

Saxon Henry

Tattered Visage

I would tremble if I could;
rant, rave, slink myself
into the effluvia
that drowns the watery world
eating away at my vision.

I choke on the cries
that would wake them up—
capricious, gawking masses
fixing their stares
on this tattered visage.

They are drawn to me, even as
they recoil, aping as they peer
into my soul exposed by loathsome time.
As if they could mimic my pain!
As if they've could abide such numb panic!

It's an agony to watch: not me;
them—the flotsam expecting
the Accademia Bridge. They turn to me
instead and I witness their terror.
I watch; they cringe.

It's my fear-struck mask
that rankles—my eyes frozen in fright,
tongue wagging at the elemental torture
devouring me from the outside in.
I AM Venezia, its dream crumbling.

