

A weekend in Italy

#1

We camped along the southeast shore
of Lake Garda - under an olive tree
Closest to the water was a crowded area
We stayed back - up the terraced hill
a little
A palm tree on the trail marked our spot
- our campsite

It seemed an ancient place, here in
northern Italy
And I felt as if centuries of tourists
had come here to relax
Amid the cliffs and groves
And to play in the water

Peter, at four, loved most the idea
of camping
Even, perhaps, if it wasn't real
woodland camping
But we lived in a tent
And that was good.

#2

On the second night it rained
about an hour and a half past midnight
We knew it would come
And the gusting wind tried in vain to
blow our tent into the lake
But could not
Our plastic pegs were not well anchored
into the hard, rocky ground
But they held - and it rained

We all woke up momentarily to stare
up at our white tent roof pulsating with the breeze
And to listen to the sheets of rain
as they splashed hard against the canvas
But soon we were back to sleep and
by morning the ground was all but dry.

#3

The mountains on the north end
of the lake
Descend directly into the deepest
part
There is no land route around these
rock faced shores
Which rise dynamically and
dramatically to touch the sky
But there are tunnels here
Two-lane burrows through
solid granite
And some, it would seem, are
more than a kilometer long
And some are not lit inside

On the southwest shore there are
no mountains
But there is Salo'
The ancient, beautiful resort
Between Verona and Medino lies
Salo' on Lago di Garda
Where the Italian Alps begin their
impossible journey north.