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Untitled

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Jeri Pallardy

UFFIZI MUSEUM, FLORENCE

Kathleen Keenan

You stood with your arms
firmly crossed.
I put my foot under the hem
of your door,
pushing, pleading
for only a few minutes
to look on the other side
of your limbs,
walk to your walls
where they live —
Leonardo,
Donatello,
Da Vinci,
Raphael.
The stick man holding your skirt
warned, “No,” sour in his role
of so many days
saying
“We are closed at 1:00.”
I walked around you,
circling you like prey,
looking to find a way,
some small hole to whisper into
you
to usher me in. Later,
I sit in the Piazza Della Signoria,
sipping espresso,
watching you,
a clone of David
in the far corner of the square
mocking me,
mimicking the words,
“You didn’t get in.”
Leaving the cafe,
I turn for one last view,
the lump in my throat as big
as the quarter I toss in the fountain,
say to the statue,
“Neither did you.”