

A Palimpsest: Tremezzo/Tasmania

**Strange how the past overlays the present.
Sometimes the mountain changes shape
as I watch it from my window:
the summit distorts to form a double hump,
the sides stretch out to saddles and low rises.
In the foothills, Hobart shrinks to a village.
Patches of late sun break through a hazy foreground,
highlight a young woman beside a car –
caught within a frame of recollection.**

**I'm back at Tremezzo, Lake Como,
a café al fresco, unfamiliar trees.
There's the young woman, gazing at the mountains.
Breaking her reverie, she talks with friends –
yet I see only her.
Local, I'm sure, distinct from tourist bustle –
she belongs to the landscape.**

**Just once she turns my way, just once catches my eye
as if to welcome me to her mountains.
Turns to friends again. Now so still
she could be carved, a sculpture, sitting.
The frame moves on –
woman and car gone, city restored, mountain redefined.**