

TCR

The Capilano Review

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First Book, 3 Gardens of Andalucía

G E R R Y S H I K A T A N I

mortar rake glove sausan broom basin sansui

First Book,

Three Gardens of Andalucía

by Gerry Shikatani

mortar rake glove sausan broom basin sansui

The title of this book employs one Arabic and one Japanese word: the Arabic *sausan* (white lily); and Japanese *sansui* (beautiful landscape).

for Esther y Andrés

Joaquín y Bonnie

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Detail: Mixed media
24" x 36" from *Suite:
Attachment/Detachment*

COVER
MarionLlewellyn

ONE



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

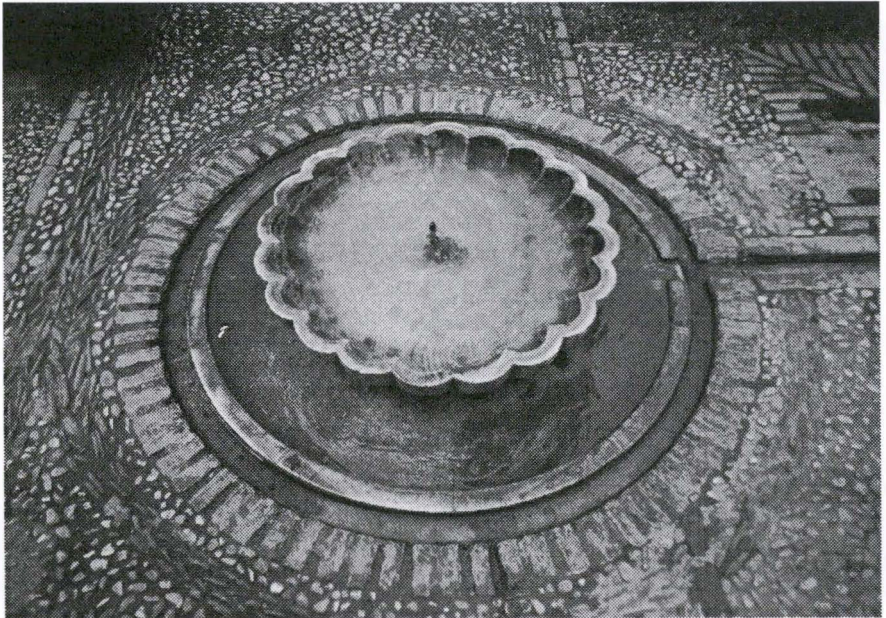
// the geometric
cut — hedge taking wing fly fly away little one, gone
the clean left regard, precise horizon, flown away
empty
tends to thought or at least absence and seeking after,
when now the yellow/peach rose unfurls.

(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.¹

— 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 cafés, 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 Mind²
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 *chio*, a higher order.

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

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 ● 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.”

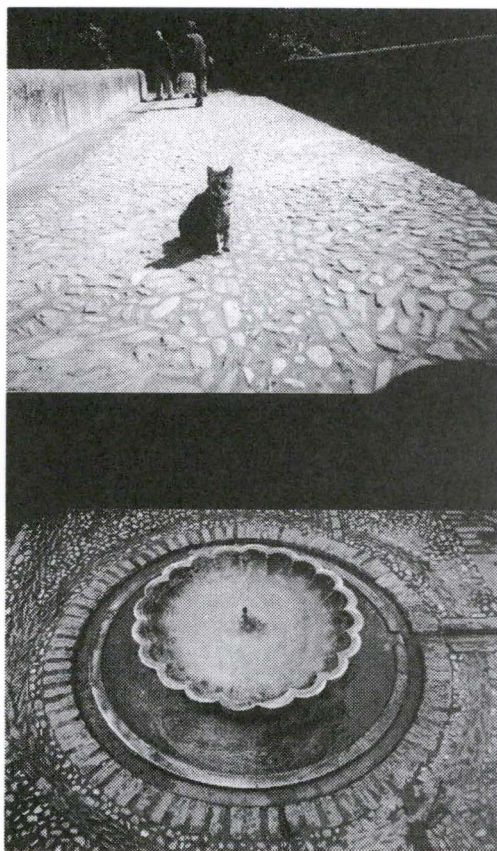
●

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 loverly

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.

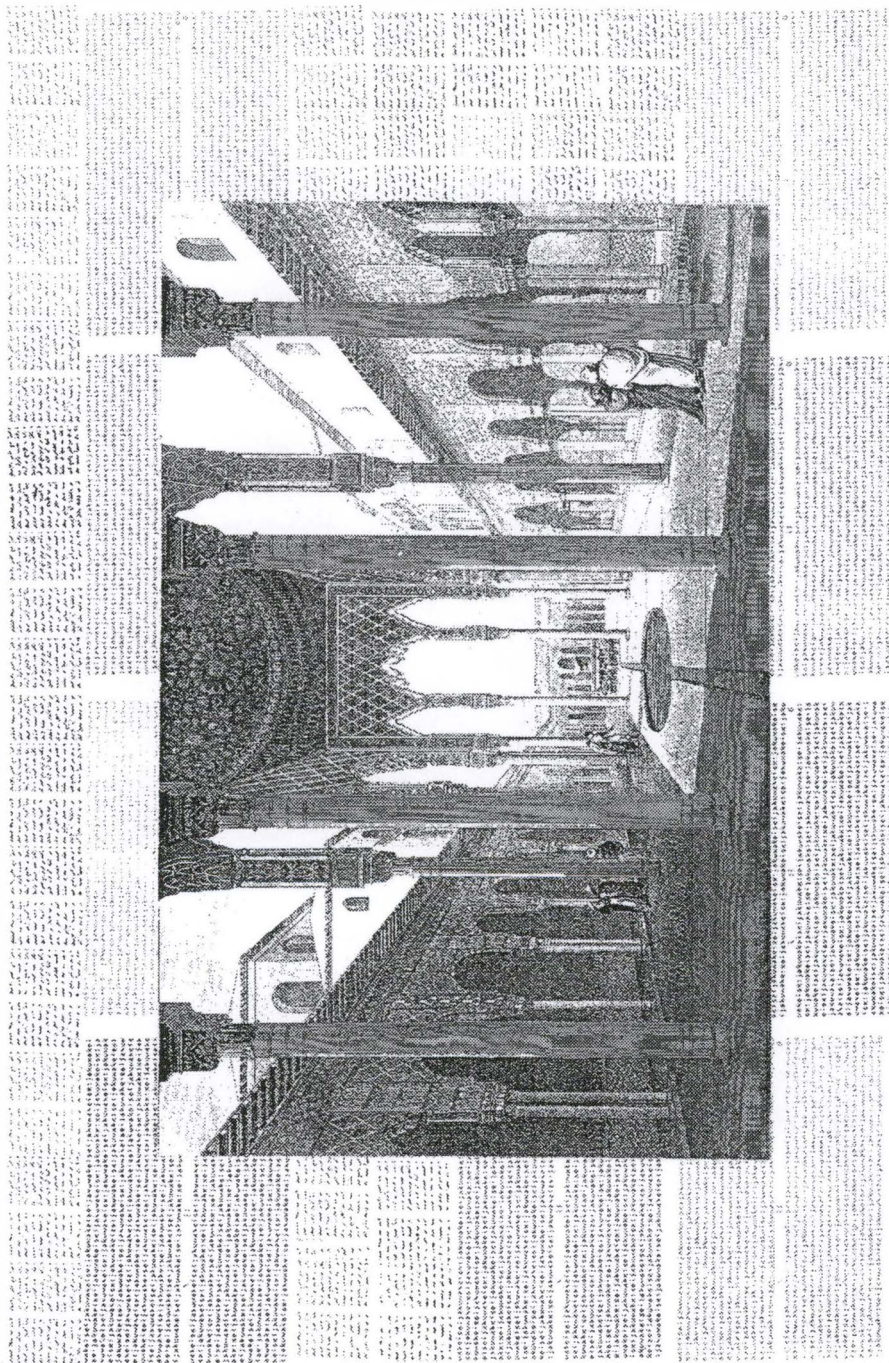
●
clean hands. elbows fill air
a chafe the resonance
of difference a heightened skin
breaks into scars the tincture of right, brown
is not so belonging but parcel ,wrap
things tied are abstract and correction
of colour and Arab, distant, remote speech
a moon or many as held
beneath fingernails, the dirt 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 Francesco 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.

The Generalife Gardens, Alhambra

Granada, 1996

And now five years have passed and you have passed through in possession of things, real estate the providence of empire home, empirical self, stained with the currency of greenback against the clanging of polished tiles.

Five years and then all phone call and letter, to speech the distance always we tread, evidence our estate: how has your health been? what do you want from him, her, what do they want from you, what we spin in our bodies' needs to fill the temporality of friendship and cognition, this is a verb, this is yet another to bridge adverbial the phone call to a friend, the familiar voice of such palpable entry to community.

Here then Granada, the presence in this period conscient of such City Oriental and Arabic, teterias of juices, honey, mint and almonds of Morocco, the approaches and climb to gypsy Albaycin. Old streets by the baths, filled now with locales for herbal teas, natural fruit juices, tagines and couscous, and there are orange-perfumed salads, even the music Arab as much as flamenco and the outsiders deep song and pity here the voice of *cantaors*.

Can we say a poem is proper to an individual for it is of the territory, the soil banked beneath the feet this, a flamenca's proper language which is concave and convex earth, pelvic stone, storage of a dancer, legs spread and her proper waiting, spread, hand turns through the elbow of an outstretched arm, the face behind a fan.

It is myrtle.

It is white garden jasmine.

It is yellow wild jasmine.

It is narcissus.

It is violet.

It is mauve stock.

The context or form of a selection of races, the colour of skin, choice of a god. Where it was once the pleasure of the rulers where its balance was in the courtyard common, woman and man and child, and came the sad departure of Jews, Columbus set sail, importation of flowers in his return to content the garden, now season's failure, the door blocked to Paradise, the war is still large around us, herbicidal, clear-cut the first-growth from Canadian soil, and President Chirac's nuclear-speak test arms for the young French children, this voice rides a barren slope where now "I" sings easily as theirs without strain and the clubhouse news on the putting green garden where the ministerial hand strokes the "alcoholic" Cree still held victim (reference to visionary poems of Wayne Keon) paving the way over

thththththiiiss, this! the appearance we walk on a carpet
we walk on a carpet

on a carpet

on a carpet

on a carpet comma

on a carpet

woven with flowers not threads dust
the movement of water what
gives this guitar its lasting
note

it is yellow wallflower.

It is trumpet narcissus.

It is the endnote to a poem.

It is the ear to a tillage, rooting out

the death of my mother Mitsuko, ashes still serve the sideboard of sister Margaret, Miyako, is the word, photo enlarged the She, death urn its hand-rub to my nostalgia

is the
it is red rose.
It is *sausan*.
It is *khurram*.
It is *nailūfar*.
It is *naur allauz*
Almond blossom.
It is *uqhuwān*.
It is *shaqir* or *shaqīq al-nu'man*.
It is *naur al-bāqillā'* or
naur al-jirjir.
It is ivy-flower.
It is *naur al-rummān*.
It is wild pomegranate blossom.

How hidden beneath the smallest alcove, a space
of want, to rest
for the march of days the water's music
plays no accusatory terror,
no bandit, the frail nature of odour,

hint of nut, myrtle,
the juice of the clementines' ah, passing
through stringent fingers
but it is empty, that space its *azuejo*, faint
a pigment. The flight from your eyes, the accusation,
the affordable quench essay, easy to grasp

ardour.

A Chapter.

Write the noun splice the verb, say the story
our comfortable habits warp and weave.

As our rains fall into the still pool; and the fountain at such level drains, as the rope gives gentle barrier, the marble way stretches long the pool. This the moment is not define a content a joy, but what is inscribed, abstract, a mathematic, a geometric not even odd. Scent of myrtle: the scent of, the praise and designs of water to quit a thirst, desires.

