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ITALIAN SKIES REVISITED

Wendy Webb

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Wendy Webb

This collection is dedicated to Norfolk Poets & Writers

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LEAVING WET ENGLAND

Teeming excitement
carefully controlled through Customs,
unzipped bags, everyday nicknacks
popping out, precision-packed, neatly
obeying border controls and drenched in
coffee's downtime –awaiting announcements,
delays, relayed garbled messages,
then finally a bus circling
miniscule distances, puddles, drizzle,
to board a plane,
packed sardines, blocked in, procedures
repeated, flight on flight.

Advance delays for early touchdown;
then take-off gentle as backward motion,
manoeuvre, lift and sifting clouds
to three layers of the troposphere
and a halo, in the gleaming sun,
on virgin clouds, solar with
a rainbow rim of revelation.
Stationed firmly in the lens
a pensive glimpse of wings and tail
- all there.
Shadowing the whitest shore
of angels, harps or arctic wilderness,
I saw my plane fly on the wings of heaven,
now near, now far,
my shuttered lens zoomed
in and out of focus on flight's thread
and winged the Alps with turbulence and might,
a flight a little nearer heaven than earth.

**Landing in the brilliance of
Italian skies and earth,
glowing in the kiss of loving birth,
light and land and luminous bright dust.**

VERONA'S TALE

**In Capulet's hometown
dishonesty rules, though Shakespeare
wooed a balcony with life,
and every Romeo in Italy must know
none dare slip hand beneath the secret
breast, shielded by an arm.**

**Sweet Juliet glows from love's breast
and none dare touch and risk that wealth alone
could kiss a life with happiness and bliss.
Sweet miss, we sing your tune as you dictate
and choose the brazen breast.**

**Heave no grieved chest
at loss of love, or dally
lustful in the public glare.**

**Grasp wealth with conscience clear,
for Juliet died young, with Romeo,
and Shakespeare pampered loving
tales of woe, so sweet Queen Bess,
aged hag, could gasp and laugh
- a Virgin Queen, so rich, until the last.**

LAKE GARDA, TORBOLE

Left ashore
pondering choice:
spectacular boat trip North to South
to see the sights
hear the tannoy,
crowd to experience,
or slow and see the lake,
perfectly poised bench brimming
shoreline of the finest view
Italy might offer many times,
as a lover of the grape
trampled to a ferment of fusion.
Morning born with clouds yet
lifting softly from the fractious hills,
glimmers brewing gently
in the dip of ducks and friendly sparrows,
house martins, swallows dancing
morning air and bikers, joggers
viewing round the lake.
Jasmine hedges, secure as perfume,
clambering up palm trees beside the road
and engines trailing slowly, man's routine.
Ashore before wind surfers,
sun worshippers, busy tours
and evening 'turbulence'.
Pondering choice:
how silent to be left ashore;
how loud the silence sings.

VENETIAN TRADE

There are two things to say about Venice:
then, no matter the rhyme or the season,
each reason's less great than pain's greater menace
and you're left feeling crowded or loaded.

In Piazza San Marco, so crowded,
vast queues use your time, or they menace.
Venice so scenic, souvenir-loaded,
so you're broke without reason each season.

Try a gondola ride, such a reason,
sinking absorbing sights, laid-back and loaded.
Breathe peace-crowded routes, savour such season;
pure masquerade Venice, no menace.

There are two things to say about Venice,
though fair boats and foul water may season.
View tourists with reason, not menace,
for they're leaving so crowded, not loaded.

PRESSED INTO SILENCE

I live in silence, mute and deaf my days;
to hear no mountain noise and sound no stream.
I travel in my mind a thousand ways,
for sense disguises sight where earth may seem

to hear no mountain noise and sound no stream.
I dumbly tread the coldest path of all,
for sense disguises sight where earth may seam
so rich in scents of vine groves propped up tall.

I dumbly tread the coldest path of all,
bask calm Italian sun and jasmine air,
so rich in scents of vine groves propped up tall:
trained to ripen summer's kiss taste-rare.

Bask-calm Italian sun and jasmine air,
feet trample my baked flesh, fermenting's press,
trained to ripen summer's kiss taste-rare,
then bottled where grave silence lies, no less.

Feet trample my baked flesh, fermenting's press;
I travel in my mind a thousand ways.
Then, bottled where grave silence lies no less,
I live in silence. Mute and deaf my days.

