

"You're the Guy with Parkinson's"

POEMS, PROSE AND PONDERINGS
IN SLOVENIA AND THE DOLOMITES



willtowalk.com.au

WITH WILL & CORRIE BOAG

Week 1 Ljubljana

An eventful train trip to Ljubljana, the capital of Slovenia, had us meeting a young Sicilian boy called Roberto and a Venezuelan man called Renee, a delightful time, as we uncovered bits of each other as only you can do when trust emerges but you need the time, the right attitude and objectivity a willingness not to have to win, and a love of people which encourages you to actively listen, not interrupt and to use words that strengthen your resolve. We said our goodbyes, arrivaderci's and adios's.



Ljubljana, the capital of Slovenia, was our introduction to this interesting country. This vibrant city revolved around its delightful river that was squeezed into a canal that gently flowed between the fully booked tables of drinkers and eaters.

The controversial and famous poet, Peseren seemed to be about to deliver his romantic poems but there was a hesitancy that held him back. Amongst the other statues, not a woman to be seen, again great female works never written so stayed unheard making yet another country the poorer for it



You would think they had discovered, I know not how long ago, a new style of painting especially close to the river and in the old parts. There was the initially sanctioned graffiti that delivered a message through its clever art work. But then another less educational method came from tortured souls who joined the inertia ones mindlessly destroying attempts at personal growth. However the folk who came to pay the locals wages through eating, drinking and buying tickets, still came and seemed to find the ancient atmosphere below the polluted one above. No matter who I asked there was no evidence of where this unease and indifference came from.

While there is little obvious evidence of it, the city is one of the world's greenest. Those that enjoy the results of this appear to be gentle souls and like the Germans might sound a bit gruff but this does not infuse their bodies, rather it speaks to me of a directness that sometimes is taken the wrong way.

So we joined them climbing hills and wending our way through forests laden with light green leaves, an unusual decor in our experiences. Small birds chirp freely knowing that their voices are heard above the lesser amounts of huge seagulls and black birds.

In the near distance, vestiges of snow could be seen in decreasing strips on beautiful mountains giving a view of grandeur as they resembled a natural fortress wall. We walked the streets of this underrated city beneath its regular sprinkling of rain and wondered how the poor graffiti had crept up onto houses and office buildings.



We took the train to the coastal town of Izola where our neighbour from Sydney became our neighbour once more across the other side of the world. With her adventurous parents they pampered and watched over us as though we were precious cargo and then dined us with Izola's best at home and away.



With good humour we toured the town in a talkative car with its rebellious boot; ventured out to a delightful part of the towns coast pushed along by the famous bora wind through under crowded streets and ocean fronts. Our neighbour had redrawn the map of Slovenia highlighting its best hiking trails and then taking us to our train that was decorated with brushes of graffiti. We walked daily through the streets too fast to stop and shop, the rain trying hard to deter us but with little luck as our persistence is equally matched by our good friends.



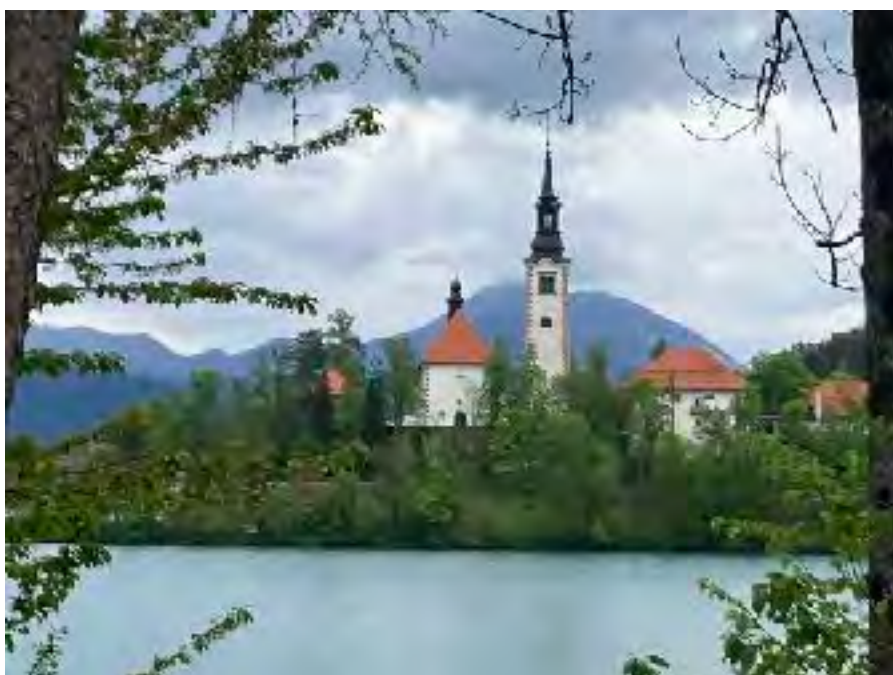
We said our goodbyes the warmth of which were matched by our very warm train as it departed to take us on new adventures starting in the world renowned lake town of Bled. We'll be here in our little wooden bedroom for four days and hope to have made a few discoveries of our own along the way.