A tower rises here, the arch constructed to support, the foot lies protractor weary, a pen indicates the war indicts, 'cause foreign smells from sauté pan disgusts, discuss from what room in our bodies reminders of skin colour hears from at distance the gentle grasp of fount, the goldfish that is swim as in-scribe with alabaster dust to poems repeated in each arch of tongue and foot. A paradise is here, a paradise in al-Andalus, the baby who sleeps in Fuentevaqueros.³

●

The book of Arab-Andalusian poetry of Emilio García Gómez that appeared between 1928 and 1929 was a revelation for me and had great influence on my work, but above all influenced the work of Federico García Lorca. Federico wrote a book of quasidas, El Divan del Tamarit, and other similar poems that would not have been possible if it were not for García Gómez's book . . . That book opened our eyes to all that Andalusian past, and brought it so close to us that it left me with a great preoccupation with those writers, those Andalusian writers, Arabs and Jews, born in Spain . . . Those superb writers link up perfectly with our poets of the Golden Age.

— Rafael Alberti in conversation with Natalia Calamai in Franzen, *Poems of Arab Andalusia*

●

So, she she.

Ah, a dark prohibition, a mouth, pâté of cod roe en vinagre and the olive oil stain on sleeve the elbow to counter her pen inscribes the interior, cervix, rib abstract of a man.

Barely now from those years past, her voice in my hands, she proceeds a last time down the path, another generation ascends.

“Oh, he’s good, a good guy he is,” I still recall her words. A February rain, the goldfish light no traceable swim, so dear dear, follows and you’re lost, enter the portal of a repeated phrase, it is only calligraphy, a poolside patio for an excellent game of tennis, fútbol, bric-à-brac, barbecue or football the salt-sour sweat of helmet on helmet, sweet sweat and blackfeet eating acorn, the hillsides of wild trees, the summer retreat cultivated with almonds, clementines, rose and mums, garden brushed with calligraphy, footsteps.

The loss in a metaphor conditional, descend the wrong stop or the map; think
“or” precious the resemblance the equivalence “essay” to reveal in a test, that
there’s difference and “knot” slash I’m losing my breath with
an ill-fitting shirt. To construct an edifice
learn through a text, what a metaphor can bring to light, such
a meal tête-à-tête. I saw
it one day, at the world “fireworks” competition, and through
a donut, a
fusion, nigger-kid’s no “olé!”
eh? Huh?
The Transylvanian gypsy platter of schnitzels,
flaming sausage, and chicken livers and potatoes and
the musicians stroll thanks from table to table.

. . . would not have been possible if it were not for García Gómez’s book That book opened our eyes to all that Andalusian past, and brought it so close to us that it left me with a great preoccupation with those writers, those Andalusian writers, Arabs and Jews, born in Spain Those superb writers link up perfectly with our poets of the Golden Age. (Franzen)

A tour group from Turkey, toque in orange and whatever.
The black moustache and gray suit
who is is/not foreign from
I'm from Turkey he says, I'm from Canada
he says. So, the bush we walk around, kids in a pack

the transformation by mosaic and inlays that give light to lose
the solid is might might versus might, so bright.
So bright, she says. Olé, descent from Allah.

●

The appearance that the Courtyard of the Lions offers today is very different from former days. The four, earth-filled flower beds marked out by the arms of the transept configuration were at a lower level with respect to the narrow walkways and galleries, thus emphasizing the depth and erectness of the Courtyard with its symmetrical lines converging at the fountain.

— Jesús Bermudez López
The Alhambra and Generalife: A Guide

Parterres

To carry lunch, a head
in a basket, a box
as kids tote through Baghdad's sewage.

“the old boxes, but
their contents inaccessible to those
on fixed incomes or the countless
mass of poor. You find in all, cigarettes — you can
buy them by the piece if you have limited means —
or plastic shoes, sometimes in fake leather”

Cat upon paths of imbedded stone, or
the dappled brilliant lumine
of a green arbored path, leading away

a whisk of bundled twigs from Kyoto
to Granada, the breeze to blow letters
for a garden's debris, pistillate and sand

ham leg roasting, a cut of bread,
raise the glasses high, toast
the winds of change.

Here, ceramic and terra cotta
the 7th step to firmament and vista,

a text under lock and key,
embargo upon truth by Western edict
that winds which transmit petals
are blocked at the portal and
the borders.

Harassment to knowledge, harness to the horse.
A photo turned straight on its fine wire, or then
the ocular deception to a line's
rectitude, clarify the frame
ossify the light.

●

a park. a clean, neat park.

A park's drinking water fountain.

A park each day

cleared of trash bins' collect,

dumped to the dumpster, the stops

and starts of a truck.

It is dusk the park is closing, round

up the patrons, close the gate

another time. Look up to the bombers

flying eastward, buy plastic shoes

and your postcards, do you

have a light?

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.

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. It is from these pavilions that the visitor obtains a primary view of the courtyard. 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. The present level of the courtyard is fifty centimetres higher than that of the original but the chahar bagh of the plan is still apparent. 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)

. . . 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 . . . (Navagiero in Dickie)

. . . in one stroke the Western lyrical tradition, at its origins and during the formative stage of the modern period, is revealed as multi-cultural and multi-religious, as Jewish and Muslim, as well as Christian; as Andalusí.

— María Rosa Menocal

Al-Andalus and 1492: The Ways of Remembering



It is over and upon such arch,
presence speech, thought,
abstract what alabaster squares about
dark entry into alcove mysterious,
wall brilliant white to the force
of February sun. Splash of this fount,
white marble underfoot
where these goldfish advance but barely
long the pool;

and what be the marginal canal
to these grand basins — the Patio des Leones
yet be what can it in part is
the larger song, the garden as such
retreat, the fallen over-ripe orange
in the grove, near
silently.

●

In here this loss, shade moves through
the sun advance to retreat, we give each
to each with embroidered, opal-jewelled hands
the fingers which touch
no metaphor but
just greet and hail live fervently

the pool which passes through its weave of private know
and knots, mosaic orbit this complex
our designs within call history and
constantly, seamless without cease and fragrantly,
take, take this odour.

And yet receive with perfume once more a margin,
what credit limit
and function is
myrtle is strong, at the precipice, as always even
the least giving of our waters.

●
For . . . the one who appreciates how polymorphous, how Andalusí, the medieval world really was — Columbus is poignantly medieval in a world ever less understanding of his unruliness, a stranger in a stranger land, his search for an Orient readily understandable . . . he was a man of multiple languages, all spoken . . .

Most importantly, he knew of course, what the lingua franca of the civilised world was, and provided himself with a speaker of Arabic to serve as translator when he reached the Indies. Indeed . . . the first official diplomatic conversation in the New World took place between Luis de Torres, a Jew of recent conversion, speaking in Arabic of course, and a Taino chief in the hinterlands of Cuba. (Menocal)



It holds resistant our grief, holds
no simple coins of place and name
to an exact content, a peace and allusive imprint numinous
is a waiting, a longing in space, the bracket which clocks within
a bomb— or yet, the finest repose, cloth embroidered
for the post-funeral meal.



The fountain, symbol of the Palace, was probably a creation based on one of the Biblical narrations about the Bronze Sea or the Temple of Jerusalem, substituting the twelve bulls for twelve lions. The ingenious water supply system allowed the foundation to maintain a constant water level that was beautifully explained and praised by the suggestive metaphors sculpted on the outer ridge of the fountain's basin. These metaphors, in twelve verses, were the work of the Visir (one of the Mexaur counsellors) and the poet Ibn Zamrak. (López)

•
But hardly the stiff,
which is water, a depth
by dark which like sucker
or catfish still feeds
myrtle and orange, white rose;
where a shade gives no metonymy
gives in place aperture, to praise
and lend a hand.

“Hi,” he says, “I’m from Turkey.” “Hi,” he says,
“I’m from Canada,” sit and wait on stone garden bench
and the whole darn thing
comes by— a speech most pure when face after face
silently pass, always the occasional salutation,
the sweet heart of another, surfaces in
a perfect pool.

Introductions around the table of invited guests,
drink to our health, a lesson of war,
candles blown to the winds.

Stand upright, sit in a place quite reserved.
The photo snapped, the shutter and
auto buzz, a picture posed is
perfect. Perfect I say. A

movement of hands extended in greeting the millisecond of light
stranger to stranger still,
pass this way again.

●

The Alhambra should never be seen in haste. The visitor should have time to reflect on the numerous contrasts it has to offer. This is precisely the reason why we would recommend, if at all possible, that visitors complement our perspective of the Alhambra by reading appropriate texts, such as the very prayers and poems inscribed on the walls.
(López)

●

Set and here: recessed. Beneath is.
Arch, a shelf so placed
we leave it for but: the light's
inherent shade free space the stars
orbit, and only one singular letter
exacts so intimate a matter,
precise object
at rest, situ

where the chalked cue stick is a new idea

to move or move to

- ch

ricochet

(the sender, envoy, an eight-ball go back to go
verb yourself for peace and war)

-ch

conflict

●
For with grade and timbre of its fount, it can give each day a word, orbit
(repetitive) of stars for congress, the road cut to alabaster, to azuelan tint, you
return home in this way,
the orange grove of Ibn Marzuq, repeat
from arch to arch, repeat
from wall to wall, order across
the hills of Albaycin, a moment inscribed
behind a world Columbus closed.

*In fact, if, instead of calling the muwashshahat or the canso poems, as we almost
invariably do, we call them by their proper name, the literal translation of canso, we should
consciously and explicitly understand that these are rather songs . . . (Menocal)*

From here to up on high,
the grove yet again, the movement
water's channel route through head and our ears,
in each locale,
water, harmony
/and all which can quench the desert and farmland,
a future in reservoir,
foot raised suspends, stupendous
hesitation, feeling
for such step,
unlanding.

But for many . . . scholars to imagine that the Provencal canso or the Andalusi muwashshahat more closely resembles the popular song tradition, which in our culture is, of course, that known as “rock”, is a suggestion many would find at least as appalling as the theory that the two schools of songs are, indeed, closely related to each other, that the difference between an Andalusi “Arab” and a Provencal “European” might not be readily seen or heard. (Menocal)



Do me a peace a refreshment, queuing up

lay out the length of a line,

take a number, if you please

a tempo exact, and sweet jasmine
in the drifts.

We come here, the February sun hot to chest, in this
plan of things,
Granada, the “modern city”
remains.

Yet to bud, uno momento, ok
upon the wall, ok

a trail, a conflict branch warms in the sun, upon the wall, ready for anything.
We never escape.

Poet! Leave that pool alone!

Poet! The Partal Gardens!

Poet! the

Poet! A reasonable day.

●

Whichever this *claro* clear mind and hand a fixed geometry?

The octagonal, the cycle of return along the bordering path, that hope throbs as if one's laid waste, a history of semblances sprout forth, grows the garden, plantings. Construct a stand for the yield's natural juices, profit and loss, perhaps and however the garden tillage, dead limbs track the soil.

The humour gone, till a soil a plant reaches, cascades a hand to spotlight a superimposition, azuejo, yellow narcissus, a trail passes a hedging of he-haw mums, "hello mister!" an ordinal interruption, so be it clumsy, each puzzle pellet drums a battle of rival coordinates, clasp the pen, hardly a solution here, dear.

Begin again.

Hah!

●

Begin again, smarty pants. Skizzers. Oh yeah, eh eh, scissors.

A book of flow charts \ a catalogue of flowers
for the Generalife/Alhambra. Once upon a time,
al-Andalus, new flowers new breeds when Columbus got back, "Once upon
a time," he sets sail, the Jews purged to the seas, from Palos to Cádiz
to move like water on water, striding
yet again, each young Jew, reflecting, what mirrors
the oceanic moving, al-Andalus paraíso disappearing.
Geometry?
Claro?

●

The qualities of this exceptional Jew from Córdoba, and the success he would obtain in the Granada Court of the Zirid Kings Habbus and Badis would convert him into one of the most brilliant personalities of all times in Spanish Judaism. After leaving Córdoba, Samuel would soon reach the highest administrative posts in Granada. Between 1036 and 1056, year in which he died, he departed almost every year, leading his master's armies into battle against neighbouring states. At the same time he is undoubtedly his people's spiritual leader, protecting the Jewish culture and religion . . . And he is one of the most distinguished poets in the Hebrew language . . .

