

# The Generalife Gardens, Alhambra

Granada, May 17, 1991

Cat who walks lightly the path, skips a pace or two, white down of  
plant blows down, sand of red clay lanes.

At the early point of my walk today, a group of school children  
appear upon the trail. They pass by.

Again, upon alone the sandy lanes the tall cypress bridle  
on adjacent side.

At the point a way leads to left, curve in this path  
this shows the assuage line, such here and there the dark points  
to sky cypress.

(a gardener upon retrieving the necessary tools for  
the day's tasks,  
his day begins)

This is, seems the upper way wherefrom here  
things lead down. The voices carried up to air tell.  
At the point of breathing, the air, the light is brilliant.  
The green leaves and trees almost too difficult to observe.  
It is easy to look out from here, the rooftops of Granada;  
such weight the breath in this light-steady air.

Of the perpetual descent, mountain's torrential in ear  
its moss. This abrupt climb, steps, a fountain is more  
silent, marble and stone, "of" and "to" prepositions deleted  
from this sentence descent, (investment is location)

the constant trickle to reservoir is always  
the hint of deeper image to be infinitive, infinite, definite  
collective mind, floats.

(on exploration of the *in-*  
mind.)

The yellow/peach rose unfurls or is it a perch

// the geometric  
cut — hedge taking wing fly fly away little one, gone  
the clean left regard, precise horizon, flown away  
empty  
tends to thought or at least absence and seeking after,  
when now the yellow/peach rose unfurls.

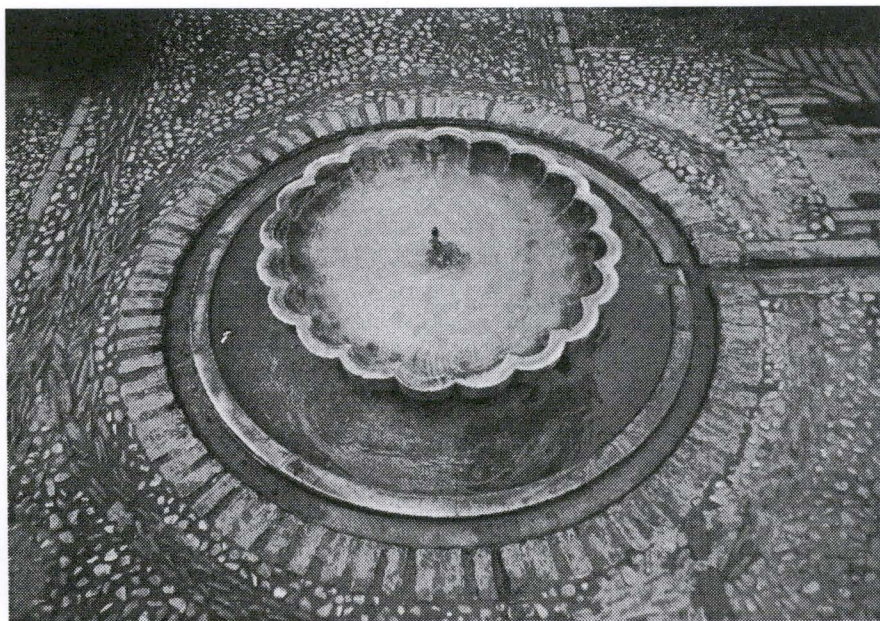
(we dig our plot, purchase in advance, sad investment;  
the gardener rests, waits on his shovel)



*The Nazarite garden had to be created in spaces of small scale ... It had to be isolated behind a fortified wall. In this rested the personality of the Nazarite garden. In these confined spaces, it concentrated all the elements which, product of a sensibility and asserted expertise, made a garden unified, an apotheosis of a vast culture, its mystical sense and its influence on the sensory pleasures.<sup>1</sup>*

— Francisco Pioto Morena

*The Nazarite Garden*



There is a catch in every story you are listening, the quotidian.  
Present through the branches of turn, verse and reverse, plot's tierra firma.  
There is a catch after all, in every story, ever present going past.

Through all such bordering hedges are paths which  
diagonal/cut/in/tersect. My own hesitation point (delete) view.  
I hear the camera up raised to target.  
Poof!

... perch ...  
(            )

(absence)

After the way is wend to the top its view of Sacromonte the gypsy town,  
it is a simple return rather simple to again the second water. Next  
place to quench.        Back there: descent, torrential, marble,  
stone, of and to > <.

The heart the quiet steadfast the ness of the fountain wets me. Where.  
Floats.

What with the human mind's thirst for knowledge and truth. A  
restful way it is to end this particular route; it is pleasant here.

A garden includes water. It also includes thirst. It includes the  
seeking and resolve. Temporal, yet— somehow here it is still. The  
source. Noise or music. Pools which silent and tranquil say a fount's  
pointing arch of water, drum-skin taut, to hedge to hedge the pool  
lined with spouts and spurts. It spurts. Poof!  
Grades of tranquillity, stages of medittive equilibrie. & a bordering  
balance, a shaded meaning shade.

When one comes upon such a trick of water, conceit can without  
reference, one comes, one exclaims, "Oh, a fountain" or "Oh, water."  
And then a thought passes over.

Poof!

The camera leaves its tourist absence.

A garden has too its secrets. Open, virtual, disclosed, the plant-language. But alcoves — man-made — corners little stairways leading to damp or dry places where there could be a bench but there is not. All that is wanted all that the instinct really moves to is a fragment of some pottery just, a cedar bush a twig of rosemary or discarded paper, fragment only edges are torn are furred, joust, play, the veritable talking stick, imbedded with inherence.

One can wait so long for a plump orange to drop. One can wait so long for a  
plump orange to drop. One can stare so hard at the orange night pupils deepen  
with thick grey must. Across the red clay  
and blue mosaic necessary tiles

of a pattern the sun lights no idea the head falls asleep whew (!) and which it's  
gone when I am back by the fount's watery parasol, the orange trees, the arches  
and point of view this has become now, waiting like this, filling.

Across the pebble way

the bordering planters with rose orange trees overhead too the  
*marguerites*, "marguerites" the passing observers say, orange trees  
into the pathways of cedar, rose-bushes arch everywhere at this point, at this  
point I am stopped.

Cat to rest, head and ears, looks up at you.



Granada, May 18

There is instinct. Duct, aqua flow.

