

a map of Venice



Looking long afterward into a map of Venice I am abruptly and powerfully entangled in darkness:

Gnarled night streets seeking through to the trainstation, wringing desperate distances from folded paper late at night, tired and hungry and this isn't what I meant at all: I wanted revelation but found strung lights and retail.

But: my god this shocks my soul: gold and dark, relentless, ancient, ancient: not just the bone medieval, just the structure, but the soul, medieval still: I turned away from light and now I'm lost from time and reason back in these black alleys. Ok. The trainstation, the *ferravia*. Wrestling from my map turn by turn the dark exhausted corridors drenched in time and dream, I walk blindly forward into the wrong century. This should be impossible, prohibited, it shatters all we know of natural law: how can I be here in this alien night?

(and see I didn't even know it I just thought I was tired and a little bit sick and my knee was hurt.)

Nancy Linden