

CORRADO GOVONI

The Palace of the Soul

Translated from Italian by Paula Bohince

Bleak house! Fetuses in glass vials,
stunted and greenish. Smiling
dolls scattered everywhere. Suffering
foxglove jarred in amber.

Crystal bowls of waxen
agonies, silk masks of rose petals
drowned in the water's oval, a restless
mirror full of sorrow.

Here is the White City with its roaring
bee and river of burning lead,
like a pale morphine dream.

Ah, twilight's sad, stained
walls echo the fanfare!
From a window you can see the sea.