The penis-twined heart is taut, the twist it is a cord woven,  
silkworm cocoon into the heart, heat-throb of sun upon a city's  
electric avenues, juice of fresh oranges, thick toast with marmelada, brisk  
morning pant to work. What I have taught myself is the sad move to desire the  
completed material of bust-line and ankle arch, the prison of jasmine as the  
passing perfumed object becomes the twine and lax of fancy, female sex.

Soap, water, tiles.

The object of fancy dictate, story & dialogue I impose: this she this breathless,  
my:

If she looks across the garden, scans eyes past the box-cut cedar hedge what does  
she see? That which she might imagine, and say,

"I smoke too much," and then, cough dispersing such ash, "I am a  
dreamer," the plan, place/seat of a garden before her.

And what happens, she wonders, when a girl becomes a woman? After she  
leaves her studies, leaves her proper freedom when she sat with faculty chums  
in bars and cafes, one disco to another— disputed ideas, was action. And then  
she does wait for her man she dreamed at first a boy, waits for him to grow catch  
up to her, that boy who, forefinger scratches lightly her palm the second night  
out and she accepts, his grin descends over such lawn, the jasmine he gives.

And she is the taut of free choice, the words object to this pen. The twine is  
this her before me, into her mouth a hard fiery element, the reach of parole.

"You can go to work after graduation, but still must you give your all for your man when he returns sweet grin from his tankard beer. Or hire a girl she cleans and cooks, does the washing but then he claims it is no longer his house, his words are no longer his words. I smoke too much," she says.

But such a woman too has she not too lost her words long before that and all she can hope to hold is her silence, until one day she can again speak with friends, dispute ideas over long drinks. But then her own best chum is silent, a weed growing wildly, one disco or the next, the cognac and cola fast through her hands that is all, and it is dawn beneath, the scent left by fresh paste of hoarding posters, the car routes through the neighbourhoods of Granada. The end.





*The Generalife was the summer residence of the Sultans of Granada. It was built for the Nazarite dynasty in the mid-13th century on a slope of the Cerro del Sol. The name is derived from “garden of the architect” or “of Arif” (Jennat al-Arif). It is composed of a series of small gardens, filled with planting and enlivened by water. At a higher level than the Alhambra and separated from it by a slight valley, the Generalife affords magnificent vistas over the city and countryside; the prospect is generally only appreciated from the windows and terraces, since the gardens themselves are enclosed and intimate.*

— Jonas Lehrman  
*Earthly Paradise*



The skin, the flesh is a taut thing. Its hot is hot. Its cold is cold. So this is what I say, sad cocoon I know.

TV Guide, TV Guide, I looked at the television for days and days.

February, the year: 1991.

Wanted to hear and see other than the war in the Persian Gulf, the taking of heads, each other, country upon country as if there was no choice.

If war occurs in the grab for power, the resources of oil — drive and heat of our lives — imagination falls choices erased.

In the newspaper, a photo of American soldiers. One had just cut the hair of the other, shaved in the latest shorn boy-next-door near-Mohawk trendy fashion. The ink of a page quotidian. Heart can easily grow outwards at such image for in their laughter, smiles I held glimmering too corporeal feeling, how

so quickly their hearts sent out in a my wist, longing. I should fill a gentle garden pool with profound tears. Lotus and white-streaked goldfish, lotus and tangent. Finned process of heart.

Here, in the gardens of the Generalife, feel the small rounded pebbles underfoot, the arch of the green wooden bench so roundly shaping the spine. Right there. The fuschia rose in breeze. Right there. The sun hot on skin. I am twined so penis-twined to matter, to the sheer nylon upon a woman's calf the rose feel in the soft palm as she dreams. I am bordered here and I imagine. The body what is underfoot is, under the pedal of my wanton desire, propelled in the scent of newsprint, nostalgia.

How the body does float, boundless but, in bondage.



*A narrow aqueduct bordered by luxuriant flowers, trimmed myrtle hedges, orange trees and cypresses leads down the center of the patio; the slender jets arching over it are of relatively recent date. (Lehrman)*

Now, once again this garden, again seated there.  
She says . . .

“Not today. Not today when I am waiting” ‘I am’ is the ‘in the pattern of’ is too, ‘in the mosaic’ which look at action verb before noun regard at maybe a mouth a gesture is is blue diverts to angle this to that a reference dyslexia say to catch the point not today tidy answer in pattern the cut hedge to fountain, angle to angle a verb most prominent after hue, concept blueness and greenness what is caught my idea, my, my, my, before speech spit the action of eye not . . . of the storm, a cloud approached, I read, ah, the ceramic blue the ness confers.

Skip back. Look from a distant point ness, mouth gesture is that its hot is hot and cold the tile washed by rainwater, the eye fixed it is there the not today, today is just, will try another, other ways to a maze today skip.

My, my, my, my, my. Possession. A possession, position. A tract between pronouns. Colon. Dialogue which aches in the forgetting and error. A dialogue which accedes to the intimate and singular you. Tread the garden path. Trench the soil. Convince a path, topsoil trail. The traffic below, the circular annunciation as debris, honking and motored exhaust swirl at the Arch of Triunfo.

May 19

Begin again once again: a death, a bus, petrol, the feed of parked cars, bread crumbs cooked with hot oil, garlic, some water — this browning the *migas* — the peasant's morning *desayuno*, begin this way to a top landing, then, Death — "Death, I jump at You from here, jump, jump!"

And then Death says, "Oh come on you rat, give me a break. A bit of coffee, a little nice night music please. Time, time's what I want! Time's in — time's out. Light music. My words are no longer my words, my house no longer my own for you've brought in another one girl to tidy she's pretty but too young, don't you remember how we've been sweethearts just the two of us, I know what you mean your life's no couch, jump on my back, we'll go for a spin. Come on down!"

Born again, begin again. Youpii!!

And so began the interruption by Death from a spiralling stair, just a short hop skip anna jump, spin, spin

Behind a dark fan.

Lumine.