Week 2 Juliana Alps

Bohinj and Most an Soci

After a very comfortable, lively, and personal time with our Slovenian friends we had a train to catch but due to the line being under repair we had to leave the train for a bus and then back on a train. The bus ride however needs a comment. I get nervous on take off and landing in a plane but there is one other time, and that is in a bus around cliff edges especially when we have the 'falling off the cliff side of the bus'. I could have accepted the fast part of the ride but when part of the bus hung over the cliff, and we confronted a vehicle while he was talking to a passenger and then reversed along the cliff edge to make room for a truck, my acceptance speech was out the window.

We arrived in Bled after switching back to train travel even safer still when we arrived at the famous Lake Bled where the most feared vehicle was a non motorised scooter ridden by a three year old. Walks around Lake Bled with the rest of the Bled population, and then walking the varied routes running off this circuit on our own, provided pleasant walks, but a 'giant Swiss hill' provided a challenge and medication. The challenge for me was to find the right pace and slope to keep my blood pressure up. I did this by walking slowly, hydrating myself and decreasing the slope by zig zagging the whole way. For Corrie, her heart allowed her to go straight up and the hill fixed her back at the same time. Our friend from Wentworth Falls told us this would work for us as it does for him, and it did. A lovely gorge walk completed our daily mileage.



We then travelled for a short time by bus to the less touristy town of Bohinj. Another beautiful lake walk shook the bees off us (lots of bloody bees in (Bled) joke – love bees. But then we were in for a real treat from above. Winding up the valley was a deep so, so narrow gorge with rushing waters, its name Mostnica Gorge. The walls of the gorge had been sculpted by the rain and turbulence as though smoothed by a potter's skilled hand. There were spherical holes; gouged caves; horizontal water falls; s-bends; and so smooth and instant waterfalls when rain arrived.



It seemed so remote but we soon came across a body stretched across our path. After hearing she was in a first aid resting position we relaxed to hear she had fainted from low bp – a condition of mine. Her friends were waiting for paramedics who arrived as though instantly and wheeled her away. There were 6 of them who were built for the job and who nearly trampled us underfoot on the narrow one way track overlooking the gorge.

It was another warning bell for me because a week before I left on this adventure I spent three days in hospital with atrial fibrillation. So covering our distances just takes more time.



We left in the afternoon for Savica Waterfall, a legend in its own time. As we slowly climbed we heard the sweetest voice singing opera. It was a young woman, her voice in sharp contrast to the lurking cuckoo bird, but it reminded us once more of our neighbour in the mountains who also sings opera as he walks. They are both very fast.

A long walk and steep steps soon created a dilemma. Corrie and I agreed on less speed and power to remove any danger to me and it worked well – just 100 steps at a time then rest and drink.

This twin waterfall is one of a few in the world and is fed by underground waters providing it with explosive power and a glorious sight. We stayed awhile finding the steps more difficult to descend owing to the constant rain. Once at the bottom a rough track was the way back. No outside material was used; rock pools remained rock pools; and trees were felled partially into the lake for fish breeding purposes. We're off tomorrow after a long and wet 25km day; not what we want on a regular basis but okay for today because selfishly for us, it keeps the crowds away.



