

Rialto Gold

*Il mio amore per voi è eternal come il mare;
esso fluisce lungamente e profondo e per sempre.*

Under thin strands of pastels
woven loose into a Florentine sky,
in sweltering temps of mid-afternoon,
we ran from shop to shop in search
of new life for our old affection;
Rialto had only rings to offer.
We bought some,
and pocketed the old.

Days later,
in slim, suffocating Venetian alleys
I ran; you followed, sick—
trapped in the never-ending
maze I'd constructed,
bound by Rialto gold.

By Sorrento your gold had tarnished,
or so you'd thought.
Mine felt tight, constrictive.
We bought a clock, not realizing
we couldn't buy back lost time.

Then, somewhere between Capri
and the jagged cliffs of the Italian coast,
we tossed our pockets into the Mediterranean—
two spent gold bands, worn dull,
now renewed, glistening
in the blue-green crystal harbor
of a sea's timeless keep.

My band seems looser now,
and few days go by
that I don't wind that clock.

—Michael Pracht