And now my way has come clear the daisies in their hundreds bloom toe-hold to the red bleeding hearts a longing, the bells of other reds climb their particular fire, necessity war, molests

the infant

And now my way has come clear  
Broken crockery, nothing more than such Michelin

a tangle to feet, I'm tanglefragment foot-mister. Trying to  
negotiate the terms . . .  
physiology, stunned stupid



Try to look assiduously, fortuitously, precipitously,  
gratuitously, interrogatively all, at the weeds, at the ivy, at the cedar and  
chestnut, try to look at the golden daisies bloom, beneath a cypress cut as a  
column all this and still nothing solved a meaning reservoir still a drinking  
fountain come upon, the worn way to quench thirst for one then another, other  
and another my skin's cool is cool I think of the corpse of a young blown Iraqi  
boy, I think of the young Iranian man serves coffee at a donut shop in Toronto,  
his faith pressure cooker whistles sadness and trepidations lose one in a spiritless  
land where flights are to melancholic fancy, spicy sauced chicken wings a  
pitcher of beer, loses one and yet in this the surrendering interrogative,  
assiduous, fortuitous, gratuitous adjectives leave a tremor of despair felt in the  
neck, poom! secret unrevealed, that vertebral blood-column kneeling,  
bowing down, coffee, the currency exchange. Crummy knowledge, the child  
is being covered in a fatal

muddled cloth, a video cassette, a voice-over, the last burning light on a  
television the button so pushed, power fading pin-light on a target screen, taken  
aim, the grid of signature in such alphabet set, then nostalgia still the voice sets  
in, we begin crying, finger still, feeling the pulse. Looky, looky! President  
George Bush is now on the video screen, wide, wide, and the cigarette smoke  
haze hangs over lampshade cheer. Depleted uranium's spoil carried by birds to  
Kosovo, Austria, to Sudan and on— Financial planning, good, you've taken  
out life insurance at your age.

And now my way has come clear  
And now my way has come clear  
And now my way has come so clear  
And now my way has come clear  
And now my way has come so clear

Something 'cross the path, stops.  
Raised paw.

A Poem:  
What? Quench? Clear.



●

Mother is Mitsuko, Father now dead since 1974, January 22 Masajiro,  
Kimurasan still around over 90, Stan or Masato, Norma or Masako, Junko is  
June but really it's just Junko, Miyako that same though she's now as much that  
Margaret, and Alan or Noboru, I'm Gerry or Osamu, "Hi!"

There, I've done it, named my family here on a page, passing thought of such  
elemental minutes, the *saucissons*, the *salchichon*, salt of hanging ode to in th' air and

it and now my way has come clear  
Cullar de Baza, in Granada province,  
a here/there now sentimental on the dotted line  
if you will.

(Horticulture Lesson:

Nothing to grow.  
Nothing to learn.)

● Booked.

Each visitor has paid her due.  
Reserve and a discount.  
There is a stand of confections.  
Trowel. a study of intensitive notions.  
A turnstile is a yup,

a turnstile.

Each visitor is everything in a garden. seeds,  
cuttings, Each visitor  
in this history: formed in a pattern seen from afar, the seems  
a point of view (attack? Salvo shy's hesitations);  
moment of assault.

The ways are defined. May-  
be. water at this point, brink  
Each visitor walks along  
the lines, the  
angles, the perimeters, stopping  
perhaps for water drink  
at this point, stopping to rest,  
snap a photo. arcs, light,  
This not (horticulture.  
That which that this moon.)





One day this place of trees, flowers and fountains. The organizing principles to this mountainside. Each visitor has moved unaware through a pattern, the point of view to awaken, *awaremi* still-point of texts upon walls Qur'an cubes the ways eyes might shift take from above into account. Of that first day, theft (or the history of this place, just one day: trees, flowers and fountains). Of that last day, today, cat's got our tongues, lovers separate into silence, bereft.

(Of Music)

Mispell is also ol' Miss Spell, tune ringing in the head.  
Thank God, have found some rest here on this line,  
nostalgia of scenic view, comforting pie fresh from the baker's oven, warmed  
apples can't thinking right words  
for postcard to "dem all." And to You  
too, Death! Having fun, but don't forget my buddies,  
me! A turnstile is, yup, back again, by the compote  
hits you in the back! And oh. Yet. Memory  
the moments will easily vanish, be erased, scanner in in  
the sound of falling pitched  
water, those gardeners and architects were very clever.  
Terribly clever. Water on the brain.  
The rain in Spain. Gardens of the Generalife, Alhambra, Granada.  
The end.

❁

“Big Fountain, Bright Star, High Arch”

Fountain, star and arch

.....whizzwhizzwhizzwhizzwhizzwhizzwhizzwhizzwhizzwhizz.....

Big, bright, high.

Point sharps, place curve. Water

a centimetric,

a tone flips flows duct flows duct

eight sharps protractor source, eight always

waters

clear wet warble

“The sacred voice sounds”

circle, spool. Dome star, Mosque

the worn leaf

gold about nothing scent clearly,

*claro* this present

white, orange blossoms

thickery through

the green, falling

star arch

devotions.

Devote. pure, boundless,

unthinkable.

❁

a watercourse to fine >



Underground shelter, Baghdad.

A bomb of orange,  
syringa, honeysuckle, fine yellow rose a month,  
smell rosemary. Frankincense or

          asperging rose water, scatter  
the branches of myrtle. We  
can feast on scarlet peppers,  
almond jelly. Hail Mary,  
olé! for grip  
a *caña of cerveza*  
this balm

where No war, what can  
touch us

before rain; the  
unthinkable,  
          the gray mushroom

blossoms  
in the head.

● (Month's Mind<sup>2</sup>  
 Time-bomb)

Not toe-splayed all spouts work, a beauty  
 is. For the table, a love tick-tock

to sound — .  
 as if candles tonight still flame upon low tables

From the *cho*, a higher order.

eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

Collect flowers, kill plants.

Feet yelling, are killing me.

Rest stop.

Hey lizard! is enough comma.

,pause; what hand sources; Q.

From above, perch a circle is clear 0 with

a little squiggle

a fountain with fish, hedged, cut

straight lines form geometric space

in A geologic nice, perspective.

Hey lizard! is a comma to circle, delineate a  
 territorial distinction,  
 a pool, more a point of view  
 from high, the perfume of honeysuckle  
 in such space air takes breath, too with its distant  
 overview, one sniffs (,) wow  
 moribund

sha(u)nt Hey l' !&?% (for my friend, dear dead sha(u)nt), your  
 basmajian!! corazón  
 is that you Death,  
 collecting too many of my friends?  
 ( )

, ;

•  
*She has divided the page into columns, in which she writes the sexes, dates of birth and weights of the babies. In a fourth column, she logs their deformities. She begins: "August — we had three babies born with no head. Four had abnormally large heads. In September we had six with no heads, none with large heads and two with short limbs."*

*The concern in Iraq is that the radiation from DU (Depleted Uranium), which has a radioactive half-life of at least 4,000 years, is spreading around the country.*

— Maggie O'Kane

"Victims of a War They Never Saw," *Guardian Weekly*

May 19,

She then looked out over Granada, sat in a corner of the Palace beneath window shutters turned back, a small flat resting place large enough to sit.

