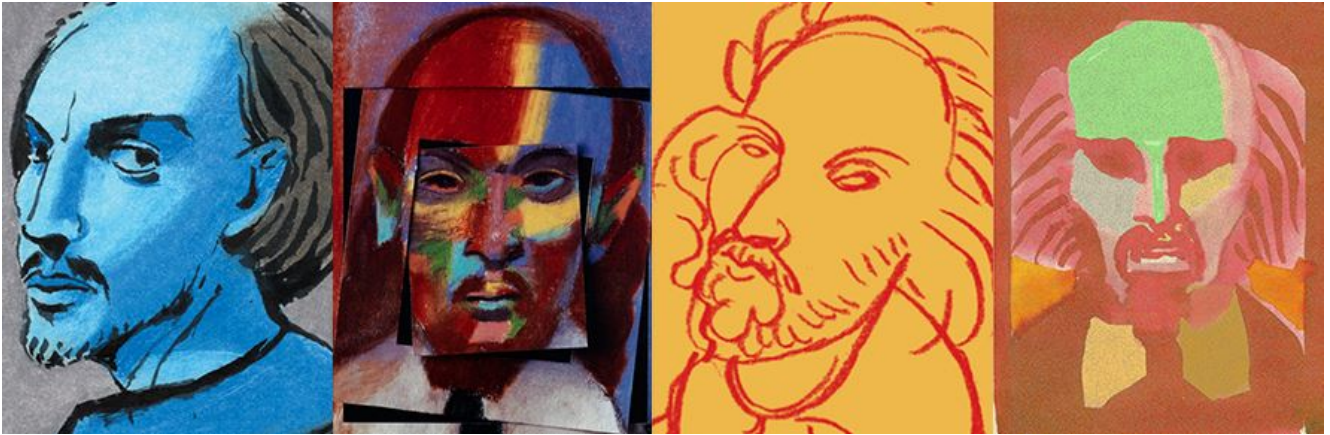


# Quo Verona?

by [Marion D. S. Dreyfus](#) (July 2021)



*Faces of Shakespeare, Milton Glaser*

**That seven-year** “lost period” of the Bard.  
Between the birth of Will’s first children  
and his first notices in London

Did he vagaboard there, to *tummel* in the traveling troupe  
of the *Commedia dell’Arte* to  
polish his craft, top off his tongue,  
educate his ear, the daft  
punnish perception from pleasing the Romanesque politely  
donned in the grotesque fantastical masks  
of the comedic *cognoscenti*?

Did he away to Verona?

Hie thither from wyfe and progeny in Stratford  
for the shadowy Dark Love of the sonnets?

Did he muse on the pews of the then-less-aged arches and  
pergolas,  
strong stirrings of cultured, clever rambunct  
porcelain statues of heroes and demigods, Ichabods,  
some headless, some genitally bereft ‘neath futile  
figleafs

our avenue to aestheticizing our stunted  
understandings and restless myths?

Did he gaze on the immaculate groomed trees

greening the stoic seven hills extending from and  
Overlooking the ochre leathern artistry of the city? Archaic  
but trended future even then, that teeming burgh seen  
through a Veronic morning's gossamer fog,

precipitation to William translating into the formulae  
of his colossus mind converting to the chemistry  
greeting the alchemy of perception sculpted by  
ready presence, outsize creation, this swan of Avon,  
perched as if on the sturdy fletch of the archangel  
carved so often above the bedpub's door, eye-level of  
orators and avid easel's sponsor, the patron?

Did Mr. Shakes peer down from his angelic aerie  
above the golden romance antique town—even then!—  
Speculating on the searing angst of Romeo, or  
on the wing-ed thoughts of lissome Juliet, ensiled by  
family hatreds etched into their tradition, kept apart  
—that balcony! That colluding lady's maid! —from the  
huddled hieroglyphs of the quaintly spired skyline,  
the dun-colored tunics of the townsmen, feeling  
their throttled ardor; were he there, he'd well and simple  
fall in love, with Verona, with Juliet, with Romeo, one  
surmises.

Pacing the Veronic cobblestoned dusk, perhaps he himself  
a sodden poet, on a bridge, or spanning the river. En  
route

from revelry—free of family, encrusted with danker love—  
to a hospitable hostelry conjured by crack'd pavement's  
whirly

cyclonic, picturesque dust and Italic detritus, the  
legend a

humble jester-ghost, now glowing Yorick, now 'calcitrant  
Hamlet ... meanders along, interior visionary, maybe

dreaming, inside-penciling of a last-love, a lost love  
passion-spackled apprising soliloquy, grandiloquently.

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Bucket-listing all the globe, **Marion D. S. Dreyfus** has been, so far, to 107 countries. More to come. Aside from teaching at the college level, she is a journalist specializing in emerging trends in medicine and politics and an editor for a boutique publisher of architecture books.

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