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Experts say skull is not poet's
(SA-Express-News, AP story, April 23, 2004)

*Veramente siam noi polvere et ombra.
Veramente la voglia cieca e `ngorda.
Veramente fallace é la speranza.*
–Sonnet XXVI, Part Two, Petrarch

How lonely lovers lie in their conceits!
The bones of Petrarch rest without his head.
Who can now know where lost craniums go?
But the skull entombed is not his own.

Where oh, where from its place could it have gone?
So far from the fourteenth century for these
Sad, sad news to find one's head is not his,
But simply hers whoever she may be.

Three hundred and seventeen sonnets left!
Perhaps the heart and head could not
Six hundred-thirty years together hold
Out such hope of ever being one.

When Laura's love Petrarca could not bind,
The poet's heart her head went out to find.