

POSTCARD FROM ANDALUCIA

(For my mother, my children, my husband and for Ray, Jean and Dawn)

I'll send you a memory
from Andalucia;
pale lemons and fig trees.

The gentle clanging of bells
as the boy herds goats,
between twists of olives.

Gentle leafed almonds, green avocados,
small hot citrus trees
bearing a few last oranges.

The rustic open room
full of tapestries
and dusty sofas.

Painted Spanish tiles;
Blue saints. Pink Lizards.
The table tennis challenge!

Ruthies's first width!
Yelps of our delight
echoing across the valleys.

Albeniz guitar
in the long summer evenings.
The near to Africa heat in the day.

The unseen woman
in every room;
present in her many paintings

of dry roads, winding their way to Granada.
I'm sending you a postcard
from Andalucia,

in gratitude for the taste of Spain
and the memory
of our family gathering.