the mountains clad in chestnut woods
reveal –
Ravello!

on the ferry from Positano
Cyclops’s eye –
catching mine.

narrow roads
steep cliffs –
too dangerous for buses?

butterfly on the windowsill
spreading its wings slowly, so slowly –
it can only be to welcome me.

moonlight stroll
under parasol pines
stars – necklaces a-sparkle with jewels.

mountain burning
dragon valley belching smoke –
idyll broken?

the tongues of flowers
taste the breaking light –
and dance.

the conference venue
was built with love –
la casa di Franco Fortunata.

we search for Pastoral –
often she does not show
so the longing continues.

Beatrice!
always a destiny of love
and death

is that birdsong
or the branches of trees
creaking in the wind?

the mountain keeps burning –
if you’re lucky enough
you won’t see its blood.

in the gardens of Villa Cimbrone
crickets, chirping away –
are we part of your world?

the chestnut woods have a secret life
hidden from the crowded streets –
soft, with a heart of fear.

smell of leaves and earth
a sudden lizard –
don’t be scared.

on we go
as goat bells clang and dogs bark –
our feet polish the old path.

the wi-fi’s not unlimited
but the ice-cream’s
belisimo.

some ants walked on me today while I was writing
I almost killed one
hope she’s fine.