

Idle Thoughts

Road to Volterra

THE road from timeless alabaster calm —
Volterra's way to worlds beyond its skills —
Is one that runs high-ridged and will disarm
The soul that, stopping, sees and thrills.

Valleys venture through the teeming green
Of woods that weld close-cushioned to each wall,
And towns transmute to dotted hamlets, seen
In such a setting, so unseeming small.

A painter might entice this stilly scene
Of green-gloved grandeur, olive grove and vine
To share itself with those who've never been.
A pen-bound poet can but scribe a sign.
