

Travel Poem 10/24/2017

There was so much pleasure
it felt like work,
husband, wife, and son, nuclear familiars
bombing through Europe
Attila and tribe, quite
Harmless ---
Standing in line to be searched for
weapons of terror, then facing the paint
firing from museum walls.
It was no use to surrender
to those hordes, they just
kept on coming, cannons
of ochre, sunset, storm
of Turner's whipped up gray,
Spattering interminable halls of
Louvre, d'Orsay,
Buda Castle,
Vermeer, deHooch,
Vermeer, terBorg,
Vermeer, Cezanne,
and on and on until, engorged,
to the waiter à la Place Saint-Georges,
in rusty French I said
"j'avais trop d'ambition";
wrapped up the surplus cheese,
and surrendered to sleep.