

PONTE VECCIO

By Ildy Lee

The merchants on the street
Are playing domino
A man strums his banjo
On Ponte Veccio

I can hear the rush
Of gray waters below
The sky is still aglow
On Ponte Veccio

A painter on a bench
Is sketching his tableau
The street's his studio
On Ponte Veccio

A raindrop fell on me
And will you ever know?
I saw a pale rainbow
On Ponte Veccio!