

JOELLE BIELE

## To Katharine: at Three

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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.