

STILL-LIFE...

By Ildy Lee

Venice is bare in off-season
No laughter, no tourist boats
No young lovers in gondolas
Only folks in winter coats.

A lone streetlamp broods in silence
Not even the pigeons fly.
An old painter captures the mood
As a stark barge passes by.

I am watching, fascinated
He whips the paint off his knife
And I quest for deeper answers:
After death, is there still life?

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