

Venice vs Switzerland

I may not be getting better.
This afternoon, I had to crawl up,
hand over hand, the small fence
on the small hill:
mountain-climbing
an insignificant rise
with the danger of falling
and never getting up again.

I have made such wonderful plans:
travel, primarily, to Venice
where walking is a must.

Ridiculous
to puff up
the tiny hump-back bridges;
to jump into
a water-taxi, and miss;
to make love
in a gondola,
and get a sore back.

Failing,
on such a small scale,
is like eating canned fruit
when piles of peaches
are just
out of reach.

Better far
to go to Switzerland,
join a climbing club, and
fail to scale
an Alp.

— *Sparling Mills*