

## An Allegory Of Time - Poem by B. R. Dionysius

No doubt some thorough American manual can give you the low down on Europe's margins but mine, designed for only one traveller is better written & much shorter. Besides, if you remove the art, Europe's like the US, more or less a dead loss.

John Forbes, Europe: a guide for Ken Searle

Three ruby jewelled seeds  
free fall between the pomegranate's  
cosmetically enhanced skin  
& the forefinger of the pre-pubescent  
Christ child. This fruit stigmata;  
pre-Christian underworld throwback  
makes Martin Johnston pause, smile,  
push his glasses back up the long  
wall of his nose. His left hand  
combs through black shoulder length  
Velasquez hair, stump-jumping over  
the Doric capital of a hidden mole.  
His Italian hiking boots squeak  
like a pair of Inquisition  
thumbscrews turned up to the max,  
inches across the polished beech  
fingernail floor. Bosch's demented  
figures take on more of that  
tortured look. Bite down hard on  
the afternoon's touched up flesh.  
Further on, St Francis dances  
on the head of a leopard to receive  
the crown of thorns from Jesus  
& Martin, turning a corner, enters  
a scene of true chaos.  
Two deranged men, a fat, thirty  
-something Australian & an elderly  
American tourist jostle each other  
over a plumb position to view

Picasso's Guernica.

Martin, distracted by the sound  
of security guards about to pounce,  
doesn't hang around to see the fun.  
Splits this sad Western ex-pat scene  
& skips casually over the next  
couple of centuries; thinks about  
the five hours he queued once,  
to get into the Uffizi Gallery,  
& the one hour it took him  
to go through it.