Córdoba, 1999

Even larger than the past, she was more, a pale soft blue in my eyes on this white street. Always the apron of dark, of stained white, I recall such wet with dishes, his hands on the water hose, the roses in the back garden « bak » hard leather heels of his black shoes, the hair flows to this face long, now its legend, so wet this sunny afternoon in thus light, backwards, a back garden, freezing from the ashes fading blue the ashes which scribbles, inviting to the ball, invitation to the baille.

"Contrairedad" 1919

The look, the mirror held up to contain the box to contain the string of jewel beads that fall out to the hands, holding, inner to outer, to inner the hands to the point, the nipple the breast, above the fold of the cloth, the sadness, in the dark open lid.

A Progression from the "Backwards" The Last

Death, a hair, long flowing, "Mire qué bonita era" (Boreto)9 She was, in oil, the pigmentation Of death, not pewter but not sable Of hose. Taupe! Rose. Much white To hold damp to face, a skirt, My own cheek and lips in mother's soft apron, Her hair, her beauty, she lies there The coming flames, and ashes, she lies there In pigment, in gouache I am stiff, I am plumbing, I am repairing, The face of a boy who scans From a window at death, barred from Entry, this is the last painting, as fall To floor the petals, as she wipes Her eyes in an apron, this is the way backwards again, Into the flames.

A Mixed Up Sequence, out of place, "out of"

The way turns down a step to a quiet grove of mixed Growth with lemon trees. A path which bends in Turns and straight angles, amaze with a scent of Myrtle most odiferous damp. The sound of a water, faintly dripping in a large Fountain, in the centre of a way, stone benches place In perimeter. And then sweet February perfumes white lilac, the closing wings of a Butterfly, and up ahead, the rosy red of geraniums Against the horizon of sandy terrain, a clearing Undergoing preparation, this, the partial way. A story of its own, let us return to The smell of white, grasped in the left hand, brought Firmly, yet, slowly to the face and Nose. O, pale yellow delight! I missed you, And you grow up near to me, recessed From this stand, the hedging.

Beneath these stone steps to rescension Below the water drips forth to a pool where all Is rotten, all is growing, with each drip and plot, Each leaf, brilliantly green among thousands. Pity the poor rotten orange! A table, perhaps a kind of student's aromatic oiled desk, a metal chair, a wooden chair, another too, much smaller fit for a child, a wheelbarrow rusted yet still seemingly functional. How does your garden grow? No roses in the plots have been cut back, the shoots crimson, while now the bright yellow and orange blooms are open, give intermittent light upon their broad leafy stems of green. Here, I plant my first page smudged with soil. The workers are not to be seen at all,

In this hedging, arrangement of plots the geraniums and rosemary, the sound of founts here the red poppy, the path, the tall majestic pine. Tart lemon.

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Again the not quite same view and gorgeous, the political hand, how the path's laid, nothing held in the memory.

*

It's a jungle out there;

Was deserted,

Was desert,

Was language,

Was idiom,

Was dialect,

Was accents,

Was world.

