Week 3

Mimosa and David were not only our hosts for a few days but treated us like their Slovenian family. David is into exotic fruits (his business) and she is into exotic behaviour and in her forties was mothering us, showering us with pastries, exotic fruit, orange juices which looked like tomato, muffins and.... They lived above a beautiful lake next to a petrol station which was not beautiful. But like most of this north western region things were moving, including the gas station – about 2 kms down the road, leaving behind a newly designed plaza with our friends in the prime spot.

The cycle path has a railing between it and the cars and crazy bus drivers, while nearby Tolmin is hosting the 'roadwork games' where entrants have to build a certain amount of infrastructure in a certain time span which is now. The one hold up is there is only one tar machine, so Tolmin with its new roundabout, cycle ways and paths has a flying start for they have the tar machine.



I've mentioned the moving gas station event (only one entrant). In Bovec there are these stunning rock walls to stop the forest falling on to the main road. Then they have growing competition from the Apartmenta event which began when there was little competition so the winning prizes were more lucrative, but now there are so many there is no room for the others wanting to compete.

This corner of Slovenia is a busy part of the world and mostly it is of a high standard. While the standard of the information people is generally high, they are let down by the signage which is good but missing details at crucial points. And something else is happening in this wide open event except for the 'Tolmin Two' who are way ahead – they're happy, they smile far beyond that normally expected, they're accurate, they look at you as though they want you to stay and they ask you to come back!!!!!!!



We are now staying at the daddy/mummy of them all – Bovec, if only it could get that damn tar machine which every country, I am told, has only one of.

It's been raining by the way and so much so that they have had to cancel some events, such as the tourist two week dash because of sudden rock slides, scary mud skating and dangerous giant slippery dips, while the 'tar machine' has a 24 hour guard and because of the rain it is just sitting there.

But what a rain gain for those staying to compete. Accommodation is at half price, more room on the stunning trails, more water in the unique waterfalls, and easier to get a booking at Bovec's famously full Gostisce Sovdat Guesthouse.

Then there is Slovenia's most famous Soca River where green is another colour altogether, let's say 'greens'. The Soca knows this and as you cross it, walk beside it or rock in your kayaks in it, it will play with you and like a young dolphin despite its years, will roll and spray for you, wash in and out of exquisite rock formations, climb the intricate gorge walls, and jump high into the air in it's haste to entertain. As it does all this, it is blessed with an unusual emerald green which it melds with other rare purities to offer you a range of emeralds that no jewellery shop could ever compete with. The Tolmin River has given up its urge to compete with the famous Soca because of its size, its lack of gorge runs and its colour. While it is nearly as pretty, its gorgeous greenish blue cannot match the exquisite emerald of the Soca, and this is never so obvious as when the emerald Soca digests the greenish blue of the Tomlin.

Then we have the magnificent Julianna Alps which stretch from the Karnic Alps and the town of Tarvisio in north eastern Italy to near the Slovenian city of Ljubljana. It is in these mountains where the famous Triglav National Park calls home, with the Soca River a constant visitor. Like an audience at an opera, the hills and mountains step up like terraced seating allowing most to watch the extraordinary display of a highly accessible river that does its mighty mountains proud. And if you look very closely you might see the mountains at the back leaning so ever slightly forward to snatch a peek as the clouds and the rain tantalise the viewing of a Slovenian beauty rarely to be equalled and for many, never to be surpassed.



PS: We had to calm our bus driver down today on our way to our new home in Tolmin after he lost it because he couldn't work the ticket machine, and we already know what a calm Slovenian bus driver can do around these cliff edges. However we were not on the 'falling over the cliff side of the road' today but there were roadworks, so that put us on that side for a terrifying minute. We're home now enjoying home cooked pasta and happy that our next transport is our legs.