— Ángel Saenz Badillos
Jewish Poets in Córdoba

●

I repeat a theme. I repeat
this theme. Where? Where the I Inquisitive asks, "Do you believe
garbage-face?" Sore feet on the stone path. These. How gaze at the garden, reap
more than tourist clicks and scythe of time, slicing and pruning the winter
growth: cypress, the gardeners' gather, twigs and leaf, the rain beating down
from above overcast blank stucco Albaycin. How you look to this garden,
repeat a theme, sit on the bench, waiting your turn at the game, how are you
anyway? Take flight, the birds do, the Jews and Arabs are good and gone.
Bleach rinse.

Buzz. Tape a water; tape the sound of water. Record at such dangerous brink,
a pitch to that current, spring a recurrent thought.

●

At this point, retrace the path of a previous visit scanning today's Granada. Gypsies hanging out by their cars in the burbs, CD deck cranking out flamenco-rap. Retrace, the neighbour upstairs is practising Sevillianas, the point of weight at the edge of heel. To here, the path followed from the Torres de las Infantas, you turn right ascend four steps— come to a crossroad: follow right to the Alcazaba; the left leads to the Generalife Gardens. And too, immediately before these steps and to the right is a path shaded by cypress, thick with green bush and brush, laid parallel to the path last taken. This leads straight 119 steps to terminate less than a metre to the right of a pedestal fountain of relatively recent construction. Here, the thirsty visitor can take a drink. Proceed 3 more steps to where a red and white ribbon barrier prohibits further advance. From here, return by either path previously taken, to return to the former crossroad.

●

Two types of shaded path provide relief and music— that of tall cypress and one beneath the trained arch boughs of rhododendron.

●

From the Rauda, enter the terraced Partal Gardens that appear to have covered the numerous archeological remains, fountains, pools, narrow walkways and walls that have been uncovered since the beginning of this century. The Gardens descend in terraces, leading to an open square. (López)

●
It is the finger I recall, the fly in its fixed point
of activity, a song when the words loosened upon it rubbing of legs, this finger
attending to its ligament; and as it moved across my hand, the sun's heat we hold
unuttered within the ear, a way to calm, in the distant water's terraced descent
where
come fly with me, come fly with me
a jazz and nostalgia defined from without a head, my head, your head
comfortably in a stolen *mochilla*,
ya go to the cops,
say, "I've lost this tune. It's my life. It's my story, it's arch.

Wait here, wait there. It'll be only 249,000,643 minutes.
Remove this time. Head, no-head. Heard, not-heard.
Myrtle. Yellow rose. Apple tree.
Orange. Golden chrysanthemum. Rosemary.
Octagonal upon octagonal upon octagonal, crawl in *Semana Santa's*
parade, such the blood on my finger. Got the time?

Nice weather eh? Superimpose.
Great imposition. The Great Impostor. The vanishing magician sawn
in half. Where's the sexy young maiden in the box? Saw needs a partner, a high-
pitched twang, hee-haw. Here's an old saw about, what you see in a lifeless pool
filled with the tears of eight lions on leave from the Alhambra. Sorry it's so rusty.
Seesaw what?

February 18,

Attentions,

the almond trees in bloom.
From the treed path, a view cut
to Generalife's geometric hedges
and white Sacromonte houses

or the tierra firma below,

•

. . . the sacred status of the language of the Qur'an had encouraged the richly polylingual culture it (al-Andalus) became.

~

We notice that many of the salient — and “revolutionary” — features of these lyrical traditions are conscious and direct appropriations of popular forms (the Mozarabic of the muwashshahat, the black beats in the first generation of rock), and these are meant to redefine the tradition with a direct infusion of new blood that also serves to establish a distance from a brand of classicism that excludes those forms, those songs of the Other. (Menocal)

such edit
with legs secure to subsequent step
from the sun at 1 pm, night's index
in the lions' court could descend, continu-
ity to placate interferent sources,

attentions, the grab of poems, inspiration
the loss of all such pluralistic object,

material of words, birdsongs, only

almonds, flight naught flight.

Steady bench.
Study.
Almonds.

•

A tape looped round
this page returns a loose
point, the runnel of water
descends the steep path
we lose our breath
on.

. . . or, metaphorically speaking,
"Excuse me madame, is this the road to peace?"
The end. Your eyes, by the way, are like tiles, mystical azuejos.
The end. Again.





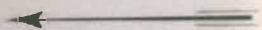




ALHAMBRA

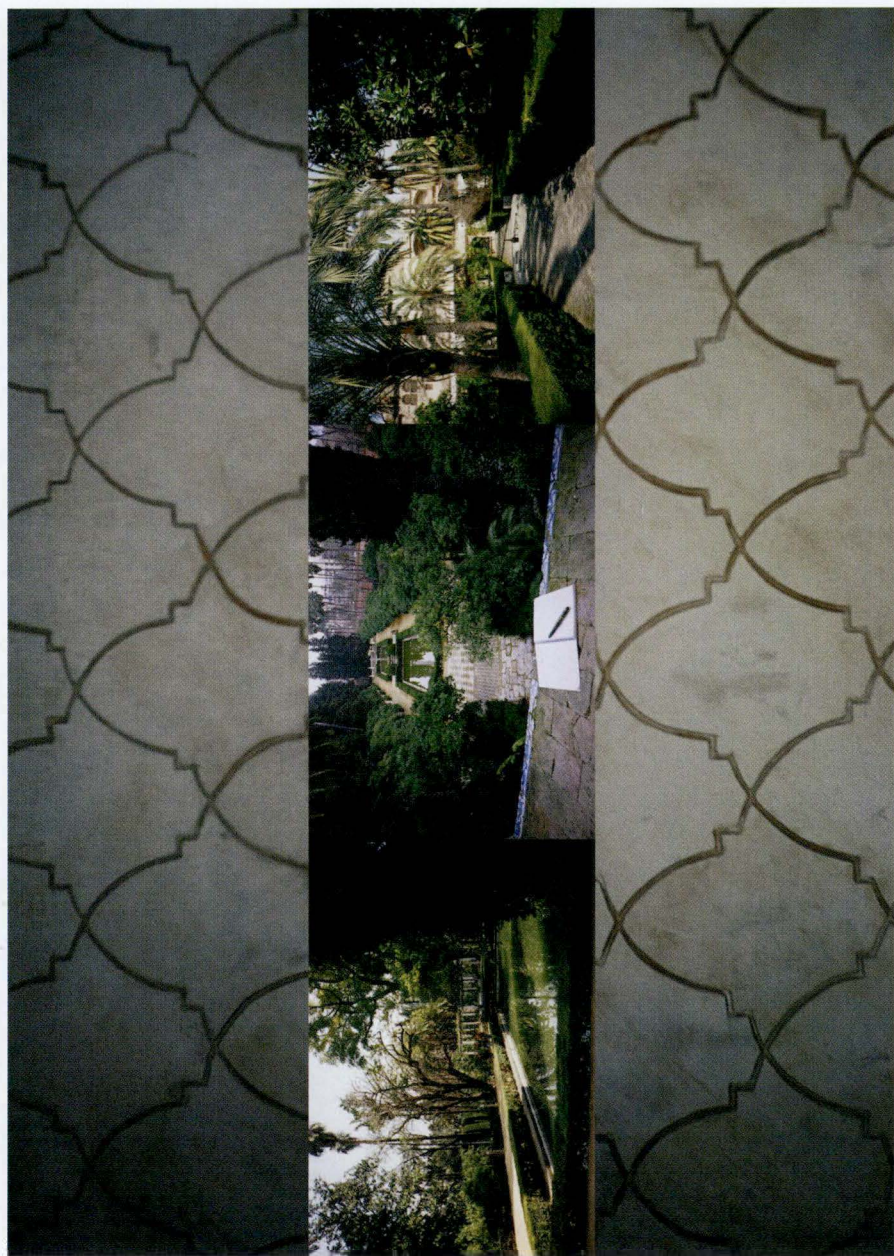



ALCAZABA
PALACIOS



GENERALIFE

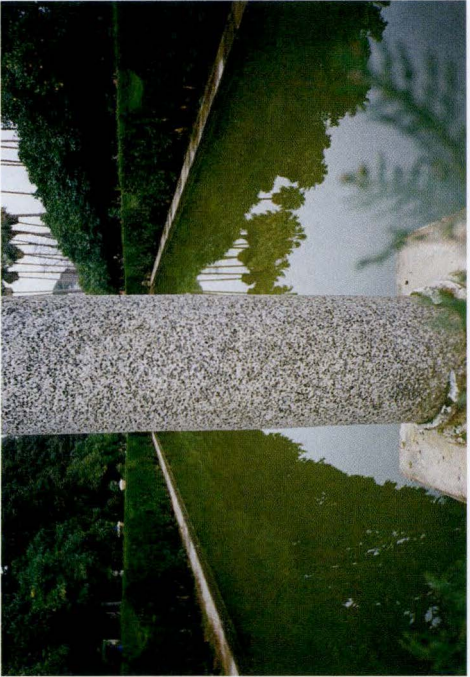




A photograph of a commemorative stone column in Seville. The column is light-colored and has a fluted top. It is set against a background of a dense green ivy-covered wall. The ground in front of the column is paved with a black and white diamond-shaped tile pattern. The text on the column is in Spanish, commemorating the 9th centenary of the exile of Almutamid Ibn Abbas.

LA CIUDAD DE
SEVILLA
A SU REY POETA
ALMUTAMID IBN ABBAS
EN EL IX CENTENARIO
DE SU TRISTE DESTIERRO
7 SEPTIEMBRE 1091
RACHAB 384

SEVILLA 1991



Poetry of Ibn Zamrak

Translated from Emilio García Gómez' Spanish translations of original Arabic.

In the arch of the entrance to the Mirador de Lindaraja, Alhambra, Granada

Right Panel

All art has offered to me its beauty
bestowing perfections and splendours

Whoever sees me, does imagine me at all hours
giving to Ibq whatsoever he desires to achieve

Whoever regards, ponders, denies
his ideas have so manifest, as seen

So crystalline, I am that moon viewed,
with halo set within me.

Left Panel

I am not alone: I have created such prodigy
garden like no other eyes have before seen

a floor of crystal that appears
some day to those who look
a frightening sea

All this be work of Imam Ben Nasar
(God saves his majesty, among kings!)

Whose family provides refuge to the Prophet and
his people, have thus earned
ancient glory.

Attentions then, of 20 February,

For all to is to rest, Generalife, the summer retreat of al-Andalus, sprayed of water in the runnels, the fragrance and lunch, lemon, mango, orange, step by step the terraced view from which to imagine. Because such, the rest, retrieve, *estar* because of myrtle and because of narcissus to look at, dreams of all Arab poets of paraíso, of Sefarad, Córdoba's Jewish poets, Moses Ibn Ezra, Judah Levi, Dunash Ben Labrat al-Andalus theirs the way of metaphor and rhythm, to count Arab and Christian and Jew, total the plenty, *puentes* without Inquisition, without that reaction to Arab voices on Toronto or Montreal streets, only eyes exposed of the maiden, yum, so sexy, mysterious, so deferential, honey, saw, hee-haw!

Alhambra and Generalife, the cosmopolite that in such poems of young Jews of al-Andalus, dream safe space to write thru race, language fusion glory new tongue and misreading or champ Miss Spell the delightful trance of incorrection/overlay, imposing, the inexact yet focus, the octagonal eye, the fountain as constant. A centre. Centrist. And tourists flock . . . (agua) federalism talks—four seasons, to walk the path of Las Infantas, of al-Andalus, the orange fallen and almond trees white in February bloom.

We ask ourselves now to walk this path as it looks over Albaycin, the straight and glorious beneath the garden, to walk this around the planet to Asia and Japan. We ask walk walk to Kyoto to Tokyo-yo into Tokugawa Time, in every language this straight line which traces us octagonal and eight-headed, asymmetric and cute, we concentrates our regards to the impeccably-laid stones and dry brush, to taking *cha* in the *ina-ka, shoji*, a dark fan to dance behind upon a troubadors' path to Tarascon we return: this bench/ we walk straight ahead/ chant silently to ourselves, lions witta dream/ spines with a theme.

Spigot us, O Holy One!

