

**Travelling High**

This is the real day; tulips mouthing the white  
clouds; grass royally lined on the oak steps of an  
old verandah; the walk at five or seven, the friend, the  
warm coffee, the lake whispering to itself under the  
dark cuffs of the city.

Heaven in an overthrow, coming in from kingston, swung  
round from new york state, down the flat line from  
baltimore nodding the susquehanna into my dream;

old cities, crowns topped on my childhood, a woman or two,  
a thousand loves. and I have never seen new orleans no;

a touch of florence; largely I pine away a cloud the size  
of tuscan, where crucifixes in the shape of fathers,  
grandfathers, mortared steps, the bombs whistling  
in at five or seven; there is that dream; and the

azalias sweet on the balcony, a low wind rousing them;

and a lump of throat here, eyes washed over a city,  
balconied over the hands of the lake,  
I see the eyes staring back; the city keeping tab on me, and I  
its own pulse. I have begun to see through myself, this  
april day, the sun has filled my pockets

and I have followed my footsteps  
into the hammock of another ghost.

—*Pier Giorgio Di Cicco*