

*I love the way the waitress  
can chew gum and sing while she wipes  
the dust off a plastic plant  
and then stop and talk about the weather.  
And I love the dramatic weather:  
the way the air changes with us,  
the way another world arrives  
in an avalanche of clouds,  
the way the continents meet and separate again  
while I jot down my immediate impressions  
on a sheet of yellow paper;  
taking note of little things, the scorpion,  
the first creature to walk on land;  
or craters of illusion, great assumptions of normalcy,  
where Ohio once was, or never was.*

— Paul Violi  
from “One for the Monk of Montaudon”



## **A Memorial Reading for Paul Violi**

The Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church  
June 13, 2011

