

# THE LEANING TOWER

By Ildy Lee

When I first got off the bus,  
My heart spun, my tongue felt sour:  
I wondered if I drank too much  
When I saw that Leaning Tower.

Maybe there was an earthquake here,  
A tornado, or thundershower  
Undermining the foundation  
That tilted this helpless tower.

Italians are great artists,  
Architects with divine power.  
But why on earth would they build  
Such a crippled, crooked tower?

My guide put a new slant on things  
As we talked almost one hour.  
Now I see from a straight angle  
The truth about this tilted tower.

It was built on shifting soil  
Like our love that could not flower.  
Will they both come crumbling down,  
My heart and this hopeless tower?

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