

sweet oranges  
grow  
up the mountains

green  
leaves  
tight air  
luminous

O white  
village  
caught at the groin  
of the sun

## Flying Out From Málaga

White towns in small clusters  
drape the mountain sides  
those brown and bony slopes

here and there green patches are  
snaked by roads winding  
through the valleys down below

and high above the peaks  
of the Sierra Nevada are  
heavy with snow in the sun

night is close  
*brasero* fires burn  
in the cobbled  
and winding  
Calle Carabeo

air is damp, bone cold  
a few small cats  
look for shelter  
a bat dips  
and skids low  
at roof level

glowing coals  
in the *brasero*  
are carried in  
. . . . . night is here

A visiting American poet  
larger than life at the bar

*I am not what I appear to be*

A visiting American poet  
too tall and too large for a little Spanish village

*I am not what I appear to be*

A visiting American poet  
too drunk and too sad on his Rockefeller grant

*I am not what I appear to be*

A visiting American poet  
dying the all American disease

*I am not what I appear to be*

glazed naked  
rotting  
in the sun  
rejected beast  
cast up  
by the sea

no grave  
or cover for  
his tight  
skin  
stretched slick

how can we be  
so free  
to ignore  
that pale body  
that fragile breadth  
of bone

this stillness  
within and without

worse than pain

if someone  
speaks to me  
or touches me

I will break into a thousand  
irreducible  
fragments

the waves are their own gender  
trapped they sing free they sing

seasoned by the moon distender  
of time they sing of now they sing

of where they sing they ring me here  
lapped in the light of the sea

when the skin is off  
the beast is dead

but when they bring  
the slaughtered kid  
indecent  
in its brown fur  
from the market

I find myself  
contracted to  
new prohibitions  
concerning flesh



and when the rest is dead  
 how will the bones feel  
 lingering  
 in a quiet grave where  
 no trouble is  
 or grief or sorrow  
 or pleasure

and when the rest is dead  
 how will the bones feel  
 if some subtle memory  
 persists born in by  
 experience too tough  
 for time  
 and when the rest is dead  
 how will the bones feel  
 deprived  
 even of death

preserving  
 against some other  
 desolation  
 a rotting breath of life

The streets of Málaga turn  
to the sea    flowering Judas  
and bougainvillaea on  
ochre walls subtle in the air

the Alameda garden a long green thigh  
cool in the martyr's eye  
shelters the doves . . . . .  
voices call continually from the sea

The café looks across the plaza  
named for a dead general

to the harbor where  
two ships are docked  
inert in the midday sun

Queipo de Llano your shrill  
voice rang in the night  
from Seville engendering hate  
where it fell

in these silent ships and noisy plaza  
in this café alive and unremembering  
you have nothing more to say

The *paseo* juts over the sea  
 built on the rock and bones of an  
 ancient fortification, young boys  
 pace up and down

yelling compliments  
 to each other, cars  
 and motorcycles race around  
 the curved ends like Roman chariots

at the post. Down below  
 where something untouched persists  
 the breath of San José, forgotten father  
 loving saint sings sweetly from the sea.

Slow waves break on the sands  
of the Burriana beach    jackets around  
their heads fishermen sleep in the shadows  
of their painted boats

high up the Sierra de Almijara there is  
snow    here on the shore  
a naked carcass tossed up by the sea  
lies rotting pink in the brilliant sun