ASSISI

COLLECTION OF HAIKU

Silence cocoons peace.
Tourists flock around altar;
St Francis entombed.

Saint asked simple want.
Well-heeled Italy grew fat,
fashioned foreign gold.

Mule steps purposeful
as carefully darned habit:
saints' lives full of holes

Sleep departs, silent
as a children's coach party;
rocking package tours.

TOURIST TOWN

Ghost Town, Ghost Town, I'm living in a Ghost Town,
a Chianciano for my liver's needs.
Taking in the waters,
ancient dames and daughters,
a pension with a passion feeds my needs.

Ghost Town, Ghost Town, I'm living in a Ghost Town,
there's hotels stacked around this hill – once green.
Splashed in brightest colours,
Uomini or Signore,
I want the passion, but I feel so green.

Ghost Town, Ghost Town, I'm living in a Ghost Town,
pure Tuscan sun sets sweetly, just the same.
Splashing rooftop waters,
swims with sons and daughters,
I'll settle for a pension, swimming sane.

JUNE SKIES

Bud sun rose to a morning sky of blue,
baked perfect gold upon the clouds of dawn,
as paintings for the Roman gods, flushed true.
Bud sun rose to a morning sky of blue.

Rose bloom, awash where swifts or swallows flew,
awakening Italian sky wash-worn.
Bud sun rose to a morning sky of blue,
baked perfect gold upon the clouds of dawn.

INFAMOUS FOUNTAIN

The Trevi Fountain, so famous,
three coins in the fountain, it's true.
He threw in all three, poor Seamus;
the Trevi Fountain, so famous.

Found divorce not love… Infamous.
Throw one at a time, or you'll rue
the Trevi Fountain. So famous.
Three coins in the fountain; it's true.

HEAD IN THE SAND OR SEA?

To learn another language is so hard…
she used Italian words with such finesse.
The tour guide blessed her stars that she knew well
the meaning of each olive, bitten clean,
or when a word's sharp flavour meant the sea
and when its dust-dry trail described the land.

So on the tour, she scanned across the land;
to find each tasty morsel was not hard.
Her mouth clammed open – she was not at sea –
delivered finest phrasing with finesse.
The driver paused – a shell not yet sucked clean –
and stupidly denied that all was well.

Tart as a grape, she echoed sounds so well,
'You see it farmed – just there upon the land.'
But, thick as deep-pan pizza, face not clean,
the driver found her phrasing far too hard.
She slit another mushroom with finesse
and named the bird that could not fly at sea.

The driver was so shocked and all at sea,
this bird was dumb, with feathers, rudely well
- to run across the ground with no finesse.
'And with a beak?' He could not see farm land;
but grimaced, rephrased, still her words were hard.
They were not sticky, salty, slipping clean.

The tour guide looked perplexed, words crisp and clean;
how could the driver swim her birds at sea?
An OSTRICH is so tall; the word's not hard.
It sounds so English, meat-farmed birds, so well…
And then her equilibrium lost land.
There was not now a trace of first finesse.

'Your creature has no legs?' with false finesse.
'You slit them from their shells, they come out clean.'
She sweated like the rice fields in that land
and, peach with shame, she dropped the ostrich sea.
Said 'Ostrich' meek Italian. All was well.
Her 'Oyster' tried the gawky driver hard.

Leave fine finesse on land when you're at sea,
Learn oyster-clean, precise and, oh, so well.
Dig ostrich-words to land their shells, beached hard.

ST PETER'S BASILICA, ROME

The noise of St Peter's is lost
in the vast nave and glorious dome,
camera flashes as mere gnat bites
and the gleaming 'Pieta' needs nothing,
filling southern apse with light.

Queues melt North to the Crypt in homage,
like the Tiber flowing endlessly
through Papal history.
A simple tomb,
John Paul II.
Candles, prayers, the faithful
kneeling.
No raised sarcophagus
or sculptor's death mask.
Just buried beneath stone
gold as candle glow
or the world's dust.

In the eastern window the Holy Spirit
crackles with fire, as a dove,
focusing the altar, warped with pillars
bent as four tree trunks
or Peter's back, curved to crucifixion.
Strange how spiral steps curve round beneath the altar
to the Crypt
awaiting descent or Resurrection.
Will Peter's bones rise first,
or fish for worthy pontiffs in his net;
will John Paul be the last?

