

My Own Pompeii

The day I saw her
 She was a tall slender tower
 With projecting balconies
 Calling me to prayer

She was in a dressing room
 And with red satin
 Converted the unfinished facade
 Into one of the most imposing
 In the ancient city

I took her for coffee
 In that dress
 And she ordered wine
 And sent back the cake
 Crystal cherries she said
 Would be better off
 Being chandeliers

At dusk I was drunk
 And her voice was endlessly titillating
 It was what happens
 When your desires become words

My heart fluttered
 Like a palm-leaf house
 My hands like day lilies
 White and trembling
 Waited for her to ask

And then she took me through
 Her portal and together
 We climbed her stairs
 To a magnificent and stately room
 Close to her
 I felt the heat of fever
 Or imagination

She affected me as if by fire
 I wanted so much to be warm again
 To feel my heart
 Expanding into death

But how was I
 To know she was made
 Of that earthy volcanic stuff
 That would one day bury me
 In a fine and forever silent ash

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