

Elegy in the Vicinity of Duino

Outside Trieste, Castle Miramar
Is what the wilder shores of Europe are,

And that by virtue of décor, not site:
Highland Baronial, the Coburg blight,

Balmoral by the Adriatic. Not
Too tasteful, Maximilian's Charlotte

(If you prefer, Carlota; Mexico
Had neither preference nor chance to show),

But, some few years before Victoria,
An empress. For the nonce Italia,

Hard on the heels of being Austrian
(Austro-Hungarian), Pan-Istrian,

Free City, Allied Zone, or What-You-Have ,
Thanks to D'Annunzio, not Yugoslav,

Trieste vacillates along its shore,
A counter-Venice, interested more

In shipyards than in marrying the sea,
Whose relict nonetheless it comes to be,

In murder of the Archduke (no, not Max;
Franz Ferdinand) as Versailles bargains, hacks

Away its hinterland. Art student, tear
Yourself away a while from St. Mark's square

And say, if you have knowledge, how it is
Art's judgments, plebescites', and history's

Cannot locate the moral in this wreck.
It's that Vienna's not Chapultapec.