Week 4

We're sort of getting used to the suicide bus drivers. Corrie no longer jumps into my lap when the front of the bus tries to get rid of the back. It's more a small amount of blood on my hand where she has pressed her finger nails in a little too hard.

Wandering up the street we were having some trouble with our 'google gear', so I asked a bunch of 7 year olds where our home was. One of them was so excited he took off in another direction nearly forgetting how old we were. He kept stopping and pointing like a sheep dog does with its nose as we nod our head like a 'no'. He finally gave up, which was so unlike a Collie and not far from home.

Another collection of kids stopped to talk, with the lead one asking me if I was okay. I may have looked a little lost or a little Parkinson's at the time but it was a really lovely gesture. The kids and I talked about school as Corrie chatted to google about directions.

We've returned to Tolmin, where the tar machine was, and now there are two and I have a photo to prove it and I wanted to thank the fabulous five from tourist information who told us to come back any time, but maybe they regretted it, because they can't get rid of us. It was a bit like having a guide but one that couldn't come with us.



Firstly we went to the tourist office to find out how to get to another town, not breathtaking stuff for anyone, but she was superb and her enthusiasm was the reason we came back. I love to see where things start and finish. She told us where the Tolmin and Soca rivers met, not their first date but where they've been meeting for years and it showed clearly the distinct different colours of these two rivers.

This adventure led us to a giant crane building one section of the bridge. A workman said it was closed to the public because of the danger. As we went to turn back, the supervisor came over to us and said it'll be okay. Feeling very special we climbed through the hole in the fence and then four short but steep gravelly paths slid us part of the way but that wasn't the danger part.



There were loose hanging overhead rocks from around 10 grams to a ton hanging above us, a wonder, in that all the sizes that we had seen were roughly moulded into their smooth white shapes as nature intended. It was like, here's your gravel for your footpaths, and with some sifting here are your decorative stones for your garden, and then here's your biggies to stop the forest from falling on your new highway.

On our return the second information person was there and he told us about the magnificent gorges where everyone was so respectful to what seemed to be a sacred site, as in a church, hardly a noise except for camera clicking. Once again deep narrow canyons, gushing waters and lots of steps. A superb grassy plain took us back to a grassy track.

The next was a young woman who told us about the waterfall and the cosy track to it. She also told us about other attractions, and invited a local artist to share some paintings with me. I would have bought one but it was painted on wood so too heavy to carry.



Then another young woman who told us about the sunset. The only trouble was that we had to climb a small mountain to see it because this same mountain was also blocking it. Sunset was at 18:38 and I wanted to get there to see the pre-sunset display. She, thinking we were very fit, said it would take us half an

hour but my stint in hospital said more, while our waitress thought I was a bit long in the tooth and it would take me an hour.

I poked my head over the top after 45 minutes, to see a little orange ball resting between two peaks, a stunning sight with golden rivers silhouetted in the skies on what could only give you this magic display – clouds, and here they were whispers of clouds, so fine and so gentle.



It was dark when we were half way down so our mobile torches lit any potential trippers – tree roots, gravel and rocks, as we made our way down a fairly comfortable slope. On the way home we saw a young woman raking her hedge clippings under the street lights as it is that time of the year. Others have been busy and fussy as they carefully and slowly cut their hedges as in a human haircut, these days it's hard to tell.

On the way to our next adventure I stopped off at the info centre and now the boss was there, so I eventually met the whole family who have really put a whole new perspective on what these centres can be, so she was chuffed after a difficult decision had them winning on points.

We had a slow start to the day because we are a bit over-walked, so we chatted to our landlord, a young man with the usual string of languages that these young folk have. He said that while there has been a written change from Yugoslavia to separate republics, there is very little difference. These countries are still the same, just packaged differently. People move between countries for higher wages, employers look for those who will work for less and people will cross borders for cheaper purchases.

We've been in a cheap apartment for five days which was great. It gave us a chance to be a local for a little and get a better feel for a typical town in Slovenia. The perfect English of the tourist officers also brought this town more alive to us, as we were able to clearly hear the intricacies of the answers to our questions.

