POETRY

Almería

by Mari-Carmen Marín



"South Point Lighthouse" by Timothy Phillips

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It is your sea, the sparkles of light
shining off its limpid waters on your
days of Levante, the ones that as a child
I wanted to trap in my hands to carry

with me always; the waves
I imagined were trying to reach
for the sky like foamy feathers
propelled by Poniente winds;

it is your beaches, their wide shores
of thin-graveled sand, where I yearned
to bury my tired feet only to be met
by the water's moistened lips; the strolls

along el paseo marítimo on summer
evenings, the smell of calamares, pinchitos,
the taste of my first kiss while having tapas
in El Tío Pepe, one of its chiringuitos;

it is your sun, whose light shines brighter
and longer than others, your red sunsets
with yellow splashes across your sky,
which paints in blue your winter nights; it is

your narrow streets — their old cobblestones,
their busy bars, their shops — that I wandered freely
when I was young; it is your Moorish fortress —
La Alcazaba — crowning the city; it is your name,

Al Mariyat: the mirror that I need
to find myself, a blown-out candle, when
away for too long and lacking
your fire to see its flame
burning back.

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