

San Vigilio de Marebe

In the piazza of San Vigilio we sit talking, two old men,
about nothing, about the beauty of nothingness and
the way things were before the coming of the tourists,
who come in the time of lemons, who come in the time

of grapes ripening, who come with their Rolex watches
and their Gucci luggage taking photographs of two old
men talking on a quiet afternoon with the sun on them,
the mountains behind them, about the olive trees and

how they came early this year not late like last year,
how perfectly round and sweet they are like oranges
in Gubbio at the end of summer when all things turn
older but still sweet as a kiss of the sun on your hand

when you're sitting and talking, just two old men about
nothing, about the beauty of nothingness, how lovely
the mountains are in Marebe when the sun is behind
them, still they come with their Rolex watches and their

Gucci luggage taking photographs of two old men of no
importance who go out to the orchard in the afternoon
when light between the boughs of the olive trees casts
long shadows, what are they searching for, what do they

think we know, a secret, two old men talking about nothing
the sun on our backs the mountains behind us, yet there is
a lingering light in the afternoon we sometimes pause for
and remain mute in the presence of, a form of worship

some could say, a secret kept between us unspoken but
understood, the divine nature of afternoon light that hovers
over the olives so sweet and perfectly round like the bosom
of women when they get out of bed or bathe their hair in

secret, there are things we know without knowing them
that are secret but we don't speak of them, only of the
olives coming early this year and the beauty of nothingness
that even the agony on the face of St. Vigil in the Duomo of

Marebe cannot capture exactly.

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