THE PIETA

**It glows with light on shining marbled stone,
lies aside St Peter's nave, a lofty wreath.
It's raised on high, up to the highest throne,
beyond such sorrow women can conceive.**

**He's fallen like the morning star, full-blown,
draped round his mother's knees in freak relief.
Flesh pale and still, bleached deathly to the bone.
No humans touch his hem from far beneath.**

**She's glorious in suffering's belief,
for 'Touch Me Not' folds round her terrible tone;
raw as the ages, screened to sanction grief,
impermeable to rage where breath has gone.**

**They pause to contemplate, their feeling brief,
then leave impassioned piety alone.**

TREVI FOUNTAIN, ROME

**They knew who turned the water into wine
and wine was sweet enough to feed the poor;
but this new Papal tax was not so fine:
he turned wine into water; less is more.**

**Vast power in a fountain, rushing pure,
and pure is bitter feed where poor lives fade.
So now world's richest tourists hear their lure,
but drink within the bars where there's more shade.**

DAMNED FACE

He searched the streets, but could not find that face,
although vast seas of faces met his gaze.
Each stare or scowl would always let them down.
He could not find him, even with a frown
where crowds were many, not one.

And then one day he found his perfect face
and no disgrace from his uplifted gaze.
He must earthbound this face – angelic – down
with innocent perfection and no frown.
No crowd in his face, not once.

He sketched him many times, but lost his face
among those seas where faces met his gaze.
Whose stares and scowled reflections wore him down?
He always saw the crowd within a frown.
Lost in the crowd, only one.

He scoured the streets again to find that face
where pure disgrace had damned a face to gaze
for greatest art's Last Judgement, looking down.
Their assignation's mirrored need to frown.
Seasick beggared years – just three.

DUOMO SANTA MARIA DEL FIORE, Cathedral, Florence

Proud Cathedral city
flowering Mary's religion;
classically Renaissance art.

Simplest tallest grandeur
silences faint babble
within fat walls.

Campanile, dome, facade:
marbled petals' blossoming
fleur-de-lys.

SISTINE CHAPEL

Silence in the Sistine Chapel
maintained by loudspeakers
not whispering crowds,
digital flash cameras sinning silently,
repeatedly, as foreign as prayer
or contemplation.
Benches creak like priests' seats,
tipping if slipping into sleep,
and groan if leaning to the ceiling
to touch the finger of God.

Last Judgement.
It's there, endlessly there;
stepping back and back and back,
it fills the room with vibrant blue;
beggar's belief at the artist choosing
a stray of the streets with a face:
every face, any face, the face.
Face of the damned.
Face of the saved.
Facing God.

In prime location,
dizzy at the heart,
God's finger reaches
not quite touching Adam.
Round and round, discomfiting, so round;
no place to stand, to look it in the face.
For pictures hang,
yet this and every one
strikes imperfection everywhere I stand.
I cannot look in calm
unless I'm lying down
on my back for four years
without reprieve.
Leaning back and back... begin to see,
far from the altar's Judgement
- overwhelming yet -
the heart of one small chapel.
There I see
when I step back and back.
Flimsy is the finger:
man's reach up to God.

INCONVENIENCE

Convenience is so essential now.
This bare necessity's full as can be;
I really do not know the why or how.

I read the signs but, oh, my furrowed brow;
fierce row, Italian rage, so close to me.
Convenience is so essential now.

Hot blood. They're shouting. It's so fighting loud.
This snaking queue is endless, I can't see.
I really do not know the why or how.

What has he done? He's arguing, so proud.
They thrust him hard. She's down. Oh, nothing's free.
Convenience is so essential now.

I'm shaking. 50 euros. I'm so slow:
don't beat me – please – I only want a wee!
I really do not know the why or how.

But no relief. Too scared to simply flow.
I could be mugged or worse, I have to flee.
Convenience is so essential now,
I really do not know the why or how.

FLORENCE BLOOMS

He swept up works of art from off the ground,
ran fast and left but one that could be found.
We stood, immobile tourists, all around
and watched no strong arm of the law confound.

Much later, small road-sweeping vans crept in…
slow and municipal, the public bin.
As pavement art grew, trading night to win
the prize, as public purse-strings entered in.

The city came alive to blooming lights,
a fleur-de-lys of music, colours, sights.
Rich gastronomic scenes played freedom's rights
and Firenze exhaled sweetest perfumed flights.