•

The Old and the new, the this and that; the sound for what it is of the hand, a singular one a noh palme d'or the what is the *mano*, the sound of a closing door, no *palmas* without the circle of open breasts, the old and the new

•

Plant

a level 1st, 2nd or 3rd

a plan

plantilla, the foot
in support

to grow



It is all espíritu
housed and gardened through all excavation
& contemplation; & rests in the cosmology
of water in the heart
which can kill (my Mom)
yet the espíritu which is not just
but to the tierra firma and the waiting bench beneath,
the water to replenish and so, the material
under foot, the *planta*, the level
to make the axes and communications of inner to outer
wilderness and construction
or creation to plan it with dimensions
go to leave room a visitor
for imagination,
the possibility of peace
that from all continents to come
with the buzz of photo-focus
the weight in the hand of videocam.

February 24

A fallen fount.

Rain or, an infrequent sun.

A misplaced stone, the archaeological find
of orange tree pollen
a full century ago.

Which leads to a pool
a descent of water in the ear
takes the heart to its matter
of identity.

Dirección, the address
hello water! Water.

Leads straight ahead to a pool
fed by a runnel.

To avoid stepping in, the
diversion of direction to identity
and rest. The rest of the garden
to walk. Water.

The foot lifts off the path
the arrow which points
to an ivy arcade.

The clouded pool of the rotten,
the lotus and unmoving moss,
always forth a kind of reflection,
the degrees one gives
to contemplative absence,
poet! The warm Saturday air
Diplomats, come forth, the concert must begin;
negotiate your steps with. Water.
O, utmost care, dips, guns a, the door your skin feels nice,
timbering from such balustrades,
the *menu de la casa/día*
party-time.

TWO

the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are employed in the public sector has increased by 1.5 million, from 2.5 million in 1980 to 4 million in 1995. The public sector has become a major employer in the UK, and its growth has been a major factor in the overall growth of the economy.

The public sector has also become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a major factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a major factor in the overall growth of the economy.

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El Alcázar de los Reyes Cristianos, Córdoba

Late February, 1991

Again. Again. Again. Dark sound, *brut*, *bruit*, *las lunas* in *pluriel* ear. Mozaráb. Momento. Monument. Again. The U. *Las Noches*. *La Luna*. A pen. The door. It opens. The port transmit. *Palabra*. *Las Ramblas*. *Profundo*. Museo deep skin. Again. Again. *Café con leche* it comes. *Cortado*. Again, the shortened span of living. Here. To ear. *Las Lunas* in *pluriel*. The make. Its wake o Mozaráb. Morisco. *Pescador*. The gut-opened. Fish of the moon. *de Torres*. *de Torres*. *de Flores*, the masque *de la luna*. *Una*. The one. Again. Again. Córdoba. *Los Jardines*. A street of flowers. Of trucks, the *brut* bright of yellow and *sol*. The *amo*. Of passages. Pass, the peace. *La Luna*. *Sobre*. *Sobre*, against. *La Luz*. The fish of the door. To catch, cut open. It opens. Again. *Con leche*. Cafe. A street of flowers. Of dead children in Baghdad. O in eye, in Nam. *Muertas*. A tower for princesses and the Dead. Oranges and lemon. Single. A strike. A strophe, a breath in *naranja*. The lemon breasts nipple dark halting the eye. Skirt of. Because of *tierra firma*, the brittle cobble in the dancer. Córdoba. *El Córdobaes in sangre negro*. *Todos*, *el siempre* to say. *Pasaje*, again this way. A Patio of Orange Blossoms, pass this way, a street of dead flowers. Brittle cobble *está*, the bite *zapato*, in heel. Heel. Street of my. Street of dead flowers, "*El — Siempre*." *Se . . . qué casa? Su casa está —*

Marzo

or the Balcony, or the sky
grate and open, the folding
light. The gate or
the sky. *Azul, naranja*
in this pocket of day ripe, or
the heavy weight of stone,
the child stillborn in a woman
a woman in this sky,
naranja o limón,
el cielo, azul.

“And the presence always there,” she says, my friend Esther, “in prison, the *gitano*,” and such same, disenfranchised, First Nations in Canada. Always outside ourselves, the gypsy we want to palm, a pleasant night’s entertainment, *bulería, seguirilla*. Aid to the world’s poor, what alms to live in them, work, our canapés we like. Recipes I create, a measure for measure—eggplant, artichoke, caviar, tomatoes dried in the sun and imported, this heat we feed in due conversation the “A” “Ah this is the life” we live like ourselves in the simile of absence only the presence am but in the escape to another. I am this Japanese guy but proudly Canadian made, false release to the naught, valor I am, oh yes, gitan, oh yes the “dark” strum how we invest, such good, seek the “light” of day hah-hah the key to the kingdom, dark-skinned night porter we wake with the ringing in his ear

Alcázar Canción⁴

To find what is in the heart and in the grove Mary Rose, the matter in this lawn, forth and the background of music, verbená and then there's his Rosemary. The fuschia now in bloom, the mature fish come to the surface for the morsels of food. This is not the place to take political action. This is not the place to waste these words. Rosemary. Rosemary, he loves you, wants you to return to His House, I only the envoy of parole.

Goldfish in my eye leap for the oranges ready to fall. Music in my ears, this poetry thing. Come again, we all had a blast of a time. Let me piss in the bathtub, make it warm. Course straight and narrow through the lawn, the water it warms me with the music now forth in my ears, water plugging all. No place here to think of history, the millions of Jews frying in the nice sun; no place here to ponder of black rain in the fall, no matter, be cool, be happy, a hard rain's gonna fall. Garlic under the skin, hot pepper, not flash in the crackle of skin, perfume, rosemary. Rosemary, my little *Pollo*.

In the 10th Century a true renaissance of Hebrew culture took place in Spain and there is no doubt that Córdoba was the place where it originated.

Abd-ar-Rahman III (912-961) managed to pacify Moslem Spain. After subjecting dissident political powers, he restores a united and powerful kingdom, and its high cultural level enjoyed a great reputation throughout Europe

Caliph abd-ar-Rahman III maintained an intelligent policy of religious tolerance, overcoming tribal barriers and reinforcing the central authority He conceived the idea of conciliating the followers of different religions and the members of different ethnical groups who lived under him, turning them into a nation.

— María de Los Ángeles Navarro Peiro
Panorama of Hispano-Hebrew Literature

Rotten, rotten, I say, this orange, I ain't gonna pay for it, this stupid path between the sombre groves of winter. Mary Rose my little *ripou*, come to me walking backward, guidebook in hand, take a snapshot, flip a coin, do a raindance Mister Injun, get your mojo running. Music's wha I wan to hear, I fuck you Rosemary in the splendour of these gardens, Reyes Católicos, Córdoba.

. . . Writers (Jonas Lehrman, *Earthly Paradise*; John Brookes, *Gardens of Paradise*) have described the importance of water in the gardens of Córdoba's Alcázar — the play of contrasting levels of water creating effects of light, water running in paths from pools irrigating flower beds often set below, typical of Moorish layout.

So, I buy a pair of socks from her, for a buck or so, so I ask is there a *flamenco peña* a small around around here? Who is this guy anyway, his pants pulled down that semi-hard, it's ol' me the crotch, me the Jap-Ger in the afternoon of Córdoba. The end.

The role of non-Muslims in this cultural flowering was crucial, especially as Arabs, Christians and Jews alike were bilingual in Arabic and the local Hispano-Latin dialect. Córdoba poets like Ibn Hazm developed forms unknown to the Muslim east which, according to some scholars, strongly influenced the poetry of the troubadours, notably in their emphasis on romantic love; the delight in the beauties of nature is also a distinctive feature of the school.⁵

— Robert Hillenbrand
Medieval Córdoba as Cultural Centre

The lawn as he sees it; the lawn as he cuts it; the lawn as he writes it; the lawn as he finds it; the lawn as he trims it; the green how much he wants green, green, with Rosemary who smokes too much, who sits in the grove in the shade, a pool of water, resisting these lines, the patterns we define.



It is by such stone pillar foundation I come, to rest, not a garden adjunct nor flowing spring by the ear; but the cloud of myrrh and frankincense caught stippled in sun, the open portal to traffic of sounds, my nostrils filled to taste, speak with exotic peace.

No words parabolic. A garden gives release. A church then, a sacred place, the support of stone, bench and wooden pew too give this odd assurance to a tired longing Nikkei body, my mother now dead almost 18 months past, the candles votive haphazard pattern of question and surrender, a surrender of narrative or insistence, as they trace, fire and die out, these beacons to the weight of our collective days, friends.

The church of Spain I'm told by some here, remains powerful, conservative to obedient faithful. The young are now in great numbers, the young women I see now, and no longer she strolls in the garden, while the PP⁶ moves tomorrow with confident intent, the hand of rule, "Move back the hands of abortion," her young sister would say, how her garden has grown.

Yet, at last, this not a garden. But it is peace. The naught my keyboard cannot symbol, which holds through the beaconing rays, rose, most azul, yet yellow, white, a trace of green at the heart here, stained glass, and red, the blood kissed upon the feet, to kneel surrender. This is the rose, the risen of our own spirit, the diesel exhaust of buses outside, glaring February afternoon light. What choice but to surrender my father's cancer once spread from stomach to liver, my mother's clogged heart cleared and years later, the diagnostic trace of tests, the growing death intestinal. Ah, to grow, the garden, the water-hose in his hands, the forsythia— yellow, huge and healthy in this February sun. Ah, the fresh-sliced cukes of mother's *sunomono*. Walk this path to a terrace, beneath the lemon tree. Why do you enter again. Rosemary — whose name, whose fragrance, as she tosses in a bed, says, "Franco rises again."

This is the end of the Third Canción.



This the next candle I will light for Mitsuko Mukai Shikatani, in the name of my father Masajiro, who preceded her to death, a fine chef he was.

A Counting of Palms & Cypress

3 palms 1 4 palms 6 4 palms 5

wherein the last digit is always the cypress.

Which there placed addend height to the orange trees
at inferior grade.

Which maps unfolded to locate the street,
the curving road which suddenly is a change in name,
a hand briefly raised to shield the eyes
the air is cold in the finger,
the sun is warm to the neck,
a twist of the head, the pigeon's warble
know not this rhythm,
why then

interrupt conscious human thought,
abstract,
numbers which provide a legend,
codices digitals without terminals end, digitalis
digits cypress@

89 @ eighty-nine maybe 108 @ one hundred and eight pigeons, walking about hither and thither, flying and landing, perching like my tierra, this the concrete description of a site, a sight indeterminate always, oh, hi there white pidge, flapping away, always moving, accounting without end.

of pigeons, not unlike but unlike the cypress and palms such and such figures against/to the stand of orange trees, always moving, a count of pigeons, honorably.



Córdoba now disputed with Baghdad the intellectual leadership of the Islamic world. Its mosque was famed as a centre for higher learning on a par with Cairo and Baghdad and was the earliest medieval university in Europe. (Hillenbrand)



In such favourable circumstances a unique figure appears — a cultured Jew, doctor, efficient administrator, translator of scientific tracts, diplomat and faithful servant to the reigning authority: Joshua Hadai ibn Shaprut, founder of rabbinic teaching centres independent of the Eastern gaons.

Moses ben Maimon, Maimonides (1135-1204), is the most universal personality of the Jewish diaspora. RaMBaN, born in Córdoba, Talmudist, philosopher, exeget, doctor, lawyer and finally encyclopaedian. But above all he was an authentic spiritual leader; his Moreh Nebukhim (Guide of the Perplexed) written for simple people, that is, the majority of Jews spread about the diaspora, is the most representative of his creations.

— Carlos Carrete Parrondo
The Renovating Legacy Left by the Spanish Jews

●

What is of the inner and outer, Córdoba is, as one the weekend before the national elections, numbers are shifted, those which apportion to the social security, what is taken from the national phone service, Telefónica. What is the garden in Córdoba is of neither inner nor outer, but the whole of, to cross back and forth as cruciform, to move about the inner and not cross through, flower pots against walls, the water which might enter a pool, not a place left wild or made so the English of Gertrude Jekyll, but confined always to the geometry and abstract of architectural plan, to ply the water, its play whisper of a dead bloom or a late winter bud, into the bed beneath the covers or the microwave kitchen, grinding an opening between sock and shoe.

●

To count, an abstract made concrete, the steps say, accounted by Richard Long on a walk through India or Northern Canada, across the Yukon border to the United States, marked with degrees and numeral to count say, what is abstract and impossible the movements of these eyes a courtyard of pigeons, which one, ones.