Then she is smoking, proceeded up the muddied steps wet by the splashes of the streams of water flown down dew troughs, channels cut into railings up the steps.

This spot damp at the back of her left knee, the smell like that after rain, the humidity of leaves though a trace of a cologne hung in the air perhaps recently left, a man passing on his way up or down though no one had she seen.

And she prefers these places more in spring, mid-April when snow still heavily covers the Nevadas around Solynieve, to the northeast of the city. Her sunglasses reflect spring light.

Just now she has selected a rose one particular cream rose for she has caught its scent, bordered by a hedge near a small neat marble fountain in the middle of the garden.

Head pulsing, extends her leg out on a wooden stool stretches to the limits her fingers as if to ease the strain at the cervical nerve at the base of her head.

Each time on her pillow she turned her head to sleep, she failed, the pain with her the whole night, she had come years before, had

unfolded her map of the gardens, read assiduously  
the guide, stopped at one point to touch something the catch  
in her stocking, her own skin (a breeze hung  
from balconies, glowing pink, rose, sweet william blue).  
The scent of the twig of rosemary she offered from her hands.

Cypress provide reference, errance through textual maze  
height/scale the imagination to speculate distance.  
Lose the path, re-find. But also bordering the path or green hedges,  
the bamboo or rock border and songbirds, profound shade, shadow,  
refreshment. An opportunity exists for anyone  
wanting to take a photograph, but without strong light  
what effects,  
skin cream to salve the pores.  
Only to sit here, this bench proffers  
the view. Almond trees blown from the valley  
the sweet scent of white blossoms.  
Take the eucalyptus honey, the hierbabuena mint  
Convent biscuits made by hand  
the guitar traces the map, language  
aches in the chest.

*The source of the radiation was a substance that had never been used in the battlefield  
before the Gulf war. Iraq became the laboratory for an untested and unknown material  
— DU.*

*The problem is that when DU-tipped bullets hit a target they explode, sending millions  
of tiny radioactive particles . . . (O'Kane)*



And now my way clear.  
And now my way is clear.  
Go into the hot clearing,  
the crowds shimmering for terrain,  
for picnic. The cypress are always there, a  
plastic bag wraps condiment.

Anchored lights. Rooftops cave in  
in my pen, surface scratch, break  
in skin healing.

. . . *into the atmosphere.*

*Once released, the particles can be directly inhaled, can pollute the water table and enter the food chain, spreading radioactive pollution over thousands of square miles. Exposure to this kind of radiation, as well as to chemical pollution, can cause genetic damage because of the ease with which the uranium can cross the placenta to the foetus. According to the US Department of Defence, at least 40 tonnes of DU were left on the battlefields of southern Iraq. (O'Kane)*

Garlic toasts in deep hot oil,  
their skins crisp, eat  
light and travel. A baby's head  
in Basrah  
grows excessively on  
  
spent uranium shells.





Now the trees. It is the time  
for trees and water. Day, map  
becomes picnic.

The pale white honeysuckle face  
high, gravel tender-  
est foot rests

red clay.

And so, honeysuckle, syringa, rose.  
The heat is rend,

with the wind and a  
confidence bench,

stand on one foot,  
scent.

May 20

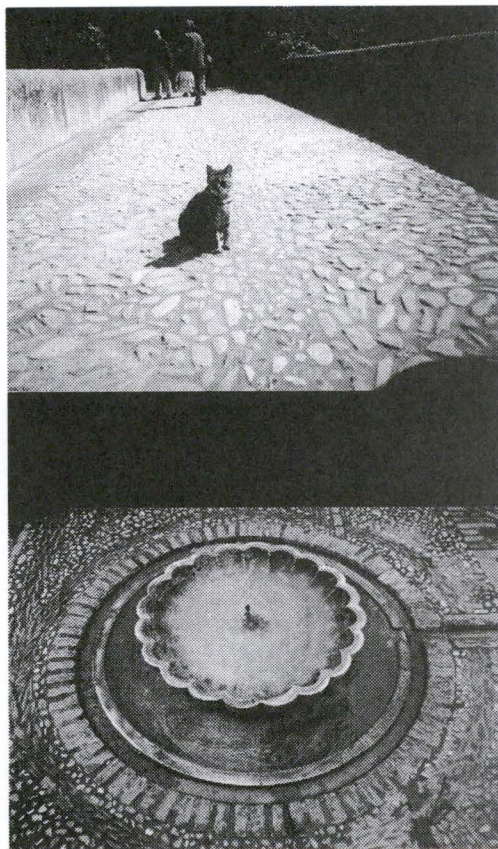
Francisco López, Gardener, Alhambra

“Just in the Alhambra Gardens? Oh, are you asking about trees, flowers or all plants? Plants . . . the kinds are infinite. Two hundred to three hundred, anywhere between. Just in the gardens here in the Alhambra. Trees . . . there are about twenty different varieties. Gardeners? Thirty. In the summer, there is no rain. No problem. It comes from the mountains. Lots of water. For a gardener it is a special place to work. For a specialist there is so much to do here.”

●  
*Its exceptional site on a hillside of the Cerro del Sol, facing the Alhambra and dominating a vast landscape where one could follow the sun from sunrise beyond the crests of the Sierra Nevada to its sunset below the horizon of the plain, largely contributed to making this site the ideal place to enjoy the beauty of Nature and there allowed the creation of the Nazarite paradise. (Morena)*

●  
*“This is the beginning,” says Dr. Jawad-al Ali, a paediatrician and fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons . . . .*

*“Something happened to our environment in that war. Maybe it was DU or maybe it was the chemicals that were released when we were bombed — we can’t say for sure yet, but something has happened to our environment. We even see it in the plant and agricultural life. Giant marrows, huge tomatoes — it’s clear that there has been some sort of genetic modification since the war.” (O’Kane)*



*"See, the spine ends here. There is no head."*

*If it is not a child without a brain, then maybe it's one with a giant head, stumpy arms like those of a thalidomide victim, two fingers instead of five, a heart with missing valves, missing ears.*

*In Iraq the health authorities say that at least three times more children are being born with congenital deformities than before the Gulf War. Now, in both Britain and the United States, veterans of that same war are coming forward with reports of sick and dying children. (O'Kane)*

## Song of Cullar de Baza

Longing night over violet mountains  
longing night over  
empty shimmer, this swimmers' pool.  
This moon what I ride on, profound  
solace within friends.

