

ALEXANDER BOOTH

Ianua

Dust in hand in sun
The shadows said *you should not*
Or *visit only*

Now & again
But how resist this land, its rust-

Hued rests of ruin, red paper wisps
Of poppy The present here
Is always past, a chiaro-
Scuro flicker distant branches

Down through the layers
Below the basilica, in the green dark
A sound of water

The most natural thing
I turned you were not yet gone