

# Christ walks the streets of Venice

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Christ walks the streets of Venice,  
has long since become a regular:  
but no one sees him,  
His pictures are all over.

When He passes by outside,  
I see him through the wet dust I smell  
on my cloudy panes,  
though I've hidden His pictures.

Is it water He walks on?  
or does He walk on the water-borne dust?  
The streets strewn with ghosts  
scream loud but are never heard.

Christ walks the Charleston harbor,  
the stones haven't screamed as long.