Drive up the mountain, Pedro, Adrian  
we hike into pines, fresh  
where the wild *pata negra* stay secret, only  
the empty holm shells of their dusk feeding.  
Longing  
is what I take come gently now,

open a window to a three-quarter moon.  
I carry my own head in a basket,  
inspiration I tote in a bucket,  
past the peak, form, they tell me, of  
a pregnant woman.

It's 'Round Midnight on Radio 3, Monk!

Thelonius! 'Round

Midnight, a horn cuts open this dust-heeled path. "You like  
this music?" asks Pedro, "Film by Alan Rudolph,"  
said Adrian, over the motoring hum.

When Cullar is silent, such return, of friends,  
who carry their hearts in open palms . . .

"my basket, my bucket," I whisper, hooded *Moros*  
in their robes parading to me.

'Round Midnight passes its refrain,  
and the three-quarter moon is Camaron, *bulería's*  
blistered robe. I am growing into  
my own rusted heart again. And here,  
it is Cullar de Baza,  
drinks round by round at Bodegon,  
I am now

dead and watching my own tragic hand,  
hanging with *pimentón* oil, the cured haunches of pig  
blood-hoofed in the haunted light,  
growing larger and distant, the child's  
ball bouncing its skeins, in this pueblo  
square, dolorous among discards, these  
paper *habas* skins.

May 21

Contain

Container

Hedge a round  
cut uniform

a pool  
a fountain found  
a dead head

hear a rest below long high  
fortified walls;  
contain, container  
to ear. no thing—

Two stone benches, on each side  
cat walks  
the precipitous edge; hedge  
the bets happen what might befall  
has happened more than once  
recollection is.

Just a tip, and still the constant pace of the tongue  
verbs “transcribe” at look out



over the citrus vista, bark of dogs, path  
'round the corner, tongue wags on and on or  
some commas, catwalk. This filled pool contains,  
paw raised, comma looks up at you.

Emotions held in check, finger on the pulse,  
cholesterol count down.  
There are a number of good positions to dig a garden.  
One enclosed, come upon within a territory, a halfway from here,  
halfway to there. Consensus in mediation. Dispute resolution, but also at the  
limit of plan, strategy measures,  
a precipitous land's end above.

You call out.

The should be: there; a quiet pedestal fountain; bench  
recessed from actual edge; some metres. So. Let's let  
the tongue and mind wag here, the sun is say,  
rather warm, "This gives more the actual sense  
precipice, as the tongue's rough surface sealed  
in plastic stretch wrap, oh the fumbling  
for a word, the actual plot  
to fill the agenda with empty concerns,  
here cat and dog at diplomatic loggerheads, we  
go visit the Dalai Lama." "So," somebody adds, "a good place for a poem, a  
picnic. The forecast is clear."

The space can fill with the perfume of orange and lemon blossoms  
and roses:

When the enemy comes, that like like uh. Here with such scholarship.  
It is perfume great myrtle and almond this way  
to discover loving, oh disco backbeat, give the enemy  
room, a discount of paper, a dollar-store value and joy, squeeze  
in aisles, you both clutch bargains on designer smell.  
All who pass by here come to see the limit and all passersby  
are thus on their way to other things retracing, if not  
identical paths, a same direction. Uh-huh, good position  
for a garden. We all relax, for now; we can all squeeze in.  
The Beetles are back! Tunes back in style, hitch onto the wagon.

The greatest forget by far is that one come upon enroute to the remembered,  
an object is new. A spot in the sun, like to lay a blanket down for a nice tan,  
a seat reserved in the shade exemplary. A serial park of pebbles sliding in your  
shoe. You walk on, along the path. Hello.





Of anvils weep  
across plated firmament

mournful scythes the comma  
and pause, iris  
dry on its weathering stems

sombre light  
no trickling stream  
but gravel a voice  
which hints a tremor

of the plateau and ledges

obscure melody cords  
stretched between fingers  
flints to the artery.



It is not so easy for her to think about the past how she spoke roughly to her daughter, the exchange similar to those with her man. And now the two-year old is crying. What is her desire at every moment the pelvic, the warmth she feels in her hands, the detergent by the tub, for a moment alone, by herself, in the book she reads with her now, the letters, the harsh chlorine, letters

letters who

silently erase her unease erotic with their own strong impenetrability. Wash. She can be here fallen in the book and yet the words remembered are harsh in reprimand to a daughter in her teens whose traits are some of those of her man. Reading the freedom and yet he says, "It's not my house . . . ."

How words can replace each other by a drop in pace, an arch in the breath. Fount, ironic loss. Double over with laughter.

"When the young girl comes to clean," says her man. "You are my wife, I need your mark upon the pressed trousers I wear, the feel of your hands upon the shirt-collar rubbing my neck, just a little more, there, there. Next, I'll do it for you. It's you I love. My words are no longer my words, or usually, with this girl cleaning. We love each other."

What she remembers is this now, how a garden also gives very dark space shade for eyes with discursive points, sunlight in the cool. The middle of the square terrain is filled with a circle of tall lean cypress, around these are smaller orange trees with lush green and enough fruit. The trees enter the earth hedges with geometries of bush. Elsewhere it is sand. And the music the fountain makes. This is one kind of garden she remembers, I don't, until recently forgotten cleanly, there is a seat in the sun, a seat in the shade, when a couple wants more love again, more love, the nostalgia of a picnic in the courtship, courtship, courtship.







I saw myself once on high  
arrival of the high ground I  
saw myself at lunch  
watching the fish in the small hot pool.  
I want to rest now with a lizard joy  
my tail disappearing out of view into  
a cabin of rock. Anemones are there  
in thousands— yellow, pink, scarlet and white  
stretching from their tall stems in the burning breeze  
dark a chocolate pistillar tendency,  
I dream dream of my lunch a lunch because.  
I want  
thoughts coordinate,  
ancient things and modern ways:  
a garden.



*All the slope where lies that part of Granada (toward the Cartuja), and equally the area on the opposite side, is most beautiful, filled with numerous houses and gardens, all with their fountains, myrtles and trees, and in some there are large and very beautiful fountains . . . All of it is lovely, all extraordinarily pleasing to behold, all abounding in water, water that could not be more abundant; all full of fruit trees, like plums of every variety, peaches, figs, quinces, clingstone peaches, apricots, sour cherries and so many other fruits that one can barely glimpse the sky for the density of the trees . . . There are also pomegranate trees, so attractive and of good quality that they could not be more so, and incomparable grapes, of many kinds, and seedless grapes for raisins. Nor are wanting olive trees so dense they resemble forests of oaks.*

— Navagiero quoted in Dickie, *Granada: A Case Study of Arab Urbanism*

## Martes

A kind of serenity in sweeping.

