

IODINE

Poetry Journal

Spring/Summer 2010

\$7

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Verona, Italy

BASILICA

Penumbra committed the marble
to the murky shades of the sea
in this church of domes where
the mist-washed blue sky at its windows
in daylight recalls some disposition
of the city's midnight, draping
its profligate gloom about the aisles.
In mineral obscurity the statues of saints
amidst battalions of candles,
count those that are lit
and soften their stiff robes
in the pliant glow of wax,
projecting pleas of unexpected innocence
at their solemn hems,
each flame a beacon
watched from misery's perch
around which watery darkness
hoards untried delights.