To Katharine: at Three

As if you could ride into the piazza with the four horses of San Marco, ride with the organ and five bells, as if you could ride past the clock that sings with the tide, sings with the sun, sings with the ships and the moon, as if you could ride your painted horse into the lagoon, its red boats and striped oars, as if you could light lanterns, straddle boards, there are flowers at your feet, and you ride under the Rialto, the Scalzi, under the Bridge of Sighs, your horse plunging into the shuttered night, the canal now rising, you gripping the reins under a carousel sky, your breath a flame, my rippled star.