PANORAMIC SUNSET

In Florence even sunset has a price,
long catalogued by artists' famous strokes.
The auditorium of nature lies
abreast a hill, where tourists ever shine.
Hundreds flashing into night.

The view, spectacular, where painters dream
and lose the pence to pound into their brains
a year of perfect sketches fit for kings,
brash pageant of the dark or false new dawn.
Hundreds gazing into night.

Unrivalled bridges straddle water's gleam
and domes and towers stand proud to the sky.
Each matchbox building pregnant with pure air,
as treasure chests of Neptune's fountain flow.
Gallons spouting seed to night.

In Florence even sunset must be framed
by every tourist camera on the hill
and, though it will still be there when we've gone,
we ghost each mortal image as a shrine.
Thousands storming Western night.

DAVID

Sweet David, you are everything they say,
I stand beneath your most impressive form
and everywhere I look, you lead the way
with virtue, just as youth, without the storm.

You look, not down, nor up, but always there
above those mortal shackles flesh must yield.
Though you have need for armour, not bare air,
your innocence surrounds you like a shield.

Cool David, harp fine music while your frame
sings pastures, slays Goliaths, for dear sire
in Christendom there seeds no greater name.
Too youthful, yet, to fatten aged desire.

You stand, a Michelangelo, but wait:
Piazza della Signoria's the fake.

PLUCKING HARMONIES BY THE WELL

San Gimignano, once a pilgrim town,
a route to Rome for those who lived by prayer
or wandered town to town for life's rich fayre.
So many towers once; many came down.

And yet a fair town, fair as Tuscany;
150 partisans were shot.
Retrieving peace, a square's serenity.
Once, marching liberation from each Scot.

The Porto Romana, the town of towers.
War-women's gentle riot – to such length
for 'Tea With Mussolini's' lesser powers.
The final rout, like 70; art's strength.

Sweet harpist strains piazza's lasting charm,
as women play well; ice cream with no harm.

ECHOTAIN (The Flutist, San Gimignano)

Wind music flooded down the walls and round
and washing round piazza's ancient square.
The sky was but a million miles away
and miles away
the panorama spun.

No fresco sighs on church walls now sufficed,
sufficient as high altar's ancient cry,
tuned to a sacristy or waterfall,
the waterfall of music
tumbled down.

The stones cried depths as vast as city walls;
wall towers, 14 towers, rang out loud
as 70, by history renowned.
Renowned, the gongs;
San Fina donged full twelve.

Thus flouting Italy, the flutist roamed,
Rome's gentler native German swayed in time.
His energy, spent sap with olives crushed,
crushed Indian airs;
to curried harmonies.

He breathed his last; stood tall, but not so proud,
a proud and fruiting vine-ripe smile, with ease.
Charm settled, with his music, arts' fine home:
fine homely peace
replayed from Tuscany.

CAFFÉ LATTE

If ordering coffee, beware.
Forget about English and see,
to get the right drink is so rare.

Black Americano, unfair;
a full pot of tea comes with milk.
If ordering coffee, beware.

If not very thirsty, don't care:
for piccolo's tiny, so wee.
To get the right drink is so rare.

When you need a toilet or chair,
sit, drink and relax – then it's free.
If ordering coffee, beware.

Iced coffee's a wing and a prayer.
If daring, say 'Thin air won't pee.'
To get the right drink is so rare.

Cappucino, finest of fayre,
not caffé, latte, tea-fruity.
If ordering coffee, beware;
to get the right drink is so rare.

SLUMBERING SIENA CHERUBS

Fan well streets to keep my cool. Siena,
Ancient where street acts play the fool.your paths,
Branch out, they route us back to school. wind well,

Above where it's far to fall, piazza,
in Italy, a great town hall so tall,
stamped far below where pigeons call. postage,

Your days are now a fantail closed, of fame
for pigeons where the square is hosed. dropping
Cool fountain where whitewashed cherubs dozed. boasts

EPILOGUE

And is that all? What is there left to see?
Each page would stretch into infinity.
A country rich in history and fame,
in fertile soil and landscapes planed by pain.

No gallery is overwhelmed by art,
though history has painted every part.
There are too many treasures full of days
and culture's finest find so many ways.