I was recently talking to a Slovenian friend who told me that Australia would be under the pump if we were invaded because as a whole we don't grow our own food. I then reflected on a German book I recently read called 'The German Boy' where he and his family nearly starved to death because they had no home in their own country during the war and thus no garden. Well, the Slovenians have gardens in most towns and cities that we saw and they are carefully tended.



Slovenians also have a sweet tooth so love their sugar. It is difficult, even at the bakery, to get an ordinary croissant without some sweet filling. According to our bakery person – Slovenians kids are spoilt and now as they get older there is a right of passage to chocolate, marmalade and pistachio croissants for example.

We've loved it here and we will take fond memories away with us. Now it's 'nasvidenje' (goodbye) and 'Hvala vam' (thank you)

We're now off to Italy where I can do my speech therapy exercises without disturbing anyone!!!

Week 5

Most friends and family know where we are.

But not everyone knows where the Dolomites are.

They are a mountain range in north eastern Italy that form part of the Southern Limestone Alps and extend from the River Adige in the west to the Valley Piave in the east.

Most of the larger mountains we saw were above two thousand metres with the two largest being a Swiss mountain – Tofana di Rozes, just over three thousand metres and one local one – Sassolungo Langkofel of a similar size. To put it into perspective over one hundred of the Himalayan mountains are well over twice the size.



While I'm unsure of ease of access in other mountain ranges, the access here is superb. If I didn't have my atrial fibrillation issues, both Corrie and I would not need a cable car which bugs us a little because we miss a lot of the fun of climbing. But there was one which was long and steep so we 'cable car'd" it to the top.

So I'm behaving, drinking lots of water, taking salt tablets, and walking zig zag slowly uphill, however because of PD I still lay claim to the top echelon of downhill rock hoppers.

On top of our cable car mountains there is a plateau of high rolling plains, where we hardly saw two grassy areas of the same shape, and we could take different paths not knowing where you were going and what the terrain was unless you were an orienteer.

It was as though we were in the centre of the universe surrounded by such a 'mountain juxtaposition' of a higher variation than I have ever seen. It was not unlike a mountain museum and what stood out for me were the mountain shapes. In terms of haircuts, some were 'liberty spikes' while others were 'mulletts'.



I saw on their mountain map, that Swiss Mountain, as I went for one of my many excursions where no-one else seems to go for whatever reason. After only 10 metres I came to a cliff edge – (in itself a good reason), and there was that mountain. I get a kick out of that sort of thing.



The grass plains are a little like their lawns, and while no matter the shape, they looked more like a golf course, as though they'd been trimmed as in a 'shaved undercut' style. Scattered trees in the meantime removed the sanitised effect and made it look lived in.



Cabling back down (we had to because it began to rain and the roads become downhill slippery slopes) we saw yet another impeccable graveyard, the flowers not dissimilar to the range of wildflowers seen on the plain, but all of them seemed freshly planted.

The rest of the time we slowly walked the smaller mountains and I treated my body in a way that I would treat dehydration by having lots of water before I feel it. In a similar way I would rest before any sign at all of any ailment. And the bonus was my brain left me alone, so not much has changed in our walking.

The last few days have been delightful as we take more isolated paths and it becomes more of an adventure. It is usually a place that they don't advertise so much because of a lack of infrastructure and difficult to get to.

Wherever we go there is an expressive mountain, an unusual waterfall, a delightful creek, a tree growing

where it couldn't, rocks balancing as they shouldn't, or an unexpected meeting with another hiker.

The Parisian came to mind as one of those hikers. He came puffing round the corner and I wasn't sure whether he was speaking (as French people have a loud exhale as part of their vocabulary) or if he was grasping for breath. But all he wanted was to share. This near 40 year old had just walked uphill for over an hour and was over it. It was the 'ardest walk of his life and in comparison walking 20kms of flat Paris streets would now be a 'ow do you say - "piece of cake".

Talking of food, Pizza seems to be the tourists' staple diet and if it continues at this rate there could be staples found in other places as well, then pasta comes second followed by kebabs, but I suspect for some reason the latter are banned



from towns so their businesses lie between them. Oh!! And salt tablets! they don't seem to sell them because salt is for food, so their salt medical needs are met by magnesium which I use for bone health, not sure whether it increases my bp?

