

Venice

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Crowded streets, constricted lanes
Narrow minds held in chains
Water laps at toe and junction
Marine life a municipal function

Doorways perch at the waters edges
Shuttered windows with floral edge
Green space rare more often walled
Hidden treasure for the spoiled

Venice ebbs and flows with life
The waters hide an inner strife
A place of palaces and narrow lane
Most atmospheric in tearful rain

But yet the sea is its life
It brings commerce, joy and strife
To turn its back to raise the anchor
Will cause division and rancour

My plea us simple, save the grace
Secure the assets its reverent face
Veiled forever in curtains of rain
To not cherish and protect is a lack of brain

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