Sound whisks

concrete dust, scratch the scratching, whishing,

up wrists this,

thing twigs things hold, dust in air there, lest a lotus

pool, pool pool, ah.

And then, her words in my ears . . .

“Not then. Not then, this I hate some days I die,  
sweep this garden clean. I watch my young son digging for worms,  
watch him planting seeds of bachelor buttons, pollen rests upon  
the water.”

Rising twenty metres above to left, ivy-covered walls, ramify,  
fortify. Morning birds are now, and then trucks; or is as  
make together coincident  
pleasures to ear, dust float upon water: it and it and it . . .

the days and days getting shorter, the tally.

All about me are the rose bushes, the lush honeysuckle, the pool  
of Yusef III. Shade of one tree, the view of the arid sierra, the white pueblo  
winding up the hills. And here, I can barely hold the  
memory a stroll past the anemones, chrysanthemums, catalogue the senses'  
confusion held from within the body's investment. The desire  
here to forget. Yet the corporeal wants, perfumes of al-Andalus, body wants,  
body's want on desire.

When paradise gardens are neatly laid; yet words still come as  
a defeat of silence, the lotus, my desire to make good my time, my time with  
these gentle things, petals . . . pistils, caught lovely

by chromium tape. DAT. Or, the sound of one hand,  
dust in air.

There is a need for a favourite place.  
To, insert: character, a she.

That I would make her, plan the plan, story the story, oh beauty and husband's  
pageant, these I scan make, women of this al-Andalus,  
this Spain of passion, this garden longed for paradise.

And so,  
Allah, oh  
the stage is set,  
the garden:  
Place. "Sit down" is what she says. I sit

Only days afterward do I long for it,  
sitting next to her, eating her food,  
lying in bed down the hall

Drinking water or not.  
She whistles at the cutting board,  
favourite spot, what,

tasting the quench, semantic  
of a deafening sign  
when solace be potent enough  
to drown out the cheery encouragement of friends,  
the bottle caps scatter furious at  
entr'acte.

Concert hall, telephones, all auditory this world:  
lovers next door, walls  
too thin, furious relax, you coax, alone,  
the heaving under their quick deep breaths.



## After May 23

The tint of skin is felt a simple thing. Skin deep so much a prize I've felt and here the war is huge always. That which eyes can see. And then to hear intoned ear the cantor voice of *Mihrab Maghreb* in the centre where can finger a place asymmetric is, off-putting, poetry.

What in the dark their know, each day live more too within their daily prayers, and that vows to be, more a line completes the breath, prayers each day, so difficult to find that life that war is.

To look for a life in other lands, to have papers and coin. Zacharias for example, from Morocco knows the taste of dry couscous of haira soup come to study in a land not his, knows to return to a tierra firma, all we all want. There were no problems in Spain for the Arabs, he tells only seldom where race arms defeating and then the dark in Pepe's bar; everywhere, from Africa, you do not have money, "it is so difficult for us to be received, taken as equal."

When Felipe Gonzales sent troops to the Persian Gulf, became the friend of USA, President Bush, he cost himself his popularity, he's a socialist, "but really . . ." she says, then this of her dead father,

How a man who was Communist all his life could have said "there was no freedom but the standard of living under Franco was better?"

And how can we answer a war in darkness when the whisper in the pillows crams us awake tannic in mouth are children burning with cold chemical the chemical heat of the moon? The drink of Rioja, Ribera del Duero, Albariño and Navarra.

Everything is burning to white. Verbs of passage, launched, smart to target.

The skin is a trick we slip on, gaze into the light, half-blinded, tan. Dark is the confusion of geometry, race relations, a garden as we are frightened into love, the kiss of a stranger, its stain, like no glossy photogenic tempts.

Everything is burning to romance, white, ash of dark skin infant.

And then the amberest way is tint or animal their eyes tell puzzle is skin a cat looks the deepest I can go try penetrate my own diffidence, in difference, own colour Orient not Occident.

●

*At a two-day conference held in Baghdad last month to discuss the use of DU in the Gulf, there was little outside interest. The agency news reports barely warranted a line of reporting in Britain and the US. "The problem is that no one is taking us seriously," says Dr. Sami-al Arajick, organiser of the conference. "They are saying it is all Iraqi propaganda" (O'Kane).*

●

Laden with parcels bound with string, bargain shop plastic luggage, red stripes, blue stripes, white, investment load, tears so easily seated together in row, bus station Guadix. Dark complexion suits dark make less the cut of fashion of host, difference descends to words make human divided, breath unwanted next to, no dividend. Laden with parcels, way now, to post office in a stranger land, postmark, signing out.

The Host. Hotel. Hostal. Hostage. How we hold still  
the victim we love: Nisga'a, Ojibway, Tsimshian, we adjust the shelves, make  
a clean slate, wash in arid, settle such accounts, appropriate narrative re-orient,  
scenic rest stop. Next, next?

●  
This voice is strained and goes beyond and here it is the next, in the next room the voice is yours now, a way I've wanted you. Because the next is just that and again it is what seems so much there like a land I've come to, touching arm, cheek her asleep it's time this like this next to. The cover of eyelids difficult words to intercept so much a silent turn that might be there in that moon, lidded in prevention, the distance love is when not to says.

In a way she loves more and more. When she falls down the steps she sees just what the man might have been, the cologne on her blouse and hip, of him the waters of aqueduct from the mountain to the pool of lotus blooms. A white so pure, green and the last dart of a goldfish, a spray. Pelvic hunting land.

Target smart. A demi-tasse of dark coffee.

She sits next to him whom she never expected or planned, the man she loves, from Melilla speaking French to her. It is he who has changed has thrown off his clothes her friends are now his. What is the politic at work is the caressing in her the way she has tumbled, silent as a weed next to him, her only voice unengaged, enraged with the chores of household the way in his abandonment, assimilate he has become the cologne passing in the garden's air.

Who's speaking, please? This cat's meow from bush. More agua, please.

Her chores next to what remains to be done, the fingers at work, his at a blouse, and she knows what is next, eyes upon the ceiling, the sound of her children in the next room, pool of olive oil from frying pork in a deep steel pan, dark and burnt flour on a counter.