An Abstract Chiffre X

Shift. A way of counting, keeping trax. Like
so many bees being (hither thither), give the figures the hatchet under the sweet
candlelight.

A shortened breath by diseased lung,
a blockage or abstract
of the fully drawn air.

The colours over the arcade of the Mezquita
to the Courtyard of Narajanas,
a number from the longview down
the palisades, and number 18, yet those
partially blocked to view. This is vague. Drifts
in
and
out, waters
of this heart. An.

An abstract, a shortened
breath of thought culled
to such, a geometric wedge
the sharpening stone to
a conglomerate point of view. Point
of view. Curd, cut of air.

Wherein, collected debris of twigs
swept to corner, a nest

to place these words in gently,
cannot replace this pigeon. twigs in mouth, a future
to be liked
of the new and born, delivery
dropped by this hand of mine now,
this pen which yet does
no faithful judicial sentence,
nor at base, even spell
my death.

●
Because of the way a public garden institutes its hours of opening, its hours of closing, the visitors who wait among palms, the benches filled with sound idle talk and meeting. Because figures come together, then the way a computer has its date and own clock set to repeat, exact as it's on. Because of this inner truth to which we attend outside, growing idle thoughts in our attentions backpack moving inwards outwards through the bench and entry gate, the tides of a seashell once brought to ear.

●
I believe there is no other city in the world that Hebrew poetry owes so much to, as to Córdoba. Córdoba is the home of Hispano Hebrew poetry, the laboratory where the most fundamental changes in technique and subjects were initiated and materialized . . .

This abundant vein, nourished by language and traditions from the Bible, would be enriched precisely in Córdoba by another completely different poetical tradition: that of the Arab poets, who had also been singing praises, laments, to love and beauty in the language of the Koran for many hundreds of years. The Jewish poets in this city were able to appreciate the beauty of Arab poetry and would begin to emulate it using the language of the Scriptures. And not many years would pass before they would also assimilate the rhythm of popular tunes, in Romance, that common people sang; a rhythm they would also attempt to reflect and imitate in their muwashshahat [sic], very often terminating with those unequalled stanzas in Romance — the Khardjas. In this way, three different cultures would merge successfully in one single language . . . (Badillos)

●
“What is the election about?” I ask.

•
A governing plan of thought to design
what could lie as music below, stretching
out from here, these in pebbled steps. The line of cypress to distant left, the
dome-cut orange trees to their right.
And across from them, the long pools divide,
their arc of spouting, plumed
water, orange trees but these
more discordant as they stand beneath an apartment of modern construction
rising just barely above them ahead. Direction, levels from here to the next, to
the next of, pool to a subsequent pool again, what this repeats of the passage
above, like the folded, worn wrap, refrain. Two figures to preside the distant
pool. A March of Tourists! All populous of order.
To hold in time and description palm this to the left, what election is about,
kind, such governing plan, I ask, this the 2nd day of March.

●
To give up on solving. With
beauty. The abstract and the lemon tree
all still in my head, only one
leaf, fruit
what is above me,
beyond me.

The Gardens, Real Alcázar, Sevilla

March, 1991

Marzo 6

if only but,

the open gate

if only but,

the potted plant

if only but,

how the orange blossoms

if only but,

what single fountain

drips its gentle flow;
this columnal space,

if only but,

the window

the open grate

the open door

azul squares to unblemished white marble

the pattern of moss

if only but,

we

could pass through our gate

again.



The green vine which hangs from
the other side, to this facing wall high above,
this angle of light. When all one sees
is white.

Dream of the iron gate which opens
arch

to pass a phrase, words not firearms,
pass through solid doors. Temple
of what's just made idea. The doors.



The fount's pool not filled to brim, but
just this,

its proper means, the palms cut the leaves,
trim what is left dead. In the garden's soil, nothing left to mark
this course we ourselves cut.

Alcázar, Sevilla, 1996



The attentions put this — a walk, a plan, a wander from patio to next, haunted only by the smells current in air, the single song of a bird. Each death of friends, a patio. The path laid, the hibiscus bush ready to bloom, cusp. Cup. Up.

from this pool, three white trumpet blooms anchor us here to the bench, foot seeking relief, comes to leave the path.

More than any thing other, we leave you this corner, this waiting bench by a pedestal table, a vine marking its growth, more than any other thing, a place to sit down. Leave these words behind you.

●
To leave, leaf, leaves ●

left. To leaf,

Lift.

deft,

a theft. A thrift.

A drift.

Leaf.

#2

A leaf, a hand, a block to the path.

sun

bridge

●

a sharpened path; sand debris
glass on trail the mirrored past

a poem. Only good as its tribute
the public it finds of every race

in these early spring gardens, incipient and rare
the hue a turn a sit a cool promenade
turns up each glamourous cup, each colour
a potential voice sweet basso

●

Ivy-covered walls, the column which singularly stands. The resistance to the shovel, gloved-hand forces its path; gives way the release of soil and impediment any, a return to a block, another order of demand.

●

At the end of day, to remove the blue coveralls, leave them ready for another day. The force at old knees bend, the faint sweet scent, rose on a low bush, the dew brushed wet to the nose.



All about these grass grounds and sandy paths,
the piles of raked leaves and debris, the sounds of motors cutting away, the
laughter between those at rest from toil, rakes left leaning, empty pails on the
way. March, a month, an approach to Spring, the preparations of war, cut away
old wounds.

As the foot enters again. Here, straight from these eyes, in the distance, the
backs of others, leaving the path.



The world we might love, into which we pass
through some gate. A garden, the worn azul and yellow tiles
the assured passage so needed, then broken.
Entry through a gate under a stand of palms. The world
we might love, a gate always open.

Garden of El Alcázar

The itinerary through the gardens depends a little on the visitor's choice The first sector was originally occupied by the Muslim orchard and corrals and by the so-called Huerta de la Alcoba inside the walls of the Palace. On the site where the Islamic gardens lay and without their original structure being eliminated, the oldest gardens of the Alcázar in Seville were designed in the course of the 16C and 17C. Each fragment received a specific treatment following the Italian models and they are a real stage where myth and legend play an important role.⁷

Jardín de las Poetas

Most a garden of form, and aesthetic fixed order,
its sharded hedges, long pools with attendant columns. The pots above
pedestals with the overhang of plants, surrounded by towering palms.

A sore, drifting off,
the heavy heart, body,
the eyes suddenly close,
in fatigue, the warm
March sun.

>

Once entered this garden for poets, no one leaves

even the most separate text is part of this garden, in this text, on the bench, on the sandy path, by the bordering hedge which leaves undisclosed any pattern, but the view straight ahead, a poem in the making, your foot goes to sleep, your head swimming in the pool.



Today's Jardines Nuevos (New Gardens) were built at the beginning of the century There is also a section organized along the lines of an English garden and another of Romantic design. In this large area especially noteworthy is the so-called Garden of the Poets, which centres on a large pool and has boundaries consisting of myrtle hedges. (Garden of El Alcázar)



It is this balance upon the fingertip once left on a poem, a word, which descended the trip of water, sliding. In that deep pool (it was not, of course, but this murky one which held the shallow secret), a breeze in that hid, the body's need to walk these grounds itinerant and errant, abundant to the wander, through a path yet defined, to be in motion. Or to sit in the geometry of space, the cruciform space, to eye from each margin, the fixed perimeter of four corners, the palisades to gaze blinded at such a pool to blind and forget, abandon self repetition to the confusion, the flow of water to the patio, a reminder that cool like it, we must move on, to blind and forget, the palisades to look blinded at such pool.

●

In Abbasid and Andalusī nature poetry, orchards, flowers, fruits, fountains, trees and flowing streams became not only common images but direct objects of description, together with the man-made creations of palaces, ponds, orchards and shady arbours (the forlorn anguish of Ibn Khafaja, discussed below, was an exception), while the muwashshahat [sic] also incorporated and confirmed the whole repertoire of this kind of facile, pleasant and enjoyable landscape imagery.

The nawriyyat (poems describing flowers), rawdiyyat (poems describing gardens and lovely scenery) and al-rabi-yyat (poems describing the spring season) came to represent a distinct genre in Andalusī and Eastern poetry — but particularly in al-Andalus.

— Salma Khadra Jayyusi

Nature Poetry in Al-Andalus and the Rise of Ibn Khafaja

●

It is the demand of an organizing principle that repeats with each current of tourists, each seasonal moment in an economy that allows a leisure class travel, time to live with the shift of focus, hearts exposed to the breeze, our dangling obsessive limbs lopped off just the shirt on our backs which we might trade a million times over, a parable and vocable without embargoes, only the frail passage of these terms.

●

A grove most wanted: a cuckoo in our ear, the pollen discovered, centuries old, evidence of the orange trees in this sunken garden. We can start once again the planting of the garden of old, the ascents/descents to alter the lines, respect the patterns of motion and means of change.

Friday, March 8

What is it which returns us to these places where each time we find comfort, the space to walk unhindered but for our own thoughts, fascinations, target.

It has been eight years, yet as these recent days have passed, this garden has become increasingly familiar, though the paths keep me ordered, not so much my own plans, but they in their proper directions and tangents.

How odd in this quiet sector of the English Garden, are the birds, ducks about among the yellow clover, wandering, feeding.

How odd this the English Garden which is given by its meandering through intentioned paths, with its circular plots of flowers and plants.

Now, the rosemary bushes, dense, which in hesitant violet bloom. Which, it is a parkland setting though with its palms and tropical plants: I am given to the meandering way.

This and the rigid elegance of the Italianate Renaissance plan seem to bring delight though it is much the Arab, the Oriental I have sought in Andalucía. To find in the garden solace, the verdant solace. To find what is in the self, the tired legs, this fragment I am, European, the other of Asia, the features read on my face. Oh, this language, the non-sense gibberish which kids taunt, this is the taut language, oh, Spain, in hurt, a solace yet.

The garden here seemingly imposes nothing, but by plan and structure, one is physically transported through it, in both natural and incidental course.



In all ways do gardens plant us into a form, a way of moving, a way of looking, a way of hearing and smelling. Proposes a field of economies, of leisure and agriculture, of defining frontiers of stopping and impending. Yet the constant natural is no longer content, but common bond to plants, growth to ultimate decay and death which our fatigue knows.

In a garden can we accept both heaven and hell, the dichotomous self, as we are part passage in time to our own proper demise.

There is ultimately no control. The garden continues, growth and change and we enter and depart.

That our memories by nature must fail us in ways we seldom perceive. The architectural structure remains, the 200-year old tree remains: and the field we are thrown to — of change, that memory and nostalgia is finally vague, supported only by our thoughts so profoundly brief.

Here then, we can be English and Italian, a Renaissance soul and a believer of the piers of the Qur'an as was written in al-Andalus.



If my own trails are for some clarity — as archaeologist and others define these gardens as destroyed, changed and no longer purely Persian —:

:I learn about the passage from here to there — if euphony crossing from inside to outside — structure and patio to garland which is to the harmony of the Italian Renaissance Garden next to the Persian, of the labour of the theorists, and gardeners who have planted American plants next to Andalusian myrtle, South African trees by medieval mosaic.

:A garden, a collection of gardens collage plant and debris, accord and nature's ultimate touch, can bear no argument for war, gives only the moment of the breath, the next step. A next step so partial, so ephemeral, the fallen lemon blossom, rudely shaken too young from its branch by a bird, the orange uneaten, gray and rotting in a pool of still orange goldfish, the rain setting its concentric circles to the margins of the recessed pool.

:A patio's organizing structure day after day. How this holds one closed, unmoving to write, advance when the body fades, dazed, with no force to proceed, breathless.

:And yet, the light is next changed, again the pool revives with the light it constantly reflects.

●

But within the European garden tradition there exists a profound dichotomy represented on one hand by Le Nôtre in France and on the other by Capability Brown and Humphry Repton in England. If Versailles conforms to Cartesian criteria, that is to say, the triumph of reason over nature, with man imposing his will upon the external world, and the romantic English landscape garden symbolizes the unconditional surrender of the human spirit to that same nature (as in Wordsworth), the Islamic garden betrays — in a equilibrium of both elements, the rational and the natural, in a felicitous compenetration where each one supplements the other. The only remaining dimension — the imaginative — was furnished by the architecture, without which no garden was complete.

