Center

by Steve Galiani

not just a tribute to Frank Lloyd Wright

there
a spire
does it signify?

now a saucer, or dome
and great blue ribcage
graced with dancing arches
flowing from the hinge

who would have guessed?
the future of tradition
tucked in our Marinscape
like a peek-a-boo cherub
now you see it now you

come inside
(we've never met but
I've lived in your houses)
Usonia
we the people
one among the many

improbable?-perhaps
inconsistent?-never
integral?-certainly

inside: outside
no tunnel vision
our eyes drawn upward

oh yes
aspire
we make the connection
Steve Galiani

Graduated from Manhattan College (the Bronx) in 1967 with a B.A. in English language and literature. After a suitable interval of vagabondism, I entered upon a long business career and raised a family, but never lost my desire to write. Now, in addition to finding time for writing both poetry and prose, I am enrolled in the M.A. in Humanities Program at Dominican University of California. My poems have been published in Poetry Depth Quarterly and Barbaric Yawp.