He longs for Melilla but says another day when she suggests a holiday there. He cries once when he sees pictures of war slain, images the way remote control carves the way to forget, engaged in American shows mussels escabeche, TV.

I proceed here, in camera.

One more serving I can take of words, too much, the excess, the strain in a garden of repose. What the shape of tierra firma we make this when come upon, we sit in design meant for a practice.

Accident, accidental is most the charm. Seek shade, seek sun, the burning one feels upon a shoulder, as sun cracks through, beats down. But this a moment not season nor permanence, topsoil a continual removal,

the puzzle to sitting here is that remote.

accidental,

Control comes with the garden's own power. Let us say the pool, emptied of water, dried, yet forming always its own defeat, a permanence.

Control is now the gardener who digs the soil for next spring's marguerites which hung to month and time of growth becomes the confusion of presidential voice. The voice in the garden we strain the ear. Head

straight for the middle of this patioed square, head to the middle, the pool dried and spinning, the sun drops in the west, the air is cool and jacket.



clean hands. elbows fill air  
a chafe the resonance  
of difference a heightened skin  
breaks into scars the tincture of right, brown  
is not so belonging but parcel ,wrap  
things tied are abstract and correction  
of colour and Arab, distant, remote speech  
a moon or many as held  
beneath fingernails, the dirt is  
most fine, delicate margin if human  
toil in the garden, white, pure, the best.  
The garden's war is so much with us  
the crumbled ruins of they say  
"a chemical research plant" (President Bush)  
(General Schwartzkof)

the garden is fine in the mist of early  
morning, sad sad sack,  
the pillaging of Mesopotamia,  
is next to visit monochrome vacation  
colony.

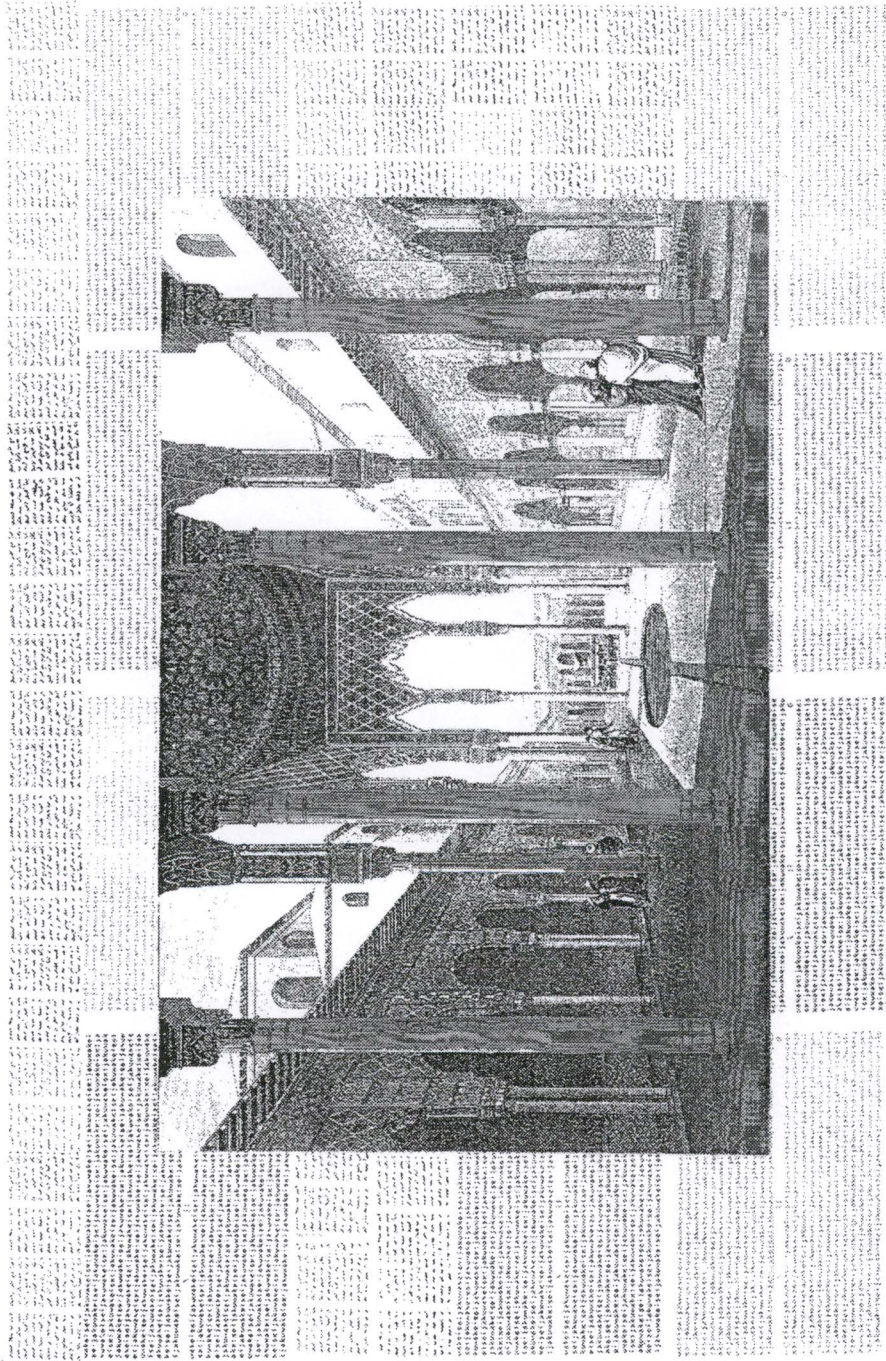


*. . . the chahar bagh of the plan is still apparent. To the west is an arcaded gallery with a small mosque at its centre; this gallery frames views of the Alhambra and the city. On the east there is a narrow service wing, behind which further gardens and terraces climb the hill. The north portico or lookout (mirador) provides a view of the two other hills, the Albacin and Sacromonte. (Lehrman)*



Scenery, can it be anything else? Her voice is now Arab, when the days went into the dust, and the guns fired their might into night, oncoming planes they said, beautiful, like what we as tourists regard for pictures to salvage memories of our most moments: oncoming planes. Niagara, CN Tower, Empire State, point of view in this lovely garden, scan, smart.







