

NELLA GALLERIA DELLA CITTA

The local gallery, it seems, could buy
the lesser works of masters, better efforts
by the minor painters. Not the sought-for
gleam of treasure in the deep rich night,
this merely smudgy Rembrandt. Here's the right
Chirico, though, "The Anguish of Departure,"
blocks of sun and shadow harshly pictured,
having more to do with thought than sight.

Approaching in the glare some terminus
beyond which nothing is the same and hope
is gone, how bright is grief, with searching rays
of hot despair contrasting shades in us
of here and gone, of now and past, before
it all became too late and far away.