

Lucca

On the clinking tiles of the monastery
roof that is now an *ostel* in Lucca
two tilers tap their hammers in the old way
like bells competing with pigeons
for the first murmurs of the day.

Below them in the echoing cloister
ghosts of old monks wander
between wheelbarrows, trowels,
debris of the new improved religion
cooing their early morning vowels.

Mark O'Flynn