People come to the Dolomites to hike at all ages. From a baby round his neck who could not possibly believe the slopes her dad walked, the mud he fell in, as she remained part of him; groups of young children out of control until I ask them a question and they sound like English teachers; many older couples from Germany, Austria and France; Europeans as one all finding a language in common, busloads of Dutch and American students and the quiet Chinese and outspoken Indians.

While it is Italy, it is also a place of three languages: German where you can also see their influence in the often working class pictures on the houses, then there is the other main language of the Italians who you can hear loudly from the coffee card tables and Ladin, a Roman language spoken by the first inhabitants. There are five Ladin valleys of which Val Gardena, where we are, is one.

This Laden valley has been our home now for over a week and we hear from outside a noise that sounds like a continual movement of traffic, but it's not. It's the movement of continual rolling water whose normally gentle flow of clear to muddy liquid is broken into white froth as it turns our sometimes earnest conversations into mere murmurs.



Week 6

We were surprised when our bus driver (we were off to a new hiking ground) told three girls the complete wrong way to go. We were sitting in the seat that usually distracts the bus driver so we heard it all. We knew this area well and told the bus driver that he had given the girls the wrong direction.

When they came back he apologised to them and gave them our directions. We told them that he had been around a while and was losing it. We laughed and

then absurdly I became one of those people who talked to the driver whilst he was driving. We soon fastened our seat belts and I fastened my mouth.

The last two days in Gardena found us following trails that were leading up mountains that we knew we would never be good friends with. It was more like a casual acquaintance because we did not get to know them well by going the full distance with this very new relationship.



We are still avoiding the 'overhead wire cars' thus the new casual connections above. The first one took us up a small but fascinating stream that was very busy showing off as it not only jumped into the air when hitting small boulders, but also playing with the now chilly wind. At the same time it was leading us somewhere backwards. Maybe it has seen me go backwards which I do often.

Firstly I make sure it is on a slight uphill slope which makes it less easy to fall. I might do it when I'm a bit tired and I'm amazed at how easy it is for a short burst; it's a time to talk with Corrie when she's behind me; it exercises my glute muscles; it allows me to check for cars when we're on a tight road, although they seem to have pathways sorted here; and I see a very different view.

This creek led us into some beautiful wild flower arrangements, the central colour as it often is, being yellow, the others being mauve, red and blue predominantly. There appeared to be no green flowers and maybe nature thought of this when she made the grass and the leaves that colour.



Another 'cable car evasion' was a bit harder because the 'cable car man' gave us a 2 km walk to get to the start. When we returned we found the short cut, just behind 'the cable car house'.

We started our walk on the common red colour of the pine needles mixed with rain. So off we went.

We came past many of these tracks and took the better looking ones through stunningly green grassy patches with small hillocks scattered around and criss-crossed with these narrow pine needle paths.

These paths I had recently worked out had been made for tree cutters. And then the welcoming sounds of a waterfall, much bigger than the last and flowing over a huge slab of sunny stone with only the wind taking wisps of it backwards.

We were up there where we have rarely been right amongst the waterfall and its adventures. We did not make it to the top because of our late start. So we walked with it slowly until we reached a home (we were surprised to see one so high up) whose owner had two uninvited guests. They were us and a deer who was in his very small paddock (we have been amazed to see these grassy bits appear out of nowhere on these steep slopes) and who thought the tall grass was hiding her. We chatted to the owner as we walked past on our way to a different part of the descent; such a wonderful enchanting walk.



Another part of the Dolomites now beckons as we headed to the more spectacular town of Cortina, and that may be subjective, by the way, because of peoples' different outlooks and perspectives. The hills and mountains tend to close in on a more 'squeezed in town' and their shapes are so much more dramatic.