*Set low on the paving of both porticos is a lotus-shaped basin containing a small bubbling jet. The courtyard contains no polychrome mosaic, and, apart from the marble columns and plaster grillwork of the pavilions, the predominant materials are stucco and clay tile.*  
(Lehrman)



In her voice she cowers beneath a prediction, that what her mother and grandmother did stands to reason that is bolt into tract and trait of woman the attraction, too my own feelings thus too bound, education and profession make house for her make a house a castle under beloved's thumb, press thumb, thumb.

Her voice now an Arab garden, she looks deeply into the pool, feels the spray of the trough, the orange blossoms emergent again, and the fixed point of a camera is target, but beyond reach is thought moves to a family picnic, that it is Sunday, and that it is as always, best part of selective memory, siesta. There is no other but siesta. Listen: blossoms. pool.

The garden becomes prison. Flowers to define, colour or dew as photo when the words mumble their due romance, a note always happens — verb to think. The garden becomes so nice; becomes a prison. Education is so fine. Dust settles, you resent any movement from permanence and definition, hoping for failure that distance. If a garden grows asks Sally in some cartoon, how can it change me? Water has healing power good to the skin, drink lots of it, but all it does is grow the flowers and I have to know them by name, by season and pruning, like children, work becomes excessive.

*The Court of the Long Pond (Patio de la Acequia) is the celebrated focus of the palace grounds. It is rectangular with porticoed pavilions at the north and south ends. These three-storey apartments have suffered from alteration and neglect, but they are sensitively scaled and partly obscured by foliage; they terminate the central canal's vista, but do not oppress the contained space. (Lehrman)*

“I stunt and bow, my beauty to my husband is only skin deep like the colour of dead brown children after bombing, the cells, after reaching Allah, I think, tell me?”

Scrub, white masque of nothing, the infant in Basra, without a head in my pillow ear.



## Narratives

### Preface

A first cousin always a first,  
a verb is always a verb, a meal  
goes in one hole out the other.

The I, first person addresses the self with a  
whaaaay . . . and it is ordinary and the verb in its condiments  
hesitates, ardour.



Father. In 1974 he's dead. And yet she thinks still about him, and this I ask for her, in passing the body on. A still light reveres, the ashes she collected return to her mind. A whiteness remains upon the wrist, the backs of her fingers. This is the second time and she is thinking about her skin, that she must buy this German skin lotion, replenish lost vitality, lost to the seasons feels good to rub, her own touch is ash before he comes with his rough unshaven cheek, the parcel he carries of his want, a visa to work foreign, holding her with his brown hands, the pale white, like dust in the creases of his dry flesh. Perspiration, water of aqueduct,  
the harmony of like bodies, arching thinks liquid spray receive  
love, is melting, giving up to her own control and prospect of silence, noise in her thighs, soft, whisper, cushion held there.

Sugary almonds for a guitar; fine tuning  
with a *caña* of beer  
suspended in flight

I am my own favourite company, I am my own best self she says, sitting in her  
garden, with her sunny lizard joy; so, comma.



New-found-land is not  
so much new found but  
land  
and here are the hesitant  
few that find the place  
that becomes  
its sound.

point

cleave

touch

nigh

that is

close

and long

crystal

May 28

"This empty space? I've longed to read," she thinks, "text within my thighs, blunt desire a cutting board, sausage, bread and strawberries. The children and I were at the table watching the street. A bus was lodged there, did not move."

The blank page, this leaf at my hands? And I am writing with a deep longing my words are, "And now my way has come clear," I think of a swimming fish in the moonlit pool of a roadside mountain hotel, and a naked swimmer coming up for air. When I turn over, the cushion next to my ear, the whisper stiff fabric makes becomes hers, "I've lost my voice, I will clean your house, O.K.?"

The design of a garden. The language of a compendium faded over years, my fingers cold, calloused, stiffly traces the paper spine. A winter garden, a memory cast with fallen oranges in humid air just over the soil, a vain search for lizard, the green and flecked quick joy. The hands touch along the wall's stone stairway water still current down through its trough.

She hesitates, turns back, a catch in her stocking, she feels in her mouth a taste of a man's cologne, the words begin— filling the page. The swimmer dives once again in the night.

Back in this garden, the design is present even in this winter, even when San Francisco the gardener has gone. No amount of travellers can alter what is here for a design conveys its moment of perfection, a point of view, where a break in skin begins healing. What damage is done, we head down the stretch.

What is imbedded then, from disco to kitchen, to garden. She, women on these paths, her voice in my head, my own desire is still taut, wound about head,



penis-head, a fancy with my hands which tips, of my tongue with language. Pen is tight in my hand. You sit in the shade, hot sun, near perfect simplicity. Sit near a precipitous edge but recessed, and a cat strays by, rubs its body against your leg, familiar eros. But how it flees the human hand conditioned with intent. Heart is crushed, as they say, my house no longer my house, that echoes from her man, already I am moving away, looking, who's got my tongue? The cat meows.

The leaning is toward an end and I am not so silent as pretend. The holy is felt eyes just with mosaic gaze, into a carved hedge, conversion of water from the mountainside into gentle trickle, an Arab grandfather like Jews here before, in tears falling paper after paper, immigrant skin of solace on this glaze.

Ripples concentric/

Nothing is in focus in a deep stillness. Walk is walking, wok: the joking pun to cook Chinese cuisine, water the crackle of hot smoking oil, a mind jumping, frito. So, the way come clear, hunger for calamares fritos and croquetas, the company of pals. In this sombre garden the dream is yet to see light a shimmering, swimming flesh graceful and silent but for a whispering broom in the aching fingers, toward that three-quarter moon leaving the pool abandoned and remote, far below. Re-orient.



Inside and out, the play each day  
of precious water and shade, terra cotta to cool  
hot airs. A place to rest with blooms and fruits,  
sweet juice of peeled pears. A language which too plays  
not ornament but such territory imagination measures,  
present, changing, the plants of this desert, cactus  
and almond, my dear friends, dogs are yelping,  
threatening at our sleeves, to love

a Valparaíso.



how now it's as the best of the light  
when the cats creep alone  
the grounds and the flowers begin to  
grow Now the road leads to  
everywhere in the plan  
that has brought the tongue to  
bear and wander.  
Then is the time of sitting  
with the voice held against the thin chest  
the birds echoing up the road.

Even the hedges hold evenly  
as if shaping the hours to come  
the sun moves through this thin rain,  
a rain heavier, the ink staining  
my hands.

I have a nose.  
Someone is cooking.  
It all comes together with such lexicon.  
Polite.  
Cats dart for escape.