NEWER POEMS FROM ITALY

DAVID AND SIGNORIA

Gold, like blushed aureole
dancing light on stone,
deep as Petra's caves,
tall as a ghost city;
welcoming as Italy.
No treasure from a Wise Man
glows acceptance, future muscle.
No angel choirs to harp
or mark earth beside still waters.
Marble dances among warm scrolls
papyrus-rich with glowing verse.
Unroll the scroll and trace feint Hebrew script.
David welcomes, any way you look,
his piazza manhood streets ahead;
gleaming pure backdrop.
Sweet as rose water.

MADONNA OF THE LILIES

Not a good mother – now late put to sleep –
by any standards but my own, grown deep
as night following day following night.
Yet a face, safer now than failing sight,
a sight of me in your eyes, where we meet;

where eyes enjoin in you, where your heartbeat
entombs a child preserved in your womb's peat.
Once buried, now laid bare to new sunlight:
not a good mother.

The wounded womb of childhood will not keep
a fresco brightness, where lost love is sweet
as Tuscan wine or unplucked lilies, white.
Where childhood's cord, uncut, is love's by right:
no false Madonna grieves to grace your seat,
Not-A-Good-Mother.

MADONNA OF THE FLOWER WELCOMES DAVID

Please rub my fancy, and again tonight,
to tighten to the throb of your desire,
a rising fleur-de-lys of burning fire.
I'll open wide the mind of rare delight,
fair David's innocent but marbled form
of peeling Campanile, firm and stout,
beside a Virgin domed into a pout.
Consume cool petals, pert before a storm.

All Florence aches to flower in such space:
flood's artful Chantress, Neptuned wild with damp,
where ruination's spent, a bloated tramp.
Then chanting Latin blood dulls into grace.
Bridge me to day, and days' last night to night;
my fancy's thrilled, full-blown in dazed delight.

NUDE SOUVENIR Wendy Webb

Nude
David's
souvenir
Italian dreams
air Sistine's Last Judgement with innocence.

SPANISH STEPS

Moored in that harbour, where all earth's a stage
for proferred roses, or a photograph.
Rest at Bernini's fountainhead, then rage
and rage again, in water's troubled past,
to nightingale the midnight hour, adored.
Like water pouring, moored
like water pooling, stored.
Apollo floods my hours, writ in water,
astern where crowds flow down the Spanish steps.
My powers flow where vendors tout wares shorter:
this vessel sinks to flood in Neptune's depths
and bow, as flesh slides deeper; to awake.
Ragged tourists take
and ragged tourists break.

SANTA MARIA DELLA VITTORIA

She leans in rays of light, her arrow spent
in moaning silence, flooding to a tide,
where love-lies-bleeding, flowing, heaven-sent
and leaves her heart ecstatic, open wide.

Her robes spread like the surf, in disarray,
unfolding creases, flesh-knit bone, to ebb
as fickle flotsam's glorified display
of gossamer, reeled in the spider's web.

Engorged with feasting, now she lies discarded
in paradisal pity's empty womb.
The grace of St Teresa's disregarded
as fountainheads within a lengthy room.

Comaro to this chapel-surfing height;
all outside's inside, bathed in glorious light.

MICHELANGELO

David
grows and shrinks and
rises, like a legend:
pulsing hands, feet, neck, face; manhood's
six pack.

PANTHEON

There's room for gods and men to take the floor,
for ogling how such greatness can be free
as sunshine/rain, that drains for evermore

on dappled marble's spread behind/before
all nation's footprints; impressed like the sea.
There's room for gods and men to take the floor.

As shifting sands, where only concrete's sure
to age less grandly; there, all breath must be
as sunshine/rain, that drains for evermore.

Bedazzled by that apple and that core,
all Eden paints the wall like that first tree.
There's room for gods and men to take the floor.

Round scaffolding, the portico-snaked door
uncoils; an oculus as heavenly
as sunshine/rain, that drains for evermore.

Beneath eternal moonshine's shafting tor,
bespectacled: the marble melts to sea.
There's room for gods and men to take the floor,
as sunshine/rain, that drains for evermore.

BARCACCIA, Piazza di Spagni

Rushed water flow spouts from the boat,
moored in that quay's piazzo ground.
Crowds ebb and flow like buoys, around
the light house of a soul afloat.

His name is written in the tide
of roses, horses, carriaged flight,
where love's consumed, an ocean-wide
of odes that rush to flow, alight

beneath the Spanish Steps. The sun
shines for a ferryman, moored unfair.
Until last ragged breath's undone
and tourists tread on flesh not there.

