Spring 5-1-2017

At the Duomo, Orvieto, Italy

Wilda Morris
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol39/iss2/39
At the Hotel Duomo, Orvieto, Italy

I haven't figured out the art on the wall of my hotel room. In the dim light seeping between heavy drapes I see only outlines.

Maybe it's a pollywog, I tell myself, like the ones that swam the creek I played in as a child. If I come back next year, it may have morphed into a frog. I will listen for its croak at dusk, let it lull me to sleep.

But, no, I think, it is a balloon let loose on a windy day, the string floating out behind it. The currents must be strong to send it flying so fast the string is almost horizontal. It may sail into a tree or over the duomo, beyond the hill on which Orvieto stands, even beyond the homes and vineyards in the valley below.

I turn on one side, still able to see the tailed circle. Then I know: it is one sperm ready to impregnate the egg of an idea, one idea seeking a mate with which to merge, placed here to serve as muse for a seminal thought in the night when I should be sleeping.

I reach for my pen.

But, alas, when I turn on the light, I see the tail is no tail, no string. It ends in an arrowhead pointing away from the bloated circle. I'm back where I started in the dark, no hint of the artist's intent, but with an added conundrum, a question whether a reader will say the same thing about these lines scribbled in bed, half awake, half in a dream.

Wilda Morris