

Maybe it was Aristophanes they had in mind
without the scholasticized croaking of transatlantic puns

for these spaced evenly as votive doves around a vessel
though amphibolous are mute, concrete, larger than life

no water at all except when it rains and then not enough
to transfigure the green paint peeling off the sides and bottom.

But still it's not clear exactly who the joke is supposed to be on
when no fauns appear *to sing against in the half-light*

no crystals show up on the floor of the pool to bring into focus
the lover's submarine view of the world inside the closed garden.

Yet it's the thought that counts. Sometimes a frog is just a frog
and it's hard at this late date not to picture him stopping here

after negotiating the steep *salita* from Sant' Ambrogio
on his loose-limbed way to the conjugal flat downtown.