The more cultured rising landforms of Val Gardena did not have the fighting warrior looks of Cortina with their more jagged and threatening appearance, whose injuries flowed endlessly from wounded mountains in the form of large boulders down to gravel. The rocky remains of these wounds were catered for with tunnels built under highways so there was no danger to innocent folk. We

initially thought these tunnels were for water where there was none and then we saw the boulders so it was our first ever sighting of a 'boulder drain'.



Returning from our second hefty walk in two days I was delighted when Alessandro, my Italian friend, produced an App called Peak Visor after being

asked many mountain names. But no names, no more bothersome questions, just 'get your App' and life begins. It even finds mountains hiding behind other ones. As I was testing the App I shared my new technology expertise with two older Dutch people and two young men who were both very excited and amazed they were being taught something new by someone old.

We have reached 650 kms – well over our target of 600 – and will target my walking more towards the marathon on July 30 so there will be shorter, faster 6 and 13 kms walks every second day and longer walking with haste, keeping in mind my AF, while one day a week will be walks between 25 and 35 kms to fit the training schedule.

Week 7 – The Six Sestieri of Venice

Santa Croce

It seems a very ordinary show
Until you sit and slowly look around,
It still won't be salubrious I know
But pearls are in their shells when they are found.
Once opened though the mystery then has gone
And there's no longer any fantasy,
Just ordinary now we're not so fond
Should gifts of pearls be left below the sea.
Now ordinary is what many covet
So much destruction makes it look like heaven,
People today have simply learned to love it
Need nothing else for happiness to leaven.
So down to Santa Croce take a walk,
And you will have no need to even talk.



Cannaregio

You can sense the hidden growth behind its gate
There's a mystery too a novel would be proud of,
And veges too, to fill your hungry plate
And trees and flowers in soils of natural love.
For decades they were hidden – home at night
But no-one died cause of their very race,
A bed and work it was their very right
If anywhere it was their safest place.
A woman glides her hidden gondola
As work goes on but no-one's ever seen,
An ancient woman helped by those who're fond o'er
Who had no real idea where she had been.
Like the Jews, the Cannars are finally breaking loose,
No longer will there be a hidden noose.



San Marco

San Marco is Venice's very life and soul
All calles lead to its heart, St Mark's piazza,
It's where you hear the famous church's bell toll
High above the sea threatening disaster.
No matter what your thoughts about St Mark
Your visit will insist that you appear,
With pigeons there all day and after dark
To most they bring delight, to others fear.
The grand canal another famous guest
Brings those with reasons not to take a street,
And simply those who want a little rest
Or after lots of travel put up their feet.
San Marco tests a lot of your emotions,
A testing time for those with strong devotions.



Dorsoduro

Another sestiere is Dorsoduro
Cannaregio a palace by contrast,
It's where you get more bang for your good euro
And everything is not so very fast.
The sign so clearly states: no gentrification
The way it is, the locals want to stay,
They even accept it being near the station
Cause tourists first head out the other way.
It's where they put a lead on all their cruise ships
And that is where the locals want them kept,
So stay there now then take your various trips
The longer walks will thus ensure you've slept.
It's there they have their university,
And rare for Venice – a seat under a tree.



Castello

Castello's a surprise for everyone
For me it was the activism on the street
And people chatting meaningfully, no fun
And from small shops were getting lots to eat
We wandered further down a heated lane
Along a dry deserted coastline way
Then Garibaldi of new Castello fame
There's lots to eat and much to make you stay
But the icing on the cake a huge new park
With trees replacing shops to make your shade
And fifty chairs I counted for a start
When energy takes leave and starts to fade
Tourists take their time to uncover gold
So take your time in letting things unfold



San Polo

San Polo is the engine room of Venice
With its vibrant markets kicking up a storm,
Built high up above the flooding menace
The best of fish and fruit it is the norm.
Don't mind the crowds cause you are one of them
If crowds weren't good why bother being there,
It's fed from the Rialto, the creme de la creme
So take your time to take your market fare.
Tintoretto painted his with one last supper
Which hangs in Venice's church of San Polo,
And watch Giovanni's paintings with a cuppa
As well as Veronese and Tiepolo.
An appetite you'll need to sate your thirst,
But probably your greed will make you burst.



