

Verona

Halfway up the hill,
In a dream like haze,
A man sits alone on the edge of beauty,
An empty coat beside him.
Chattering he cannot understand fills the air
And in the distance, amidst the rooftops
A man adjusts his satellite
Searching for ever present signs of love just beyond reach.
The air is brisk,
And one day,
I will reach the top of this hill and find warmth.