

LUCILLE LANG DAY

Falling in Florence

I fell in the fall in Florence.
I've also fallen in New York,
Washington, D.C, and Oakland,
California. My father and
grandmother had myasthenia
gravis, a disease that causes
muscle weakening and makes
one fall, but I don't think
I have it. Optimism? Denial?
I'm just a clumsy woman,
failing to look where I'm going,
and therefore fell on Via Cavour
in Florence after sharing a quattro
stagione pizza with my husband
at a café on Piazza San Marco
as I was thinking of the *Mocking
of Christ*, a fresco painted by Fra
Angelico in a monastery cell.
It's surreal, though created
in the fifteenth century: Christ,
blindfolded, is surrounded
by four disembodied hands
on a green background. One
holds a stick. There's also
a disembodied male head
in a hat, blowing something
on Christ's face. *Is it water
or spit or words of contempt?*
I wondered. Then I fell.