To gaze upon the midnight hour
when crowds have left, alone, such power.

GALLERIA DEGLI UFFIZI

Her maidenhair is golden in the flow
of flowers swept inland and framed to lea,
as welcome robes shore up what she can't know.
Her maidenhair is golden in the flow.

Purlescent from her scallop shell, the show
strands pomegranates, graces foiled at sea.
Her maidenhair is golden in the flow
of flowers swept inland and framed to lea.

PUNTA DELLA DOGANA

The Chiesa San Maria della Salute stands
a pompous isthmus on the Grande Canal.
Beyond that lantern, proudly, with raised hand,
a boy smiles on the Punta della Dogana.

He holds a wriggling frog – a match for David –
there where the world salutes his mischief/pose.
Salute and smile, then, balancing in Venice
leap ashore, don't topple the traghetto.

At San Marco Vallaresso – remember – in Harry's Bar:

leap ashore, don't topple the traghetto.
Salute and smile, then, balancing in Venice
there where the world salutes his mischief/pose.
He holds a wriggling frog – a match for David –

a boy smiles on the Punta della Dogana.
Beyond that lantern, proudly, with raised hand,
a pompous isthmus on the Grande Canal.
The Chiesa San Maria della Salute stands.

GALLERIA DELL'ACCADEMIA

David
doesn't hide,
does stand tall,
deep veins pulsing
down sinuous arms,
dense feet;
dubious with manhood.

DAVID

There's no mistaking, when entering the room
past half-formed pillars, marbled into sinews
stretching out awake, from yawning stony gloom,
that masterpiece of boyhood roughs their entrails.
His pocket full of pebbles, his sash a whim,
that nestled sling awaking into a skim
to die for, in the pulsing of arms and neck;
his snaking veins alive and large hands to wreck

that gargantuan rough of beard and body hair
stoned out of sight; prostrate; sword drawn, to impair
that pulsing carotid's dark pooling of air.

A pieta's manhood: monumental, a tomb.
Taut innocence prepared for deadly virtues
of rising manhood's nonchalance. Now exhume

all postcards, teeshirts, aprons: he stands proudly
and now that innocence shouts out too loudly.

VENETIAN LAGOON

Sun
setting
in Venice,
as cafes, shops wake,
breathing life into the lagoon.

RISTORANTE

The ristorante view was light,
Aladdin's Cave with trinkets, bright.
The window with a view, a quay,
a feast for senses, all at sea.

He touted business, we were sold
by all that glitter's fiery gold.
A maze of streets consumed, then tea:
a feast for senses, all at sea.

When we turned back and ached for miles,
he welcomed us with beaming smiles.
Italian cuisine, we could see,
a feast for senses, all at sea.

THE Q

The Q for the Uffizi's such a pain,
I don't think I'll return there again.
I should go back for more, I know I ought.
My feet worth more than sights that can be bought.
Those endless rooms contain all art, all thought
to die for; now I'm dead. Those vasty halls
can frame those memories how – once – caught short,
I endured it all, for what was on those walls.
But nature's blessed and waits when nature calls:
my feet, my camera lens and anything else.
Fine art is very fine, but nature palls
and culture can be bound, a treasure store,
read at leisure (or viewed on a big screen).
The Uffizi Q makes a nightmare of a dream.

TRAGHETTO

Take the traghetto, it really is cheap.
Walk aboard quickly, don't look for a seat.
Don't wait for the view, that will soon be past,
just balance and pray (it's over so fast).
Turn back and gasp at the gap. Take a peep!

Then disembark with just a little leap;
with sea-legs and sea-breeze, you know you will meet
scenery so vivid, a blast that can't last.
Take the traghetto.

At Venetian pace, don't give up in defeat,
you'll reach San Marco in no time and then keep
the memory of your first and last gasp.
How small the boat! The water – oh – how vast!
And how closely you encountered the great deep.
Take the traghetto.

RISTORANTE RIBOT

Walk through the door and you'll come back for more.
It is the very best for any guest.
Chef Massimiliano Nardini is the best,
walk through the door.

The menu and the bill are without flaw.
The enclosed garden is your one request.
Walk through the door,
it is the very best.

In Ristorante Ribot you'll be sure
to eat your fill of Italian fare, well-dressed,
and so, contented, you will feel so blessed.
that you will always come again for more.
Walk through the door,
it is the very best.