— James Dickie
The Islamic Garden in Spain

Sunday

Jardín de las Flores

To be placed above, a vantage point where, a pleasure to view the order given by the faint movement of a pool. To see from this point, down to another, seated in the protective arch and bench adjacent to this water. These pleasures to look, consider if only with errant thoughts, the interventions with the joke and laughter of your companion, hand in hand, or hand released to take up the camera, to hold this water's peace forever.

It is but for these moments that we plan to build a garden, a pool which invites this gaze, to catch that other seated there, and then forgotten, perhaps out of the frame of the catch of the lens.

Oh, the orange gleam of fish seen but faintly and to descend, find that seat by the pool, waiting for the other, but no one enters, no one behind that green iron fence to meet the eye, the heart's incipient rhythm.



Once former strangers, next to next
coincident on a bus. No one there to that place above the gentle pool, no gaze
to meet,
behind the fence in its
infinite stand.



Anything, anybody here. What
is prominent to view. No, not much,
we pass on, leave our regards
for those of another.



And those who come, to stay to admire the view, the others who come barely
scan eyes but quickly pass on, there is no conflict in the Jardín de los Flores.

Martes

Source, sorcery, to find a way
to water. The difficult times we gaze
and nightmare, fields where language
plays fear to the ears of those of host land.

A source, stopped. But to irrigate fields,
dig the plan, of fill and drain.

Pool, this is
no reflection, no mirror to pretend
some Bodhidharma peace. Without pretensions
what's on this daily plate, which will imprint
again again from the night's fallen arch,
the chill of the moon, and too caffeinated
(oh rest, hold the penis in hand, gentle, gentler).

The ever-changing level of water,
the spigot's fill dance with light upon the walls
no peace, and only what's possible
to dream,
the goldfish swim, electric orange
in the dark moving green.

That once these waters channelled through
to the fields outside the walls, the crops brought to table.
Now gardens by which to walk, no clarity

in these lines, no way
out of this machine, moving.



Here in the 11th year since,
always the 12 pots around this pool, marked by leaf,
goldfish swim, debris.

Long-handled broom bound
of twigs, to sweep up the leaves
firm strokes side to side, keep clear
these public paths, firm
moss-wet sandy paths
paved ways under our steps.



As the sounds of birds persist, but fade into the common tableau of day, only
machines, sound we know as saw-tooth cutting, provokes our hearts outwards,
no intervention, gentler thought of repose, work of our leisure, the history of
crops and the hedges of our gardens, a worthy book in hand, a meal with family
or good friends, a rich bottle of wine, the dirt upon hands still caught in these
lines.

A conference homage to these gardeners and labourers, a tributary of tears to
Roy and bp, Takeshi and shaunt to papa to mama, a tribute by this pool found
11 years later with debris, the clear of goldfish swimming, 12 pots, 12, the
numerals in this heart.

Only this 12, as they are.



If the gardens of al-Andalus give us the immense presence of the seat, place to hold thus, in such station, the smallness we are to think. What we are not astonished. That here to a garden of paths which curve and vein and we follow, only intermittently to think of our way, it is this hour, hand in hand, a way to come together, lover with lover, or friend with friend, in ways the city outside only rarely invites. To place here then, place of birds, insects and lizards play, exist in peace, to place here the scents we do not recall by name, but only as they arrive.

Then it is, there is upkeep, to control the growth, to keep populations under control. How do I live here. What is the friendship between gardener with gardener worker to worker: the water from the patio in a season of drought, the crops, the hibiscus in the fields, where we might to the ends of our lives, errance.

The imposition of sanctions against Iraq decided by the Security Council of the United Nations, can be compared to an undeclared war. For the population, the results are the same: same destruction of its well-being, same hypothesis on its future.⁸

— Denis Halliday
Le Monde Diplomatique

Archivo

What traces found beneath the built with what is too further in construction; a recession a sunken pool now raised up, filled nearly to this surface; an adornment painted which once left bare; a plant imported where now soil holds the pollen of perhaps orange, myrtle of the past. What we transform and now is in our grasp this finger tracing the faded azuejo in edging a brick-planter against the palace walls. A museum and the tiny blue blooms, the thorn of roses yet, to bloom flies eyes follow and lose their station of thought oh good. What has been filled in an angle of cruciform revived, so that the walk is the same in structure: each point to rest, a common perspective. What we lay upon layer, change in view, can yet be changed and retraced again. What we dig up, as the garden's war and decay, we raise yet again the tasks. Here then, the sound of water, from chamber to chamber, beneath arches in this organized crossing of paths, the cool chambers to release all symmetric, but from the Berber desert danger.

Hedges cut to a flat level in form enclosed squares, a cruciform, this sense of level, of platform, plant form, planta, the rest of our legs. At this level we look down upon, into enclosed space, peering past edges, catching always the margins of all sides, receding ideas.

À Annie

Qu'elle ressemble à toi, cette femme, que
tu sois quelque part à ta mesure,
sur le Plateau-Est, Montréal.

Cette chaleur en mars, comme à l'époque
l'envoi dans ce ruisseau, ce patio
comme à l'époque
que nous nous sommes
promenés dans un jardin jusqu'à la fin —
l'étang, au Japon.

Épuré, une vie ici, un banc,
le monde au passé, Nasirid.

Une croissance, *cruceform*, à travers
les sentiers qui se croisaient
il était une fois, à la fois c'était nous.

Cette seule, une petite mouche qui se balade
sur mon crayon, ma main "ne sais que le soleil
loin de tes espoirs,

mais mise au point, jusque-là
tes belles paroles de ta propre
mesure, "cour couronnée de la musique
qui arrose l'intérieur même l'extérieur c'est aussi
le retour
Andalousie.

•

The sounds, cut short briefly once above and before these lines, merge. Collage deep a group of children pass through, enter and depart the arcades behind. The cats who wander here, find the food left by gardeners. Upon this patio vista over fields Granada's valley. Here, the British bomber, force of United Nations, a young Iraqi baby burned, in the arms of a nurse. Who is this image of victim in the mind, my obsessive thirst, I walk the calles and avenidas and supermarket aisles, the cans and cans of preserved meats, fish in oil, the cured cheeses. What is this pleasure alone in the sun, the glaring patio floor once filled with rain, once filled with picnic and tears, the bulerías of downcast, outcast eyes, the rosemary stems sewn to the breast.

In this heat, reprieve from the wind, to wish for lizard, the comma to soil the mind with movement.

Vega Inclan

Upon these paths by which we walk the garden perimeter always, a place to sit. We come to lose the way, take in this plan, progressively more familiar, lose the way again.

“Cafe, a guest room.”

When the birds sing from these trees, it is this stone bench, but yet the terrace table the view from the window of a night's lodging it is to camp where the land gives both shelter and nourishment, the garden as orchard, fruit trees and shade trees so near to our touch.

Here in the Vega Inclan garden, the columns seem at first magisterial, suggest some better past whose values and truth were measure of a better world. At once then, to descend, to sneer at past politics, that architecture and decoration interfere with pure heart stranger to stranger, or companion. Then such columns become mere signatures of order, to inform a simple thought in the garden of the Vega Inclan. The trees of the orchard offer the music of birds, the shade, the wind's volume in our ears with constancy, and different each day.

of tall slender palms, slender tube-like cypress, — longitudinal views to, to small pedestal fountains —



... the history of world poetry does also show the rise of movements that are purely aesthetic, shunning the human element in traditional art and focusing solely on the presentation of aesthetic elements which are . . . divorced from usefulness and the idea of any kind of gain. The rise of aestheticism in 19th-century Europe is a clear example of this, but I feel certain that such movements can be found in many poetries of the world, and that our embarrassingly limited knowledge of world poetry and poetics merely indicates the unfinished and as yet unsubstantiated nature of modern critical theories. Arabic poetry is certainly one major world poetry that has been either overlooked or misunderstood by literary theorists; many Arab literary historians and — until the last few decades — the majority of Arabists have at times subjected it to a faulty, sometimes stunted and even pejorative evaluation. (Jayyusi)

●

Of what proportions form and content, the garden? So often, a sleek modern cafe, in those sectors which seem to most welcome on voyage, those sections of the city residential, palm-lined streets with immaculate modern apartment complexes. It is just past six in the afternoon (this word echoing of the *gacela* of Lorca); time for coffee and sweets, the light still clear, in the early shadows of evening. To look from this pastry cafe, its sweet smell of coffee, hot milk and sweet baking, with its long windowed view to a treed but sandy playground, its greenjungle gym, its slides, children playing between these apartment buildings, lamps still unlit. A garden is but a kind of anxious joy and companion — serenity of these things. There is in this, the yearn for the quotidian and for the childhood, for the trigger of sweet and family, the promise of return to home, and in such solid immaculate structures housing so many lives, a kind of longing perpetually present in my hands, a change, a space removed from the childhood of old houses and flats and urban noise, sense of civilization once a part of this body, yet desire for green, those tree-lined streets, this courtyard protected from traffic, the green, the green canvas awnings over the balconies with their spill of vines and palms.

●

And who is it here proceeding arm in arm through the glass? Mitsuko Mukai, Masajiro Shikatani — their daughters Masako, Junko, Miyako; their son Masato. And carrying a box of ashes of Takeshi, a dead lost son, loaded down with string-wrapped belongings out of Slokan, out of the train which ran through the bush of B.C., Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Northern Ontario, with most a weight they yet do not know to rear, yet not born, Noboru, Osamu, transform these ashes with the nurturing foods of their labour, the cold water flats of Spadina, Ogden School and Central Tech, the sweet oil smells of french fries from the Crescent Grill, this perfume of Andalusia, los fritos in squid, dogfish and small whiting, two women at this table, into this Sevilla evening, the family enters, bearing their love.

Compañeros

Can we say we ever visit a garden without its evolution of labour? For always it is this divine intervention concrete to break the soil, till and weed.

Such to bring us the pleasure to behold, promenade, think. In every place we want such space to once again breathe, is there the labour to make place. I cannot come to this garden to simply profit from these labours. A small little thing, but this to come face to face, alongside those who tend the gardens. A garden is first a place; then a donation of labour to exist for itself and for others. It is out of such tribute these words try to take presence, each scribbled mumble a breath in the line of their toil. Labour too, which us in friendship and sharing, “compañero” they call me, to bestow more justice than I’m due, but yet this is the text I attempt, and the naming which transforms.

In the garden we share names and biographies: Anna María, Miguél, Diego from the North whose family is now spread through Andalucía. How they can tolerate my little attempts at work. But this is theirs, these words. To weed out the gardens, to break the soil with cutting hoe— to take a glass of water. Anna who’s been here 26 years, of her 48, these are the people who bring joy and peace. To work the land which was a garden hundreds of years ago, take me into their everyday lives.

Much of the language of these texts is reduced to the work I’ve done today, helping.

The smells of the Alcázar *naranjo*, the hundreds of types of trees in these gardens — to create a cover of white roses — because it was as the loved one of al-Mutamid wanted— These histories which hold forth in a garden. Miguél trims the plants and clears the moss, how poetry must enter my world, by what I’ve

forgotten of their words, which form the lost, the dream still in my hands— a place to enter, for me to say only— their kindness.

A garden exists with labour. There is no other. This which is nature and civilization, the constant tillage of stories and the sharing of water between workers — the passing conversations.

All these hold forever in a garden, as much, much as all words are ephemeral and pass on. The gardeners, as Anna feeds bread to the gardens' ducks, give most, the path to peace.

◆

Even in the simplest acts, a plan come through, through repetition, how best to proceed through. The way Anna might move, scrape the moss from the surface of soil, then break the ground, to contain the moss, filling over with the dark mossless soil; to best not repeat, to move most efficiently over a space, the time to talk each day, during the toil, her light brown hair the colour of the gardener's corduroy jacket she wears in this morning's cool air. Diego, Miguél, Juan, Anna and all those their fellow-workers, so much a family in their lives of the Alcázar. (A stranger arrives unannounced from another place, asks to work for a day or two. And too how quickly is he received into their daily toil, for in the share of labour with the soil and plants, are open hearts, the knowledge of what we are is barely a space between seasons, the placement of garden tools beneath trees, in the break for breakfast in a nearby cafe.)

