though we acquit them as we do the plundering bees who gild the victims they despoil. A field of flowers like burning jewels fills the wake of their appetite. These rigid effigies bore the seed, these blanched brows wore their crown.

But our soft shower washes the old high reign away. We're in the needy present again.

Across the street the ristorante's scarlet sign gleams like a smile. Seafoods on spits glisten beneath gilt chandeliers like treasures. This is our temple bright against the rain. How uncondemning we with eager appetites devour these snow-white scavengers plump with the riches of their deep who prove such pottage to our high taste washed down with the gold, assuaging wine.

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