The jardín gives gifts. The perfume of roses and rosemary, the colour of hibiscus. The way the hearts of those who work here day after day can open to me, a stranger. This remains the ultimate message — of how this force transferred here becomes less the politic, strategic idea, but simply the life swept away by the arms of Anna and Miguél, Diego pulling up the weeds his 4 day growth of beard the joking banter at breakfast of tostadas and cafe. When the gathering breaks, we return to the gardens, it's left this trail of laughter, the pollen was, as discovered, five, six generations old, the oldest orange tree, says Jose María, four hundred years old.

I've come to you this way. Bear no arms, no magic ideas, only some dry ham and bread, a bottle of water to clear the days, this spot on the bench, dream once more of the mosaics as the fountain trickles on and through.

The Generalife Gardens, Alhambra, Granada; Almeria, 1996

Generalife, el día 18, Lunes

At first it seems the water, murky, stagnant holds a deep gloom of ending. Yet here, the moss, leaves of lotus and lily, almost lifeless in appearance provide the silent sector where goldfish might rest hidden. This stagnation is nothing less than the potential to reflect all it can contain of the surrounding sky when the sun beams while concealing its proper depth. It's here where light can thus invite contemplation, stubbornness to one's regard. And too from the water-course in its movement, there is elsewhere the vivacious fountain which fills my ears, the dream and nearness of paradise and change. It is what makes the virtually unmoving mask of water before me even more provocative, to penetrate further the seeds sibilant in my bowels.

What is it about crowds of people, travellers on the same route, make us run, to find a place untrammelled. A garden should be this but yet, its intent is to draw us all in, without discrimination so, the greatest gardens of history are filled with camera-carrying crowds who mar our way and the photo we anxiously try to snap.

Legs, legs; legs such movement. More a disco than anything. Which is held in the prostate; what is held in the portal of cervix, the arch of the legs stretched in aerobic, the pull and strain, the fibrous root which does not easily come away in a verdiginous killing, from which the *baillora flamenca* may back down the stairs, fearful of the breath of the pointing *cantaor*.

It is everywhere where one can hide, here in the Generalife, everywhere corner a bench in the winter sun or summer shade, a view to al-Andalus. That way all of us might live together, make space in our accented tongues. Underfoot

pebble, paved walk or deep stagnant pools there is release which is the held fibrous root, the clay of, to be glazed green upon white, marble and dust azuela.

Friends, we the tourists, cameras swaying, come to you barely breathing space as the bus swerves through *ciudad*, Ketama's young flamenco amplified abundant wail — we come to you leaping, leaping a guitar-string broken and suspended from our heels in the sunlight myrtles over Albaycin.

•

Let us remember that though a garden may have some grand magnificent overall plan and contain thousands of varieties of plants and possible arrangements — the regard can as easily fall solely to a small ground-level fountain with its gentle vital spout of water and the filling lotus reservoir. Here. A tiny fallen verdant leaf will but stagnate then die. Let us bear in mind that this vast garden always invites our gaze to the smallest detail and the constant shift under new seasonal conditions which the very seed of the *baille*, the very sweat in the hand of the guitarist strings, at 10 past 6 a.m., *cueva*, a Sacromonte bar.

Beauteous the way, crowds follow one another, yet at some point one of a couple will suggest a slight change to the course and partner automatically, with a gentle glance of the eye, follows.

a corner,

And the water moves from patio to chamber under arch cooling the space, and only the footstep is heard, but falls just again to silence. And what is it you do upon hearing a language foreign to your own mind's habit? And the heart taken up at once or after explodes its mute gasp amplifies digitalized pluck; the mind rivets itself.

~ ~

To correct a text written in red to blue, the margin, the arrow, the line. At once our hearts were taken aback by the sound, the voices at once exotic and charming, could transport us destinations away, yet in the days which ensued, became abrasive and splinter distracting to our process in thought. Camera.

The need, the pride we took in this, the way to solve for ourselves the most banal and penultimate questions of everyday life, scoping towards our largest plans in republic, federation — for this we received the space in our garden: to debate and think, to delete those things unnecessary to civilized survival. Congress.

At once charming and music to our ears, what became interference to our progress, our intelligent means projectile. A lizard, a chameleon, an insect, a delight to our eyes that sense of life become problem to bullet in increasing dense agitant population and yes we till, weed, and sow, listening for the whitewash sound of rain.

Read, re-read, read

A language music body, appropriate to poetry, another is hard aggressive, another so quiet, at once frustrating.

Groups of German tourists pass by and those of Japanese, as they walk lifting their feet in the most curious up and down manner, and we see Rising Sun, swastika, buck teeth and the sound of clicked heels : flamenco in breaths and guttural.



A plan for the City, blueprint, civil engineering. The problems of tourist control, traffic control. Day after day, we need the space, quiet, freed from distraction, the exotic sounds to at last resolve by the silent pools of the patio, on the bench of the garden, overlooking the city, and the mind under tool, reinforcement of the bond, the forged metals of construction.

Holiday, fireworks display, airshow v-formation.

March 23

It is this stretch come upon after leaving the Alhambra I turn up onto a straight path, survey the Generalife green. The land descends below. Most often, crowds notwithstanding, seems yet a retreat present to the foot's stroll past flower beds fronting a wall to right — the yellow-leafed pot plants to the left by the rail. And there are to the right, the gold and orange blooms, and blue, tiny delicate blooms, a luminous almond tree in full blossom.

Also, that I leave the path, benches wait siesta.

On Leaving— for Rocio Liñas y José María Cabeza

There then arrives the time to proceed past the pebbled path hard under sole and hold only the gathering of leaves, the depart, the words of grace, of respect to the other stored under tongue. There then comes this post to leave undone, to keep the garden gate closed, not enter another time, a last time.

The crowds will come and go, the roses, palms, the almond trees in spring bloom. Postcards will be written, pottery bought and sold, camera lens left neglected, open.

The garden will persist grow with the strength of the regard of strangers of passage, and I will not pass a last time I repeat, for here is a garden best left for others. It is at these times that as I hesitate at portal, then turn, shift reflections elsewhere and find a café terrace open, that moments can sharpen, tart oranges left neglected and uneaten, the earth damp once cold.

But now, in temperature's seasonal change, the postcard racks do fill, paperwrap from film packets gust in intermittent breeze. The foot over stone hurts, a stranger offers a gentle smile, one leg draped over a chair's arm. It is not a regarding wisp sent in particular to me or another, but such face blind in the hot morning sun. Where coffee's hazelnut and toast perfumes mix with myrtle and orange, where a camera is forgotten, rosemary, twig, sausan, the water flows from fountain to chamber, inside to out, my hand outstretched for Rocio Liñas, José María Cabeza, Anna María, the guardians of the visit, their regards upon me from overhead, the painting, it's electric cord affixed to light. Let me leave the garden gate closed with its poem of Ibn Zamrak, of al-Mutamid — of the legends of azul tiles and scattered twigs, leave the garden gate closed, step towards the music of a quiet sentry pool, open to a newspaper's front page, turn on the TV, keep attentions to the path and stone bench.

●
I am swept here, betwixt the *café con leches* of a Sunday morning, swept breathless into the arms of friends. Almería's weekend, Sunday, hurtles me gently to its relax, the busyness of *cafés* open for breakfast. The arms of friends, those family of Joaquín and Bonnie back in Toronto, here, these spaces to occupy — sister Loly in Granada, Ángel, his brother, and wife Gloria here, this path wounded by elation, election, gratitude, to wear the robe I've found, humbled on itinerant track.

Because of a poverty of thanks. Because of dead mother and father, because of Paul and Maria, Dominique and Diane in Paris, the cloak I don, into this late morning and where I have gone, I step to the shaded arcade.

Again through this happenstance to land here in this modern Almería I take, the brisk, the light of comfort and ease among modern apartments, the longing of such, when youth is spent in gritty alleyways, old houses of the city, the return at summer dusk into the home, the cleansmells of vinegar and toasted seaweed, that the path was emerald and ruby, the picnic of home, the ease into hot summer night with siblings

What is here is a distance, a larger, lake beyond the seconds I step to correct on a watch — inhale quick, brief, in Almería. What escape me through the words in the poems of Loly, the pages of a dictionary, the phrases to parse through the conversations last night, Ángel, Gloria, those distances too fast and moving for translation, which arrive only as tone and rhythm strike the heart, and teach the focus of singular breath and which hold the moon's lamp over this Andalu night sky.

Why is it still to be so romanced by the modern, the fresh, the possibility of comfort — the issue of a better life, the regard each day at the morning newspaper, that everything is solved, a partner will appear, potential to proposal.

In this, Joaquín, Bonnie, Joshua in Toronto, to hold this pen, uncontrolled over paper, this lap, this café con leche, swept into what was washed by swifts, the attentions to all that was possible on Spadina, on Ross Street our homes, Masajiro, that old guy, hands upon green plastic hose, the yellow forsythia growing furiously to his left against the clay-red brick, as lightning behind him, while he is fading vapour into the dusky water's spray.

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.



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.









لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ

NO HAY MAS DIOS
QUE DIOS

DIOS DECRETE EN
SEVILLA
LA MUERTE MIA
Y ALLI SE ABRAN
NUESTRAS TUMBAS
EN LA RESURRECCION

ALMUTAMID IBN ABBAD
(1043-1095)







Endnotes

¹ This is my translation from the French, in *ICOMOS: Les Jardins de l'Islam*, Conseil International des monuments et des sites, Granada, 1973.

² Hicks, John V., *Month's Mind* (poems), Thistledown Press, Saskatoon, 1996.

³ *Fuentevaqueros*. Birthplace and family village of Federico García Lorca.

⁴ Reference is to a character in Michael Dean's novels, *In Search of the Perfect Lawn* and *The Walled Garden*, both Black Moss Press, Windsor.

⁵ Hillenbrand, Robert, *Medieval Córdoba As Cultural Centre* (publication details unknown).

⁶ *PP* stands for Spain's political party, the *Partido Popular*.

⁷ "Sevilla," *Garden of El Alcázar*, (author and publisher unknown).

⁸ This is my translation from the French of Denis Halliday's "The Sanctions Which Kill." (*Le Monde Diplomatique*, Paris, janvier 1999). Halliday, U.N. Humanitarian Coordinator in Iraq (1997-1998) and Hans Von Sponeck, his successor (1998-2000) both resigned in protest against the UN Sanctions.

⁹ This is a quote found at the Museo Julio Romero de Torres in Córdoba.

List of Illustrations

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Three New Gardens: <i>Museo</i> (black and white)	p. 49
Three New Gardens: <i>A Memory Garden</i>	p. 61
Three New Gardens: <i>Baghdad Remember</i>	p. 145

The original textual collage gardens in this volume are composed of poems in Arabic from the walls of the Alhambra; romaji (anglicized Japanese) of Zen words taken from *Kyoto Gardens* by Kinsaku Nakane, and defined below; Japanese script for the word *wa*; and English and French, taken from Chantal Rudder's article on Iraq under U.N. sanctions, in *Le Nouvel Observateur* (March 5, 1998). An excerpt is translated as follows: "A study of child mortality has concluded that more than 46,000 Iraqi children died between January and August 1991 as a result of the Gulf War, subsequent Kurdish and Shiite uprisings and continuing United Nations economic sanctions."

Photos

Patio Fount, Alhambra, Granada (black and white)	p. 15
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Photos, pages 97-104

1. Wall, Alhambra
2. Arched Stairway, Real Alcázar
3. Courtyard of the Lions, Alhambra, Granada
4. Markers (by the Torre de las Infantas), Generalife, Granada

5. Routing Post, Alhambra, Granada
6. Mosaic: Gardens of the Palace of Los Reyes Cristianos, Córdoba, and the Real Alcázar, Sevilla, set on Alhambra wall detail, Granada
7. Column dedicated by the city of Sevilla to poet al-Mutamid, first King of the Real Alcázar, Sevilla
8. Garden Signatures: English Garden (left), Garden of the Poets (right), Real Alcázar Gardens, Sevilla

Photos, pages 169-176

1. Three New Gardens: *Museo* (colour)
2. Diptych of Real Alcázar Gardens (likely the Garden of El Estanque), Sevilla
3. Alhambra Outlook: Outlook (top); Bench (bottom), Granada
4. Fount and Pool, Alhambra, Granada
5. Column bearing text by poet al-Mutamid, First King of the Real Alcázar, Sevilla
6. Paths: Gardens of the Real Alcázar, Sevilla, Generalife, Granada
7. Gerry Shikatani (centre) with Gardeners of the Real Alcázar, Sevilla
8. Path and Brush, Real Alcázar Gardens, Sevilla

Translations of Foreign Words

marguerites (Fr.), daisies; p. 20

mermelada (Sp.), jam; p. 21

migas (Sp.), soft breadcrumbs fried usually with seasoning, sometimes onion, ham etc.; p.26

desayuno (Sp.), breakfast; p. 26

saucissons (Fr.), *salchichon* (Sp.), sausage; p. 29

awaremi (Jap.), compassion, pity; p. 31

claro (Sp.), clear; p. 32

caña of cerveza (Sp.), small tumbler of beer; p. 33

cho (Jap.), bowels; p. 34

corazón (Sp.), heart; p. 35

pata negra (Sp.), indigenous black-footed pig of Spain; p. 42

Moros (Sp.), Moors; p. 42

Camaron, generally recognized as the greatest flamenco singer of modern times; p.43

bulerías (Sp.), a kind of flamenco song associated with Jerez; p.43

pimentón (Sp.), Spanish paprika; p.43

habas (Sp.), broad beans often eaten peeled and raw in Andalucía; p.43

cantaors (Sp.), Flamenco singers; p. 71

sausan, white lily; *khurran*, blue iris; *nailufar*, water lily; *shaquir* or *shaqiq al-nu'man*, poppy; *naurallauz*, almond blossom; *uqhuwan*, marguerite or camomile; *naur al-baqilla*, *naur al-jirjir*, bean flower; *naur al-ruman*, garden pomegranate blossom (Arabic. Source: *The Islamic Garden*, James Dickie); p.73

azuejo (Sp.), tile; p.73

mochilla, (Sp.), rucksack; p. 94

Semana Santa (Sp.), Holy Week; p. 94

estar (Sp.), to be; p.106

puentes (Sp.), bridges; p. 106

cha (Jap.), ten; *ina-ka* (Jap.), countryside; *shoji* (Jap.), paper doors; p. 106

mano (sp.), hand; p. 107

palmas (Sp.), flamenco hand-clapping; p. 107

plantilla (sp.), insole; p. 107

planta (Sp.), floor, storey; p. 108

Words and phrases in italics, p. 113: *brut, bruit* (Fr.), noise; *las lunas* (Sp.), moons; *pluriel* (Fr.), plural; *Las Noches* (Sp.), The Nights; *La Luna* (Sp.), The Moon; *Palabra* (Sp.), Word; *Las Ramblas* (Sp.), Boulevards; *Profundo* (Sp.), Deep; *Museo* (Sp.), Museum; *Café con leche* (Sp.), coffee with milk; *Cortado* (Sp.), cut (adj); *Mozarab*, Christians in Arab al-Andalus; *Pescador* (Sp.), Fisherman; *de Torres* (Sp.). Of Towers; *de Flores* (Sp.), Of Flowers; *de la luna* (Sp.), of the moon; *Una* (Sp.), One; *Los Jardines* (Sp.). The Gardens; *sol* (Sp.), sun; *amo* (Sp.), I love; *Sobre* (Sp.), On; *La Luz* (Sp.), The Light; *Muertas* (Sp., fem. pl.), Dead; *Naranja* (Sp.), orange; *tierra firma* (Sp.), firm land; *el Córdoba en sangre Negro* (Sp.), (famed bullfighter who was killed in the ring) in dark blood; *Todos, el siempre* (Sp.), All, always; *Pasaje* (Sp.), Passage; *está* (Sp.), it is; *zapato* (Sp.), shoe; *El — Siempre* (Sp.), The — Always; *Se...qué casa* (Sp.), What house; *Su casa está* (Sp.), His house is

Marzo (Sp.), March; p. 114

azul, naranja (Sp.), blue, orange; p. 114

naranja o limón, el cielo, azul (Sp.), orange or lemon, the sky, blue; p. 114

gitano (Sp.), gypsy; p. 114

seguirilla (Sp.), flamenco song; p. 114

Pollo (Sp.), chicken; p. 115

ripou (Fr.), Reverse of rotten is based on wordplay in France where words, in this case *pourri* (rotten), are inverted; p. 116

flamenco Peña (Sp.), flamenco club; p. 117

sunomono (Jap.), vinegar-marinated food; p. 118

naranjo (Sp.), orange tree; p. 153

baillora (Sp.), female dancer; p. 156

ciudad (Sp.), city; p. 157

baille (Sp.), dance ; p. 157

contrairedad (Sp.), contrariety; p. 164

Zen Words

Four essential elements of the Tea Ceremony in harmony to which the first Japanese gardens were designed:

wa, concept of pervasive harmony between man, nature, and the universe

kei, feelings of mutual veneration and respect, concept of personal humility towards all things

sei, elements of cleanliness and order that should be present in our surroundings, thoughts and dealings with others

jaku, principle of cultivating a calm mind in a serene reposeful environment

Sources Quoted

In Granada during 1996, a bag containing several pages of original texts and extensive research material was stolen from me. Consequently, in spite of efforts, I have not yet been able to precisely ascertain the books from which certain texts were drawn. Two books used but not credited are *Jardines de la Mediterranee* and *Jardines des pays de l'Islam*. I continue efforts to rectify this situation. My sincerest apologies to the authors and publishers of these important works.

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Saenz Badillos, Ángel. "Jewish Poets In Córdoba." *The Jews in Córdoba*.

Acknowledgements

Not long after I had finished writing *Aqueduct*, my last book of poems and texts, I met Joaquín Perez Salvador, from Granada. He had moved to Toronto and was working at the marvellous Tapas Restaurante of Luis and Jenny Soares. We soon became friends. He was to have a marriage ceremony that summer to Bonnie Smith of Scarborough, back in his hometown of Cullar de Baza, northeast of Granada. "I'd like you to come," he offered when he learned I was again to be in Europe that summer. It was the kind of immediate and uncomplicated generosity I would come to know so well on my regular trips to Spain.

My acceptance of that hospitality would change my life and determine my writing life for more than a decade. During my quick stop back to Granada from Cullar, I made my first, and all too brief, visit to the Alhambra.

I thought that my writing from Córdoba and Sevilla in *Aqueduct* had exhausted my fascination with Andalucía's gardens and monuments. But during two hours in Granada, I realized my relationship with southern Spain and its ancient history was far from over.

Over the ensuing years, I would wander three gardens, observing, contemplating, writing, reading, and researching there and in libraries, and even, for a dilettantish two days in Sevilla — I would dig, rake, weed, and hoe along with kind gardeners who befriended me.

In Granada, I made two of my most precious friends in the world — Esther Rull Perez and her husband Andrés Santafosta López and their families — Esther whom I first met at Joaquín and Bonnie's wedding. I was hosted and fed delicious food by poet and philologist Loly, Joaquín's sister, along with her children Paola and Antonio, and spent a month in the home of her friend José. Conchi Molina Burgos, now in Almería, became a friend, as did so many of Joaquín's community in Cullar de Baza, another lieu where I wrote, and whose people welcomed me on a few occasions. I thank them all sincerely.

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Postscript

The events of the Gulf War, the polarization between Occident and Orient, and the degradation in religious and racial harmony were major factors which motivated this project. During recent years, I had grown concerned that perhaps references in this work would be dated. As I now write these words, as the world agonizes over a new era of war and inhumanity, I sadly realize how wrong that was.

Gerry Shikatani

Gerry Shikatani's books of poetry include *AQUEDUCT: poems and texts from Europe, 1979-87*, three books in a volume of 412 pages, co-published in 1996 by The Mercury Press, Underwhich Editions and Wolsak and Wynn. *LAKE and other stories*, was published by The Mercury Press. He also works as a text-sound artist and has collaborated with filmmaker Phillip Hoffman in the film *Kokoro is for Heart* and the multimedia piece *Parabolic Senses: A Presentation of Moving Pictures, Sounds and Images*. A restaurant critic and food/travel writer for a quarter of a century, his *A Passion For Food: Interviews with Canadian Chefs*, was also published by The Mercury Press. Currently he is working on a book of memoirs, reflections, and essays on cuisine, as well as a book on Spanish cuisine. Born and raised in Toronto, he has also lived in Montreal and Paris.

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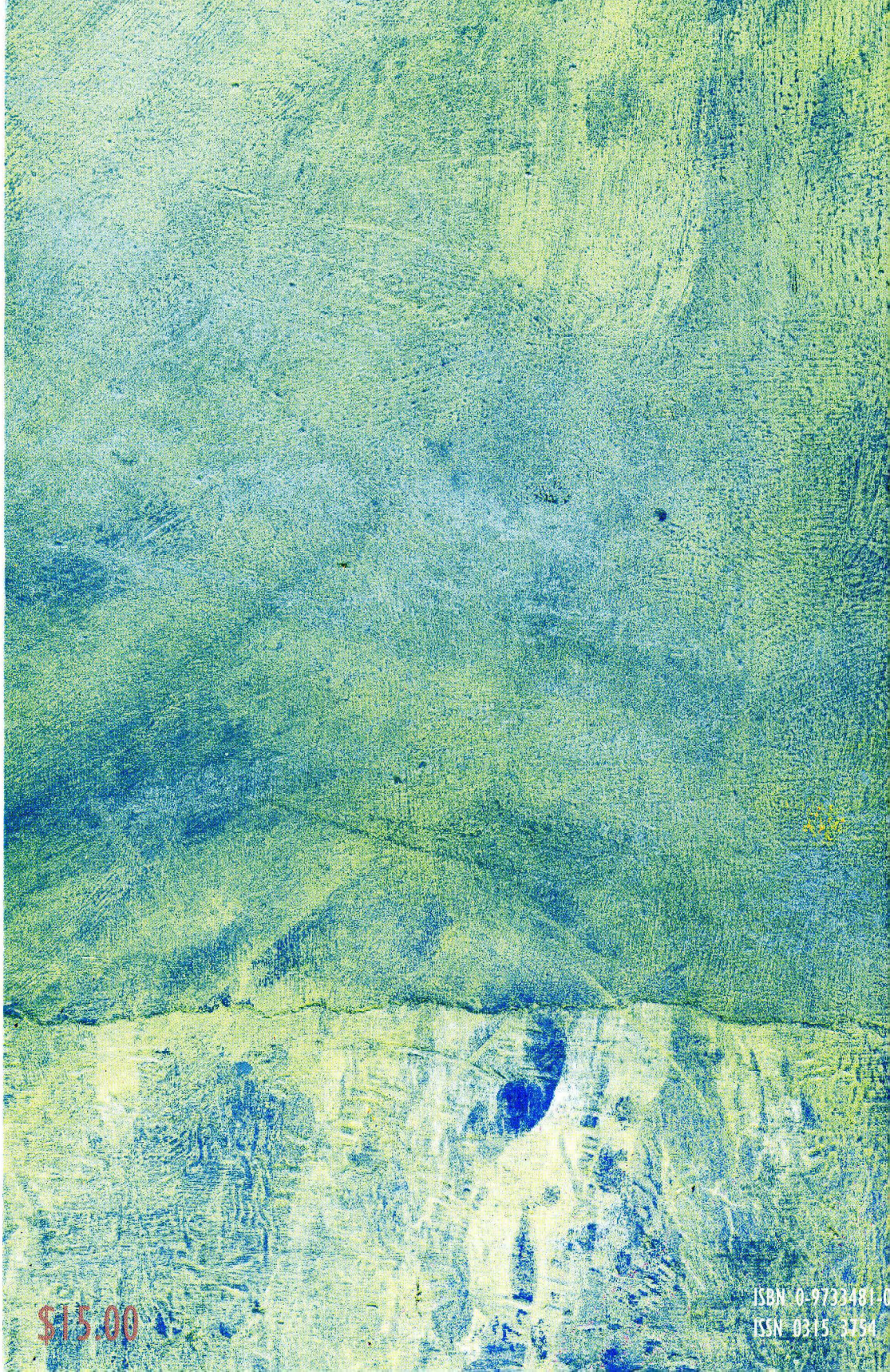
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